

# Shooter Guy

Miracle Of Sound

Alright  
Ramirez! Tie my shoelaces!

Well I'm a military man with a heart of lead  
I got a floating M4 stickin' out of my head  
Got a cacophonous captain always screaming at me  
I got the Burgertown blues times Infinity

I was the brightest in my unit got the tightest of training  
So why am I down on the range learning basic aiming?  
Guess I must have got my screws knocked loose in a fight  
Cause I don't even remember how to aim down sights

Now that the training is done we're on a chopper to war  
Captain Noisy is yelling and telling us what we're here for  
The mission is critical with volition political  
I could question it but I ain't feeling too analytical

Cause a dude on a rooftop with an RPG  
Just sent us spinning around 360 degrees  
Like a pre-pubescent sniper on 10 sensitivity  
I spin in circles with a bunch of dudes yelling at me

Cause I'm the shooter guy, shooter guy  
Laws of physics and logic need not apply  
I'm the shooter guy, shooter guy  
As long as I got my wall I will never die

360 no-scope triple collateral guys OH MY GOD headshot bitch! I'm a sniper!

Now the world it is fading and my vision's degrading  
Through slow motion I'm wading with the bad guys invading  
Look around in a blur and see the bodies and blood  
I get control of my legs again and I crawl through the mud

Snipers on ledges wearin bulletproof apparel  
Why are those idiots standing next to those flammable barrels?  
Red containers of death make for easy kills  
They must spend a fortune on the fuel bill

I got a secret vacuum cleaner from my shirt to my pants  
Sucks up ammo off the floor straight into my hands  
Just gotta walk over bodies now I refill when I kill  
Teabag your necrotic face for homoerotic thrills

I take a rocket to the face and a shot to the balls  
But it's ok I got my good friend Chest High Wall  
Hiding in cover behind my wall I will hover  
And in a couple of seconds I will be fully recovered

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That's right

SOAP!

So now I'm right in the battle explosions roar and they rattle  
All of the grunts in my unit are getting slaughtered like cattle  
Stupid morons keep running out in front of my shots  
Then they bitch at me for shooting them, who programmed these bots?

And just when I'm in the zone and the murder's becoming fun  
Here comes the heavy armoured chopper with the big minigun  
I waste a thousand freakin' bullets and it's still not down  
Oh look, a launcher's lying conveniently on the ground

Boom goes the rocket that I pulled out of my pocket  
Got an infinite stash and no armour's gonna block it  
Now we got a locked door blocking my route  
But Captain Noisy has a key in the shape of his boot

We go sneaking and a peeking through the enemy base  
Into the fire we race, bodies all over the place  
Holding x is effective to achieve our objective  
'Get to the chopper!' is our final directive

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I'm the shooter guy, shooter guy  
I'm a walkin' talkin' cliché this I can't deny  
I'm the shooter guy, shooter guy  
As long as I got my wall I will never die

Middle class white kids rapping  
Is go Ghetto

RAMIREZ!