

# 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  
I'll wait to 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'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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