Dead Pumpkins

Insane Clown Posse

J, do you have a Halloween story for the class?
Y-y-yeah, um there was this boy and he lived in his house
And um, he went to bed one day and then when he woke up um
And when he woke up he was, he was up to his head in the dirtAnd um, he couldn't move and this man came walkin' along
But instead of the man helping him out the man just started
Kickin' him and kickin' him in his face over and over
And then he got the lawn mower and then heTrick or Treat, bone apetit
All the little kiddies runnin' down my street
Gathering candy treats door to door
But they walk pass mine, what for?Probably 'cuz the pumpkins on my porch are real
Real human heads carved out with steel
Cut out the eyes man it takes but a minute
Rip out the b-b-brains and put a candle in itMaybe they leave 'cuz I take 'em inside
Come and meet mother, two years ago she died
Little boys laugh 'cuz they think it's just a dummy
But then the smell hits 'em, mmm, smells yummyOpen your bag and I give you my treat
Crusty yellow toes off a dead woman's feet
Take me by the hand and I lead you down stairs
And that little Jimmy is were you'll spend the next seven yearsStaring and weakening chained to the wall
Starin' at a roach hoping it will crawl
Into your mouth for a tasty cuisine
Yes my little friends, it's the Dead Pumpkin HalloweenAhh yeah, it's that special time of year boys and girls
So come to the pumpkin patch
And bring your panty sacks
So I can shit in 'em you bitchWell, I love all the children but I can't fuck around
Don't come to my door dressed as a clown
'Cuz you never know I might take it the wrong way
'Cuz I'm the real wicked Juggalocaro Violent JAll year round but I love my Halloween
You never get an apple or a purple jellybean
Droplets of chocolate a licorice snack
Instead you get a deep fried French poodle nutsackLooking out my door I see no children in sight
Perhaps there all dead, yesterday was devils night
They burn down the city and they leave the crispy chard
Light myself on fire and dance around my backyardAll the pretty girlies I can see were your at
Sitting on your window I can turn into a bat
Watchin' you remove all your little clothesies for bed
I crashed through your window and land on your headDrinking the blood that has gone through the bone
And now I must leave mothers calling me home

Up to the moonlight I'm gone from the scene
Peace to Detroit city and have a Dead Pumpkin' HalloweenYeah, I'll snatch your little candy bag
Only I'm a tie it around your muthafuckin' neck
And choke you with it wicked clown style
Ha ha fuck, Detroit's in this bitchCheck it out muthafucka, yeah
Wicked clown's in this muthafucka
Jump steady in this muthafucka
Wicked Clown in this muthafuckaAnd you watch this muthafucka
Chucky muthafucka in this shit
Violent J in this muthafucka
Rude Boy in this muthafucka
Stupid in this muthafucka
Mike, Mike in this muthafuckaFaygo this mothafucka
All this in this muthafucka, check it out
Violent J in this muthafucka
2Dope in this muthafucka
Wicked Joe in this muthafucka

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