

# 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

Welcome to the World of Warcraft  
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

Welcome to the World of Warcraft