

Congratulations

Dan Bull

Boyinaband!
It's your big day!
Incredible job!
I know we had our differences
But today, I just want to tell you

Ayy congratulations, it's a celebration!
Party all day, I know you've been waiting
Ayy congratulations, it's a celebration!
With the chorus at the start to reel people straight in

Dear dear David
Big congratulations
You're raising the game with these big collaborations
Seriously, David
Big congratulations
For the trail you're blazing for Midland rap creatives
Especially the ones like you and me with "D.B." names and pasty faces
Since DBGames you've risen up like pastry in a spaceship
I have been spectating your rise to success
With a strange combination of pride and distress
One the one hand it's amazing, my mate is elevating
But on the other hand I feel like I'm still waiting
And on the other other hand it's so frustrating
That I can't even count the number of hands, it's embarrassing
I knew that rhyme would sink in well with you
You saw me force it, just like how you foresaw
Me saying a tap is called a faucet
We used to sit and write together sharing lines and jokes
You weren't like those other rappers trying to share me lines of coke
If we'd met on Grindr I might find you were my kind of bloke
Whoa, no homeloaf, homeslice!
No, tonight, I'm going to dine alone
Tuck into a microwave meal for one, what a rubbish cooking show
I know I suck at choruses, let's look how low this hook can go

Ayy congratulations, it's a celebration!
Hey David, what do you think of my Roomie impersonation?
I can't make a hit track, so I made a miss track
I miss my mate, I wish we could bring our friendship back
Ayy, it's time for wild celebration, and mild inebriation
By which I mean some English tea and mindful meditation

You and Pewds and Roomie have produced the perfect pop song
Catchy tune, half happy/gloomy, humour, verses not long
Not too complex, not too racist, except maybe in some places
Let's wait and see what the mainstream media lets you get away with
You made some of my favourite sounds
But I want to just say this now
Although on the global stage you're Boyinaband
To me you're David Brown
I know I suck at choruses, let's see how low this hook can go
Sorry - no, I can't keep up this flow, it's far too fucking slow
So let's ramp it up a teeny tiny tad
Oh yes, I'm kind of enjoying this
But even trying to rap and keep in time to match the rapid speed of light Bo
yinaband can reach might be pointless

I've only met two lyricists who can really twist language as tight as I can
And that's my arch nemesis, The Stupendium, and Boyinaband
I've only met a few people who equal my level of irony
And that's you, David, isn't it?
Hehe!

You and I and me
We had a thing for forced rhyme
A vlog called intercourse time
A gaming channel I neglected, which I think's a sure sign
I'd never parallel your forceful fortitude or foresight
I'd always be the frickin' Jim Davidson to your Forsyth
You seized every opportunity that I wasn't prepared to
And capitalised on every potential link it led to
I watched you get on stage and win the crowd while I was scared to
You helped me with my head, I only helped you with your hairdo
But unlike your luscious locks, our bromance has been cut and doesn't grow
I know I suck at social stuff, like I suck at hooks
But I love you bro!

Ayy congratulations, it's a celebration!
I'm too scared of repercussions to make fun of Asians
This isn't a diss track, it's more of a miss track
I can't diss you David, I'm afraid of how you'd hit back
We both know how to twist facts into a fucking bitch slap
And somehow still sound so profound even when saying "piss flaps"
We stopped communicating
And I've been feeling vacant
Maybe this correlation does equal a causation

We used to be the best friends
Team up on League of Legends
I was Sivir, you were Heimerdinger and together we could reach the heavens
But despite our fancy vocals, we both can be antisocial
We went from speaking daily
To maybe an annual phone call
Dave and Daniel's bond is like our gaming channel:
Gone
That's why I made this song
I want to say that I was wrong about you
Guess I got distracted by what your diss track did
I thought I was gonna diss RiceGum with iDubbbz
But I got subtracted
Next think I knew it was you Ian would choose to rap with
But if it had to be anyone apart from me
Well then I'm glad it was you because you smashed it
I bow down with humility
To your YouTube ability
I used to boast that I was bigger than most
But now you're clearly bigger than me
You said that I didn't take any risks, just relaxed in making game raps
Well I listened to your criticisms and came to the decision to bring that fame back
We met in Berlin last year in the summer
It was good to catch up, but it was really a bummer
We agreed we'd see each other soon
But I knew we wouldn't do it from the feel in my stomach
I messaged you on WhatsApp
Maybe you can talk back
If I'm honest, I don't care if I come across as a twat
'Cause if I'm honest and I come across as a twat
Well then honestly then I'm obviously a twat
A twat that's asking awkwardly:
Open up and share your thoughts with me

Don't make me forcefully break into your place so you talk to me
No, please, don't call the police!
Of course I don't mean it, Jesus, it's just a joke
I know I suck at choruses, but this one's yours, it's fucking dope!

Ayy congratulations, it's a celebration!
Party all day, I know you've been waiting
This isn't a diss track, it's more of a miss track
I miss my mate, I wish we could just bring that ***** back
Ayy, I bet you thought I swore then
But I just bleeped the word "stuff"
Or did I?
Got the algorithm trying to call my bluff
But I already said "fuck"
So that's kind of redundant
I don't really miss you, Dave, I'm just chopping some onions

Crying with AutoTune is weird...