

# Junkrap

Dan Bull

Stop me, oh-oh-oh, stop me  
Stop me if you think that you've heard this one before  
Stop me, oh-oh-oh, stop me  
Before you turn up burnt and red raw  
Here's a fun fact  
Out in the outback, Junkrat  
Tick tock boomed and kaboomed  
Like the kick on this drum track  
Been there, done that, Junkrat  
Tick tock boomed and kaboomed  
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The drunkard down under's coming out of junker town  
So hunker down unless you want your bowels flung around  
There's nothing else quite as rowdy as the punk sound  
A literal wall of death in the mosh pit  
Tough crowd  
Rolling a rip-tire, stroll in and set fire  
To the whole of civilization, inconsolable Sid Meier  
Forever going lower as if he's holding a zip wire  
Him and Roadhog are like Silas Davis and Nick Myatt  
A lovable couple of misfits  
Looking for mischief  
They'll come to your district  
And crumble your biscuits  
You can insist you want them to quit this  
It's your privilege  
But I wouldn't be so dumb as to risk it  
Civil discussion isn't really up on their list  
To get done  
They just want to get some, that's step one  
Also step two, three, four, and five  
You get the gist and I suggest you don't suggest  
That's quite a repetitive list

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Hating Omnic's, they make him vomit  
Like a plate of pubic shavings in a bacon omelette, gnarly  
What a volatile horrid child  
Dropping a bomb in your domicile  
Human missile, bodies in a bloody pile  
One can find him in the supermarket in the rocket aisle  
Doing his weekly atrocity shopping and stockpiling  
For the time when things got violent, cocky smile  
This nutter's done it doggy style with a crocodile  
The map isn't a battleground, it's a playpen

To make friends so they can share the mayhem  
Came back from Home Depot with a bag of demolishing tools  
A labourer trading in pain, sod college and school  
Knowledge in cruelty, tossing steel traps and damaging fools  
Once he stole the Queen's hat and ran with the jewels  
But can they prove he made it happen? Unlikely  
It was only chapter one of an international crime spree

From country to country, he ran and fled  
Flouting the bounty upon his head  
Getting riled up and rowdy, he's wanted dead  
And shouting proudly about it, here's what he said

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