

Tarantino

MC Chris

QT motherfucker
Late fees motherfucker
I'm droppin n-bombs like what motherfucker
Transform motherfucker
You've been warned motherfucker
Bitch slap from a kangol capped motherfucker

63 Tennessee
Though the marriage was thru
Lil dude called q
Born to Connie McHugh
Little mick
Little wop
And a little cherokee
And a little african american apparentlyBrother got soul
And mother gotta bounce
Sunny cal for the gal and the boy with the brow
Daddy two was a dude wasnt quite what we liked
I was glued to the tube cuz real life wasnt right

So we moved nomadic in a panic
I was bruised hyperactive and erratic
Hated school a dirt bag with nerd facts
Dropped out ripped tickets at a jerk shack.

I escaped manhattan beach where they rent tapes
Pontificate new wave and its french babes
Extrapolate all day cuz i got raves
Talk shop non stop while i got paid

Wrote a script bout mallory and mickey
Story's kinda gorey some said sorta sickening
Wrote a rom com bout a elvis quotin creature
Fall in love at a sonny chiba triple feature

Stole a hooker from a pimp stole coke from the sopranos
Then he sold it to joel silver before everything goes blammo

One script in the stack in which i wanted to act
Fuck rejections by readers in one year they'll retract

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Liked to act honed my craft on the side when i could
Saved my pennies started dreamin started schemin hollywood

Got excited bout my writing in two years i wrote three scripts!
No one bought them it was rotten and i almost lost my shit

Can't deny it i decided time to get off the pot
I could shoot it myself and give it all that i got

I could direct star and edit and fetch a bag of f stops
Don't need a corporate clown holdin me down in a headlock

So i went to a party wearing my finest tiger print
Ready to schmooze and get vagina on my dick

Then i met my defender by the name of lawrence bender
And he said you got some moxy u obnoxious pretender

Read my script and loved it said it needs a budget
He dropped it and shopped it to courtly curmudgeons

A briefcase of cash that glowed was bestowed
Some say that it's gold but i know it's a soul

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Eddie was a betty like to talk like a bitch
Mr white was the type who's too nice for his niche
Mr pink was a hater who wouldnt tip waiters
Mr brown was gunned down but he savored the flavor
Mr blue was a con so his humor was minimal
Mr orange was the sort who never consorted with criminals
Mr blonde was a vega so his brother was vince
Everyone head to the rendezvous daddy's gonna be pissed

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