Wicked Rappers Delight (w/ Esham)

Insane Clown Posse

ICP and Esham wicked rappers delight 2015Feinds of the wicked shit its time to get high
Bump your fuckin shit up for somthin wicked shit by
Detroits legendary demon lopatara
Staring you right back through your eyes in the mirror
Blowing out your brains spontaneous combustion
Lyrics like a barrel in each ear and im bustin
Fire breathin wicked shit meltin microphones
Blowing speakers into flames, settin fires to your homeHow many times you gonna say i need help
Who gives a fuck if i murder myself
Im thinkin suicidal thoughts i shot a gay preacher
I didnt do my homework so i shot my teacher
I dropped out the next day fuck a g.e.d
Then i went and clowned the industry with ICP
Through up the 313, to let them know it was me
Esham is dope ho im the king of the DI stole a fuckin firetruck and drove through a wendys
All that happen to me was a bullet in the kidneys
I almost died then but look at me i ride again
Whats really happenin, reality is pretend
You can blow my fuckin head off ill just grow another
My brain and my self, we dont even know each other
Somones in the darkness crawling out of my closet door
Thats what the nines in the mattress forWarlocks and witches come and learn from the master
The walls of my home feature bodys in the plaster
The dead but sticking out like hon solo when he froze
With my favorite weapons hanging off there fingers and toes
Wicked pimpin, scary bitches, livin or dead
or with vampire fangs and they givin me head
Like cemetery girls back dance boogie woogie baddy
Her nedens big and blew out like a plate of spaghettiIm out cold all my teeth gold
Plus i dont brush them
Quarterback sneakin plus dont care(?) you rush em
Bust em down bust em up steady fuckin em up
But wait why do i have all this blood on my hands
Blood on my clothes blood on my shoes
Im on the 10 o clock news for steady
Murdering crews and there point of views
Im like purple chronic mixed with acid, demonic
In a stomach full of jagermeister ready to vomitMirror mirror on the wall tell us who the wicked are
Shaggy E and Jay we in the game and gettin ours

Hittin stars in there mouth and bumpin off with rented necklaces
Wicked reckless nobody expected
Bumpin this wicked shit'll boil your brain dead
I can fry a mutha fuckin egg on your head
Break in and tie your fuckin feet up to your neck
Shoot you in the back once and kick you down the stepsI blow a crater in the side of your head
Do the same to your misses while yall sleepin in bed
Double murder robbery just another job to me
Rollin in a stolen buick hookers slobbin me
Known though the farms lands as a duke of the wicked
Always shootin the biggots and bootin the chickens
Askin me the wrong question also triggers my disease
They will find your body in compton in hallis(?) queensThe phone rung and on the other end it was the president
I cant talk right now im on the toilet takin a shit
hung up the phone i think my cover is blown im deep cover
Your wife ordered a pizza from me she got the meat lovers
Im johnny bravo the other black reo(?) get at me ho
I make these hos happy tho cause im there pappy oh
Its to soon for you to be on my team
But give r kelly a call i think like em 13I once met a hooker and she did it for free
On the west verner bus number 73
All the way in the back she was humping on me
until i strangled the bitch and stuffed her under my seat
I got off on my stop without as much as a drop of blood
But then i realized i forgot to wear gloves
Now im chasing the bus my finger prints are on her neck
STOP! AND GIMME MY DEAD BITCH BACK!Fuckin dead bitches on a Ouija board all night
Bustin off shots in the club we all fight
Hanging muther fuckers my there neck off of street lights
With there legs cut off tryin to read me rights (shiiit)
I whip my cd at you, stick it in yo face
Half way stickin out but look it still plays
I stomp when i rap and i shake the whole block
Stick my dick in your ear so you can hear what i gotI was one of those monsters in the video thriller
Known to the world as the pop star killer
And on another part from the ground i arose
Im the crusty ass booger hanging out of your nose
Im the stink on your toes im the weed to your rose
Not one of your friends but one of your foes
And spittin the wicked shit is the life i chose
Do a spin grab my nuts then b boy poseChain you up for some tic tacs bloody mess
We draw the board on your chest and take turns shootin the rest
I win everytime, beep the beat is good with every rhyme
And off with your head if in the way(?) your gettin mine
This is esham and the wicked clowns for the vote

We come flying out the dark with a triple moonsault
I through a snowball so hard it replaced your eye
It melted and left a fuckin hole and it was dry

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/