Fat Snatchers (the Hippo Effect)

Tankard

My name is Chunk and I'm a real fat ass No diet plan could ever help me My friends are laughing about my plump mass Where is my dick? Long time no see

Yesterday I heard of an arcane company A cult, maybe, that's crazy about slender body With blood I signed a contract, a lifetime membership Proponents call the concept "The Hippo Effect"

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Fat snatchers want you They have a secret plan Fat snatchers watch you If you're a sugar fan Fat snatchers need you Your pounds, your calories Fat snatchers harvest Reduce you just in weeks

My name was Chunk, now it's thirty days later I can't believe what became of me A featherweight, a chocolate-hater It all seems odd, I'll investigate

A country in the Third World is where the traces lead So horrified I realize: there's nothing to eat From all alone they're getting fat, some even look like me I can't escape "Hippo Effect", malnourished and bony

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