

## Child's Play

MC Lars

This is Child's play - like Kenny Powers I'm back  
But I've never done coke and I'll never do smack  
Just lines and lines and lines of sick rhymes  
'Cause deviated septum is a really bad time  
Rap is easy to me, we're not going away  
That's why I'm flowing today, with Beefy showing the way  
Silly bangs like the Flobots - they come and go  
When you're still this underground yo you can only grow yo  
You can eat a big bowl of murderous doll ass  
I've got by the bucketful, let's be honest  
Going Chucky if you're lucky I won't lacerate your face  
I'll cut for 16 bars - leave you blinded like Mase  
"Yo ASCAP, where my check be at?"  
They tell me that they sent it August 4th to be exact  
Chasing money's never funny when you really need to eat  
Good thing rap is easy - have you heard this awesome beat?

This is child's play,  
it's the way we fill empty bars  
with awesomeness  
Beefy and MC Lars we straight rocking this  
West Coast collab, cause  
it's the hottest ish  
Don't try to take my mic mic away

This is child's play, easy like I'm running a circus  
This album here, the greatest one your mom's ever purchased  
I'll be Ernest, which is to say I'm scared stupid  
Got a blueprint and I knew it, only Beefy can do it  
Honestly I think I might be one of the best  
A black hat, cool shirt, and my Superman necklace  
Everyday before I'm leaving the house, around 5  
Didn't get a lot of sleep last night, and it  
Doesn't look like you've been getting any either  
Try to get a slice of life but I can only lick the beater  
Yo the haters call me beaner, and the beaners call me mijo  
Hate me all ya want to but it's "F You" like I'm Cee-Lo  
Always got that green yo, my homie holds a kilo  
It's safer than if it was in the back of a casino  
Your female's coming off like she's a chubby chaser  
I got papers, I'm a pedigree replacing all the fakers. what?!

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Your brother-in-law had a terminal disease  
That's why he wasn't at the party that one time on Christmas Eve  
He hasn't got much time so I put him in a rhyme  
To have a song to listen to on repeat as he's dying

My little brother lost his arms, legs toes in Iraq  
When he got back I showed him all the magic powers of rap

I'm messing with the physics, I straight up spit out cybernetics  
People love the robot parts when he's out shopping for organics

"Music is My Radar" that's what Blur said  
it's a harmony rock joyride I'll have until I'm dead

Used to feel so mad and violent like the stuff they run on CNN  
But beats and rhythm found me now I never want to sit again

We came to spit again, like Finnegan begin again  
Beefy asked for sprinkles but I take my toast with cinnamon  
Writin' over Skype, on another night, getting hype, it's alright  
Child's play feels alright!

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