

# Wicked Rappers Delight

## Icp (insane Clown Posse)

ICP and Esham wicked rappers delight 2015  
Feinds of the wicked shit its time to get high  
Bump your fuckin shit up for somthin wicked shit by  
    Detroits legendary demon lopatara  
Staring you right back through your eyes in the mirror  
Blowing out your brains spontaneous combustion  
    Lyrics like a barrel in each ear and im bustin  
    Fire breathin wicked shit meltin microphones  
Blowing speakers into flames, settin fires to your home  
    How many times you gonna say i need help  
    Who gives a fuck if i murder myself  
Im thinkin suicidal thoughts i shot a gay preacher  
    I didnt do my homework so i shot my teacher  
    I dropped out the next day fuck a g.e.d  
    Then i went and clowned the industry with ICP  
Through up the 313, to let them know it was me  
    Esham is dope ho im the king of the D  
I stole a fuckin firetruck and drove through a wendys  
    All that happen to me was a bullet in the kidneys  
    I almost died then but look at me i ride again  
    Whats really happenin, reality is pretend  
You can blow my fuckin head off ill just grow another  
    My brain and my self, we dont even know each other  
Somones in the darkness crawling out of my closet door  
    Thats what the nines in the mattress for  
Warlocks and witches come and learn from the master  
    The walls of my home feature bodys in the plaster  
    The dead but sticking out like hon solo when he froze  
With my favorite weapons hanging off there fingers and toes  
    Wicked pimpin, scary bitches, livin or dead  
    or with vampire fangs and they givin me head  
Like cemetery girls back dance boogie woogie baddy  
Her nedens big and blew out like a plate of spaghetti  
    Im out cold all my teeth gold  
    Plus i dont brush them  
Quarterback sneakin plus dont care(?) you rush em  
    Bust em down bust em up steady fuckin em up  
But wait why do i have all this blood on my hands  
    Blood on my clothes blood on my shoes

Im on the 10 o clock news for steady  
Murdering crews and there point of views  
Im like purple chronic mixed with acid, demonic  
In a stomach full of jagermeister ready to vomit  
Mirror mirror on the wall tell us who the wicked are  
Shaggy E and Jay we in the game and gettin ours  
Hittin stars in there mouth and bumpin off with rented necklaces  
Wicked reckless nobody expected  
Bumpin this wicked shit'll boil your brain dead  
I can fry a mutha fuckin egg on your head

Break in and tie your fuckin feet up to your neck  
Shoot you in the back once and kick you down the steps  
I blow a crater in the side of your head  
Do the same to your misses while yall sleepin in bed  
Double murder robbery just another job to me  
Rollin in a stolen buick hookers slobbin me  
Known though the farms lands as a duke of the wicked  
Always shootin the biggots and bootin the chickens  
Askin me the wrong question also triggers my disease  
They will find your body in compton in hallis(?) queens  
The phone rung and on the other end it was the president  
I cant talk right now im on the toilet takin a shit  
hung up the phone i think my cover is blown im deep cover  
Your wife ordered a pizza from me she got the meat lovers  
Im johnny bravo the other black reo(?) get at me ho  
I make these hos happy tho cause im there pappy oh  
Its to soon for you to be on my team  
But give r kelly a call i think like em 13  
I once met a hooker and she did it for free  
On the west verner bus number 73  
All the way in the back she was humping on me  
until i strangled the bitch and stuffed her under my seat  
I got off on my stop without as much as a drop of blood  
But then i realized i forgot to wear gloves  
Now im chasing the bus my finger prints are on her neck  
**STOP! AND GIMME MY DEAD BITCH BACK!**  
Fuckin dead bitches on a Ouija board all night  
Bustin off shots in the club we all fight  
Hanging muther fuckers my there neck off of street lights  
With there legs cut off tryin to read me rights (shiiit)  
I whip my cd at you, stick it in yo face  
Half way stickin out but look it still plays  
I stomp when i rap and i shake the whole block  
Stick my dick in your ear so you can hear what i got

I was one of those monsters in the video thriller  
Known to the world as the pop star killer  
And on another part from the ground i arose  
Im the crusty ass booger hanging out of your nose  
Im the stink on your toes im the weed to your rose  
Not one of your friends but one of your foes  
And spittin the wicked shit is the life i chose  
Do a spin grab my nuts then b boy pose  
Chain you up for some tic tacs bloody mess  
We draw the board on your chest and take turns shootin the rest  
I win everytime, beep the beat is good with every rhyme  
And off with your head if in the way(?) your gettin mine  
This is esham and the wicked clowns for the vote  
We come flying out the dark with a triple moonsault  
I through a snowball so hard it replaced your eye  
It melted and left a fuckin hole and it was dry

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