

Victims Family "Mondo Freudo"

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Sits in his office rappin' with the rats, lookin' for
excuses for his fits and
spats, makin' things worse with a cocaine brain, trying
to judge the
distance between pleasure and pain. Stinks like a
madman cries all the
time, confident of all the answers he'll find, don't get
confused or call
him paranoid-o, he just doesn't know about his mondo
freudo.
Sittin' on the couch he tried to pour out his heart, while
the doctor
yawned a bit and tried to hold back a fart and then he
lit up a cigar and
just started to smoke and just thinkin' to himself that
it's just a joke.
"Well I got a good job and it pays real well, and when I
get home I treat the kids
like hell. Beat my wife within an inch of her life and
tried to slit my
wrists with a dull butter knife. The family's real worried
'bout my
carousin' and boozin' " and the doctor lit a smoke to try
to keep him
from snoozin', it was getting real lame and doc was
gettin' annoyed-o
and didn't give a damn about mondo freudo.
Sittin' on the couch etc...
Doctor couldn't take it anymore, 'cause he was bored
and just sick and
tired of listenin' to a mondo freudo. Wife and the kids
whose life just
hit the skids were sick and tired of gettin' pushed
around and livin' in
a condo with a mondo freudo.
The secretary knew that names couldn't escape her,
walked down to
the corner to buy a newspaper. Back to the office, past
all the bums,
readin' 'bout the baby junkies in the Chilean slums and
"Wife shoots
husband, twice in the head" she knew the name of the

man that was
dead, he was a pain in the ass, a fly in the ointment,
wife bought a gun
and he missed his appointment.

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