

## Insane Clown Posse

### "SOUTHWEST STRANGALA"

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Ah, make way for the lunatic I wanna stop, I try but I can't quit I want necks two or three, maybe four To squeeze again and again and squeeze some more See a dolly walking down the Beaulavard Then she'd turned, she makes my nutsac hard I don't know what about my mental state They might find the bitch dead floatin in a lake Hey babe, jump in, toots Hungry? Well I got some nuts Oh shit, she's sucking on my wang Then something goes snap, bang Squeeze, bitch, haha, die Her neck long skinny like a french fry So I twist, turn, tangle Then I strangle, cause I'm the southwest strangla "I'd just like to say to the family members That I'm terribly sorry I know you'll never forgive me For what I've done to your loved ones And now I'll pay for my crime I know I can never bring them back But I want you to know that I'll miss them Just as much as you I never knew them personally But I'll miss em" I want necks, long tall Skinny, any old neck at all Renae, Jenny, Penny, Cindy, Sue I want necks so I go to the zoo I choke a pelican I gets pecked I choke an ostrich long ass neck But I'd rather be killing 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 her neckbone snap ha! Why me? Hey, I'm sweating Convulsion, delusions, confusions, psycho All I wanna do is kiss you goodbye Before I mangle ya, cause I'm the southwest strangla I really can't explain the way that I feel Sometimes when I kill someone I feel warm inside I feel that I've accomplished something Like I've done something good with my life But then when I look at what I'm saying I feel like, well, I feel like some kind of nut case I know I shouldn't be saying that about myself Not really Psychopathic Seventeen dead Just skitsofrantic, don't panic Psychopathic Seventeen dead I'm the neck cutter and I'm one block away I got the southside scared cause I'm weird I was a freak in the second grade I had a beard I sit alone in the back of the art class And draw necks with a big red gash I never thought I'd be a lunatic A disgrace, I dropped out a mental case I quit school but I never left the hall I

grab kids, drag em in between the wall You hear em  
scream echo through the gym class You hear me  
choking bitches up in the vent shaft They call me the  
ghost of the badlands But I'm really just a killer with big  
hands Allow me to squeeze your neck there Until brains  
pop jell out your out your fuckin ears Bury ya in my  
backyard, wicked Twisted spine, broken bones, cause  
I'm the strangla "I know I don't deserve any special  
treatment from any of you But I would like, I would like  
just one last request Before you execute me If  
possible, it's not really much I would just like an ice  
cold 2-liter of Faygo

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