

My Rhymes Rhyme

MC Lars

Roses are red,
Violets are... blue.
My rhymes rhyme,
But yours don't.

Hey! I'm all up in your face like a rabid chimp.
I'll eat shrimp on a blimp but I ain't no wimp.
I send American flags to Ho Chi Minh,
And Bart Simpson toys to Sam Kinison.
If you're akin to sin, you may just win,
Unless you buy a condom that's made of lamb skin.
I'm down with you of course and your friend Ian,
Although half of this rap is Indo European.
I translated it so it would make sense
To all you ladies and gents, but there's no evidence
If I'm going too fast or if I'm going too slow.
You can always press "Repeat" on this funky fresh flow.
Though you may not even know if I mean what I say,
It's legit when I tell you this homey don't play.
So sit back and relax and pop open a Coke.
Compared to me, 50 Cent, your rhymes are a joke.

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Word, word,
Word to your mother and your father too,
And props to anyone who keeps staying true.
And shout outs to my homeys across the globe.
Accept diversity but diss a homophobe.
The only way to understanding is to embrace the truth,
We're all creatures of God, Buddha, Allah, and Zeus.
We're only here for a bit, so make the best of it.
Don't look back in sixty years to see your life was... garbage!
But the point I'm trying to make is that
My flows are so def like a big milkshake.
I don't mean to brag, I don't mean to boast,
But the Sugarhill Gang is misquoted the most.

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So get this point right here, it's perfect clear.
Props to anyone who bought "Nothing to Fear."
Shout outs to Wesley Willis, Atom G, and John Hall.

Word to MC Paul Barman. Hey, return my call!
"What's up!" to Jerry Garcia, Hendrix, Morrison and Zappa.
Word to Devo, "Weird" Al, and those girls from Abba.
I hope you have a good day and that you're feeling swell,
Even though the music industry can be hell.

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