

## Southwest Strangla

Insane Clown Posse

Ahhh, make way for the lunatic  
I wanna stop, I drive by the camp quick  
I want necks 2 or 3 maybe more  
To squeeze again, and again, and squeeze some more  
I came up, walkin down Boulavard  
Then this girl, she makes my nutsack hard  
I don't know, what about my mental state  
They might find a bitch dead, theres nothin else that I hate less  
Hey man jump in, toots, hungary? Well I got some, nuts  
Oh shit, she's runnin on my wang  
Then somethin goes, snap, bang  
Eh bitch, ha ha, die  
Her neck long, skinny like a french frie  
So I twist, turn, tangle then I strangle  
Cuz I'm the Southwest Strangla

I want necks, long, tall, skinny  
Any ol' necks at all, if any Jenny, Linny, Sidney, Sue  
I want, necks, so I go to the zoo  
I choke a Pelican, I did it right  
I choke an Ostrich, long ass neck  
But I'd rather be killen at the prom  
I pick up my date, I get to meet her mom  
Hello Miss I hurry home quick  
All I wanna do is choke her neck a bit  
Worry not, I bring the corpse back  
I just wanna hear a neck bone snap  
Why me? Hey I'm sweatin Comosion, dillusion, confusion, psycho  
All I wanna do is kiss you good-bye  
Before I mangle ya  
Cuz I'm the Southwest Strangla

I got the southside scared, cuz I'm weird  
I was a freak in the 2nd grade I had a beard  
I sit alone in the back of the art class  
And draw necks with a big red dash  
I never thought I'd be a lunatic  
A descrase, a droped out mental case  
I quit school, but I never left the hall  
I grab kids and drag 'em in between a wall  
Hear 'em scream, echo through the gym class  
You hear me chokin bitches up in the wind shaft  
They call me, The Ghost of the Bad Lands  
But I'm really just a killa, with big hands  
Allow me to squeeze your neck dear  
Until your brains pop dead out your fucken ear  
Burry them in my back yard With a twisted spine broken bones

...Cuz I'm the Strangla