Victims Family, Mondo Freudo

Sits in his office rappin' with the rats, lookin' for excuses for his fits and spats, makin' things worse with a cocaine brain, trying to judge the distance between pleasure and pain. Stinks like a madman cries all the time, confident of all the answers he'll find, don't get confused or call him paranoid-o, he just doesn't know about his mondo freudo.
Sittin'on the couch he tried to pour out his heart, while the doctor yawned a bit and tried to hold back a fart and then he lit up a cigar and just started to smoke and just thinkin' to himself that it's just a joke.
"Well I got a good job and it pays real well, and when I get home I treat the kids like hell. Beat my wife within an inch of her life and tried to slit my wrists with a dull butter knife. The family's real worried 'bout my carousin' and boozin' " and the doctor lit a smoke to try to keep him from snoozin', it was getting real lame and doc was gettin' annoyed-o and didn't give a damn about mondo freudo.
Sittin' on the couch etc...
Doctor couldn't take it anymore, 'cause he was bored and just sick and tired of listenin' to a mondo freudo. Wife and the kids whose life just hit the skids were sick and tired of gettin' pushed around and livin' in a condo with a mondo freudo.
The secretary knew that names couldn't escape her, walked down to the corner to buy a newspaper. Back to the office, past all the bums, readin' 'bout the baby junkies in the Chilean slums and "Wife shoots husband, twice in the head" she knew the name of the man that was dead, he was a pain in the ass, a fly in the ointment, wife bought a gun and he missed his appointment.