

Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Me Male - You Lunch

I need a change of pace think I'll start with your barbecued face
Stop me if you can I'll have your toes in the fryin' pan
I dine with a touch of class remember that when I chew your ass
Yummy yummy yummy I love the taste of your tummy

My guitar wanna sever your head
My guitar wanna kill you dead

I'll put you in the micro told you not to f**k with a psycho
You'll end up on my plate all hacked up what a fate

Me male - you lunch
I'll have my sister for brunch

I'm on a human diet gimme som now or I'll start a riot
I'm gonna roast you black wolf you down then go get a six-pack