

Cky (Camp Kill Yourself) "Mustard Man"

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Mustard uhh behold
Hahahaha
A story that I rather not have told
Of a mustard mayhem!

I'm riding and I'm running in my sleep
From mustard man
He chases me 'til the last sunrise
And fucks me in his mom's mini van

Mustard man whoa, whoa 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 stay true

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, but try on theese jeans made of
whicker,
And they've got horse fleas,
Mustard in my dreams. Whoa!

Mustard god I'm on my knees bowing for you it's hot
I feel pleasure, won't you please serve me twice tonight
I need
Wu, Wu
Mustard seeds like I set up in my head
Jam them with some sugarcane, pleased so good
and I feel the pain

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

I'd rather die then 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, into 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 perverted

Mustard down loads in my wrong, I need a piece of shit
A log can feel my hands with mustard,
Wu, Wu, I don't need that I like custard, um

Mustard
Marching for Mr. Mustard

Urh, uh, oh, oh yeah!

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