

Smackababy

MC Chris

Spare the rod, spoil the child
Fuck that shit I'm about to go wild
Went to the backyard found myself a switch
Wimpy little shit is about to get hit
Upside the head with a bucket of sand
Fucking shit up cause I'm fuckin intense
I'm tenser than fuck I'm denser than shrubs
I'm straight out the pub with a fistful of fuck you

Whatcha gonna do, where you gonna sit
Beat that bad butt with a hickory stick
Lickity split, sick of these kids
Want my side of corn and a bucket of ribs
Fuck em up quick
Don't miss my game
Every little sound a little light in my brain
So don't complain, like I'm always saying
Might get the belt or the bicycle chain

Smackababy in the morning, smackababy in the light
Smackababy in the evening if you're feelin like a fight
Smackababy in your home, smackababy on a train
Smackababy anywhere you like just please do not refrain
Smackababy, smackababy, smackababy, c'mon
Smackababy make me go crazy
Smackababy, smackababy, smackababy, c'mon
Smackababy make me go crazy

Beat that boy, hurl that girl
Heres two tickets to a tilt-a-whirl
Pump that pup, choke that chap
Show em who's boss, ain't takin' no crap
Ain't takin' no mess, ain't takin no guff
Ain't takin' no less so you better bite your tongue
Better watch your mouth, better stay in line
Gonna get gone or I'm gonna get mine
So shut the fuck up and let me chill
Bring me a beer and a bottle of pills
Sit real still don't make a peep
Or I'll get my sickle and reap my seed

I love you kid cause you're my kin
TV's on and you don't say shit
Take off your shoes and stay off the couch
And just get lost, shut your motherfuckin mouth

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[Man: You are MC Chris
MC Chris Uh no
Man: I got all your cassette tapes
MC Chris: I..I'm not mc chris he's dead
Man: MC Chris I got all your cassette tapes
MC Chris: I never put out cassette tapes and he's dead
Man: I got here..I got..I got this song
MC Chris: And uh I can't
Man: I got this song idea for you
MC Chris: I'm in a hurry
Man: I got this song
MC Chris: I gotta
Man: It's about
MC Chris: Uh I just gotta
Man: It's about babys
MC Chris: I'm act..I'm actually in a hurry
Man: Called smackababy
MC Chris: It's a very interesting title
Man: hang on
MC Chris: I'm in a hurry I just..
Man: Hang on hang on
MC Chris: ok
Man: Hold tight sir I need to get in tune.]

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