

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.