

# I Want My Shit

## Icp (insane Clown Posse)

It was like March, April  
Fuckin' Libra, fuckin' Taurus, born in 1775  
I'm like 300 and somethin' but I'm still alive  
I used to hang with the original Billy the Kid  
You probably think I'm only playin' but, I did My daddy's were a 2 headed freak show  
Mamma a fortune teller, Ezmerella Zella  
Anyway they had sex on a Ouija board  
And I was born the next day, Violent J When I was 14, I tripped on the train track  
And I was crushed right there on the steel rack  
I'm out cold, they though it'd fuck me up  
I got up and itched my butt, and I'm like, "What?" Everybody tripped and called me the 'Clown Devil Boy'  
'Child of the witch heifer', whatever  
Tied me up, burned me and threw stones  
Had a few scrapes and cuts, Smokey Nuts After that they started bowin' and shit  
Prayin' to me, you know how them primitives get  
I said "Get off my dick I ain't a savior"  
I'm what ya call a juggalo, and all I want is my flava Four simple things in this bitch before I die  
I wanna rusty axe, I wanna know voodoo  
A fat bitch named Bridget and a little sip of Faygo too  
'Til I get my shit, in this mothafucka I will never die So anyway, fifty years passed, all my homies are old ass  
fucks  
I ain't even got hair on my nuts  
I left the village in the search of my ends  
I wrestled alligators, battled Terminators Nothin' ever killed me, nothin' could harm me  
I fought in the Civil War, Yankee's army  
I walked across enemy lines with a Mac ten  
Man they didn't even have that shit back then How you just gonna come in my shit and fuck it up?  
Well at least make this shit sound real man damn  
I walked across enemy lines with a, lantern  
Steady takin' cannon balls to the balls The war ended, I traveled the country horse back  
Until this fool tried to horsejack  
He put his gat to my head and blew my face up  
It didn't even smear the makeup I took his gun and put a divit in his neck  
The sheriff didn't like it, I got indicted  
Eighty-seven long years in the state pen  
Until they finally forgot why they put me in They had to let me go, can't hold me on nothin'  
On they way out they like  
"Yo ain't you like a hundred and somethin'?"  
I said, "That's right And I ain't gonna die till I get my shit, mothafucka"

I want a rusty axe, I wanna know voodoo  
A fat bitch named Bridget just a little sip or two  
'Til I get my shit in this mothafucka I will never die Yeah, I slept under bridges, lived in the valleys  
I climbed up mountains, searched the alleys  
More years passed and I still ain't died  
Now I'm in Detroit on the Southwest Side Well, my homey has an Impala blue '67  
Last night we hit the road pushin' one eleven  
I stuck my head out the window told 'em floor it the most  
And let my nugget ping off a light post Hell yeah cuz, hurts a little bit  
But then ya get a straight buzz  
The world hates me 'cause of shit like this  
They always try and kill me but, miss I know it's odd 'cause my face is forever painted  
When I was born the bitch ass doctor fainted  
My tongues a little long I choke people with it  
Looks kinda nasty, but chicks dig it And I told ya my neck can stretch for miles  
I sorta look like somethin' from the X-Files  
People wanna see me die more then a little bit  
But I'm a juggalo, and as a juggalo I want my shit And I ain't gonna die till I get it  
I want a rusty axe, I wanna know voodoo  
A fat bitch named Bridget, I said "Faygo" fuck Mountain Dew  
'Til I get my shit in this mothafucka I will never die, die, die

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