

Doomfist's Greatest Hit

Dan Bull

I'm comin in now
This game's got a new twist
If you missed it
Let's do this
I'll introduce you to the dude gifted
With huge mitts
It's Doomfist
When the tune shifts
And that boom hits
Then you get smacked
Through bricks flat
So cubist art critics
Are all asking you
"Ooh, who did that?"
Who mixes better metaphors
That are fitting like a glove
If the shoe fits?
Bruv, do you lift?
There's too many bloos in the queue
Shift
Move it
Or he'll use his Q
Shift
In two clicks
Your noob pick
Will be a view from the cliffs
On Route 66
It's a true privilege
He picked you to hit

Every battle galvanizes the powerful
Weakness is a trait we won't tolerate or allow for
It's survival of the fittest
Ruling with an iron fist
And pulverizing fools
Who try and resist
Every battle galvanizes those who merit it
Without the winning hand
You're doomed to go uncredited
It's survival of the worthy
Gain control over the earth
Those who don't deserve a role
Are thrown into a world of hurt

Anybody trying to stop his nasty plans
For a piece of the pie
Will catch these hands
In a meteor strike
Don't need guns
Got these guns
Don't need reasons
Don't see a need to be tooled up
He's crushing any fool
'Til they're all dust
That isn't an arm
It's a school bus
Garnished with the pulled tusks of a walrus

Here's an announcement
And a mouthful
He's sure more than a scoundrel
Employed at the Talon council
As a bouncer
And a councillor
Man it's doubtful
You're not down for the count
Pound for pound
He's pounding you out
'Til you're shouting for someone to help
Don't look at me
Call somebody else
Running your mouth
You're running a gauntlet
You'll get a suddenly sore lip
And a broken nose running like a faucet
So cork it
Or get launched into orbit
Awkward
When the straw poll's closed
And all's told
There's no poor soul
More swole
Punching a borehole
In the north pole
Split your wig fourfold
Warhol

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Straight outta Nigeria
Criteria:
Strike fear in the minds of inferiors
You might experience
Serious harm to your insides and interiors
Period
You might be curious
Why he really doesn't like gorillas
And it's quite clearly
Because he was confined for years
In a tight area
By Winston
Now he's quite furious
Poor Winston
Winston's sad
And now poor Winston's mad
He's been stung bad
Coming in for the world's biggest fist bump
Sit on that
Big strong lad

With a big strong jab
King Kong in combat
With the chimps
They never should have picked on ak
Do you reckon that they're gonna live long?
Nah

It's knuckle crunch time
One size fits all
He won't be sticking it
Where the sun shines
It's sore
I saw a rocket punch
That put me off my lunch like
A bunch of fives in a row
That's a punch line
No other stomach on this planet
With a dozen pack
His guns are cannons
Hooks are savage
Like this kustom track is
Plus he's black
Not that it matters
I just thought I'd add it
'Cause it was a fact
Such subtle language
Plus a massive knuckle sandwich:
Double damage
Fingers like shovels
Slamming fists down like a shuttle landing
Smashing the toughest skull to fragments
Like they're dud ceramics
Running up and uppercutting past your buff mechanics
Slapping you so chuffing fast
It's looking like you've up and vanished

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