

Check The Ring, Yo

MC Chris

Well, my name is mc chris, I saw that you were alone
I don't know if you knew this but I rock the microphone
You look one kind of lonely - I'm so the antidote
You look seven kinds of juicy like a slice of cantaloupe
You rock the Sheena Easton 'cause, girlfriend, you got the look
And no, I am not teasin', you can read me like a book
Erotic fiction in the kitchen, we'll experiment with foods
Leftovers on my boner puts me in a mighty mood
Okay, I'm a little forward, maybe I should try reverse;
what's your name, what's you game, mind if I rifle through your purse?
Here's the capper, I'm a rapper, just do a Google search;
twenty pages, I'm amazin'! What's your addy? I'll send merch!
That's when I saw the rock, the ice, the diamond!
It hit me like it's lightning! It's frightening! I'm cryin'
"I was stylin', profilin', down payment on my Scion
His name is Brian, he's in Fallujah freedom fightin'
so don't ask me who's your daddy. I'm someone else's mommy
You can buy me all my drinks, but you don't get no punani."
It's so scary, they're all married. This party just got gnarley
Matahari just got sorry, gotta roll like Katamari!

Ay! Ay! Ay! Check the ring, yo!
Ay! Ay! Ay! Hit the bling, WHOA!
Ay! Ay! Ay! Check the ring, yo!
I thought I was a man 'til I saw the wedding band
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Ay! Ay! Ay! Check the ring, yo!
I thought I was a man 'til I saw the wedding band

Well, my name is mc cringle and, yes, ladies, I'm still single
I sadly still read comics; yes, I'll vomit if I mingle
Caught the curves of Cutey Buttons, lookin' hotter than an oven
Hold up, girl; now back that ass up like your name was Lizzie Grubman
Don't make push come to shovin', all I wants a little lovin'
Surely somethin', I ain't frontin'. Aww, come on, Cuddle Muffin
Nah, I ain't no scrub and don't proliferate with pigeons
Been tested for disease, even tested for emissions
She removed her party gloves and then said, "I'm sorry, love."
I'm embarassed, she's got carrots while in Paris from some thug
"Oh, he's here and he's a fan, very deft at dashing plans."
Goddamn these wedding bands, they're on every single hand!
Well, I wish you both the best, congrats, good luck
I'll send a present in the post with a note that says "you suck."
Sorry that I've been so angered by endangered naked digits
Life never caters to my wishes; eff these hater bitches

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Life, it never goes my way, I know

Maybe I'm alone 'cause I call these bitches hoes
Life, it never goes my way, I know
Maybe I'm alone 'cause I call these bitches hoes
Life, it never goes my way, I know
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