

MC Chris Is Dead

MC Chris

[Verse 1]

MC Chris is dead
And he ain't never coming back
You should have been nicer
When he were blazing up the track
No well wishers
Just bitches talking trash
'Cause the aftermath is saying that rap is whack
(MC Chris is dead!)
On arrival
Watch his rivals revel
The jealous relish the moment
Their opponent went sublevel
Six feet under, what a bummer
It's no wonder, the waste
Could have been a contender
Now maggots munch on his face
MC's often in his coffin
Lying down, lost in thought
Groupies gather at the grave and done throw posies on the pot
Haters hate off in the distance, telescoping with binocs
Smoking basket after laughing, get their knickers in knots
They play in the park, in the dark, where they spark a spliff
Raise it high in the sky, and cry "This hit is for Chris"
Then they'll tell the tale of how he really was a pimp
Hands wanted to be on, chicks wanted to be on his dick

[Hook]

I'll wait 'til the day's end, when the moon is high
And then I'll rise with the tide, with a lust for life, I'll
Amass an army, and we'll harness a horde
And then we'll limp across the land until we stand at the shore
I'll wait 'til day's end, when the moon is high
And then I'll rise with the tide, with a lust for life, I'll
Amass an army, and we'll harness a horde
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[Verse 2]

MC Chris is dead
And it's dreadfully morbid

He forfeits
Forever free for the poor kids
Once filled to the bonnet
With demonic endorphins
Now his power range is restrained
No more Mighty Morphin'
We couldn't close the lid
There'll be no bids on his toys
No will for the rumor mill
No bills to enjoy
He kept every penny
'Cept the two on his eyes
Now the digger's at Denny's
Gettin' cheese on his fries
As for the babies and their mommas
There'll be drama for days
Looks like he got his likeness, now it's time to get paid
So many starvin' Marvin Garden, claimin MC's seed
But he's a seedless grape, making pace in the RV
It's a croc in the pot that's fraught of it bein a mock-death
He's got the awesomest posthumous box-set
They're airbrushing MC on plain white tees
Another life lost to violence, silence if you please

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[Verse 3]

My name is MC Chris and, yo, I can't get laid
Now they lay me to rest, how am I gonna get paid?
These quarters are cramped, and I'm crazy claustrophobic
Consider it noted
I feel belittled and bloated
I better bust out in a hurry, 'cause I ain't hating the road then
I can barely bust a move because my body is broken
But I'm covered in collections, thought you can't take it with you?
Someone pass me a tissue while they gnash on my tissue
Somebody pray to Vishnu, any deity will do
I claw at my satin ceiling, I got nothing to lose
And through the dirt and the thick mud
I'll tunnel like Dig Dug
Or the Underminer

My desire's the big buck
Can I convey the basement
Without wasting my words?
Fossilization's what I'm facing
Unless defacement occurs
So I rise to the occasion
There's no waiting for worms
And please, no zombie player-haters, man
What have we learned?

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