

Futuristic Sex Robotz, Don't Make Us Kick Your A

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"Subrandom:" With FSR, we're double-teamin' ya,
"Coaxke:" Your shit will be owned when the game concludes,
"BonzoDog:" Like you spent every round lookin' at Bea Arthur nudes.
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"Coaxke:" I stuck you, motherfucker, oh, stick stick, god damn!
"Recycle Bin:" God damn!

"Recycle Bin:"
Clockin' headshots like they're goin' out of style,
Leave you and your homies in a big ass pile,
Dual M6Cs cause I roll like John Woo,
Sprayin' hot lead, have you screamin' "What? Who?"
Coaxke's got that Plasma/BR55 hit,
Kill ya hella fast, so we call him "green shit,"
B'Dog's round the corner, M90 ready cocked,
Not close enough? Grenades steady stocked, ("BonzoDog:" Haha, I stuck you!)
SR's bustin' domes on that crazy sniper scene,
Yo, Coaxke, what's Killtacular mean?

"Coaxke:" Like that thing you do with underage teens!
"Recycle Bin:" Four in a row, four seconds between.

"Will Smith:" You did not shoot that green shit at me!

"Coaxke:"
Elite at this shit since Marathon,
Ten fuckin' years, killin' ya where you spawn,
Look at you, flyin' in your fly banshee,
Rocket locked on, you're next in my spree,
Work some green shit, take you out in one shot,
You'll die screamin' "They're everywhere!" while I drop it like it's hot,
All them snot-nosed brats, you best beware,
Halo ain't for those without pubic hairs.

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"Male officer:" Don't make me take off my belt.
"Female officer:" Are you trying to kill me?
"Male officer:" Oh, I know what the ladies like.
"Cortana:" And people say I've got a big head.

"BonzoDog:"
Rollin' through your base with the biggest gun I got,
Not so I can shoot you, I won't even use one shot,
Won't find a secret entrance, I'll come through the parking lot,
And jam the handle way up into your expansion slot,
Won't fuckin' know what hit you when I come out to play,
Assassin's what they call me, but the middle name's Melee,
The Mafia is comin' and we're here to fuckin' stay,
Flamin' ninjas all around you and your homies, we will slay,
Y'all got killers in the streets, we got killers in the trees,
And before you know what hit you, you'll be fallin' to your knees,

And when you're kneelin' down there, you may as well suck deez,
To buy you time before we turn your body to swiss cheese.

Whew! Yo, damn, what's that smell?

""Subrandom:""
FSR, back up in your ass,
Step off the flag, or you'll catch a rocket blast,
Mag in hand, I'll be blastin' your man,
Push his wig back, while I'm makin' a dick scan,
Watch your back, 'cuz I creep up from behind,
Sword in hand and - you're mine,
Leave your bitch screamin for my non-dairy creamer,
Psyche, I'm just gonna drop a Brute steamer,
I ain't got time to bleed,
Frag Dollz, they be catchin' my seed,
Dots on your dome, rock Predator style,
Pussy big as a house, my dick's long as a mile.

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Un-freakin'-believable.

""Recycle Bin:""
Like an ill ninja with atomic bombs,
Up in your base all day long,
The homies cleared it out so, "Bomb Armed!" round over,
Screamin' "It's just luck!" but we ain't got that clover,
Jacked your flag like code for Half Life 2,
From all directions so you don't know what to do,
Rollin' in a new M12G1, (Coaxke: Sittin' on some dubs!)
If you grab it through the floor, your ass better run,
S-double-Y-M, chillin' with your mom,
Rocket up your ass, like a session with your domme,
Say you could own, if the pistol had a scope?
That shit got balanced, so you best learned to cope,
We got our skills from Marathon, son, ("Recycle Bin:" Yeah, motherfucker!)
Bitch all you want, the game's already won ("Coaxke:" Oh! Oh, damn!)

""Announcer:"" Game over.