

## Mr. Brigitte Side

Dan Bull

Brigitte, Brigitte, Brigitte, rah!

One by one, the heroes in this era, keep appearing  
Rearing up from apprenticeships, and smashing through that glass ceiling  
Mechanical engineering, what the hell is that "ting ting", you're hearing?  
That is the sound of the beat, of the hammer and anvil, and heated up steel  
congealing

Forged in fire and flame, causing violent pain  
Fortifying and multiplying, the likelihood of winning games  
I can't describe the way you'll feel, when you meet her  
Fearlessness of the meter, she's a steel señorita  
Who's the shield wielding Sheila?, you're dealing with Brigitte  
When she wails on you, with that flail, she'll be like "see ya Felicia"  
From McCree to Orisa  
Baptiste to Athena, and Lena, Fareeha  
To Ziegler and D.Va, and Reaper  
No being breathing's, as elite as Brigitte

They say the "the best defense, is an excellent offense"  
Brigitte says "the best offense, is an excellent defense" (Well)  
I say "wait, if the best defense and offense are the same, well then  
This statement's tautologically extraneous excess" (What was that?!)  
But Brigitte won't let that, get in the way of her success  
In fact just shut your anal retentive face, lay that shit to rest (Mate)  
Put it to bed, unless you want blood on your head  
Look mate, this discussion's finished, so let's get some Guinness in the pub  
instead  
Hanging out with Reinhardt, more than Stephane Grappelli  
In the tavern, 'til they have an entire keg in their belly  
Don't care if it's CAMRA certified, they're just there to get lairy  
Get blind drunk, 'til it's time to say goodbye, like Andrea Bocelli, steady!  
Smacking arses, with a massive rod above her  
If that's not enough, she'll gladly drop another  
Crafting armor's, like a badge of honor for her  
Can't tell if she takes after, father or her mother  
But only her daddy, is matching her blacksmithing skills  
Rally round the family, with a pocket full of shields  
She's shit hot with the whip shot, dealing out more batterings than a chip s  
hop  
Swiping these idiots, left and right, as if she was mixing up Tinder, and Ti  
k-Tok  
Wish I could see her in thongs, what's the matter, you sick fuck?, I meant f  
lip flops  
By the by, who'd have thunk, a bunch of nerds, would be bringing back lyrici  
sm into hip hop

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