

# 85 Bucks An Hour

## Icp (insane Clown Posse)

Chillin' at the studio

Chillin' at the studio, 85 bucks an hour

So hurry up and loop a beat Mike, come on

I'm Violent J, but my homies call me shithead

But that's my homies, to you I'm Violent J, bitch

I put my boys on a track even though they suck

"Yo dawg, I'm Dave, I don't give a fuck"

I did a record deal, I signed a contract

Technically for Island I can only rap

But fuck that, with Twiztid I'ma still spit

Even though I got a cold and I sound like shit

What the fuck was that?

Fuck it, leave it in, that shit was phat

You heard this beat 80 times and I'ma still freak it

And if you notice my shit don't even rhyme

Look at that, I ain't even got a rap and it's still phat

My shit went gold, I got fat knots

And you're still flyering parking lots

You might say my vocals are up too loud

So I'mma turn 'em up louder and I'll piss you off

Psychopathic Records are geniuses, get off on penises

Here comes the chorus, but I got no hook

Instead I'll just fuck with the phonebook

Hello?

Yeah, uh Harry Sacks please?

Who is this?

Uh, Harry, hey, this is Slim Anus down at the cannery uh

Dick Shooter left a bulletin, something about uh

Tou filling in his slot tonight down at the uh garage

We got a casement of fudge, we need as many packers

That we can get uh, uh Sacks

Hello?

My name is Jamie Madrox and I got fat balls

I'm always urinating in the motel halls

I got a big head that never fits a hat

So you ain't seen me wearin' a damn thing green bitch

I'm far from rich, I got a hooptie

With a smash in the fender and in the back too

I got a broken taillight and I'll smash you, bitch

Get outta my way, we got clown luv  
Phat props to the lyrical Tom Dub  
It's the M O N O and I can't even spell the rest  
It takes too long and I need a fuckin' cigarette  
I can't hear, my right ear's mad wack  
So shut the fuck up and listen or get an ass kicking  
I slap hoes and call them bitches to their face  
And scream, "Now fuck off bitch, Twiztid in the place"  
So back up, recognize and check nuts  
'Cuz simply my dear, I don't give a fuck  
Psychopathic  
Yo, this Mo Styles in dis peace, what's up son?  
Hello?  
Yeah, what's up son  
I'm lookin' for this deal, you know what I'm sayin'  
I got raps to bust for y'all  
Y'all ready for Mo Styles?  
I'm about to kick this flow  
You ready for this shit or what?  
Who is this?  
Word life son  
I'm Mo Styles  
I'm straight from the hood  
I got all my peoples on 1-800-increase-y'all  
We coming hard  
(Bring it, bring it, bring it)  
My name's 2 Dope and sometimes Shaggy  
Sometimes Shaggs and some times Gweedy  
I get mad stupid, I gets mad ill  
Locked down on all 5, fuck it, I do this still  
Stretch my nuts back like a sling shot  
I plant 'em in your mouth  
Shake my hips like Elvis, wiggling my pelvis  
Last kid that stepped, I applied the camel clutch  
And stretched his back like a muthafuckin' bungee jump  
What  
(Uh, uh, uh)  
I'm Violent J back to make you smile more  
I let my nutsack drag on the tile floor  
I kick free styles for miles, my gold comes in piles  
I worked on Belle Isle  
I picked up deer shit and now I spit raps  
I snap your neck 'cuz my free styles are fresh

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