

# Hey That's Me

MC Lars

It's off the hook home slice, like a lucky fish.  
All I wish is that you taste this like a Swedish dish.  
It's the L A R S, H O double-R I S  
And I represent CV, and yes I must confess:  
I'm back 2003 and the snare drum pumps.  
Back up, Kris Kross, it's my turn to jump.  
See I'm a Libra and I'm balanced, rocking it like Ritchie Valens,  
And I'm up to this fresh session, yes I'm up to this fresh challenge.  
And I'm thinking, and I'm writing, and I'm rapping, and I'm fighting  
All the layers of green apathy clogging up the zone.  
Because I'll analyze your world, I'll analyze your head.  
I'll re-adjust your paradigm with this microphone.  
I was chilling in my '88 south on 101,  
With the woofer in the back bumping P.E. number one.  
Free-styling in a genre I didn't create,  
Props to Melle Mel, Chuck D, and all eight  
Hundred thousand MCs on whose shoulders I stand.  
I'm just a white kid with a plastic jammie in his hand!  
See this MC here spends his life feeling fine,  
But doesn't often get off in a straight line.  
Fine, time will tell where he's headed.  
It's up to chance, like Gretel's path is breaded.  
Your criticism? I'm above it! Your BS? Let's rubber glove it!  
Take your heroin and shove it! Life - you've got to love it.  
So get this, steal this, deal this, peel this away,  
I made this song out of my brain neurons and clay.  
It helped my brain chill for a week and a day,  
Until one day it stopped working like the city of Pompeii.  
But it's okay, hey, because I roll it home.  
Knick knack paddy whack, my sonic range his grown.  
Profound like Antoine De Saint Exuperey,  
When I rock the chorus of this song I say;

Lars Horris, hey that's me!  
Part Swedish, part Australian, full fun boy G.  
Lars Horris, hey that's me!  
I scored 1430 on my SAT's.  
Lars Horris, hey that's me!  
I'll rock the CoHo like 1-2-3.  
Lars Horris, hey that's me!  
I drop English and math and biology.

I piss Catholics off with my comic in the Daily.  
"Why's it called '27th Street'?" Man, don't front me.  
Jorge Cham might do PhD,  
But can he ever try to rock the mike like me?  
And I'm weird like Al, don't attend Cal,  
DJ's my buddy. Who's Mike?  
Josh plays bass and I take wedding vows,  
To my hip-hop rhymes that I'm busting now.  
And I satisfy women like GERS,  
I advocate the destruction of SUV cars.  
I think Israel and Palestine should get along.  
I sampled Nine Inch Nails for this song.  
And I'm so post-modern, I don't even exist.  
Did you hear that, P. Diddy? You just got dissed!  
It's the twenty-first century, MC's please,

You're killing hip-hop when you sample the Bee Gees!  
Most MC's today rap about five things:  
Narcotics, cars, girls, clothes, and the bling bling.  
Delusions of grandeur in full swing,  
Fascist self focus and diamond rings.  
But if Martin Luther King were alive today,  
How would he weigh the decay displayed?  
Homogenized identities, ourselves betrayed,  
There's more to rap than just getting paid.  
And there's more to life than MTV and Reeses Pieces,  
And when I sit in silence, my love for life increases.  
It feels great to pull the plug on the family TV,  
And make my own niche in society.  
And while I freak this beat, you're doing spoken word,  
Trying to get your naked voice heard.  
If I didn't know ProTools, I'd be like you  
And I could just do spoken word if I wanted to.

Lars Horris, hey that's me!  
You might see me on the street bumping Run-DMC.  
Lars Horris, hey that's me!  
After my BA I'll get my PhD.  
Lars Horris, hey that's me!  
Metaphysically fly like John Donne's "The Flea."  
Lars Horris, hey that's me!  
Rewriting Bronte like Wide Sargasso Sea.