Men Of Vision
"Southwest Strangla"

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