

# 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 carver  
Pumpkin 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, halloween  
What? 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  
Pumpkin carvers that be the hobby  
Sotown, motown collectin bodies  
Twiztid, clowns, and the kottonmouth kings  
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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Pumpkin carvers that be the hobby  
Sotown, motown collectin bodies  
Twiztid, clowns, and the kottonmouth kings  
Halloween, halloween, halloween, halloween  
Make 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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