

# Do The Bruce Campbell

MC Lars

[Lars:] Wait, what's that noise? YTCracker, are those zombies?  
[YT:] Zombies in the studio!  
[Lars:] This is our horrorcore song because it has zombies on it.  
[YT:] It sounds like a horrorcore song.  
[Lars:] You know who we should get on this track to help us out?  
[YT:] I'm thinking Zealous1 and Schaffer the Darklord.  
[Lars:] Heck yeah!  
[YT:] What should we call it Lars?  
[Lars:] I think we should call it Bruce Campbell.

Fresh from the cemetery, I'm a terrifying sight  
With little bits of bloody flesh stuck to my mic  
I will ruin you, reduce you to a puddle where you stand  
Once I tear into your torso with my cold, dead hands  
Blood, sweat and tears from your wounds start spewing  
Fill a water bottle, swallow all your bodily fluids  
You are nailed to a wall, full of holes like a dartboard  
Still think you're hardcore? Bow to your Darklord!  
Splatter from the axe turns a blue shirt red  
Severed head in a vise inside of my work shed  
Deadheads get brains, Pinheads get chains  
I annihilate you, then I violate your remains  
You choked and you froze 'cause you got so scared  
Toss your body in the cellar, hope you rot down there  
Where upon your meat and screams, awful goblins feed  
Bleedat! But never mind the "at," just bleed!

Get on the floor and do the Bruce Campbell  
Get on the mic wax a chump like a candle  
Four MC's we're more than you can handle  
D-d-d-d-do the Bruce Campbell

Get on the floor and do the Bruce Campbell  
Get on the mic wax a chump like a candle  
Four MC's we're more than you can handle  
Protect your neck and do the Bruce Campbell

they need brains not the kind that you get in the back of a car  
at the drive in but the kind where they're hiding in fear  
laid up in a creaky house where the people shout  
night of the living dead instead full moon rising  
their surprising every chick with their shirt torn off  
got an axe with the blade worn off  
they roam in the shadows split their melon  
I'm telling talking bout the zombies stalking  
victims with a stick 'em up  
dead flesh rotten don't pick them up  
on the side of the road or get yourself throwed  
become one of them and walk all slowed  
on a quest for the grey matter nothing phatter  
than a mind like mine when the zombies dine

back from the dead, got a bullet in my head  
and 37 more from the buckshot spread  
suicidal thoughts like frost in your spine  
the dragon won't sleep till your souls all mine

cut the flesh, blood spillin will entice me  
I promise when i carve my name I'll do it very nicely  
precisely, show your ladies im the best at this  
i got them screamin for the zealous as the sexorcist  
dont mess with this, you just can't hide  
ain't gonna stop till the knives inside  
twist to the left, lemme see your eyes  
twist to the right, i wanna taste you die

i stalk MC's who are not believers  
make a microphone stand outta both their femurs  
i love screamers, uh oh lets go  
gimme some sugar baby and do the Bruce Campbell

Jeffrey Dahmer, here's my story  
You abhor me, you deplore me  
Much too gory, violent glory  
But this never would have happen if you hadn't ignored me!  
You laughed at me and my fat retainer  
Now your son Stew is frozen in my refrigerator  
If you'd just said hello when I passed in the hall  
I wouldn't be snacking on your dead boyfriend Paul  
It's just another day at the Ambassador Hote  
Milwaukee's best travel bargain, please ignore the smell  
Shrunken heads severed limbs, I'm mad belligerent  
Murderous cannibal, far from innocent  
The Dahmer Dinner Part is the best it's true  
And everywhere I go, I'll take a part of you  
There's a key downstairs, and your name's on it  
I'll get the stains out, you bring the comet