

Ain't Yo Bidness

Icp (insane Clown Posse)

Rude boy sittin' pancaked on 23's
Clown love to Chicage Juggalos
We underground like Blaze
My dead homie, and yours?
We dead, we dead? No wait a minute
We don't die, we don't die, we dead
Maybe I like bloody murder music
You know shit like stab your fuckin' eye
Maybe I like eatin' shit like Tylenol PM's
'Cuz 5 or 6'll get you high, oh
Maybe I like punchin' people I don't even know
I knock 'em flat up fuckin' out
Tuck some money in they jacket with a note
That simply reads, I had to let some anger out
Maybe I only hang with weirdos, and hoodlums
And junkies, I keep 'em by my side
Maybe mama doesn't understand a friend
Is hard to come by, so I keep what I can find
Maybe I got two felonies, tattoos on my neck
And I always paint my face
Can I still date your daughter? I mean, I think
I outta, I like the way she tastes
Ain't yo bidness, how I act
Ain't yo bidness, don't get slapped
Ain't yo concern, what we do
Less you want yo, face slapped too
Ain't yo bidness, how I act
Ain't yo bidness, don't get slapped
Ain't yo concern, what we do
Less you want yo, face slapped too
Maybe I don't' even like you, but I gotta front
'Cuz your a record label guy, mother fucker
What if I dragged you by the hair into the street
And beat your ass, put a boot up in your eye, bitch
Maybe I would rather fuck a Missy Elliot
Before a Toni Braxton
Maybe I would rather fuck a Macy Gray
Before a Janet Jackson
Maybe I don't have no self esteem

So I like to pick on everybody else
Maybe when I was a boy, underneath my shirt
I had bruises and welts, oh, it's okay
Maybe I was hungry, bottom barrel poor
And my mom was always sick
Maybe I'm lyin', I'm just tryna find an excuse
To be a dick, I'm a dick, dick
Maybe I'm upset that you left me, I'll hang myself
Right above your bed, you should try suicide
From the ceiling fan, so I'll be swingin'
When you walk in, I might kick you in the head
Maybe I got seven therapists, I been committed
But my manager he got me free, double A y'all
Eighteen pills a day, I get so dizzy and high
Sometimes I can't even see, I gotta sit down
Ain't yo bidness, how I act
Ain't yo bidness, don't get slapped
Ain't yo concern, what we do
Less you want yo, face slapped too
Ain't yo bidness, how I act
Ain't yo bidness, don't get slapped
Ain't yo concern, what we do
Less you want yo, face slapped too
Esham the Boogie Man, running with the fuckin' hatchet
Violent J the Juggalo, and Shaggy
The southwest strangler allegedly
Collectively known as the soopa villains
Super flex, jet super sex
The boogie man bustin' the Bazooka necks, get wet
The soopa villains clock super checks
The Juggalo in me will break the bank and you super necks
It's the Juggle jugglin' Juggalo thuggalin' thuggalo
Scrub ninja mutha facko
My axe I keep with me, sneak with
I creep with, sever skulls and sleep with
The southwest strangler super plex
Some bitch through the limo window, super stretch
Now, I wonder should I shoot you next
With the super soaker, get you soakin' wet
Juggaloly, I'm a soopa villain
I'm swingin' my swords and I'm all up on the ceiling
I'm a ninja, throw drop kicks, chop necks like Sabu
Stab you, grab have at you
Soopa villains, makin' a soopa hero killin'
Fuck ya feelins'

Ready and willin' any day I could blow
Insane monkey like Mojo Jo Jo
Citizens don't talk to the FBI
'Cuz that killa with the shank to ya neck be I
I'm quick to bag the diamonds, snag in
I love Batman, but Robin's a faggot

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