Insane Killers

Icp (insane Clown Posse)

Violent J, Shaggy, Insane Clown Posse, baby, what?
From New York to L.A., from Chile to Greece
From New Ghandi to your momma
We gives absolutely no fucks, motha fucka
Natural born serial murderers
Mass mothafuckin' murderin' murderers
Bitch, come and meet your maker
I'm scary like Michael Jackson up close
I like diggin' up dead bodies, look at me I'm gross
My name's Violent J but you can call me syphilis
Gonorrhea the clap 'cause I infected this rap
You wanna know if I could ever kill somebody
Well, that's like askin' Charlie Manson if he's ever been in jail
I kill family, friends, myself, what?
Yeah, I'd kill myself if I could only survive
I tried to kill Rob Van Winkle, in fact that's how we met
I went up to kill him and he was thinkin' the same shit
I pulled out a chainsaw, he pulled out and axe
I was like, "Come on, wait, is that a Stanley? Where'd you get that?
It's natural and to murder, you gotta have it in you
It's like a dick all up in you although I wouldn't now
Look at us natural killas
The world most playa hated rapper
And the most hated group together like woo
Mass murders, natural born killas
I'm not fuckin' around
Icky, icky, ya, ya, icky, icky, ya, ya
Mass murders, natural born killas
I'm not fuckin' around
Icky, icky, ya, ya, icky, icky, ya, ya
This ain't no blair witch, beware bitch
I'll pick your motherfuckin' brain with an icepick
Remember me, the V I C E
Well, here's my trilogy, I'm outta captivity
Rap Cujo, ya know my flow is ferocious
Last survivor with a mouth full of cockroaches
I bring this hocus pocus, you're flying away
Like the last days of the motherfuckin' loafers
I'm the redneck in the moshpit, two axes come in handy

To answer Violent J, ya damn right it's a Stanley
In the shadows of the dark with Darkman like Spawn
In the dash blazin' it up with explosive bombs
I spit homicides like major cities at 11PM
While zipping bodies in the dungeon like the line at GM
Ice mixed with blood is the killers milkshake
Here with the clowns from the underground it's a lyrical death break
Mass murders, natural born killas
I'm not fuckin' around
Icky, icky, ya, ya, icky, icky, ya, ya
Mass murders, natural born killas
I'm not fuckin' around
Icky, icky, ya, ya, icky, icky, ya, ya
Disrespect me, I'll run in your house
Like puffin' steam stout
Break both your arms, gun in your mouth
Knock your teeth out with the nose of the fifth
Bullets bust through the back of your head ya die swift
Fuckin' wit tha clan, watch what you say
We kill, beep, lame lyric censor
Shoot you with an SK or a AK
Bitch, you gonna die either way
I'm a monster thoroughbred gun holding weed-head
Cross me bet tomorrow you'll be dead
Catch you at a show while you're chillin' with your ho
And crack your skull with a bottle of Mo
I'm a Sing-Sing killer gun groove captain
Brooklyn home of the original gun clappin'
Gats get brung, niggas get done
Sons lose fathers and mothers lose sons, I'm a killer
Mass murders, natural born killas
I'm not fuckin' around
Icky, icky, ya, ya, icky, icky, ya, ya
Mass murders, natural born killas
I'm not fuckin' around
Icky, icky, ya, ya, icky, icky, ya, ya
To die is a fate that must come to us all
But how horrible to be buried alive
From the darkness they shuffle eyes glazed with death
Hands clawing for blood
Mass murders, natural born killas
I'm not fuckin' around
Icky, icky, ya, ya, icky, icky, ya, ya
Mass murders, natural born killas
I'm not fuckin' around

Icky, icky, ya, ya, icky, icky, ya, ya
Mass murders, natural born killas
Icky, icky, ya, ya, icky, icky, ya, ya
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