I never liked football at school
Was never liked much by the cool kids
And I wasn't picked from the line up
Until the last, it was tough, it was cruel
And I wasn't into motor racing
It seemed too slow, too basic
Crashing was a no no
Ramming other cars was rated too invasive
Come on
Let me put them through their paces
Let's do it properly
Lick a shoot of broccoli
Buckle up and boot up ROCKET LEAGUE

SUPERSONIC ACROBATIC ROCKET-POWERED BATTLE-CARS WITH WHEELS AND GRILLS
IN PLACE OF HEELS
OF COURSE YOU'RE GONNA
GET TACKLED HARD

Little cars and big balls
Big balls, little cars
The crowd count down aloud
View the newest shooting stars
Little cars and big balls
Big balls, little cars
3, 2, 1, CHARGE!

Mix Fifa, Tony Hawk and Carmageddon I'm in heaven even at the thought of it In half a second, I'm tumescent Move aside viagra I'm throbbing at the bonnet Of an E-Type Jaguar I'm flustered The rush has got me gushing like niagara Rap star Soccer crossed with Nascar Not a crowd pleaser I leave the people shouting: THAT'S HARSH! I do what I gots to do To get those bawls To bless those goals Don't give a shit If you drive a silver shadow, man I'll wreck your rolls

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When I burn out my nitro

Better turn down your iso
It's a photo finish so
The arena just might blow
I might go psycho
Supercharged like a rhino
Large like a dino
Size aside
My machine
Is anything but micro
I'm coming for you fast
You scummy little twat
You just got battered
By a car
In a funny little hat

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