

# Back to the Borderlands

Dan Bull

Go!

Hello, Pandora fans  
I'd like to show my awesome plans  
Hold on tight to your organs, glands  
We're riding back to the Borderlands  
When I hear that Gearbox  
Are releasin' a sequel, my teardrops  
Are uncontrollable  
I'm inconsolable, but fear not  
They're tears of joy, like me as a boy  
After Christmas Eve when I see a box  
I open it up and say "whoa" at the view  
It's only overflowin' with loot  
Lockin' and loadin', I know what to do  
Now who am I going to shoot?  
You, you're a pitiful prick  
So I'm ripping you up with a critical hit

Funds improve my guns and loot  
I'll use it if it'll fit  
If it moves I'll shoot it, you tit  
I'm a buzzard, you're a blue tit  
I fly in the sky and it's fatal  
Foes are lying disabled  
A hole in their face; I'm reminded of bagels  
I'm ever so slightly unstable  
Me? I'm hardly an angel  
Leave that to the Guardian Angel  
This is the eighties, I'm Arnie  
And painfully makin' your army unfaithful  
Health and safety; watch your head  
Heavy metal; lots of lead  
But before I drop you dead  
I'll shred you up like Dr. Zed

I said "Zed, let him in"  
Led Zeppelin  
Never played on David Letterman  
Though that may be irrelevant  
Nevertheless it's a hell of a method of making it evident  
Dan is the cleverest rapper  
To ever use gamin' in tracks  
Setting a precedent that wouldn't ever be bettered  
Till weapons are made into raps  
Eighty seven bazillion guns  
A similar number of brilliant puns  
Turn that to cash, gimme the funds  
Back to back with my militant chums  
I'm blastin' stacks of straps at prats  
It's action packed ridiculous fun  
If kills were calories, that'd be fattenin'  
Fragging a skag and I'm baggin' and taggin' him  
Having you laggin' and manically panicking  
Man, is it actually happenin'?

Well, I'm an assassin assassinin' you

So if that is a fact then it has to be true  
You're chatting Claptrap  
So I should grab your nadsack and yank it  
So your nads are dropping  
Like the stock is on the NASDAQ  
Asshat, don't answer back  
Who the fuck is Handsome Jack?  
You want how many grams of that?  
I'll grind you like my ganja sack  
I will be havin' you cryin' in agony  
Violently crackin' your violin; Paganini  
Meeny miny mo

More money, less problems  
The bigger the gun, the less nonsense  
I'm less Mark Ronson, more Charles Bronson  
Or a vault Hunter S. Thompson  
Said I'm less Mark Ronson, more Charles Bronson  
Or a vault Hunter S. Thompson  
Less Mark Ronson, more Charles Bronson  
Or a vault Hunter S. Thompson  
I'm less Mark Ronson, more Charles Bronson  
Or a vault Hunter S. Thompson  
I'm less Mark Ronson, more Charles Bronson  
Or a vault Hunter S. Thompson