

Look What I Did, I Beat God At Tae Kwon Do

I had a dream i did compete in a heavenly contest
my hands were brick and super-thick and I was quick and weightless
my skill was sharpened pins and razor blades and it was pointless
my foes had toes arrange w/ straw and they were barely balanced
i was a freedom fighter freely fighting reeling lions
they were a really lightning quick exciting boiling frying
experience in lighting matches in a kitchen fire
against my chest I felt this melting wax and I was happy

my cock, painfully huge
my foot, is better than yours
you can't undress as fast as I can do it
you do it w/ one foot I do it w/
(two)

The mat was wet with holy sweat as i displayed my talent
My hands and feet made godly meat available for sandwich
The bread of hair and face displaced the chest and stomach salad
I spread the mustard of his muscle puss across my palate
I was unleashing on unleashings cost and being costly
It was a really broad excuse for my impending failure
The locker room was steaming food and tea for my abuses
I'll make a GYRO shop of human stock and make a fortune