

# Get Ya Wicked On

## Icp (insane Clown Posse)

I punch bitches in their fake titties, he does  
I got warrants in like eight cities, he does  
I like to murder those provokin', he does  
I swing quick and leave a motherfucker's throat hangin' open I drink the blood of a street rat, he does  
Yo, Monox Boogie, where tha weed at?  
I got eighteen plus speed  
With a plus two dagger from the Tomb of Horrors, D and D We cave heads in wit a brick, we do  
We fuck hotties with tha same dick, we do  
We eat power lines and generators, we do  
One time we shut Detroit City off for like eleven hours We the wickedest believe that, we do  
Stevie Wonder-Bra can see that, shit he do  
We'll rip your head off and swing it by the hair  
Until we get blood everywhere, motherfucker getcha wicked on We know you hate who we are but even in  
Shangri-La  
A wicked clown gotta get their wicked on  
JD the Weed Man with the Juggalo Crip Walk We know you hate who we are but even in Shangri-la  
A wicked clown gotta get their wicked on I'll drive a tank through your high school, he does  
I let the Carnival high rule, he does  
I get sick like a crime story, he does  
Motherfucker this tha Southwest Side ghetto territory I can make a fist with your neck in it, he can  
I need my medication every twenty minutes, he does  
I store dead bodies all up under my house  
And every night I hear 'em runnin' their mouth, they gettin' wicked on me Day days on my black hearse, we do  
Clown love Juggalos first, they do  
Red and black skullcaps everywhere  
With tha fresh face paint and the Twiztid hair We find peace at the graveyard, we do  
Me and the Wraith sit and play cards, we do  
So move out of the way and get out of my path  
Or we'll saw your head in half, motherfucker

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