Murder Go Round

Insane Clown Posse

What can I say, man, I hit him with the brick
Killed the little prick, him and his chick
Tried to be slick but you ain't no slinky
You're brinky, you're dinky, you suck my twinkieI don't give a fuck if you call me a clown
Break it on down, it's murder go round
What'cha dishing out, I betcha ya it comes back to ya
If you're trying to creep, I'd hate to say I never knew yaOnce upon a time in the ghetto zone
A ten-foot lead pipe slapped on my dome
I'm laying in the street with blood oozing out my head
Excuse me, motherfucker, was it something I saidForks up, forks down, man, forks sideways
Then he grabbed my finger and he said, "Crime pays"
Swung on his pipe once again for the road
"Hold up, dawg," uh, this shit gets oldNow I walk the streets with a shattered skull
I'm gonna swing my axe to his jaw
Where the motherfucker at? Where the motherfucker stay?
How ya gonna fuck with the juggla Jay-ay-ayThere he sits, so I knock on the door
Pops opened up, pops hit the floor
Then I chop chop pops twice in his nugget
Well, he didn't do shit, fuck it, it's the murder go roundMurder go round, murder go round
How ya gonna fuck with a wicked clown?
Murder go round, murder go round
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