

# On The Road

MC Chris

We're on the road  
Off to another show.  
We got to go,  
I'll call you later bro.

Every year, for about five months  
To be very clear, I go out and find funds  
To collect from the many  
That are particular about their pennies  
And wont spend a cent  
Unless there's perks and the bennys

So I travel in a van that was down by the river  
Go out into the land understand I am the giver.  
Got my quiver full of raps and I'm ready to attack.  
Brought along some books in case I don't want to nap.  
We stay at Super 8s dine at Waffle after hours.  
I like 'em smothered, fingers covered in biscuit powder.  
Seldom shower. Scare them hoes right out of the lot.  
All I needs a nap and a bit little pot what you got?

My roadies got a room; falls asleep to slasher flicks.  
He's likes Jason over Freddy if he ever had to pick.  
We rent a Dodge Caravan, got stow-and-go seating.  
The road might sound redundant but it does bear repeating.

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I brought house music.  
I hate disc jocks.  
I like Cracker Barrel.  
I like their gift shop.  
I like their pork chops.  
I like their peg game.  
I like old people.  
They all got leg pain.  
I like rest stops.  
That's where dogs shit.  
I hide behind a tree  
And take a bong hit.  
I like Cool Ranch.  
But I'll take Nacho Cheese.  
Oh no it starts to rain,  
Pass me my poncho please.  
Time to mic check.  
Find the ladies room.  
It's always clean and empty.  
Time to drop a deuce.  
You never read the news.  
You grow apathetic.  
Mic check gives you a headache like when you play Kinetic.  
No ones heard of me wish I could mercury like T2  
Kids say "I wish I could be you" suddenly I don't feel so see through.  
Feeling artsy and cold car seats cant steamed up waffle windows

Did I say Kinetic? I meant Wii-U by Nintendo

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Every year, for no foreseeable end  
To be very clear, I go out and find friends  
You're everywhere it makes one's mind bend.  
When I was young I was the one no one would defend.  
But now kids, they get in a line.  
I've been to far away locales and they still getting the lines.  
They're getting younger ever summer.  
I'm getting older than wine  
Now I'm advising and reminding them to open they minds.  
I get on stage, veins pop out of my face  
Sweat pours out my pores  
Like this war is a race.  
I say "put your hands up"  
No punk is out of place.  
And we do rap hands  
While i ...  
Meet and greet is super sweet.  
Lasts as long as the show.  
No cuts no ...  
Back of the line you must go  
I'm disarmin' and I'm charmin' and my sharpie is spent  
....then we duck into the van and we jet

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