Another Love Song

Insane Clown Posse

Yeah, I mean I hear what your sayin'
I mean you got carried away in the moment
And I could forgive you, I could do that
I could do anythin' if I wantedI could buy you a Lexus truck
With a white leather interior, I could
I could kill off some bears and dogs and shit
Just to make you a fur coatI could love you and treat you with class
And have babies fallin' all out your ass
But thinkin' about that, I feel I'd rather kill you
'Cuz I got you in my car
And you ain't goin' nowhere bitch, your deadI'd rather cut that neck in half
I'd rather choke out that bitch ass
I'd rather chop and never stop
Because you fucked my homieI'd rather cut that neck in half
I'd rather choke out that bitch ass
I'd rather chop and never stop
Because you fucked my homieI could take all the face paint off
And get a real job workin' for your dad
I would rather take a 10 pound axe
And stick it in your daddy's foreheadI could let you move into my house
You'd fuck the neighbor every time I go out
And wipe his nut on my pillow, oh, but I think I'd rather kill you
'Cuz we parked all alone on this here dark alleyway, heyI'd rather cut that neck in half
I'd rather choke out that bitch ass
I'd rather chop and never stop
Because you fucked my homieI'd rather cut that neck in half
I'd rather choke out that bitch ass
I'd rather chop and never stop
Because you fucked my homieI'm the one that killed your precious cat
And stuffed 'em in your fuckin' mailbox
If I only hadn't cut off my hair
I'd choke you with all my dread-locksWhen I scream at the moon every night
You should've known somethin' just ain't right
'Cuz I'm gonna slap you and then I'm going to kill you
'Cuz the moon told me to and it's watchin' us right nowI'd rather cut that neck in half
I'd rather choke out that bitch ass
I'd rather chop and never stop
Because you fucked my homieI'd rather cut that neck in half
I'd rather choke out that bitch ass

I'd rather chop and never stop
Because you fucked my homieI could go back to school instead
And try to get my diploma, I know
I'd much rather bang your head on the wall
Until you fall into a coma'Cuz I can't get you outta my head
I'd cut my head off but then I would be dead
And I ain't the only mothafucka that's dyin'
So lets just die togetherI'd rather cut that neck in half
I'd rather choke out that bitch ass
I'd rather chop and never stop
Because you fucked my homie
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