Buffalo Bill

Icy Demons

[Intro]It Fits Perfect
[Verse 1]Better watch out sucka now I got ya where I want ya
Onslaught comin and I'm packin in my lunch a
Buncha missle launchers 'n a buncha contra
Ban-van full of ganja, now come on ja-
Man stop! Man said, "Marshall, Oh-my-God, ya
Doin the cha-cha and the cucaracha with a quad-ra-
Polegic, boogyin down to Frank Sinatra."
Lindsey to the Lohan, naked will you let me watch ya?
Who'd a knew the pew'd a do to me what it's done?
Such sin-a-sism when it isn't in my system.
Blunt-igmatism betta spliff up to my lips son,
So much on my hands, I gotta give my kids a fist-bump.
Christo-pher Reeves swimmin in my swim trunks,
"Mista, help me"'s what he said to me, and then sunk.
Women, skinnin them and cuttin them up in chunks,
In clumps - the woman with cocoa-butter skin once.
[Chorus]Once again they call me Buffalo Bill,
Buffalo Bill, Buffa-Buffalo Bill.
Skin em up, hem em, sew em up in those kilts,
Up in those kilts, uppa-up in those kilts.
Man, you don't want to go up in those hills,
Up in those hills, uppa-up in those hills.
You better beware, stay clear of Buffalo Bill,
Buffalo Bill, Buffa-Buffalo Bill.
[Verse 2]Always, you can see him lurkin in the hallways-
Carcasses of caucasian females in his crawlspace.
How the hell did he fit em all into such a small place?
Hide em in the wall- well how long will the drywall take?
Well fuck it then, I've got nothin but time- I'll wait.
Until it dries, for the moment I guess you're all safe.
After I sand it and buff it, I guess that I'll paint
My chainsaw's outta gas, my regular saw ain't.
Now here I come again, damn stomach rumblin,
You can even hear the evil spirits comin from within.
Someone's in the back of my damn house rummagin,

It's a girl, she looks pretty thin, but I want her skin.
Been on the hunt again, when will it ever end?

Evelyn, why you tryin to fight? You will never win.
Severin legs, arms, damn there goes another limb.
Pull the lever then, trap door, death is evident.
[Chorus]Once again they call me Buffalo Bill,
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[Verse 3]Now, what ya know about Buffalo Bill?
Nothin, so chill. Fuckin hoe, ya better fuckin hold still.
Make sure none of that lotion in the bucket don't spill.
Cut em, gut em 'n just get to stuffin those girls.
Man,I think she had enough of those pills,
So take that thing away to come back later, just to clutch in those steel
Blades, Baby when I cut ya don't squeal,
I hate the loud noises, I fuckin told you!
I keep hearin voices, like "Wouldn't ya like to go an get your butcher knife,
And push it right through her, while ya put your shish-kebab skewers
into her barbaquer? Would ya do to her
What ya usually do to a girl who's skin's newer?"
"In a world of sin-doer, this is turnin into a
Torment tournament of sorts, Christmas ornaments you are."
I'll be sure to Gin-sue ya til there's no more skin to ya.
Boo-ya, who ya think your fuckin with? Duck, because here he comes again.
[Chorus]Once again they call me Buffalo Bill,
Buffalo Bill, Buffa-Buffalo Bill.
Skin em up, hem em, sew em up in those kilts,
Up in those kilts, uppa-up in those kilts.
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