

Dysfunctional Family Portrait Rap Parody: The End is Just the Beginning...



Look up at those childhood portraits done by my Momma, a bad Mama Jama.
Reminiscent of our days of innocence, before our skulls got pounded in with a hamma.
You know the happy families that grow up normal, happy, and well-bred,
With model parents, playful puppies, and lotza hugs when a tear is shed?
Yeah, well if you want one of those yawners, might as well go back to bed.
Everybody's kin gotta story,
But mosta that smack is boring.
Usually offspring of dysfunctional families turn out kinda whack,
But we'll show you a twist because in supremacy, the Straeters do not lack.
Since short stories are fiction by nature, I'm sure you be doubtin' what I got to say,
But you'd be surprised how precisely this represents our family portrait—play by PLAY.
That's okay, for those names I speak, "fiction" is a good cover.
Besides I don't need to be gettin' all kinds of flack from our mother.
On second thought, the whole story's too long to put in 1500 words,
After word 1,807,299, Writer's Digest be like "DQ'd! This crap is for the birds."

I'll just give ya the meat, what beasts came of this fateful wedded union—starting with the end.
I'll tell you who we are today; On the truth I will not bend.
While our upbringing rough, heart-wrenching & nontraditional,
The final products turned out nothing short of utterly sensational.
The format started out normal, but half the time
I be thinkin' in rhyme
(Oops I did it again)
Wanna know our saga? A'ight, here's my spin.

First there's "**Thirsty Kirstie**"

Flawless social butterfly, Queen B. of The C.C.
The one, the only: C.linton C.ounty
The girls call me Cindy Crawford; the boys, Megan Fox.
Now posse, powder my nose, paint my toes, get me Greygoose on the rocks.
Do I have cellulite on my thighs? Omg, you know I do!
"Shut it twiggy, we all hate you." (Chorus)
Okay okay fine, I'll give you my true thoughts for a penny.
I know I look good, but it's a hard knock life bein' skinny!
At all the fam functions, Mom be like "Girl why you tardy?"
Madré chill—Sorry I party.
"I'll pray for you sweet child of mine."
Come on, I'm fine—Remember Jesus drank wine.
And the life of a nomad,
It really ain't that bad.
Cancel that dang drug intervention; no need for desperate measures.
I stick to booze and a lil reefer, the nonaddictive guilty pleasures.
"Is my daughter a druggie?"
Master subject changer: Nah, let me show you how to dougie.
Ma: "Teach me how to dougie."
"Teach me, teach me how to dougie."
"Now daughter, stand **erect** and wipe that pickle **puss** off your face."
This aint the 70's ma; say either of those words again and I'll spray ya eyes with mace.

...Then there's "**Colby Cheese**"

Not as sharp as cheddar, but more bite than Jack.
Devour like a beast, but wanna see my 8-pack?

Stoic's my middle name.
Poker face is my game.
Yeah go ahead and try to get a read on me.
In the time ya spend perplexin', ya coulda got a law degree.
I'm a workin' machine, a wood-choppin' fool, & yeah I do what I want.
Ha but don't even think to question me—I'll just put up a front.
"Hey! You can't just quit track." (Chorus)
"If you do, they'll never take you back." (Chorus)
Please, you seen my swag?
Fastest [white] guy in the state; I got this in the bag.
Bat like Babe,
Bend it like Beckham,
Sink hoops with eyes wide shut,
I kick 'em all in the butt.
I play by my rules; coaches know to not be gettin' ugly.
Besides—I think, I think, I think they like my dougie.

And of course, "**Curt the Conqueror**" aka "Curtis Maximus"

My homeboys be Yoda, Frodo, & Jackie Chan.
The epitome of Straeter greatness, they call me THE MAN.
Mom makes hot dogs for your b-day and filet fo' this gangster.
Ah you got steak?, Ha that's cute—she got me lobster.
G-ma's got 2 grandchildren: "Curt" and "Not Curt."
Not everyone can be the golden child—no need to feel hurt.
When I'm on my self-built computer dominatin' World of Warcraft,
Don't bother me yo; you know I'll give you the shaft.
My best man coined me 'Master of the guarded tongue,'
I'll stop mid-sentence & leave you hangin'.....SON.
I'm a PT god & top 1% of cadets in the nation,
I be so fly, I got my 1st pick of duty station.
They call me Lieutenant Straeter, soon to be Colonel—I ain't talkin no beef jerky,
No sweat to soar like an eagle when you flyin' with turkeys.
Soon school kids be recitin' "one nation, under Curt,"
My face'll be on the dollar bill, the flag, and your t-shirt.
Anything you can do, I can do better.
"No you can't." (Sib #1)
Yes I can.
"No you can't" (Sib #2)

Yes I can.

“No you can’t.” (Sib #3)

Yes I can. Yes I cannnn!!!!

Ah, ya already forgot?...I’m the REAL Superman.

The Alpha, Omega

Beginning & END.

“One of these things is not like the others...one of these things just doesn’t belong.”

Yup, here comes me, “**Redheaded Stepchild**” ...this one won’t take long.

I take criticism well; I mean we’re all human.

(Wait, did you just say I’m wrong? Ahh Never!!—I’m fumin’)

I understand that everyone makes mistakes, myself included.

(Point out my flaws and I’ll have your car booted.)

I never take life too seriously; take time to smell the roses and enjoy every breath.

(Omg, I have a quiz today. This could mean life or death!!!)

“Relax, take a break. Not everything has to be done ‘just so.’ ” (Chorus)

Wellll...on my algebra, I do need an “A” though. (Cheese)

Ohhh and I need you to make my résumé and cover letter look pristine. (Thirsty)

Somebody’s gotta do my dirty work while I go live it up like Charlie Sheen.

AND please make my ROTC logo look peachy–flippin–keen. (Conqueror)

“What we’re trying to say is don’t stress, don’t overkill, just let things be!” (Chorus)

“...Except of course when it comes to services of benefit to me.” (Chorus)

“But otherwise be happy–go–lucky and worry–FREE ;)” (Chorus)

“Oh and your ‘loud’ presence best be replaced with simplicity.” (Chorus)

“And take off that fur coat,” (Chorus)

“Nobody likes a showboat.” (Chorus)

“Tone down your hair,” (Chorus)

“You’ll give grandma a scare.” (Chorus)

“Why do you sit that way in a chair?” (Chorus)

“And I think you breathe the wrong air.” (Chorus)

“Flowers in your hair...REALLY???” (Chorus)

Criticism? Nooo. We love you JUST the way you are SILLY!

All Together Now Kids

So what commonalities you ask?

Well firstly an insanely high tolerance for self–inflicted pain.

Dang our parents for giving us all 'K-uh' sounding names.
After all they put us through, you'd think they could have spared us those games.
No wonder nobody can keep us straight; But still straight-ers nonetheless.
Not our fault we're just one big alliteration—we didn't ask for this mess.
Hmm what else? None of us take well to losing or being wrong,
Mayyyybe we're just [a LITTLE] "Headstrong."
That appropriately titled tune could be our theme song.
And then there's a burning passion for domination in our respective areas.
And the ability to execute with style, a life of hysteria.
When people ask "what's your problem?" we say "hey, you don't know my story."
They say "what is it?"...but ha we ain't startin' on that allegory.
So maybe I stayed a lil surface level, but I gotta ease you into this mess, boo.
If I showed you all my cards, there wouldn't be a part two.
A novel could be written, & you wouldn't even believe half our tale.
Just know that of dysfunctional families, we be da Holy Grail.
We function to malfunction,
And do so without compunction.
A'ight now I be gettin' tired of this rap.
Plus come on, I'm white, so I know it sounds like crap.
K folks, that's a wrap.

Straeter. There's one in your town.

Peace.☺