

Don't Give A Turd

MC Chris

Alright I'm a do it well clear the damn 20th song out.
Now I'm a just test this out my uh heh heh heh my uh let me just down this t
o 170 and do it well with the heli-lee alright keep it on the huli-loo.

(I came to New York City in the winter of 1995 and the city hasn't been the
same since. On your marks, Get Set, Go)
(My earphones alright I like to sing about many things and I am also the num
ber one rapper. I'm a super rapper.)

Dessert on island steal my rhymes and style
Cause your phone numbers I'm dailin'
I got you on the list like you were TV dinner
Every time I see you bite I say I wish you were thinner
No beginner, professional sinner
At the Indy 500 I'm a first place winner
NYMY been very very good to me
Watchin' [?] say I'm the epitome
Verbal ecstasy girls get next to me
Best spot vasectomy want many baby mcs
Don't test me eats like Elvis Pressly
and my favorite kinda dog is a Wesley

I don't give a turd [x6]
I said don't give a turd
Cause don't give a turd

Hey mc chris what don't you give
Man I don't give a turd
Oh I get it

MC Bucks is on the bones cause the beat won't stop
mc chris on the zone he's the cream of the crop
I like the book Capone on my own I hop
Don't need no cooler do my own doo-wop
I can flop in the puddle at the bottom of the telephone
Rap a little do the spits got pop my soul
Clip clip bull shit and a gopher hole
Cherry flip Fresh Prince and a napkin cold
Just a bunch of words here's where a turd
Cuts you off in traffic and flip the bird
Spins the bird pride like curb
Name is mc chris and yo I don't give a turd

I don't give a turd [x6]
say give a turd
I don't give a turd
I don't give a turd
To all the people in the west I don't give a turd
To all the people in the east say I don't give a turd
Can't we all get along east coast, west coast rappers?
Yeah I don't give a turd
I don't give a turd

(I don't give a turd [x11])

Don't give a turd
Don't give a turd

And you can give me a turd you want me to drive back and put it in your hand
A turd, a turd do you hear what I'm sayin' (what? what?) T-U-R-D

It was a three hour hell ride by eight o clock pm me and my fans got put up
by the underground
my rock show was messed up
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