

Back to the Borderlands

Dan Bull

[Verse 1]

Hello, Pandora fans
I'd like to show my awesome plans
Hold on tight to your organs; glands
We're riding back to the Borderlands
When I hear that Gearbox
Are releasing a sequel, my teardrops
Are uncontrollable
I'm inconsolable, but fear not
They're tears of joy, like me as a boy
After Christmas eve when I see a box
I open it up and say "whoa" at the view
It's only overflowing with loot
Locking and loading, I know what to do
Now who am I going to shoot?
You, you're a pitiful prick
So I'm ripping you up with a critical hit
Funds improve my guns and loot
I'll use it if it'll fit
If it moves I'll shoot it, you tit
I'm a Buzzard, you're a blue tit
I fly in the sky and it's fatal
Foes are lying disabled
A hole in their face; I'm reminded of bagels
I'm ever so slightly unstable
Me? I'm hardly an angel
Leave that to the Guardian Angel
This is the eighties, I'm Arnie
And painfully making your army unfaithful
Health and safety; watch your head
Heavy metal; lots of lead
But before I drop you dead
I'll shred you up like Dr. Zed
I said "Zed, let him in"
Led Zeppelin
Never played on David Letterman
Though that may be irrelevant
Nevertheless it's a hell of a method of making it evident
Dan is the cleverest rapper
To ever use gaming in tracks

Setting a precedent that wouldn't ever be bettered
Til weapons are made into raps
Eighty seven bazillion guns
A similar number of brilliant puns
Turn that to cash, gimme the funds
Back to back with my militant chums
I'm blasting stacks of straps at prats
It's action packed ridiculous fun
If kills were calories, that'd be fattening
Fragging a skag and I'm bagging and tagging him
Having you lagging and manically panicking
Man, is it actually happening?
Well, I'm an assassin assassining you
So if that is a fact then it has to be true
You're chatting Claptrap
So I should grab your nadsack and yank it
So your nads are dropping
Like the stock is on the NASDAQ
Asshat, don't answer back
Who the fuck is Handsome Jack?
You want how many grams of that?
I'll grind you like my ganja sack
I will be having you crying in agony
Violently cracking your violin; Paganini
Meeny miny mo
More money, less problems
The bigger the gun, the less nonsense
I'm less Mark Ronson, more Charles Bronson
Or a vault Hunter S. Thompson

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>