

I'm a nice guy.. My life's a light sky  
So much love I might cry.. Daah! Nice try!  
I'm an evil seed, in the day I sleep and the night fly  
G.A.Z.E. in my E.Y.E.Z. and you might die  
I'm a horn dog, got a lot of that porn y'all  
Warned y'all, I was straight born raw like Orenthal  
But I'm way worse because he was cornball  
I remember keeping him in my dungeon with a leather suit and a  
Orange ball in his mouth, I had some foreign broads in his house  
How did they get twisted and torn claws when in 'bout?  
Nine inches then I stuffed they dorn draws in his couch  
For now I let 'em suffer, in the morn all then it's ouch  
I have a devil's haircut in my mind  
That's why I be sucking blood and bustin' nuts in my rhymes, I'm horny  
So don't ignore me if you're semi-fine  
Me and Gordy, Prozak love orgies and we in our prime and we

Can't hide the (Horns!) And I won't hide the (Horns!)  
I live with the (Horns!) So I'll die with the (Horns!)  
If you fuck with the (Horns!) Then you get the (Horns!)  
So if you want the (Horns!) Then I'll give you the (Horns!)

Schizophrenic thoughts spin around my mind sorta like rotisserie  
Spittin' this wicked ministry to the beat of this Rebeck symphony  
With a sin for me, separated by 6 degrees of greed for centuries  
And hatred engulfs my sensories like hallow screams from penitentiaries  
This perpetus cycle of depression intention remains bottomless  
Even my psychologist said suicide may be the only option out of this  
And while the name Prozak and insane seem to sustain synonymous  
One half of me wants to engage in the fame while the other half subsides mon  
ogamously  
A vigilante who sends deadly packages through the mail  
Confusing law enforcement agencies cause I write death threats in brail  
With somewhat of a God complex sending the Arabs to the depths of hell  
I warned you you, were forewarned, now witness like horns unveiled  
I'm taking you on a hell ride so grab those safety belts and fasten 'em  
Through the screams of tortured souls and eternal flames crackling  
Refusing to reap what you sow and wanna stop this all from happening?  
This madness will continue until all of Strange' goes platinum

I'm in the desert sands of Bethlehem  
Trying to get Jesus to mate Mary in the manger and molest a lamb!  
Don't jerk yourself off Jesus, use someone else's hands  
So where's those damn disciples he'd like to have some sex again!  
I guess Young Peter's receiving cause Jesus felt his ass  
Christ is an effin' fag, he likes to dress in drag  
But hey, I guess his dad is just as mad  
God woulda never had a sissy for a son bet he's regrettin' that!  
But yet we still ain't accept the fact  
That he's fuckin' his mother and at the Last Supper he confesses that  
He's an undercover male-lover and oh yeah Heaven's wack!  
He don't want the Light, now I got Christ wearin' black!  
See, I'm the Devil on his shoulder, yeah I'm that scary fat  
Demon that'll turn all you hethens into scaredy cats  
King Gordy, the Anti-Christ, God Killer  
Before and after Christ, I'm called a sinner  
Motherfucker!