

Hound Dogs (feat. Insane Clown Posse & Blaze)

Twiztid

[Violent J:]
Hound Dogez mutha'fucker
Get off my nizos
Get off my nutz
Get off my bitch! [Shaggy 2 Dope:]
Shit Mutha'fuckin hound doggz, what?!
Swinging from my balls so hard it's like I got a third nut
And look I don't care who you know bitch
Looking fine get the fuck to the back of the line
Liar hoe saying you mah Cousin
Like my momma and your momma sister's or something
Oh yeah we down, go ahead let'em in
Blah! Knuckle hammers to the chin
Get down wit me, and I'll be down back
Put my dick in your mouth, your gonna hear ya neck snap (Crack!)
In fact hoe, fuck off my bus
Ask questions like a mutt but they down to fuck? (No)
You see 'em go, you see 'em go, you see 'em come again
From my dick to Twiztid's dick, and then
To Violent J's dick, to Blaze's Dick, try to grope us wit they paws
Goddamn hound dogs! [Chorus:]
"Bow wow wow yippe yo yippe yay"
"Hound dogz ain't got shit to say"
"Bow wow wow yippe yo yippe yay"
"Givva dog a bone, Givva a dog a Bone"
[Repeat x 2] [Jamie Maddrox:]
What's the whole meaning of a hound dog? (What?)
Butt sniffing, dick licking, all kinds of rouges y'all
I'm in a club, smoking on a square
Step on out to get a lil freshair
But I can't do that, I get attacked like a Cardiac
People rush front ta back, like sign that
Ain't nuttin wrong wit giving me props
But acting like the punk ass cops
And swinging off my nuts has gotta stop
Walk around, spreading rumors like ya know
Saying shit you heard me say to a hoe after a show
Homie, I don't play that shit one bit
Fuck around and get your head cut off like quick

Psychopathic bitch boy, peep the axe
Specializing in splitting a hound dogz' back
Plotting against the whole world of facts
So get off my dick and I'm out like that[Jamie Maddrox:]
Alright y'all[Some bitch:]
Wait, com'ere!
Oh my god, you don't remember me?[Jamie Maddrox:]
Nah...[Some bitch:]
I had a crush on you for like nine years[Jamie Maddrox:]
I don't know you fat bitch![Some bitch:]
It's me, Jenny
I sat behind you in Mrs. Coberry's chemistry class[Jamie Maddrox:]
Bitch I didn't even go to school[Some bitch:]
No, I'm saying if you were to sit there it would of been the shit
Think you could sign my shirt?[Violent J:]
Hehehehehehehehe, yeah
I remember school, hoes back then were like "Joe Bruce ewwww"
Years passed by, and look I'm a star, now all those hoes like "Joe Bruce ahhhh"
I'm still that nerdy ass voodoo nut
Now I got hound dogz sniffing my butt
I can have a worm hanging out of my dick hole
And they be like "Oh I think it's cute tho hehe"
Missed me wit all that, I ain't changed any
Look at me I make Big Pun look skinny
I'm ugly as fuck resembling a Kligon
Hoes still let me get my ding-a-ling-a-swing on
What's up wit these pop kids buying my shit?
Main street groupies get off my dick
I want to see real juggalos at shows
Fuck these backstreet richy fake hoes[Chorus x 2][Blaze:]
You don't even know who the fuck I am
Yet bitches like "This is fresh" Goddamn!
My lips is crusty, my feets is musty
Lift up my nutz, and my itch is dusty
I ain't had pussy in eleven years
I been dead, ain't nobody shedding tears (No)
Look bitch I don't give a fuck about fame
Got cock for ya bitches, 'cause I'm married to the game
Ain't no change to the shit I spit
Site outlaw bitches for the days and weeks freak
I see you hating on my raiders cap
But back in the day you were all about that (Sure was)
Shot that ass out back in eighty-nine
Bury Revered Oaks and his clock of mind
Rose from the dead wit the lotus clique

My guns played out, and I ain't changing shit (nope)[Some bitch:]
Hey aren't you Monoxide Child?[Monoxide Child:]
That's right bitch[Some bitch:]
Right, the skinny one
My best friend John is supposed to be cousin's with you or something[Monoxide Child:]
Who?[Some bitch:]
So I figure you can give me your phone number
And I can give it to him, and we all can hang out or something[Monoxide Child:]
Shiiiiit[Some bitch:]
Whateva, Oh my god it's Blaze
Hey dude call me![Monoxide Child:]
Youse a hound dog bitch, and I smack ya face
Ridding on my dick, now how my nutz taste?
Everywhere I go somebody want an photograph
Or an autograph or can I get a tap
How'd y'all get started, ya shit is really tight
And what be motivating y'all to grab the pen and write
Listen here little bitch, I'm the killer in disguise
Twiztid muthafucka wit the milk white eyes
I despise how ya perpetrate like a juggalo
But you ain't down, muthafucka you a juggahoe
Hey hoe you afraid of the facts
Never packing a gat, and always seen wit an axe (Jump)
Take another picture and I break ya jaw
Got an eighty pound punch for every one of y'all
Muthafuckaz wit the bitch ass hound dog face (Yeah)
My ass crack's exposed, go ahead and get a taste[Chorus x 2][Violent J:]
Muthafuckin h,ound dogz muthafucka
I got more shit to say
Yo yo
It be the same hound dogz in different cities
Staring at me like I'm a set of titties
Autographing T-shirts hats and socks
And this bitch don't even know Riddle Box
Real Juggalos don't want no picture
They just walk up like "What up Ninja"
After that, they give a fuck where I'm heading
They're like Fuck him we looking for Nedden
And I don't need anymore free tattoos
Got my arms looking like Motley Crue's
I can be talking to the finest bitch in the land
And you run up like "Hey, What up man"
That's when I slap you right on the spot
And have Billy Bill beat ya down in the parking lot
Do I think I'm better 'cause Nedden comes easy?

For-Sheze Bitch
Bottom line y'all
Get off our balls
Psychopathic out like Biggie-Small's "Can't fuck with Dark Lotus Biiiiiitch!"

Songwriters

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