Bring It On

Icp (insane Clown Posse)

Welcome everyone to the big show Jake and Jack in the Dark Carnival Remove your hats or we'll cut off your heads Show respect, you's amongst the dead Don't like bigots and richy boy fucks Ain't shit changed, bitch check us Detroit, southwest murderers die The greatest spectacle under the sky 5 cards came and made they mark From moon you gone down to platin' park Fuck you drum sticks, xylophone, cello I'm a wicked clown, bitch hello Everybody come jump in our rides Bring you and your fat ass bitch in side Wagons, tents are swift as a breeze Can't nobody get with these Motherfucker, bring it on Bring it, bring it, bring it Violent J, Shaggy, serial killers with style Fashion of the 2000s and beyond Voodoo chicken and magical wands Dead bigots, face down in the pond Broken neck with the flick of our wrist All this playa hate, gettin' me pissed Fat chick, skinny chick, chicky chick hoe Swishers, Faygos and Kung Foo blows If Jake Jeckel drop 88 card No more chicks just sizzlin' balls I'll hypnotize ya like a vampire Bite your neck and set your head on fire Shoot me with silver bullets, okay I'll pull 'em out, pawn 'em and get paid Here try my licorice treat

I know dead folk that chew their feet

Carnival moves in shadow of time

And he's runnin' a little behind

Bitch, bring it on

Bring it, bring it, bring it

Insane Clown Posse I.C.P

Axe murdering done with a touch of Detroit class

Jeckel Drop ball, Shangrila dies

Jeckel Drop ball, Shangrila dies

Jeckel Drop ball, Shangrila dies

1 for your greed, 2 for your lies

Jeckel Drop ball, Shangrila dies

Jeckel Drop ball, Shangrila dies

Jeckel Drop ball, Shangrila dies

1 for your greed, 2 for your lies

Shaggs 2 dope, serial killa

Axe murder boy, wig cap peela

I can wear a Fila jacket and look fresh

I'm pimpin' like David Caresh

Why's it that people think I got bombs in my locka?

Teacher try to open it up, I'm a sock her

Get the fuck back and leave me alone

Before I have to come to your home and see ya

Wind me up and I can do flips

And put the smack down on your lips

Billy Boy Rude jumps Steady Tom Tubs

Stephan Legs, Double A got love

Drinkin' Moon Mist carnival bar

Got folk love, people love, whatever you are

Fork side ways, I'm a jugglin' man

Can't nothin' the reign

Bitch, bring it on

Bring it, bring it, bring it

{Yes may I help you?

Ya let me get a three soft tacos

With no lettuce and chillito and a not so

Excuse me miss, but we do not have, how do you say 'Chillito'

A chillito, a chillito, you know what I'm sayin'? It's a, it's a

No sir, I do not know, we have no chillito as you say

This is Taco Land

We have only have fresh vegetables with pizza loaf

We have no 'Chillito'

Man fuck that! I'm looking at this shit right on your menu

I want a chillito

Perhaps instead I make for you a fresh slice of tomato and pizza, no

What the fuck! I want a motherfuckin' chillito man

Yeah, fuck off

What?

Fuck off

I fuck you motherfucker

No, fuck off, my God}

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