

# Tractor Beam

MC Chris

I'm like Kenny Rogers in Six Pack  
Girls won't give my dick back  
All this sex affects my syntax  
The pistol I pack's impact

Make's you gasp infact  
So sit back, relax  
While I grind this axe  
On your Brazillian wax

Without finishing fast  
I bask in the slash  
Underneath your cinnamon ass  
About ten minutes it lasts

I pull it out and pass gas  
My name is MC Chris  
Kinda cute  
Kinda crass

Ladies love me sending pic's  
Where they're scantilly clad  
Send some back  
Then invite them to come crash at my pad

They're like  
O M G, Oh whut up, that'd be so rad  
We make the beast with two backs  
Until we both get whiplash

Get with the program  
Strip to the slow jam  
Slip on a Trojan  
Kissin' the toes and

Move to the knees  
Go back, repeat  
The job ain't done  
'Til you ruin the sheets

My name is MC  
And your name is a creep  
Because you creep into my bed  
About every week

Tractor beam on my bed  
Got you actin' le freak  
Tractor beam on my bed  
Got you actin' le freak

I should be flirtin' with virgins  
Instead of jerkin' my gerkin  
I should be working the circuit  
Assertive for certain

With little aversion  
They all open they curtains

Mini me starts emergin  
To be rid of his burden

Did I fail to mention  
All the ladies say word  
Got a panty collection  
Like a Japanese perv

They're prepared to purr  
And to serve up they curves  
I skip the main course  
I prefer the hors d'overs

I like thongs, like grannies  
Like any old panties  
Hanging on the lampshades  
As I tap on her back space

I like bows, like lace  
Like suckin' her face  
I like fuckin' her waist  
I make a bucket of paste

When her eyes roll back  
It means her memory's erase  
Slow-mo, tip-toe  
My ass out of her place

I quickly run to the clinic  
A q-tip in my dick  
I wait two very long weeks  
To know if these nuts need a medic  
So c'mon

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