

Straight Outta Stockholm

MC Lars

Check this C major!

Comin' straight outta Stockholm, a fun boy named Lars,
Survived Loma Prieta, Mad Cow, and SARS.
I hit you with these flows like your name was Nancy Kerrigan
Here and back and there again, atypical American.
Third generation Swedish, second gen. Aussie,
Am I street enough for this? Sometimes I'm "Paranoid" like Ozzy.
See it used to be punk rock for about four years,
I played lead guitar, we dissed Britney Spears,
Amphoteric the name, Central Cali band,
Local shows, t-shirts, EP's, no plan,
Just chilling with the crew slamming power chords,
They wanted more guitars but I got bored.
I was born to rock heads and fill them too,
But did the world really need another Blink 182?
Stuck on this Earth like glue since 1982,
Cooked up my own post-modern salmagundi stew.

Straight outta Stockholm, lap-top rap,
American iconoclast, alien boom-bap,
Cali's my home, baby, West Coast boy,
I get more love than Helen of Troy.

Straight outta Stockholm, lap-top rap
American iconoclast, alien boom-bap,
I make rap fun, friendly, fresh and new
MC Lars in the place, yeah boy, I thought you knew!

"But... were you actually born in Stockholm, Lars?"
No, but my family on my Mom's side is Swedish-American.
"Uh... okay."

Comin' straight outta prep school, on the mike at assembly,
Class clown, straight A's, running KSPB.
Pebble Beach, sheltered high school, like a nun on Mars
The Morris was Dr. Quin, Heavyweights gave me Lars.
"So how do you spell it? Yo, what's the website?"
Is it really that hard? "Morris" with an H - alright!
And okay yo today see I'm still experimenting,
Venting & presenting never misrepresenting.
And it's not quite rap, not quite pop,
Alien hip-hop Lars punk rock,
If I make the big time I'll still sit up in my room,
My brain on the keyboard and I'll try to resume,
Such a great story that I'll always behold,
I'll look back on this when I'm 80 years old.
London, New York, UK tour, NY demo,
Tickled as can be, when I tickle you like Elmo.
So much to say, new sounds to try,
Laptop, costumes, local buzz, and why?
Don't ask me, buddy, but you're bumpin' me now!
Amalgam for the future revolution like Mao.
You're right when I grab the mike, I do what I like,
I sit with a pen by the full moon light.
Euphonic epiphany like Keat's lyre trope,
I am it, iambic's rap's last hope.

My Grandma says I have rhyme talent, and I love her.
I flow lethal, Weapon? Lyrical like Danny Glover.
I flip your paradigm manhole cover,
Mutant reptiles, surprised what you discover.
But I still like Bob Dylan more than any MC.
Most depress me, like Hepatitis B.
Reverse them like Pi when they step to me
Nine five one four one point three.

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