

# We Have Arrived

MC Lars

This song is for everyone who's been stepped over,  
looked past, ostracized, diminished, forgotten.  
This song is not for self-promotion, but a wake up call to  
all you fake-ass DJ's rocking dusty beats. Attention: we have arrived.

Bob Dylan, the sixties are still going. What? Alright. Technolo-G's.  
That's gangsters with computers.

Guess who's back with a postmodern rap  
I pack so much flavor that I make your tongue snap  
When I'm rappin' on the beat it's crazy and it's ill  
And when I rock the mic, yo I'm Built to Spill  
I'm Socratic - but it's Greek to you  
Like Plato's Cave Allegory, well I'll leave your view askew  
I get metaphysical like Aristotle  
And when I storm the stage, I do it full throttle  
I'm a laptop hustler dealing shareware cracks  
And if you mess with YT your Mac will get hacked  
My rhymes are so def that they need a hearing aid  
Ask Andy Warhol - Pop Art gets you paid  
Like Thomas Aquinas, just call me your heinous  
And yo, if you step my crew then you're messing with the finest  
Like Dante or Chaucer, I've got the sickest flows  
1, 2, 1, 2 and away we go!

Thirty dudes on my jock, I flow smooth like Country Crock  
No shit Sherlock 'cause I'm top notch  
Dominate a mic like it's hopscotch  
Hotter than a bottle full of hot sauce, I am on fuego  
Take these haters down then I toast them like some Eggos  
Man... what you know about me? Five foot seven hella dope MC  
Eat up the game like Jabba the Hutt  
Got a big fat wang and a big ol' butt, what's up?  
Yeah I read mad books, talk to the boys and they all get shook  
'Cause I got cool style, born in the 80's  
Line full of dudes want to have my babies!

Yo, it's going down like "Junior". MC Lars, the Former Fat Boys and Bryce a  
re  
going to birth some children.  
It's not even a game.  
I have so many X chromosomes it's going to blow your mind!

emanating from the speakerbox  
Other mcs they be kicking rocks I got bigger chops  
I'm been doing this 10 years finally on the map  
Got a mac in my backpack and I still hack  
But I keep it on the low cuz I don't want to go to jail  
Epic fail on a triple beam scale  
Cuz my lyrics like drugs and i write so well  
I'm still the dg to watch in 2k9  
And I'm blowing they mind drip drop my hip hop  
Like water torture ask McCain  
I'm that geek mc with the brains the braun  
Sliced up like a taun taun just ask Luke  
No fluke words hot like alphabet soup  
Where's my troops hit the loop and do it again

YT go fluid again go through it and win  
[Former Fat Boys:]  
I have arrived, peep the ride, '97 Nian scraped up side  
You might go blind avert your eyes  
It's not what's out but what's inside  
In my brain I know secrets, believe it  
If you disable the sequence, I still got my  
Grievance, my huge EPenis  
Still self-destruct in your face like semen  
Nerd core beat I'm about the get even  
With jealous fellas, who try to beam into the scene with jacked beats  
MC Chris dreaming, want to be mindless, cults claiming genius  
Put a little Captain Crunch in your cereal port  
That will shut your mouth so you can't retort  
'Cause I'm classic, I'm a fantasy star  
My McDonalds jams blams through the woofer your car  
I'm so postmodern I'm MC Lars  
Chicks love a little K. Dick in bars  
They like it when you're well versed, fully alive  
That's why you'll never get here and we've arrived  
That's why you'll never get here and we've arrived  
We've arrived... hi.