

Clown Love

Icp (insane Clown Posse)

Gangsters bangin', nuts straight hangin'
Chillin' in the alleyway, signs straight beepin'
Up in the air 'round hear they don't care
Get your muthafuckin' melon busted for a stare
Luv pumpin' through the heart, flowin' through the veins
Pop a muthafucka like it ain't no thang
Blood shot eyes from puffin' on the bud
Let me see that rag, let me see that love
Roamin' through the hood, top cut down
Car packed so full it's fuckin' on the ground
Max with the homies spittin' on the hoes
Stop in the store for a cold 40
Grabbin' on your balls, straight slangin' stalls
Fuck the gang squad tryin' to take me out my home
Check my neck and I got yours
'Cuz roll with yourself and keep that clown love
Throw your signs in the air
What's that? I don't check, I don't care
'Cuz I'm down with the clown everywhere
'Cuz much clown love is in here
Throw your signs in the air
What's that? I don't check, I don't care
'Cuz I'm down with the clown everywhere
And much clown love is in here
Hey, homes what's that you claimin'?'
I'm in the rhymin' game, wicked clown bangin'
I'm just a muthafucka that's down for the cause
You can suck on my balls unless you got clown love
Put 'em up, throw 'em up, let me see them muthafuckas
Flip 'em up, flip 'em down, flip 'em around
Muthafucka's mind all warped from breathin' in the smog
I'm all up in the shit, like if my name was 'Frog'
Damn I heard a shot, but I got luck
The muthafuckas missed, now it's time to shoot 'em up
Here come the sirens, I hear 'em gettin' close
Here come the squad, it's time to get ghost
If you wanna stay you get beat by a pig
Fuck that shit 'cuz were I live
My boys got my neck and I got theirs

'Cuz I'm true to myself, bitch, clown love
Throw your signs in the air
What's that? I don't check, I don't care
'Cuz I'm down with the clown everywhere
'Cuz much clown love is in here
Throw your signs in the air
What's that? I don't check, I don't care
'Cuz I'm down with the clown everywhere
And much clown love is in here
Hey, what the fuck you lookin' at man
My rag, my flannel, or the club in my hand?
Well, here go ahead, take a closer look
Thanx for the wallet, bitch
Give me them ducats, muthafuckin' child
Too busy doing other things like hangin' with my mob
Crew got my neck, when push come to shove
Never sell out yourself, and keep that clown love
Throw your signs in the air
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What's that? I don't check, I don't care
'Cuz I'm down with the clown everywhere
And much clown love is in here
Throw your signs bitch

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