

Yo, it's MC Lars
You're listening to the hottest mixtape ever dropped in the history of rap music
You can tell it's a mixtape, because of the ridiculous echo effect on my voice
We got some of the hottest MCs in the game, together for the first time
KRS-One, Sage Francis, Weerd Science, my dad, MC Bob Nielsen
This is Indie Rocket Science, Horris Records baby, we're doing it big

Andy Kaufman told me anti-humor was the way to go
So I told a meta-joke in the middle of my flow
Bill Hicks left a message on my voicemail
He said, "comedy is truth in a jester's veil"
My dog got cancer so we put her to sleep (what?!)
But when I rock the mic, I don't put you to sleep (oh!)
It's that California white boy coming through with tricks
Dominate the blogosphere, always dropping hits
With that indie rocket science, the flyest we never quit
The tightest we always get it, excited cause when I spit
It's so sick, kids wish they could rock it like this
Now I'm dropping hot fire on that mixtape tip
And Ian MacKaye liked my last CD
Cause I sampled Fugazi and he cleared it for free
That was Zen, this is Tao, call the Dharma Police
You see me up in the Sierras in a Weird Al shirt and fleece

It takes wisdom and ethics and mental discipline
Life's an epic journey, I'm in it for the win
So I'm making every 808 shake vibrate the speaker frame
Mix it up like lemonade, Minute Maid, not Gatorade
I'm getting aid, I'm getting As, so haters best get out the way
Like Claude Money I'm here to stay, okay all day with no delay
Amphibious, religious, got to get with this philosophy
My head is in the clouds and I'm loving the cacophony
I ask if there's a god, maybe there's no stopping me
Showing up mad early for the full frontal lobotomy
There's a riot outside, it's the deconstructionists
They say they want rap back because they invented it
On the mic I get feral, like Dimebag Darrell, Deangelo Vickers
I might incite peril, MC Lars dropping bars, going far, so clever
Eight years deeps and I'm only getting better