

MC Chris Is Dead

MC Chris

MC Chris is dead and he ain't never coming back
You should have been nicer when you were blazin' up the track
No well wishers, it's just bitches talkin' trash
'Cause the aftermath is saying that rap is whack
(MC Chris is dead!)

On arrival, watch his rivals revel the jealous
Relish the moment their opponent went to bevel
Six feet under, what a bummer, it's no wonder the waste
Could have been a contender, now maggots march in his face
MC's often in his coffin, lyin' down, lost in thought
Groupies gather at the grave and done throw posies on the pot
Haters hate off in the distance, telescoping with binoc's
Smoking basket after laughing, get their knickers in knots
They play, in the park, in the dark, where they spark a spliff
Raise it high in the sky and cry "This shit is for Chris"
Then the talent tailor, how he really was a pimp
Hands wanted to be on, just want to be on his dick

I'll wait to the day's end when the moon is high
And then I'll rise with the tide with a lust for life, I'll
Amass an army, yeah we're hard as a whore
And then we'll limp across the land until we stand at the shore
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And then I'll rise with the tide with a lust for life, I'll
Amass an army, yeah we'll harness a horde
And then we'll limp across the land until we stand at the shore

MC Chris is dead and is dreadfully morbid
He forfeits, forever free for the poor kids
One stepped at the bottom with demonic endorphins
I was power rings restrained, no more Mighty Morphin'
We couldn't close the lid, there'll be no bids on his toys
No will for the rumor mill, no bills to enjoy
He kept every penny 'cept the two on his eyes
Now the diggers at Denny's, gettin' cheese on his fries
As for the babies and their mamma's, there'll be drama for days
Looks like he got his likeness, now it's time to get paid
So many starvin' Marvin Garden, claimin' MC C
But he's a seedless greed, makin' pace in the RV
It's a croc in the pot, is fraught, of it be the mock death
He's got the awesomest posthumous box set
They're airbrushing MC, on plain white tee's
Another life lost to violence, silence if you please

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My name is MC Chris and yo I can't get laid
Now they lay me to rest, how am I gonna get paid?
These quarters are cramped and I'm crazy claustrophobic
Consider it, note it, I feel belittled and bloated

I better bust out in a hurry, 'cause I ain't hating the road then
I can barely bust a move because my body is broken
But I'm covered in collections, though you can't take it with you
Someone pass me a tissue while they gnash on my tissue
Somebody prayed to Vishnu any deity will do
I claw at my satin ceiling, I've got nothing to lose
And through the dirt and the thick mud, I'll tunnel like dig dug
Or the underminer, my desire is the big buck
Can I convey the basement without wasting my words
Fossilization's what I'm facin' unless defacement occurs
So I rise to the occasion, there's no waitin' for worms
And please no zombie player haters
Man, what have we learned?

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