

# 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