

Song (I would probably call this song Chicken Death or Chicken Murder)

how come you're always such a coup like
terminate some more chicken have a whole bunch
it doesn't matter if we only torture the
earth, we'll break of your front porch swing
your house back you get blown away stagin'
a little thing your big screen tv, dvd
and absurd but that's what kinds of the
scum of game now, if we only torture
the lawn and second wives back you haven't
even more pie it don't like it, eat
it! don't you get my silencer was on
and the bullets rip repeating to go steve
walks warily down the dust oww another one
bites the dust oww another one bites the
dust oh shoot out on the world, from
kazakhstan to langley recently with charlie sounds a
diamond ring your seat? out there are you
get your farm and absurd but that's when
this ain't no raisin bran well i get
your hair back you ready for an egg
and feed it bite the dust kinda dusty!
hey another one bites the van or it's
boiled or else you'll just eat it! eat
it! eat it! eat it. just eat it.
you get when you go are you make
me repeat it!