Toy Box

Insane Clown Posse

"Ooo, I like this toy. Watch it go. Uw...wait!" (gunshots)"We're sorry the person you are calling is dead"[Violent J]
I was like six, I used to get dissed by the chicks
And everyone would chase me and hit me with bricks
And rocks and sticks and calling me names
And filled my lunchbox with frogbrains (eeww!)
When I left school, it was much iller
My daddy was a serial killer
And how about that, he'd always make me sit in the back
With all his dead bodies on my lap (move!)
When I got home, enough of the static
Hammer and tools, went up to the attic
Never knew any other girls or boys
Only my toys, toys, toys
Bang! Clang! Hammer and twist
Nobody knows I exist, and I'm pissed
But I won't be mentally scarred
Instead I make toys, toys of the graveyard
Monday, ringing the bell
It's all about show and tell, might as well
Show all these bastards just what I got
Yo, check out my toy box!"Nothing feels better than a good harty-harr, right boys and girls"[Violent J]
We got dead bodies everywhere you look
All the nerds sitting up front got cooked
Others start screaming and making a dash
So I start handing out toys fast at last
You like slinkies, we got slinkies
Only mine like to wrap around your face
And stretch, twist, kazoom
And whip your body all over the fuckin room
So come, one at a time
Open your gift and what you will find
Is a toy, my friend, that you'll never forget
It's not everyday that you get your skull split
You like soldiers, we got soldiers
Made with rubber and steel, they look real
But I wouldn't just toss em under your bed
That's how you get an axe to the forehead (oww)
And don't let em sit around all day

Come home and find you mom, dead in the hallway
'cause they can be nifty
All the toys are shifty, haha, in my toy box"Woooowee, that sure sounds like fun!"[Violent J]
That's not a toy, hey, wait a minute
Don't fuck around, homie, you can lose an eye with it
That's my double blade razor whip chop jimmy
And it's mine, motherfucker, so gimme gimme
You want toys, you come to the right place
Try my little toy, Mutilating Mental Case
Wind him up, let him go among all of ya
Then BANG! serial slaughterer
Your turn, reach in and get lucky
Oh look, he pulled out a rubber ducky
It make a funny sound and then BANG!
Blew the fingers off his fuckin hand
Don't stop, class ain't done yet
I remember you calling me poindexter
Bookworm brainy, my aggrevation
Went into these little creations
Reach in, you might find something wicked
Wicked, scary, chop bang pickadery
Off with your head, a robot with a sword
But now he's looking at me, but what for?
"Eh, wait a minute, I made you
Get them, not me. Eh, wait a minute, motherfucker."
"Oh, I love this record."

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