

85 Bucks an Hour (Feat. Insane Clown Posse)

Twiztid

(feat. Insane Clown Posse)

Chillen at the studio

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85 bucks an hour

So hurry up and loop a beat come on Mike

I'm Violent J but my homies call me shit head

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 and I don't five a fuck"

I did a record deal I signed a contract

Technically, for Island I can only rap

But fuck that, with Twiztid I'm a still spit

Even though I got a cold, and I sound like shit

What the fuck was that?

Fuck it, leave it in, the shit is phat

You heard this beat 80 times and it's still freakin

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 phat knots

And you're still flyering parkin lots

You might say my vocals are up too loud

So I'm a turn 'em up louder just to piss you off!

Psychopathic records are geniuses

Get off our penises

Here comes the chorus, but I ain't got a no hook

Instead I'll just fuck with the phone book

Hello?

Yeah, ugh Hairy Sacks please

Who's this?

Hairy, hey this is Slim Anus down at the canery

Ugh, take shoot at the bulletin

Somethin about ugh, you fillin in his slot tonight down at the ugh,

Garage we got a casement of fudge

We need as many packers as we can get

Duh, ugh, 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 ever seen me wear a damn thing green bitch
I'm far from rich, I got a hooptie
With a smash in the fender and in the back to
I got a broken tail light and I'll smash you
Bitch get outta my way we got Clown Love
Phat props to the lyrical town dove
It's the m-o, n-o, and I can't even spell the rest
It takes to long and I need a fuckin' cigarette
I can't hear my right ears mad whack
So shut the fuck up and listen or get and ass kicked
I slap hoes, and call them bitches to there faces
And scream out FUCK OFF BITCH,
Twiztid in their place
So back off recognize and check this
Simply my dear I don't give a FUCK
Psychopathic
Yo there's more chiles in this peace what's up son?
Hello? Yeah what's up son?
I'm Lookin for this deal know what I'm sayin?
I got raps to bust for ya'll
Ya'll ready for Mo Chile's?
I'm bout to kick this flow, you ready to kick it or what?
Who's this?
We're light son,
I'm Mo Chiles straight from the hood
I got all my peoplez on 1-800 and Chris Shaw
We commin home
My names 2 Dope and sometimes Shaggy
Sometimes Shaggs and sometimes Gweedy
I gets mad stupid, I gets mad ill
I done it all five, fuck it I do it still
Stretch my nuts back like a slingshot and plant 'em in your mouth
Shake my hips like Elvis
Wigglin my pelvis
I skipped that step
Apply the camera clutches stretch it back like a mutha fuckin' bungy jump
WHAT?
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 Bell Isle
I picked up dear shit
And now I spit raps
I snap your neck

'cause my freestyles are fresh

Songwriters

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