

O.G. Original Gamer

MC Lars

OG original gamer
Sad as "Face of a Stranger"
OG original gamer
Sad as "Face of a Stranger"

Dad found me on the steps of the video arcade
Orphan baby in a basket, seven pounds is all I weighed
And before I learned to walk well I'd mastered Donkey Kong
Q'bert, Final Fight, Master Blaster and Pong

Blindfolded, okay, yeah, I know it sounds adorable
But dollars signs in pop's eyes grew creepy and deplorable

He said, "Play by the noises, follow the ding boing"
But can I walk the dog and do my homework?
First, collect coins

Kid, didn't I find you with a controller in hand?
Now why do you got to go and bring shame to your old man?
Same to your old fans, you were a child prodigy
Up on a milk crate at the cabinet, making cottage cheese

Out of anybody'd put a quarter on screen
My pride in you, extended like the limbs of Dhalsim
All green money motives must a back seat take
Put the textbooks down, I'm trying to make you great

OG original gamer
Sad as "Face of a Stranger"
OG original gamer
Sad as "Face of a Stranger"

Locked in the attic I was trained from my crib to the stroller
While dad beat me senseless with the NES controller
Kid, listen, I promise, it's for your own good
Wits that you've shown, should you level up? It's understood

I hadn't been out since '98 like Sega Saturn
I've been learning ten-hit combos and the speed run patterns
More play, less chatter, you're a champion, kid

Under your mattress there had better be some cartridges hid

Up up down down left right left right B A, mad scary
It's like Clockwork Orange meets Ray Bradbury
It's unnecessary to struggle, you're fated to win
But till you beat Bowser you stay strapped in

I wanna live a fun life, I've only seen the sun twice
I want real friends, dad, Nintendogs won't suffice
Why do you ask for nothing when the world could be yours?
Flesh and blood, fun's fleeting seek eternal high scores

OG original gamer
Sad as "Face of a Stranger"
OG original gamer
Sad as "Face of a Stranger"

I wanna go to school and clean my room
I don't wanna sit here playing Doom
Three, can't you see I need to go out and play, yo
Real sports like baseball, I'm sick of Halo

Then you're sick of the meaning of life at your age
Better try a little harder, you want to clear that stage
And step into the middle of an existence examined
Do it or you're grounded, make you play backgammon

Here's a list of things that I'd rather do
Than sitting home playing Super Smash Brothers with you
Eat peas, do the dishes, walk the dog, mow the lawn
Take your wii and shove it, I'm off pops, I'm gone, peace

Don't Joust with me, kid, I'll go Berzerk
After all of your talent, all of my hard work
All the winnings that you earn, you're celebrity too
You wanna put us on the streets like the TV movies do

OG original gamer
Sad as "Face of a Stranger"
OG original gamer
Sad as "Face of a Stranger"

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by FLAHERTY, KRISTINE / COULTON, JONATHAN / NIELSEN, ANDREW / DOTSON, LINUS /
HESS, DAMIAN

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>