

MC Chris Is Dead

MC Chris

MC Chris is dead and he ain't never coming back
You should have been nicer when you were blazin' up the track
 No well wishers, just bitches talkin' 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 march on his face
 MC's often in his coffin, lyin' down, lost in thought
 Groupies gather at the grave and done throw posies on the pot
 Haters hate off in the distance, telescoping with binoc's
 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 tell a tale of how he really was a pimp
 Hands wanted to be on, just want to be on his dick
 I'll wait to 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
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MC Chris is dead and is
 dreadfully morbid

 He forfeits, forever free for the poor kids
 Once filled to the bonnet with demonic endorphins
 All his power rings 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 diggers at Denny's, gettin' cheese on his fries
As for the babies and their mama's, there'll be drama for days
 Looks like he's got his likeness, now it's time to get paid
 So many starvin' Marvin, guardin', claimin' MC's seed
 But he's a seedless greed, makin' pace in the RIP
 It's a croc in the pot, is fraught, of it be the mock death
 He's got the awesomest posthumous box set
 They're airbrushing MC, on plain white tee's
 Another life lost to violence, silence if you please
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And then we'll limp across the land until we stand at the shore 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, though you can't take it with you
Someone pass me a tissue while they gnash on my tissue
Somebody prayed to Vishnu any deity will do
I claw at my satin ceiling, I've got nothing to lose
And through the dirt and the thick mud, I'll tunnel like dig dug
Or the underminer, my desire is the big buck
Can I convey the basement without wasting my words
Fossilization's what I'm facin' unless defacement occurs
So I rise to the occasion, there's no waitin' for worms
And please no zombie player haters
Man, what have we learned? I'll wait to the day's end when the moon is high
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