

Be an Ork
I'll Make a Man Out of You © 1998 by Matthew Wilder & David Zippel
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“Lyt Chware”

We's get down to business to bash all da heads!
When skulls squish, you know dey's really really dead!
You's da saddest pinkies I's eva met
But yous can bet before we's through
Yous will want to be orks too.

Silly forest pinkies, dey's way too thin, but wit' roasted garlic, I'd eat one again.
Dey's way too stringy if well done, if cooked rare dey's taste like goo
I's sure dey want to be orks too.

Stupid humies talk me to death
But dey don't know what's really comin'.
Can't wait to shut dem up by killing dem.
Soon dey's know orks da best
At fightin', killin' and runnin',
Cause wes chase dem down until dey's dead.

(Orks is green) We's spill blood like da widest river
(Green is best) All our farts be like great typhoon
(Orks is best) We's burn village with lots of fire
And someday we's burn down da moon.

Mountain pinkies is puny, but dey's strong and tough.
Dey's thick skinned and hairy, makes eating dem rough,
Dey's ok for a midnight snack, but yous find beards inside your poo
Even deys want to be orks too.

(Orks is green) We's cut you open and eat your liver
(Green is best) Wif our hands, not some silly spoon.
(Orks is best) You's think we's kiddin', well we's not liars,
Dis beat stick will show you's all you's big buffoons

(Orks is green) We's get shinies from all da raids,
(Green is best) And we's da biggest so we's in charge
(Orks is best) Only one ting more left to say:
Waaaaaaaaaugh!