

Natural Born Killers "Hungry Ants"

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I'll tell ya something Scagnetti
In all of my days in the penal business
And that ain't no small amount of days
Right boys?

Oh no, nope, Mickey and Mallory Knox are
Without a doubt the most twisted
Depraved pair of shit fucked that has ever been
My displeasure to lay my goddamn eyes on

I'm tellin' you,
These two motherfuckers
Are a walkin' reminder of just how
Fucked up the system really is

Don't get me started, okay, warden?
Don't get me started
Dwight, you call me Dwight

They've killed a shitload of inmates and guards
Three inmates, five guards and one shrink
All in one year's time
Open that goddamn gate

Yes sir
What, a psychiatrist?
Yeah, I'm Mickey's better half

Miss Mallory strangled his ass
When he made the dumb ass mistake
To ask her what her parents were like
And she done it all shut up on tranquilizers too

Oh, ain't love grand?
If that doesn't tell the truth, listen
I got another dead lie
Love makes the world go around

Hey, I need to talk to you 'bout
How did a fellow like you get to be a
Specialist in psychos anyway?
Well actually Dwight

I'd recommend having your mother
Killed by one after that happened
I developed a rather keen interest in the subject
You know?

What happened?
When I was born I spend
The first part of my life in Texas
Oh that's funny, you don't have an accent

Nah, I don't wanna talk like those assholes
Well, my my mother was from Texas
I meant those other assholes
You know, who used to beat the shit out of me

Anyway, one day when I was eight years old
My mother, my mother
I wanted to play in the park
And it just so happened to be the same day

Charles Whitman had climbed to the top
Of the University Texas tower
And started shootin' strangers

And you was with her, sure was
You see the thing is Dwight
I didn't hear any shots
I didn't hear any of 'em

And one minute I'm walkin' with my mother
When all of a sudden, chest explodes
She hits the ground, right?
I, I'm just lookin' at her

Her forearm flies off
Her hip explodes and
Now, I'm not hearin' any of these shots right?
Boom, chest explodes right?

I spent all goddamn day
Lyin' flat on the grass, bein' eat alive by fuckin' ants
I'm thinkin', what happened to my ma
You know?

And ever since then I've had a strong opinion
About the psychopathic fools that's alive today
In America's fast food culture
I tend not to exhibit the self-discipline

You know, you and comin' off a peace officer

You got it right Jack
You got it right, say, you don't mind
Do ya, if I call you Jack?

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