

# A Bouncy Rap Song in Celebration of the 2015 Video Game Mad Max

Dan Bull

I started with nothing they took it all  
Swapped it for a suburn and a foot in the balls  
I'm homeless and hopeless these bogans are bogus emotionally deprived and rife with psychosis  
They've gone and made max ferocious  
How mad this bloke is  
That'll stab you in the back with a broken bone and slash your scrotum  
I need to have the focus  
To build the magnum opus  
And plan a roadtrip so that I can go and tackle scrotus  
He scrapped my black on black ballache  
Messing with another fella's car?  
Not at all mate  
Never miss a war boy he's one foot in the grave  
When I twist the blade never forget the look on their face  
Look, I'm not brave, I just wanna repay the pain  
I ain't saving the world  
There's no world to save

I'm Mad Max  
Collect Scrap  
To attach to my ride and drive the threat back  
I'm Mad Max  
I've left tracks  
From gas town way out to the out back  
I'm Mad Max  
I blast caps from blas cap and splatter the barren flats with flak  
I'm Mad Max  
I wreck tracks  
And make you crap your kecks like ex-lax

Just nipping out to nick stuff  
And then get stuck in the big nothing  
But get stuffed if you think I'll quit, huffing  
Unsettle the dust  
Above the speckles of rust  
I've got myself to help  
There's no one better to trust until  
I bumped into chumbucket  
Through plum luck and it got me pumped up  
To have a chum who's up for:  
Mucking in  
Tucking in  
Trucking  
Kicking up a motherfucking ruckus  
Sick enough to sit in  
While I'm socking these suckers  
When we hop in the vehicle  
I call shotgun  
That's not a metaphor, mate  
I've actually got one

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I've got a ticket to ride  
To where the fittest survive  
To live here requires  
A particular type of meticulous mind  
You need volition  
Munition  
And intuition to drive  
And that's what griffa provides  
It's not sufficient to be wishful  
And blag it  
You need the nads to eat a fistful of maggots  
From prickles to scrapulance  
Rippers and rammers  
You're going to need to be a dab hand  
Which a wrench and a hammer  
The manic  
Mechanic  
Installing panic  
Bringing havoc  
To these panoamic lands  
With my rampant antics  
Though its dramatic  
I'm a classic romantic at heart  
Hi, honey I'm home  
You wont believe the traffic

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