

## Freestyle Fellowship "Slappy The Happy Killer Clown"

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[Refrain]

We finnin' to get these motherfuckas  
Eh eh man, what's up nigga? [sirens]  
You motherfucka! [gunshots]  
Take that motherfuckas!

[Aceyalone]

I creep from out the woodworks, where they can't run  
Jumpin' out a clown car, with a paint gun  
95 rappers deep, and we still coming  
Make you want to grab your heat, or maybe keep  
running  
Yo baby keep it runnin' we about to regulate!  
If I ain't back in five minutes, evacuate  
Blow up the place 'cause I'm sho' 'gon blow the spot  
I hope my mic's close, 'cause that's all I got  
And my balls and my words and my many styles  
That's why y'all 'bout to get served right now  
I got surveillance, on you and your assailants  
I smell the fragrance, of a foul MC flagrant  
I come for the jabberjaws, and blabbermouths  
Split 'em, tongue and cheek, turn a rapper out  
Inside out show 'em, what you're made of  
It ain't no love, when push comes to shove

[Refrain]

I supersoak they sucka ass with a rainwater gun  
Claim that they wanted heat, so I brought 'em some  
Caught his ass in traffic, remained very calm  
Hit him with a matchstick, and a cherrybomb  
He ducked the first shot banked into a parking lot  
He hit the curb- damn look how high that car can hop!

The transmission did a bellyflop on the ground  
Both of the front tires blew and he spinned around  
Doors flew open and they all started splittin' up  
So I pulled out the babyface and started spittin' up  
I guess you thought everything was all fine and dandy  
That's why I had to lay your ass on this cotton candy  
All I remember was.. chaos in the shopping center  
A crashed car with little Jack on the antenna

And all he seen was a clown face in the crowd  
And somebody in his ear laughin' hella loud

[Refrain]

I caught him at the carnival, on my home turf  
Right up in the audience, at the Greatest Show on Earth  
Loaded up the human cannon, and put the homie in  
Shot his ass to his seat, to get his ass again  
25 gumballs, in a tubesock  
Beat him like he stole some'm, until the dude dropped  
Tie him up with licorice, he's gettin' a little scratchy  
Slap him up and gag his ass, with a handful of taffy  
Put him on a unicycle, and send him down a hill  
Put a nose and wig on him, so we can clown for real  
Got a problem come to me, or go to Bozo  
Krusty or my homie Homey, and that's fo' sho' though

[Refrain]

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