

Gift Of The Magi 2: Return Of The Magi

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I used to be a dead guy. Now I'm a fucking Jedi.
And I've got lots of news for you and I've got a long list of things to do.
I used to dwell in the present. I used to be so hesitant.
But now I've got my whole life to live and I've got all my love to give.
To all you fuckers that I hate.
Like the gift of the Magi.
You sold your soul to buy some tits. I sold my soul to grow a dick.
We got to get them in van.
But what if he resists?
Just kick him in the back of the fucking head
and put him in the back of the fucking van.
It's a miracle of science.
A list of betrayal and violence and it lives inside us all
and it lives inside her heart just like a stupid, fucking, tape worm.
Who can we blame?
The husband divorced his wife after she cut her hair
because she was way less fuckable and that's just unforgivable.

He moved into a condo. He hung out by the pool
but he never wore a bathing suit. He just wanted to scope out the talent.
If God doesn't like ugly. Then God doesn't like anybody.
So fuck God anyway. God is obsolete. Oh, my God thinks my jokes
are funny.
There's no one to blame. People are just fucking mean.