

Tinker, Tailor, Soldier: 76

Dan Bull

We're all Soldier Seventy Six
Except we'll never be ripped
American kids
Getting to grips
With intricate weapons as heavy as bricks
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Welcome to the jungle
What's that rumbling? Is it tropic thunder?
Or is it the bomb blowing up is it Osmium's atomic number?
There's no time to ponder, wonder
Los Muertos are on the run they're coming for your daughters
But there's one man who will not succumb to bullies
Villainy, tyranny, scum the slum
At least somebody's summoned the courage
To come and be the one to fill them with steel
Without pulling a gun on these silly billies
Is he stealing his flow from Machine Gun Kelly
Who he's seen on telly?
Nope, he's already made the Killshot
These other MC's aren't ready
Steady aiming in a deadly game
Deliver heavy pain
Bigger than belly ache
Ready made for giving hell and yet he'll barely break
At any stage
Whether witnessing Chevy chase
Chase Betty page
He'll make it evident he's made mistakes
And send him straight
To an early grave
Pearly gates, helix rockets
Where's he keep them? Really big pockets
Locking and loading
Whatever option he's chosen
He's toting loads of more of what matters
The former Morrison's slogan
So Logan Paul would be proud of the bodies
He's shot for promotion

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So heaven forbid
You get in his shit
Unless you're exceptionally thick

If your preference is
Him letting you live
Then leg it you better be quick
Or the experts predict
Your life expectancy's set for a definite dip
When Seventy Six
Is leaving your body resembling ketchup and chips

It's Jack Morrison
This track walloping
So watch the words that come out your mouth
Or he'll leave your lip fat collagen
Polishing his gun until he can see his face in it
Aiming straight through his sights 'til he can see your face in it
His tactical visor's
A tactic advisor
A contraption devised
To help him see the battlefield wiser
Jack is the type of guy that's thriving in a target rich environment
And he likes settling arguments
With armour, clips and armaments
Sharp shooting, feel the needle sting
Seventy Six is a mean old thing
But is it his age or the name of Philadelphia's B-ball team
Once a young boy, farmer's son
All harmless fun
'Til he joined the armed forces and encountered countless guns
America's pride and darling son
Buried alive at Arlington
But he wasn't ready to go back to the soil
His time of farming's done
He never died, he's hardly begun
He's hardly started the fun's just commencing
There's tons of aggressors
He'd like to confront and fights to be won

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