

Ratz

MC Chris

This one goes out to all the cuties in the quad
walking kitty corner with the itty bitty bod
telescopin out the window, waxin wise
while you walk, i stalk the fox box to the party on lock
security check soon my ids inspected
in the elevator waiting to get wrecked
open the door then get floored by the heat
you get passed a jay while they play pauls boutique
get a plasstic cup and ice unless you like it neat
all the girls stand up, all the guys take seats
smoke fills the air, you fill in Denise
on your major, on your minor, on the middle east for sheeza
high plains drifter this sorority sister
let the belt loop lead you to the liquor elixirs
smellin better than a bubble gum scratch and sniff sticker
we lick, shoot suck, then duck out even quicker
a mad dash to my crib, cuz my roomie is a geek
he's playing Galaxies, makin friends on Dantooine
soon I'm climbing up a tree, beers clinging to my teeth
miss the window ledge, hit the hedge, land upon my keys

I am a dorm rat, that is the fact, jack,
Lookin at incense, playin with warm wax,
Hittin on the honeys at the vending machine
one hitters, tray dinners, all you need's an id
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plaid pajama bottoms or a plaid pleated skirts
everything you girl's wear makes me stare at the dirt
if I had balls I'd flirt with y'all in study hall
do the geek talk till your eyes roll back into your skull
but I'm a freek, spelled f-r-double 3-k
when you're walking my way with my pockets I play
I can't say what's your name, care to chat for a bit
it's me Brian, that guy, from that class, Russian lit?
Care to sit, have a chip, care for some fun dip
Dostoyevsky doesn't impress me, what you think of that shit?
but I don't I just twitch and I itch in my pants
play my gameboy advance until she's finally walked past
a mad dash to my crib where I get on my blog
in search of Spock dot com check it out if you want
that's the steam blowin scene where I reign supreme
Webster's my Friendster I run the message board for Ween
it's a mental mall for teens, it's a paradise on earth
but in a way it's like a curse, faster than a Google search
I just sit here and drink beer while my roommate flirts
at some party, with some hottie who's all into Fred Durst
it makes my heart burst, and yet I do nothing
just get on the web and start bitchin and frontin
a dot com curmudgeon who's love life is sufferin
it's the rope or the oven or the hope I find love in the end

I am lab rat that is a sad fact
shining my test tubes, crying in restrooms

dorm life blows if you've got no place to go
I call my mother everyday, and say I wanna go home
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