

Funky Aztecs

"WoW"

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(CHORUS)

Recycle Bin: Once upon a time in the land of Azeroth.
Subrandom: Dave Chappelle fought David Hasselhoff.
Recycle Bin: We started out life in the Valley of Trials.
Subrandom: Now we stack gold in big-ass piles.
Recycle Bin: Lookin' through the books on top of the shelves.
Subrandom: Learning spells, gonna plow some naked elves.
Recycle Bin: Chillin' in Thunder Bluff or Iron Forge.
Subrandom: We're engineers at the level of Geordi LaForge.

[PC Speaker:]

Got home from work and I had some time,
So I opened up WoW and I got online,
Logged into my Shaman up on Daggertop,
When this maxed out motherfucker tried to take what's mine,
He said "I spent a thousand hours and I failed out of school,
And to justify it, I challenge you to a duel"
I said that's okay, I know you'd beat me,
Look at me I'm not even at level 20,
I've got one of those things that they call a job,
And so I can't spend all day, runnin' a mob,
Motherfucker kept pushin', wouldn't leave me alone,
I said fine bitch, pretend to be Sylvester Stallone,
After he won he started talkin' hella shit,
And I thought to myself, "Is this fool legit?"
I called Recycle Bin and Subrandom to the place,
And they found the little bitch and regulated on his face,
See, we don't take no shit from internet teenagers,
Pretending to be straight gangster ass bangers,
Step out of cyberspace and come over to my place,
I got a level 60 bullet for your motherfuckin' face.

(Repeat CHORUS)

[Subrandom:]

Remember back when 10 fuckin' levels was hard?
Nows it's ten 60s gankin noobs in the yard,
Fat stacks of gear for Blackwing Lair,
10k armor when I shift into bear,
We got all these farmers rollin' on gear,
Now we quick to boot em the fuck out of here,
Murlocks be screamin' when we show up,
Volatile Rum's what's fillin' up my cup,
Today we catch no hassle in Stratholm,
Droppin' bosses harder than John Holmes,
Updated weekly, this shit is great,
Can't say no more cause the game don't wait.

(Repeat CHORUS)

[Recycle Bin:]

Started out my life killing them boars,
Now I spend my days rapin' Night Elf whores,
Catch you in the valley, and get me some head,
I swear that we're fightin' an army of speds,
Don't even get me started on you fuckin' gold farmers,
You gotta make a living, but I need that armor,
One day I met this dude yellin' "Yar motherfucker,"
Tankin' up mobs like a angry drunk trucker,
Introduced me to the ill Druid squad, yo,
Never run with em, but I'll give a priest a nod, ho,
You can melt faces but I'm smashin' 'em in,
Windfury on my tuf so you fear Recycle Bin,
Watch out, comin' soon to an ass near you,
A non-stop beating that's long overdue.

(Repeat CHORUS)

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