

Rugbuggery

Dan Bull

They call me Douglby
I tackle issues like ruggleby
A blend of gentlemanliness and thuggery
I'll class you with some very expensive bubbly
Bloody luxury
Bone cutlery protrudes from your wounds
(Ah!)

Buggery
A scrummage
Lovely jubbly
A useful excuse to induce you to cuddle me
The two teams squeeze together quite snuggly
Rummaging and fumbling with undiscovered subtlety
Beneath the scrummaging we're being all coupley
I'm roughly as politically correct as little Huckleberry Finn using epithets
No longer customary
I'll get with your ex then apply for custody
Of your little buggers then we'll bugger off to Tuscany
I'm in your cuff links and tux living comfortably
Bloody luxury, being you - sucks to be

Whether you rap
Whether you rock
Or whether you roll
I insist that you relinquish all control
We're playing rugby and the ball's your soul
So pass it back to Douglby and we'll all go home

Rap's raconteur back on tour
I'll blap a crap reviewer
Sacre bleu
That's one fewer wrongdoer
I'm long due an apology
And I want you to give one to me
If you ever listened to a rapper
And it wasn't me
I'll pull off my trackie bottoms
And give you a tracheotomy
I'll leave you looking like a child eating broccoli
Ticking you off saying
'Chew your food properly'
I operate a strict sick lyrics only policy
So originality's a pretty big priority
I lyrically precede the Iliad and Odyssey
They found my lyric pad within a Celtic monastery
Follow Gilgamesh's geneology through ptolemy
Anyone of quality, they probably just copied me
So are my sonnets prophecy or an anomaly?
A little bit of column A, a bit of column B

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