

Taste

Icp (insane Clown Posse)

The time has come for the blood
To run into the streets paved with gold
We have lived in the zoo of the ghetto for so long
And like animals we kill each other
For the hatred of others
We must move into the suburbs
And punish the rich for their ignorance
For the horror of death
That is part of our life in our neighborhood
And give them a taste of the same
And when we kill the governments' children
And the streets smell of death
Maybe then we will see our situation in a new light
And put an end the the chaos in the ghetto and an end to the killings
Heard what's going on in the free world
Broke out the asylum and killed a girl
Just ta warn you, just to get it on
'Cause I'm gonna be cutting throats till the
Break of dawn, can't nobody get me
I've always been a psycho now they coming with me
That's straight when we team up
'Cause I believe every throat deserves a good cut
Look in my brain it's fucking insane
Roll around naked in the acid rain
Rich bitch fucka took me for a sucka
Now we killing you instead of killing each other
Walked in the house, shot him in the mouth
Leaned back the head and pulled the brains out
My list are strong it's only a saw
The government fronts like they don't know what is going on
Fuck, I'll take the matter in my own hands
Cut ya down cat, cut ya down
'Cause I know the rich go jogging
And I'm waiting in the bushes, axe to the nogging
About 30 or 40 times, psychedelic sick with the
Psycho psycho rhymes
But ya keep the killer in one place
But I'm at ya door, motherfucker have a taste
Fucking you up won't let you pass

Fucking you up, shot you in the ass
Jumped out the alleyway with a muthaphucking battle axe
12 dead bodies on the muthaphucking train tracks
I'm sick of this shit, I see on the TV
They showing psychopathics and I see me
And ya calling me a homeless hobo
While I'm laying on my suede couch listening to Mojo
Snipe ya in the head from a tower
Or chase ya naked ass clear out the shower
Finally catch ya on the block
Take this here gat and shoot ya in the eye
Who ya fucking wit governor E?
Don't ya know I'll hang ya dead ass from a tree
Then swing ya by ya foot
Mister Drumma looking bald headed punk, bitch
Stroll to the banquet party
Drank all they brew then shot everybody
They set it up wrong created the ghetto
And thought it wouldn't last long
Thought we'd kill each other off didn't think
We'd come to the suburbs, jackoff
The clowns stick this knife in ya face, motherfucker, have a taste
In Detroit doing time
Time being done without not another solution
Without nothing but wicked men
How many muthaphuckas I've know through the years
Got they necks blown off or crippled in their fear

Now I 'll tell ya 'cause I been in many schools for this
'Cause I'm drawn by the vision and close my hand into a fist
Raised in the crime with nothing to eat
So my natural instincts to kill in the street
I'm going to war and I sent you caution
Jumpsteady stepping over the governments' brainwashing
(Take it, take it farther, take it far)
Don't let them even judge ya, 'cause you know who you are
Seems they don't even know about the inner city crime war
Money's on the Jews in the desert but what the fuck for
Damn they're stupid, the mine are surrounded
Think I like to pay a lesson
To a gallon and save a human life or two
End this ghetto war for the homies that I once knew
Ya peeping out the barn with ya closed eyes
(Ya peeping out the barn with ya closed eyes, hoe)
I got a mind killing rage waiting on my change

On the holes on my jacket I cradle my gage
What ya gonna do if I show up at your place
Try to ignore it this time, motherfucker have a taste
Ya need a spoonful, another wants a little taste
So let me feed you the city like in a steady pace
Ya wake up to gunfire thinking it was a dream
Till ya hear ya neighbors holla and ya young child scream
Everyday thang, thank it to ya
Just wait till you see that cracka at ya front door naked
Begging for money, acting like he know ya
Ya slam the door in fear, but some day he'll show ya
Catch ya at point blank range ya getting jacked
(Come up wit it, bitch)
Now ya don't know how to act
But that's the life and the experience of a mother
Happens everyday, one after the other
But the suburb living is high class
With a high class leather city trade with ya ass
And show ya the rough times
Hungry homeless people committing crime after crime
And bitches working the pike for dough
Then they run to the rock sella to buy some rocks slow
And I hear ya making fun of that ICP
(What's up E?)
Gets ya bats
It's time for you to crack some necks
And if they don't know now, show them what to expect
'Cause it don't matter the race or the place
Capitol E giving the inner city taste
Yea, We heading to Birmingham, Gross Pointe and Beverly Hills
I thought you knew, 'cause we in a devilish mood
Guess who's rolling with the ICP
That black devil coming straight from the D
I'm heading out to Birmingham to tip off a German
And looking for the governor to kill him and I think I can
Violent J know the way so I'm gonna getcha
If ya standing in my way I'm getting wit ya
The black devil, that devil ya don't know
Getting more pussy than Bel Biv Devoe
Hey man do you know my name?
I'm down with notics, nuts on train
So give me mine 'cause it ain't about black or white
It ain't about wrong or right on devil's night
I burn a cross in ya fucking face
Now homicide's got a new case so give me a taste

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