

# Stop Time

MC Chris

Please allow me to reintroduce myself  
My name is Chris  
And I do not exist

It's just some shit that a kid did just for kicks  
An effort of the last ditch  
To stop the steel from slitting the wrist  
Thick in the midst of life being a bitch of just being Chris

That's when the little fucker just started flipping the script  
Cleaning his kicks, clearing his throat, betting the chips  
That there's a bunch of kids like him with no rims  
No checks, no chicks, no switches to flip

Like Edward Scissorhands with mad salivaria glands  
MC Chris spits like a kid when he is really is a man  
And he really is a fan of the Skywalker clan  
And any other band claiming that they're weaker than

Started out a solo mission, quickly became round up  
Of any underdog, any unloveable pound pup  
Any mother fuck who's a thug, thanks to bad luck  
Any punk that's drunk 'cause he ain't found love

Oh I  
Drop rhymes  
Cop kind  
Stop time

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Drop rhymes  
Cop kind  
Stop time

By verse two I wasn't even on the map  
'Til all that jazz let all the cats see where I was at  
They downloaded all my raps, saw the shit was fat  
Like Fat Albert on the can after eatin fifty hams

Mad kids were clapping hands, with their windows down  
Fucking up their town with the MC sound  
Consider this MC effortless, never felt profound  
Now it's, fuck a pronoun, third person from here on out

That's what people do with clout  
When they wanna get their pimp on  
They show up uninvited and then double dip their chip on  
I'll instill a little pride in the shy guy with the clip on

Back by the punch bowl and the bumping sound system  
He's dancing all by himself  
He wants to dance with someone else  
I asked, it helps if you speak a little elf

Chant the tiniest hermione spell  
It'll make the mightiest melt  
Watch him crumble into puddles 'cause he's just a geek

You supply the leet speak, we'll supply the beat

It's a brand new dating service  
To an the endless sea of nerdage  
Check the verbage  
Then please look beneath the surface

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My voice is just like me, really fucking high  
It's sad you wanna battle I hope you just up chuck and die  
I'm not here to look fly, by dissin on some guy  
I'm here to hit on ladies with my motherfuckin rhymes

These are troubled times and we need to squash the hate  
Just like David Silver before this next commercial break  
So before you log on just to motherfuckin flame  
You have to understand you missed the point and you are lame

Do you think this is just a game? this aint no rpg.  
Mc chris is just a brand, homes, that shit's hardly me  
Trying to hustle for that dollar so i get something to eat,  
Pay my bills, buy some games and perhaps a little weed

Is that too much to ask? do i seem too defensive?  
Pensive over lessons that my fans are double guessin?  
You guessed it. and how does an mc stay impressive  
To all the naysayers, knuckleheads, and rubberneckers?

By mic checkin i reckon, reflect a moment or second  
On the most bad ass tag team you seen since tekken  
Representin like I'm fenton. all ass i kick  
Mcchris will let you in, if you don't start no shit.

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