

85 Bucks an Hour

Insane Clown Posse & Twiztid

[Violent J]

Chillin at the Studio

Chillin at the Studio 85 bucks an hour

So hurry up and loop a beat Mike, come on! I'm Violent J,

but my homies call me shithead

But that's my homies

To you I'm Violent J bitch

I put my boys on a track even though they suck

"Yo dawg I'm Dave I don't give a fuck."

I did a record deal

I signed a contract

Technically for Island I can only rap

But fuck that, with Twiztid I'ma still spit

Even though I got a cold and I sound like shit

What the fuck was that?! (Coughs)

Fuck it, leave it in that shit was phat

You heard this beat 80 times and I'ma still freak it

And if you notice my shit don't even rhyme

Look at that ...

I ain't even got a rap and it's still phat

My shit went gold

I got fat knots

And your still flyering parking lots

You might say my vocals are up too loud

So I'mma turn em up louder and I'll piss you off.

Psychopathic Records are geniuses

Get off on penises

Here comes the chorus, but I got no hook

Instead I'll just fuck with the phonebook

[Phone rings]

Hello?

Yeah uh Harry Sacks please?

Who is this?

Uh Harry hey this is Slim Anus down at the cannery uh,

Dick Shooter left a bulletin, something about uh

Tou filling in his slot tonight down at the uh garage

We got a casement of fudge, we need as many packers

that we can get uh, uh Sacks

Hello?

[Jamie Madrox]

My name is Jamie Madrox and I got fat balls
I'm always urinating in the motel halls
I got a big head that never fits a hat
So you ain't seen me wearin a damn thing green bitch
I'm far from rich I got a hooptie
With a smash in the fender
And in the back too
I got a broken taillight and I'll smash you, bitch
Get outta my way, we got clown luv
Phat props to the lyrical Tom Dub.[Monoxide Child]
It's the M, O, N, O, and I can't even spell the rest
It takes too long and I need a fuckin cigarette
I can't hear
My right ear's mad wack
So shut the fuck up and listen or get an ass kicking
I slap hoes and call them bitches to their face
And scream "Now fuck off bitch, Twiztid in the place!"
So back up, recognize and check nuts
Cause simply my dear, I don't give a fuck![Phone rings]
Psychopathic
Yo this Mo Styles in dis peace, what's up son?
Hello?
Yeah, what's up son
I'm lookin' for this deal you know what I'm sayin
I got raps to bust for y'all
Y'all ready for Mo Styles?
I'm about to kick this flow
You ready for this shit or what?
Who is this?
Word life son
I'm Mo Styles
I'm straight from the hood
I got all my peoples on 1-800-increase-y'all
We coming hard
(Bring it, bring it, bring it)[Shaggy 2 Dope]
My name's 2 Dope
And sometimes Shaggy
Sometimes Shaggs
And some times Gweedy
I get mad stupid
I gets mad ill
Locked down on all 5, fuck it
I do this still
Stretch my nuts back like a sling shot

I plant em in your mouth
Shake my hips like Elvis
Wiggling my pelvis
Last kid that stepped
I applied the camel clutch
And stretched his back like a muthafuckin bungee jump

What!

(Uh, uh, uh)[Violent J]

I'm Violent J back to make you smile more

I let my nutsack drag on the tile floor

I kick free styles for miles

My gold comes in piles

I worked on Belle Isle

I picked up deer shit and now I spit raps

I snap your neck

Cause my free styles are fresh.

[Laughs]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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