

Wiggly Willy

Dan Bull

My full name's Cheltenham D.G.L.B. Digby
My diet consists strictly of single malt whisky
I'm particularly sesquipedalian
I've not published a single literary failure
And I'd speculate that's mainly thanks to the fact
That I don't even write books, I just rap
Trust that I'm a distinguished linguist
Whose voice's weapon of choice is English
A rhythm wrecking rhetorician, getting recognition
For the fact that I'm swagger's dictionary definition
On first look, you're ready for a second listen
I took your sister to third base, cherry picking
Heavy hitting, yet with incredible erudition
It's a travesty you haven't seen me rapping on your television

I'm Cheltenham "Douglby" Digby
My witty words make your willy feel all wiggly
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If folk don't dig me, they don't know diddly

Allow the grime scene for the time being
I turn the G into a C: crime scene
I'm the nightmare to come and wreck your nice dream
I'll open up your top like a double decker sightseeing
I ripped the Rolex off of Wiley
And now I wear it in my jacket pocket by my tie, see?
I'm the reason that your wife's seen the dry cleaner
Imbibing my seed like Ribena
I'll livestream it widescreen
As she lies, semen smeared on her cheeks like a child eating ice cream
She might need a new dress; Lewinsky
I'm going mental on your crew's set; Klaus Kinski
I'll kick your mumsy in the mimsy with an air of whimsy
Then throw her down the stairs like a slinky

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Give me a mo, bro; Digby
Will make your ho go giggly, oh so quickly
The po-po tried to photofit me
I simply did this and they let me go: victory
I don't have any history, lathered in mystery
Someone phone Agatha Christie
My breath smells of a packet of Wrigley's
Mixed with whatever the hell my tobacconist gives me
I'll piggyback on the back of a pygmy
Screaming "quickly, quickly" while I'm jabbing his kidneys
From the Indies to Sydney and in between
A Cold War submarine is my limousine
A libertine with the sympathy of Mr Bean
A prick that means to to be inflammatory so bring your antihistamines
I'm Mister Meanness, I bring a list of misdemeanours
Bigger than your sister's penis; how pissed the scene is
Just switch your speakers off if you're squeamish

I've completed treatises and theses on faeces
I'm the bee's knees; pollenating on the daily
I leave seeds upon a range of lovely ladies
I ram raided Hades with a Mercedes
Camera in the deceased's faces: "say cheese"
I'm from a place of make believe, and now I'm real
Slightly hallucinatory is how I feel
Thou art kneeling before me; raw meat
Ready to be churned and then turned into corned beef
Balls deep in the rhythm like a porn scene
And jiscing, it's beginning to get a bit like Wall Street
With all the greed I'm growing taller than a broad bean
Drag you to the park folded in half like a lawn seat

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