

# Haute Tropicque

Man Man

Rarely does chi factor into  
The type of people he chooses to consume  
He likes 'em big and overgrown  
More meat to gristle, more muscle he can hone

Two Hmongs from a deli he's Sriracha'd and jellied  
And made a corset out of him for his belly  
A Haitian from Florida's now a rug in his foyer  
A girl from Delaware is a high arched back chair  
The paper boy's a paper weight  
Alberta's a lampshade  
The fireman's an ashtray  
The DJ spins as fan blades

When will it end?  
Oh these horrible things  
He asks himself nightly  
Voices in his head sing

You're born what you're meant to be  
If you're bad then be bad the best  
If you're good stay away from me  
We're a bad influence we're the best

If you wanna steal go and steal what you want  
If sniffing women's heels gets you off, I won't watch  
And if you gotta dress like a fox in distress  
In the woods well you can and you could and you should

Oh here's a story of a lovely lady  
Who had three daughters who drove her fucking crazy  
She hacked em up with an old machete  
And threw a party with dead daughter confetti

I comb my hair (hair)  
I brush my teeth (teeth)  
I eat my peace like a good boy's supposed to

I wear a tie (tie)  
Boa constrictive (snake)  
I eat my pride like a lion's supposed to

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