Pumpkin Carver

Insane Clown Posse

Hey money got a big ass head
Folded like a, like a stop sign
Fuck dawg, hey
We gotta go get that motherfuckin ball a brains
You know what I'm sayin, fuck dat
What? you wanna make a song about death
Squeezin on a neck until it's all outta breath
You wanna hear me rap about being the hardest
Well fuck that from now on I'm an artist
I carve pumpkins chop chewy
Slice, swing twice, stab screwy, ooey
Chewy, dewy, gooey, slop
It all starts with a quick chop, drop
Pumpkin rolls on the floor
Almost out the front door (oh we can't have that)
Cut along the hair line (bowl cut)
Hold the pumpkin between your legs and lift up
Boing brains snippity snip all the veins
Snip, cut
What? what the matter?
You don't wanna do it?
Well fuck it then screw it
You'll never be a pumpkin carverPumpkin carvers that be the hobby
Sotown, motown collectin bodies
Twiztid, clowns, and the kottonmouth kings
Halloween, halloween, halloween, halloween
Pumpkin carvers that be the hobby
Sotown, motown collectin bodies
Twiztid, clowns, and the kottonmouth kings
Halloween, halloween, halloween, halloweenWhat? you don't like this rhyme?
I can't be on point all the time
Fuck it's halloween
I gotta make a living somehow
I'm a professional pumpkin sculptor
Alright motherfucka now
First, hollow the container
Scrape that bitch with a hanger
Whatever just get something
Just get the motherfucker all hollowed out

Like you could fill it up with lemonade,
And pour it out the mouth if ya wanted to.
Umm never leave the eyes in tact
They'll turn all blue and puff out and shit (wack)
Always remove 'em but keep 'em handy
Cause they taste like candy
Hahahaha, sike I'm only playin
Ok now get the scalpel
Slowly cut around the mouth be careful
What the fuck we needed the lip
Here let me give you a little tip
Slow the fuck down!
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Halloween, halloween, halloween, halloween (twiztid!)Take a closer look you scary motherfuckers
Doesn't my jack-o-lantern look like your little brother?
Neck nuggets start to fling, terrors what we bring
Twiztid, icp, and the kottonmouth kings
Pumpkins are for bitches; I like my shit instead
'cause every devil's night we carvin somebody else's head
When my meat cleaver chops heads fall to the floor
Fuck buying pumpkins at the grocery store
Yeah, yeah alright you done flexed some skills on the mike
This is my motherfuckin little song here right? (right)
Let's get back to the subject
Now hold steady, steady, steady, ready?
Insert the blade along the outer eyelid
Very slowly I don't wanna look
Oh, you did
Ok gently count 25 spec meter outer diameters (huh?) a square
I know it's hard you'd probably rather just stab and chop
But you'll end up with a pile of slop
I've done it before
And them ain't, them ain't pumpkin seeds
Those are fragments of skull
Oh! crunchy
Hey nevermind that get back to work
Eating on the fuckin job you'll never be an expert (oh)
What you wanna be a mailman, a plumber, or a barber (no)
Or do you wanna be like your uncle violent j?
A pumpkin carver

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Halloween, halloween, halloween, halloweenMake this motherfucker sing fool
Kick 'em to the spleen
Happy halloween
I be burnin cali
Southern voters I always bring
Pletto from the ghetto
Nobody's in the meadow
When it comes to carvin bitch
I'm shaper than gipetto
I'm lovin that stiletto
Ask your trick or fuckin treaters, more than thirty
Why I beat and greet the homies with the chiba
Ariba!
Ariba I was born in this october
Now come press rewind motherfuckin flows over, over, over...

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