

This is the tale of Grohk
Whose abs looked like the Rock's
He had a ten-inch cock
That Fernando always block'd

Fernando was a jock
He made everybody gawk
But then he tried to stop the Grohk
And he was in for a shock

Grohk always wore his crocs
He wore them with his socks
And when people tried to mock
They cooked like chicken stock

But people, they do talk
And on Grohk's door they knock
He opened up his lock
And met with a flintlock

In the aftershock
Grohk dodged like a hawk
But the people came in flocks
So the fight was a deadlock

When Grohk had reached bedrock
And blood covered his smock
His wounds needed a doc
So he reached around, put his totem down, and placed it on the sidewalk

They ran away, the flock
But he chased them down ad hoc
For he was no laughing stock
But the Lightning Orc named Grohk