Birthday Bitches

Insane Clown Posse

Birthday bitches
Everybody sit around right here
Because Shaggy the clown has a present for everybodyI got your fuckin' present hangin' next to my nuts
Now when I'm swinging on my hatchet
If it hits you it cuts
Don't make me chop your head in half, and smack the side with your cheeks
Because I haven't had my mineral in almost a week
Your fuckin' momma brought me here to entertain your ass
So no matter what I'm doin' I expect you to laugh
Now when you see me do a trick
And if it isn't even funny, give me props
Unless you want your little necks bloody
I could probably do a cartwheel or something if you move the couch
But that ain't what I'm fuckin' about
I could sew your motuh shut, and pump air in through your nose
And fuckin' pop your head but we'd get blood on our clothes
Look, I'm a wicked clown
I ain't no fuckin' superhero
I ain't a big and scary dude, more like that little rey misterio
I'm quick to beat down all you little bitches
Right in front of your mom and if the bitch get's heated
Tell her, bring it onOh shit it's your birthday, oh no it isn't
It's somebody's birthday, oh no it isn't
Oh shit it's your birthday, oh no it isn't
It's your birthdayIt ain't mine motha facko

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