

Brandon Dicamillo

"Mustard Man"

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Mustard uhh behold
hahahahaha
The story that I 'd rather not have told
Of a mustard mayhem

I'm bathing and I'm running in my sleep
From Mustard Man
He chases me into the last sunrise
And fucks me in his Mom's minivan

Mustard man wu-wu, bow down
I must serve you
I am on the ground
Bowing to your mustard shit
Lick your ass at the end of it
I will march for you mustard man
I'll make you bad

Wu, Wu when I shit, when I try to run away mustard
man whipped me
With his mustard chain, and his mustard seeds pissed
in my face
And I bleed.

Mustard-Disease

You think it's hot, well try on these jeans
Made of whicker and they've got horse fleas, Mustard
is my Plea!

Whoa!

Mustard God I'm on my knees,
Bowing for you, its hot
I feel pleasure, won't you please
Serve me twice tonight I'd eat
Wu, Wu
Mustard seeds like I said up in my head
Jam them with some sugarcane
Pleasure so good and I feel not pain

Wu Wu mustard makes me cry, I hate it.
Suicide

I'd rather die, than eat mustard flies, in a bowl of shit-
stains, snot and die
You don't know how it feels to have a girl break my
heart.
And rip it out, and tell me mustard
She'd rather fuck mustard, never!

Mustard God, don't take away from me, the pleasure of
a young girl,
who? I'm gonna marry you.

I've got a broken heart from a mustard girl. She rocks
my world, and
now I'm allergic and on my knees and deserted.

Mustard downloads in my ROM, I need a piece of shit,
all I can feel,
my hand is mustard(?), Wu, Wu, I don't need that, I like
custard, um

Mustard
Marching for Mr. Mustard.

Urh, uh, oh, oh yeahâ€¦

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