

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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