Psychopathic

Insane Clown Posse

The ghettos of America are breeding grounds
For the criminal minded
As for years they have killed one another of
And America has enjoyed its creation
But now these ghetto-minded criminals
Have crossed the line into your neighborhood
And will soon give you a taste of the hell
That they have lived for so long
So pops, this time its your son gets shot
Deal with your own creation
Well, I've been to the storm house and then some
Payed me dues but I'm still a street hoodlum
Dropped out of school 'cause I couldn't find my locker
Stubbles on my chin, I got hair like Chewbacca
Might see me sleeping on the street
Don't look for a job 'cause there's no jobs looking for me
Then it all went to my head
Next, forty-nine motherfuckers dead
Tell the pigs I did it
Place spot at your back
And beat you in the head with it
And keep your bitch in place
Or I'm a send her ass home with a foot print on her face
Uh, I'm hating sluts
Shoot them in the face, steb back and itch my nuts
'Less I'm in the sac
'cause I fuck so hard it'll break they back
All the pressure's packed into one nut
I was waiting on a bus and my head blew up
And the sight'll make ya sick
Violent J, motherfucker, psychopathicPsychopathicThought you know bitch
The ICP is made up of psychotic
Demented psycho clumsy motherfuckers
And we'll put a hook on your bumb leg
Like it ain't nobody's businessSo I'm standing by the train tracks
Then you see me running but naked with a battle axe
I'm swinging and slicing and chopping and cutting and..
Aah, until I'm nothing
Seems like I always get beat down

Like the hawk turned to the wicked clown
Tail turned out to the ghetto 'cause
Southwest Detriot is comended one's home
So you might see me at a festival
Cussin', rude, and scratching my testicles
With a cold two-liter in hand
Rapping to the bitch at the french fry stand
Take it to the Patent Park
Then I'll make a sexist remark
'cause they're all eventually bitching
Serve me fucking take your ass to the kitchen
Police don't like me it's obvious
Just don't look in the trunk
Or the sight'll make you sick
Violent J, motherfucker, psychopathic(theme from "Halloween")Yeah, I've always been a psycho
Psycho-psycho-sick-psycho-sick-psycho-psycho
I'll throw rocks at stray dogs
Build crackhouses out of Lincoln logs
I cut class, said I was a faker
You was in school, I was home watching Green Acres
Now I'm all up in your face
You can barely hear the rap with all that bass
I'm running with a southwest street gang
And I never let my southwest meat hang
'cause you know what ICP's all about
Take a brick off the street
And bust you in the mouth
Find the girl's daddy's rich
And his sweet little angel's my sewer freak bitch
But I filled the turkey up with the stuffing
Like Billy Bill say, "a bitch ain't nothing"
Grab her by the arm and break
Grab her by the life and take it
And, ya know, the sight'll make ya sick
Violent J, motherfucker, psychopathicPsychopathic

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