

# THE MAFIA GOES TO FLORIDA

The Mafia goes to florida in huge, gauche, black Lincolns, looking like funeral barges drifting down the dark river, the sound of the cannons muffled by the clouds of fine, dark, bloodmist from pregnant nannys, beheaded by pasta machines. The salute cannons boom a plasmic tribute to all the junkies living on dumpster pizza, made with Cosa Nostra flour, provided free by the U.S. customs service, who look the other way when threats against Bosnian immigrants are made into the Pepperoni-filled colons of fake opera singers.

Ah, the sated black barges glide through the Southern night, with only swift stops to sing 'O Solo Mio" to skinny girls in Stucky Pecan Praline shops, and then to ravish them with handfuls of Chef Boyardee ravioli stuffed into their unwilling little Land o Lakes butter churns, which are really reserved for burgeoning Bubbas who play fullback for high school teams like, Ft Lauderdale.

And, the Mafia cackles as the Lincolnesque funeral barges drift ever South, throwing Jujubes, and kisses at dejected men on sharecropper-motel roofs. They giggle"Looga da blackies, dey gotta easy" and, America likes this. The Mafia are really good guys, and, great funeral barges to Miami are the mark of Success in America.

After all, didn't Amerigo Vespucci get America named properly..just for us? Wadda guy! Hey, dumbfucks...he coulda called it Vespucciland!

Such a deal, without the Mafia..we just woulda Have hadda eat that junk they call Wonder Bread. not the good stuff, like they got on TV. An' can ya see that Vanna White playin' instead a Sophia Loren.....nah!

God bless the Mafia

[Next](#)

[Home](#)

[Back](#)

