

Insane

Prozak

Violent J, Shaggy, Insane Clown Posse, baby what
From New York to L.A.
From Chile to Greece
From New Gandhi to your momma
We gives absolutly no fucks
Motha fucka
Natural born serial murderers
Mass mothafuckin murderin muderers
Bitch, come and meet your maker

I'm scary like Michael Jackson up close
I like diggin up dead bodies
Look at me I'm gross
My name's Violent J but you can call me syphilis
Gonorrhea the clap cause I infected this rap
You wanna know if I could ever kill somebody
Well that's like askin Charlie Manson if he's ever been in jail
I kill family, friends, myself
What, yeah, I'd kill myself if I could only survive
I tried to kill Rob Van Winkle, in fact that's how we met
I went up to kill him and he was thinkin the same shit
I pulled out a chainsaw, he pulled out an ax
I was like come-on, wait is that a Stanley, where'd you get that
It's natural and to murder, you gotta have it in you
It's like a dick all up in you, although I wouldn't now
Look at us natural killas
The world most playa hated rapper
And the most hated group together like woooo!

[Chorus]

Mass murders
Natural born killas
I'm not fuckin around
Icky icky ya ya
Icky icky ya ya

Mass murders
Natural born killas
I'm not fuckin around

Icky icky ya ya

Icky icky ya ya

This ain't no blair witch

Beware bitch

Ill pick you're motherfuckin brain with an icepick

Remember me

The V I see E

Well here's my trilogy

I'm outta captivity

Rap cujo ya know my flow is ferocious

Last survivor with a mouth full of cockroaches

I bring this hocus pocus

You're flying away

Like the last days of the motherfuckin loafers

I'm the redneck in the moshpit

2 axes come in handy

To answer Violent J, ya damn right its a stanley

In the shadows of the dark with darkman like spawn

In the dash blazin it up with explosive bombs

I spit homicides like major cities at 11PM

While zipping bodies in the dungeon like the line at GM

Ice mixed with blood is the killers milkshake

Here with the clowns from the underground it's a lyrical deathbreak

[Chorus]

Disrespect me I'll run in your house

Like puffin steam stout

Break both your arms, gun in your mouth

Knock your teeth out with the nose of the fifth

Bullets bust through the back of your head ya die swift

Fuckin wit tha clan, watch what you say

We kill *Beep: Lame Lyric Censor*

Shoot you with an SK or a AK bitch you gonna die either way

I'm a monster thoroughbred gun holding weed-head

Cross me bet tomorrow you'll be dead

Catch you at a show while you're chilling with your ho

And crack your skull with a bottle of Mo

I'm a Sing-Sing killer

Gun groove captain

Brooklyn home of the original gun clapping

Gats get brung, niggas get done

Sons lose fathers and mothers lose sons

I'm a killer

[Chorus]

To die is a fate that must come to us all
But how horrible to be buried alive
From the darkness they shuffle eyes glazed with death
Hands clawing for blood!

[Chorus]

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