

# Southwest Strangla

## Icp (insane Clown Posse)

Ah make way for the lunatic I wanna stop  
I drive by the camp quick I want necks 2 or 3 maybe 4  
To squeeze again, and again and squeeze some more  
I came up, walkin' down the Boulevard  
Then this girl she makes my nut sack hard  
I don't know what about my mental state  
They might find a bitch dead  
There's nothin' that I less hate babe, jump in, toots, hungry?  
Well I got some, nuts oh shit, she's suckin' on my wang  
Then somethin' goes, snap, bang eek bitch, ha ha, die  
Her neck long, skinny like a french fry, 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, Sydney, 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 killin' 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, bitch  
Worry not I bring the corpse back  
I just wanna hear her neck bone snap  
Why me? Hey I'm sweatin'  
Commotion, dilution, confusion, psycho  
All I wanna do is kiss ya good-bye  
Before I mangle ya 'cuz I'm the Southwest Strangla  
I got the south side 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 disgrace, a dropped out mental case  
I quit school, but I never left the halls  
I grab kids and drag 'em in between a wall  
You 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 deer  
Until your brains pops dead out your fuckin' ear  
Bury them in my back yard with a twisted spine  
Broken bones 'cuz I'm the Strangla

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