

Pimp My Rig

Dan Bull

Times have changed since hip hop's golden age
Every song in the rap charts now
Was made on a computer
But who made the computer?

Xzibit's gone, so let me present exhibit one
We're going to give up cars and start pimping what he didn't done
Not into supercars, I'd rather choose computer parts
There's more meaning in CPUs than in music and arts
Building a mean machine, who needs wheels on it?
It's not the journey or the destination, it's the way you feel from it
There's a buzz I get from fiddling with electronics
Bore my friends to death talking about it, they're like "Next topic!
Stop it", but you can't kill off a virus with antibiotics
I'm addicted to fixing up systems, it's my narcotic
And if I get on Mastermind it'll be my topic
There's not a problem that can't be solved with hard logic
Nope, there's not a benchmark on this chart that can't be raised
Part swapping, overclocking, till the card's ablaze
I built Jesus' PC blessed with eternal grace
Jeez, I even brush my teeth with thermal paste
My case fan's spinning like a lost spaceman
I told 8pack "Mate stop, it's not a race, man"
You've lost, adjust your game plan, so just watch the way Dan
Whips up a wicked system like Mary Berry makes jam
I can install new drivers using just a screwdriver
Check it, I'm the detective of tech tips, so who's Linus?
There's two types of people trying to build a PC
Those who aren't the best in the world, and me

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That's why I'll never need a console
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From Romania to Cali
I'm up a mountain looking down at Silicon Valley

See these charts on 3DMark? Yeah? That's me being smart
I don't just double up my GPUs like ZZ Top
I triple crossfire, while you're getting crossed wires
Budget's not a constraint, I don't bother to cost parts
PC builders are a new breed of rock star
But it's nothing new, we're just rebooting a lost art
They say the whole universe is an actual simulation
Well I'm the one that installed in on the battle station
My RAM sticks are all chrome, yours are Mortoni
I speak every programming language down to Morse code
C++ plus when I plug in the power supply

My town loses light for dozens of hours at a time (sorry)
Good job I stuffed the case with LEDs in RGB
There's so many colours changing therein we can hardly see
They call me cooler master P, pulling apart PCs
Then boasting about it over such a nasty beat
'Course I make the performance rise again (yeah)
I'm sure your watercooling's nice but is it dipped in liquid nitrogen
Your heat sink's the weak link, you've bricked it
Now your screen seems as if it's been drenched in Japanese ink
I got a cupboard full of motherboards, yours is left bare
There's bugged all in there, except for some compressed air
I'm telling you there's less there than Terry Crews' chest hair
Somewhere in this song is a buried clue, can you guess where?

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