

MC the name, my kick is the crane
display wide range of shit for dem Hanes
You pella like panes, I'm hella teh lame
a chemical craze some find hard to face
A rhymer for days, rhyme 'cause it pays
Eat Frito-Lays whenever I'm blazed
My skull's on fire so call me Nick Cage
Dress in all black so please call me Chris Gaines
You wanted a jam, put others to shame
Here I am, the title I claim
In world full of Blains, I'm just a Ducky
lucky in love 'cause these hoes wanna fuck me
I'm not a jock, do not like sports
I punch a clock chocked full of force
like to drink beers and chill with my friends
then turn on mc 'cause it's for the win!

mc chris!
mc chris for the win!
mc chris for the win!
mc chris for the win!

Dope mc's in disbelief
mc rhyme, John flip da beats
Pimp the bill, we fill the seats
Kick us out, we fill the streets!
Mic magician check the sleeves
no tricks, my schtick's my masterpiece
You know how I spell that fast relief?
mc stands for MASTER CHIEF!
Hip-to-be-Squares won't admit defeat
while they inhale antihistamines
Now please spark a spliff of the crystal kief
then try to beat me at Soul Callibur 3
Feelin' fatigued? Just gettin' started
Chillin' with chicks who are gonna get carded
Livin' this life 'til I'm dearly departed
now open a window 'cause somebody farted!

mc chris!
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