

Beverly Kills (DJ G Sweet MIX)

Insane Clown Posse

Jugglers come out to play...Guess who's coming to your big town
Jugglin' jesters kick it clowns
Circus sound painted frown
Carnival of carnage creeping round I'm Violent J and I'm sick
They try to run me down but ya know I'm too slick
And I slip and slide like a slinkie
Slip and slide with my twinkie
Welcome to my world as it winds and it twists
I'm a kick a funky little rhyme that you missed
Boloo-chewy-wuwvy-do-boo
And you'd be fucked up if that was really voodoo
Come see the one at the show of your life
See me breathe fire and swallow a knife, right
I ain't swallowing nothing, Jack
But I can juggalo like you never thought you'd ever know
And we packin' that funk
With a snap and a clap and a jump jump
So chicky chicky freak if ya wanna be down
Step on up, ah...and kiss the clown Kiss the clown Stop the bus
Violent J comes out
Barrels to your face
And blow your fucking face off cause ya know my mind is golden oh
Happen to catch me a Beverly show
Body fell asleep but my mind goes on
Welcome to the world of juggla's dome
First day I enrolled at the high school
Butt-naked with an axe, "wow, he's so cool"
"Stand up and say your name, tell us about yourself"
My name's 2 Dope and I cut necks all to hell
Dylan, Dylan, I'm trying to find Dylan
I'm finna cut his throat with a carny carny killin'
Rich boy never seen a ghetto jokero
Slap you in the head with a sledgehammo
Sorry Dylan didn't mean to knock ya
Then I stuffed his dead body in my locker
To the next class don't wanna be late
Finna ask Brenda on a little date
I heard this bitch likes to fight in clubs
Took her to a Might Max threw a pair of gloves

Wants to get her ass beat by a fat dyke
And left the money-ass bitch there for the night
Woke her in the morning, threw her in the trunk
Threw her in the tub, 'cause the dumb bitch stunk
How you doing Brenda, mind if I bend ya
Over rover, do me like Dundy
I'm sure ya'd like that, ya little skank
And when I finished, I stuffed the fucking head in the fish tank
Back to the school, fat bitch in the locker
Couldn't fit her booty in, so I cut her booty out
Sometimes I feel like I'm already in hell
Throwing up children on Del Ray smell
Fuck those fucking fucks, uh
Rich fucks, man, fuck those fucks
Beverly Hills is Beverly Kills
I'm gonna bring ghetto carnival thrills
Where's that other little rich little fag
Looking for Brandon 'cause we can't stand him
I know my boys make the bass go boom
But shhh, you can hear jacking off in the boys room
Aww, aww, Dylan. I want your anus. Aww, you're so
hot."Kicked in the stall then I kicked in his jaw
Kicked him in face and kicked in his balls
Punk tried to run but he couldn't try to wobble
Bust him in the head with an empty Faygo bottle
Took him to the staircase, jumped on his face
Road him down the bumpy chase
Can I hear him breathe one last note
Stuffed his back down his throat
Back to the locker, boy oh boy oh
Back to the locker, stop that fucker!
Back to the locker, boy oh boy oh
Back to the locker, fucking stop that fucker!
Walking down the hall and I'm feeling like the shit
'cause all that's left is one skank ass bitch
Kelly, Kelly, your neder's kinda smelly
Funk down your legs and up to your belly
But I'm with Del Ray, so fuck, don't fade me
Let me him man, you're finna kick the can
Come on, bitch, man. You're getting ready to die anyway.
Bitch, calm down. Let me get a little putang, ya know what I'm
saying. Let me get a little trimp, bitch. You finna die."Okay, 'cause I'm not a raper
But ya still make morning paper
Kelly found dead in her bathroom
Nah, Kelly found dead in her dad's room
No, Kelly found dead in her backyard
'cause Kelly choked on a Joker's Card
Smashed up bodies chilling in my locker
Kelly wouldn't fit, chop-chop-chop-chop her
Oh no, principal know what I'm about

'cause one of Dylan's sideburns was sticking
Oh shit, they chase me 'cause they found the bodies
Now I run my ass off, he-ho he-ho Yelling, getting mad, you can hear them cuss
Didn't look both ways and got hit by bus
Crunched up under, tangled in the wheels
Spit me out the muffler, ya know how that feels
Lost both my legs so I'm running on my hands
Then I seen Prince so I clap 'cause I'm a big fan
And straight busted my face on the street
And here come the police...ya know

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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