

## The Crew 2

Dan Bull

It isn't hard to make a bar with an homophone  
I could do it in a bar while I'm on my phone  
Own cars as a status symbol  
Drum hard  
Look at the state of the cymbal  
As well as drive, fly high, it's a cool principle  
But I want to see more skin I'm a High School principal  
No training wheels I'm a grown adult  
You're someone who makes people groan a dolt  
I mean oh my God, Holy shit  
I knew you where bad, but you're wholly shit  
I forget, it's a lapse in memory  
When I die, strip club funeral  
Sit on laps in memory  
Now that's a ceremony  
Winning first place as if everybody wouldn't have done it in the first place  
I get berzerk in a duel carried away  
Break the speed limit down the dual carriageway  
Name something faster, be my guest  
Nothing but an actual light beam, I guess  
But mate get too close  
I do brake checks  
Bank balance so big, I break checks  
But with all the race prize money I accrue  
I take on employees Hire crew  
Slowcoach, I'm packing a high IQ  
I smoke in traffic when I'm high I queue  
Whether four or two wheeled  
I'm equipped with more metaphors  
Than a fellow ought to wield  
Rally through the night to the misty morning  
Your family crying, cause they missed you, mourning  
I've travelled through time, battled and fought knights  
You've just done a royale battle in Fortnite  
You don't go backwards and neither forward  
I'm working on a book I need a foreword

This is the chorus of the song  
The Crew  
It doesn't seem to be so long, since  
The Crew  
But I guess a sequel's over due to  
The Crew  
Take the same game and then add a two to  
The Crew

Do please curb your enthusiasm  
Or I'll leave you on the kerb  
You're in fear, see, as I'm  
Fiercely cleaning my lights  
Rub my lamp sippin slow gin  
What I mean is I'm a speed genie  
You're a slow Djinn  
So then  
The ball's in your court  
You'd better have big balls  
Or you're caught

Phwoar, hear my engine roar  
Grizzly  
Pull out your entrails raw  
Grisly  
Give me gore  
No ifs or buts  
I'll leave you with sore butts  
Kick your nuts  
Below the waist  
Your career's nothing, bub  
A load of waste  
I take it, it's plain to see  
I'm taking this plane to sea  
I'm a sick pilot  
Fly like a bird flew  
You're just sick  
Could be swine or the bird flu  
Turbine burning, turning the rotor  
So get to work, it's your turn in the rota  
From the West Coast  
To the Soviet Bloc  
If you're trolling me, well then  
So be it, blocked  
Don't want what you're spamming  
Anyone can peddle wares  
But can you slam it to the metal 'til the pedal wears?  
Yes, wild animal  
I'm well feral  
Talladega nights  
Adam McKay  
And Will Ferrell  
As well as beating you down  
When we race the tracks  
I delete your soundcloud  
Erase the tracks  
Leave your tyres slashed  
You're Axl Rose  
Crack your suspension  
Your axle rose  
Straight over the J.Edgar Hoover Dam  
Looking round like "This place needs a hoover, damn"  
And soon, when we land, and they're closing the hangar  
I put my flight suit with my clothes on the hanger

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