

Welcome to the World of Warcraft

Dan Bull

You're looking at the biggest beast in Warcraft
Armour way stronger than the steel that your sword has
Sharper than the claws of every demon you've encountered
And I'm known for burning legions, since no one matches my power
Blood spills, I get the taste for fun
Pop flyer than a Harpy you'll be leaving as a faceless one
Will I rule this world no doubt one day
Cos I'm way sicker than the Corrupted Blood Plague
Planetary burner, igniting all your servers
The bull's running with me, your only options to serve us
The moment players heard us, they've bowed at the auras
Without the need of combat, and honestly it bores us
Cos no one comes close to a smidgen of my strength
No race no faction, no ones shortening the length
Of time I'll be sitting on my throne, try? I'll split you
You'll be swimming with the fishes, floating with the Jinyu's
You're nothing but a gnome, what's a Dwarf to a Dragon?
Nothing but an insect, a fly I'll get to smackin'
Standing twice as tall as a Magantaur, savage boss
The biggest threat to ever be spawned in Azeroth
The more that I reign, the more I get colder
Executing everything from Imps to Ogres
Voidwalkers, Trolls, every part of the Forsaken
Every treasure in the world is mine for the taking
Every human in the game and those at their computer screen
Better take note that tyranny ain't new to me
A demigod but I'm far from Cenarius
The Dryads took note of that, and so they stay far from us
My only alliance is with Dan, get in line
For the slaughter that we're bringing forth, it worsens as time
Goes by, so say your goodbyes, no matter the amount
Cos after this moment, you're losing you account

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Thank you, Shizzy
Holla!
I'm the Asher Roth of Azeroth
Watch a man with Valor mock you
To abyssal depths amid the hellfire I ran amok
I live on got it on lock mode
Dan's hit a crossroads
I take a dollar and change it to a million
I've got loads
I go hard
I'm not just rock hard, I'm stone hard
Flow hard
Oh no, there are more blowhards
I'm a bard that's assured to make you laugh
Ask Mike Tyson what type of fuel you put in a car?
"Gath"
While other stars rest in Beverly Hills
Brad Pitt's polar opposite sites developing skills
You're acting silly, thus I spit with venom, spite
And more vocal gadgets than Iron Man while you're a Mennonite
Eminem consults me for advice
I'm Marshall's refuge
Point in case: I told him if he'd get rude

He'd get huge
I said a clever song would sell when beats are banging
Man, I love giant sub basslines and a grand piano
And I sure watch a lot of twerk clips on YouTube today
I love thunder-clapping buns
Show me that booty bay!
But when the storm peaks don't let the thunder mar
The wrinkles of grimmer things
Swinging in your bra's underwire
With all those ratchet hoes acting gross
Don't they actually know
About Venereal Disease?
They could be catching loads
I roll with practice
The fact is it makes a tighter joint
I don't vote for UKIP but I see Nigel's point
Listen chum, I come from brum, a panned area
But It's brill, and is where Tolkien lived, man, where are you?
So take your gangsta clichés and all that junk back
I don't own a single gun to necessitate a gun rack
But after my hammer falls
You'll feel the sword of vengeance
Landing on you like a thousand needles
String you up and left you hanging by a thread
See the blood, watch it trickle down
Amidst the mist, I've buried more bears than a fricking triple town
My rhymes are dark, sure
Well out of the suns reach
To the point where the dusk would be some relief
I'll do a thirty two bar verse on thumping beats
But some of you don't ever look and see the puns beneath
I've never let a failed conquest hold me under see
My domination points to genius with every tumbling leaf
Rap's lumberjack, I fell wood but when I splinter tree
Post traumatic stress flows into me
Cold and fresh as a winter spring
What can I do for a song?
I'm sure by now you've got an inkling
I've got to win, to hold the honor, grasp it tight
I grow old and see the west fall before I waive control of the mic

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