

Introducing the Brainbusters

Murs

Is this on?

Ladies and gentlemen!

Now approaching the ring
Weighin' in at about a hundred and forty-eight pounds
Straight out of Mid-Town
One half, the Brainbusters, although not a buster (Hah)
The magnificent sting (Hah), true ring technician
Arm drag to submission whole competition
Oh, by the way, did I forget to mention? Oh!
Back in the day
That top turn-buckle from that song "Sunsprayed"?
So one way or another, brother, I'ma get you inside of the square circle
And definitely hurt you, serious, really bad
Something awful, (Ah-hooo!), severely injure
Every one of my contenders with my signature indents
It's called the "Mutilator"
It's sort of like the Crippler Crossface mixed with the Full Nelson
Throw in a Sunset Flip, it's like toss of the hip
Guaranteed to end the match on the "1-2-3" tip
And just to see if there's any tough guys in the house
On my way out I'ma walk through the crowd
Punchin' every motherfucker that's tryna get loud
Swingin' like I'm tryna put a hole in your face, huh
But don't trip off of me, I'm really just mad
'Cause I don't have that Championship Gold around my waist
But by the end of this EP
I bet you see the double be me, and 2Mex with the G-O-L-D (Haha)
Led to victory by our manager memo
'Bout to bring the titles home and it's no problemo

1, 2, 3

I'ma get my courage back and it's gonna hurt!

Brainbusters, cha-cha-cha-cha
Brainbusters, cha-cha-cha-cha

The Brainbusters, we do this for art and silly fun
We'll make you disappear like Bart and Billy Gun
Can't stop the ego onslaught
I gotta get the million dollar [?] of the people pawn shop
Nonstop, we gotta destroy the strike force
Murs and mind callers will assault with mic force
We will bomb what you think, as time sink that ass
For runnin' into you motherfucker, that's [?]
For a coma, either Rick Mortala's on the dick
He says he's sick of this shit and he wants to join our clique

(Uhh, uhh) And I don't mean to disrespect
But Murs and 2Mex are the only prospects
Brainbusters, the only B's that prevail
We beat, we Brian Blaire, and triple up our cell
And we beat the Midnight Rockers, with much success
For tryna bite the midnight and the Rock-n-Roll Express
Yes, yes
And that's word to camp Ed Sullivan
I swung eleven bottles of [?] and that Blackjack Mulligan
And then it's some Barry Windum
I bury them in the casket, match, and then upend 'em
And then it's broke Indo
'Member, threw 'em out the window
Then began to roll all the fuckin' Indo
And then we play some Nintendo

What tag team defeated Demolition on Saturday night's main event?
He was just tryna get his leg away from him, and it inadvertently slipped, he got it in the mouth

Everywhere
Everywhere
Everywhere
Everywhere
Everywhere
Everywhere