

# Mr. Happy

## Icp (insane Clown Posse)

Love you, I love you  
I Love you, I love you  
Kill you, must kill you  
Must kill you, must Kill you I'm kind of fat and I sweat a lot  
But that's the only bad quirky dinks I got  
That and maybe the whole murdering aspect  
But we needn't really got to that yet I love people, I love everything about them  
And that's why I gotta live life without them  
I know it don't make any sense to you but fuck you  
This songs about me exclusively Murder, murderous, murderation  
The murdering mentality without an explanation  
I'm Mr.Happy and I ride a bike  
I ain't got a seat, I just sit on the pipe thing I whistle, I sing, I'll pet your poodle  
I'll twist and squeeze your neck like a wet noodle  
'Cause I'm so happy, I'll stab your ass  
And lay down next to you dead on the grass  
And sing, ooh, it feels so good every time I murder, I get happy Happy, happy, happiest  
I'm happy, happy, happiest  
I'm happy, happy, happiest  
I'm happy, happy, happiest Murder, murder, murder you  
I'll murder, murder, murder you  
I'll murder, murder, murder you  
I'll murder, murder, murder you I love you, so hand me you neck  
Let me teach you about love and respect  
Respect the fact that I love to kill all  
Wait a minute y'all I gotta take my pill  
Zanoffs, it works, down to only three people a day My victims, I give them love and care  
I don't wanna get blood everywhere  
I don't use a chainsaw or a butcher knife  
That's son ninety's get it right I never mutilate or chop my loves  
All I really need is a pair of gloves  
Or maybe a car, I'll run 'em down wit it  
I know that can be messy but the birds will get it Don't you see that I love you  
I'm Mr. happy, I'm all about fun  
Now get into the pit and try to kill someone  
Ooh, it feel so good every time I murder, I get happy Happy, happy, happiest  
I'm happy, happy, happiest  
I'm happy, happy, happiest  
I'm happy, happy, happiest Murder, murder, murder you

I'll murder, murder, murder you  
I'll murder, murder, murder you  
I'll murder, murder, murder you My bike has a basket full of strawberries  
I picked them myself along with apples and cherries  
And lemons and oranges and boogers and limes  
Plus there's a faygo in there but that's mine Red flowers like after your dead  
I plant seeds and grow 'em out, the side of your head  
I got flowers all over the back yard  
In the form of a jokers card Uh, oh, feels good  
I'm like the chuckle of my neighborhood  
I'm one of them midnight creeps at dennys  
Talking to myself and lickin' my pennys I got a french fry hangin' out of my beard  
Don't go near that guy, he's weird  
You know I'm all good and everythings all right  
When you hear this scream in the middle of the night  
Like this, ooh, it feel so good every time I murder, I get happy Happy, happy, happiest  
I'm happy, happy, happiest  
I'm happy, happy, happiest  
I'm happy, happy, happiest Murder, murder, murder you  
I'll murder, murder, murder you  
I'll murder, murder, murder you  
I'll murder, murder, murder you Happy, happy, happiest  
I'm happy, happy, happiest  
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I'm happy, happy, happiest Murder, murder, murder you  
I'll murder, murder, murder you  
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