

Just Another Crazy Clique

Icp (insane Clown Posse)

(Intro-J and Shaggy)

I choke (nope) Hold up. Aight, listen. (Fucking go!)

I stab you with an umbrella, and then open it!

(Noo!)

Cause I'm sick like a diseased Etheopian!

(That shit's wack...aight, fuck that...aight, hold up....aight, c'mon.... Wait
a second, listen!)

I'll peel your cap back with a cannonball

I buck them all,fuck them all

(Yeah!)

We standing tall

(Whooooo!!)

Three 6 Mafia!! (Yes!! Yes!!) Insane Clown Posse and

Twiztid (Nooooo!!)

We used to,we used to,

We used to rob for them petty thangs

Like a gold chain

Or a mothafucking pinky ring

Now it's cocaine

If you see me on the dope train

I'm the dope man

Cigarettes in my right hand

Ready to make a stand

Old folks scared of eye gain

Out the window pane

They be looking with a migraine

While I catch a drain

And you know it's a fucking shame

When you in this game

Trying to sell to a sprung lane

I control your brain

Now do my niggaz, bust glocks, fuck wit us, bitch see

It's the buckest of the four, bust a trick, make em' bleed

Through his neck, through his back, nigga, cover them hoes

Ain't nuttin else gonna be workin when you twirkin wit some pros

Automatic with the carrier

Silence on the barrier

Hang them in the closet, kidnap the treasurer

Bandanas on our face from wilding out like some cowboys

Hoe, we need the keys and I'm talking like, now boy!
We be just another crazy clique, doing whatever to get us by
When we pumped up, you out of luck, bitch, I ain't gon' lie
Put your guards up, show them who really running the streets with them Calicos
All kinds of shit bitch you cant compete
We be just another crazy clique, doing whatever to get us by
When we pumped up, you out of luck, bitch, I ain't gonna lie
Put your guards up, show em' who really runnin' the streets with them Calicos
All kinds of shit bitch you cant compete
We the clique that don't play
Quick to rip your head off and hand it to Violent J
And bury it away
I'm on a spree
Killing for free
Without a conscience
Bitches, we on a mission to bomb shit
Twiztid, ICP, with the Triple Six clique
Hoes that pop lip
Can eat a dick
Or get your neck slit
I'm having these memory lapses
Of bodies off in the caskets

With no heads
Monoxide, ruler of the dead
We 50-deep on the lawn
With the Psychopathic leathers on
You say it's on
So come bring it on
We getting crunk at your funerals
Treat us like we criminals
We Juggalo individuals (Woop Woop)
We just another crazy clique
ICP, Twiztid, Triple Six
All up in this bitch
And we running shit
We doing driveby's on all y'all with chainsaws
Pure uncut, redefining rugged and raw
We be just another crazy clique, doing whatever to get us by
When we pumped up, you out of luck, bitch, I ain't gonna lie
Put your guards up, show them who really running the streets with them Calicos
All kinds of shit bitch you cant compete
We be just another crazy clique, doing whatever to get us by
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All kinds of shit bitch you cant compete
Just another crazy clique to fuck around and bury ya
Taking care of ya
We scarier
Than malaria
I walk around your neighborhood like Frankenstein
Choking anybody I find
I'm taking mine
You mothafuckas can't get near it
Cause you fear it
Look at my glass eye, I'm sick like Lou Gerigh
I dunno judo, but I go KEE-YA!!!
Fuck you up so bad, a wheelchair couldn't see ya
Listen,(sluurpp!) Ya hear that, slut?
That was me,pulling this dick out ya butt
I'm a juggalo serial killa, steady screaming FUCK YALL!
I stab bitches with a chainsaw
We walk around Compton and Watts beat scrubs up
And right into thugs face, I throw the dubs up
We tearing clubs up, down south from the D
Three Six y'all, Twiztid, and ICP
We be just another crazy clique, doing whatever to get us by
When we pumped up, you out of luck, bitch, I ain't gonna lie
Put your guards up, show them who really running the streets with them Calicos
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