

Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Ain't Yo Bidness"

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[Intro:] Rude boy sittin pancaked on 23's
Clown Love to chicago juggalos
We underground like Blaze
My dead homie
And yours
We dead
We dead, no wait a minute... we don't die!
We don't die
We dead

[Violent J:]
Maybe i like bloody, murder music, you know shit like "
stab your fuckin eye"
Maybe i like eatin shit like Tylenol PM's cuz 5 or 6 will
get you high
Maybe i like punchin people i don't even know, i knock
em flat up fuckin out (PAH)
Tuck some money in they jacket with a note that simply
reads " i had to let some anger out" (sorry)
Maybe i only hang with weirdos, and hoodlums, and
junkies, i keep em be my side (what up)
Maybe mam doesnt't't understand a friend is hard to
come by, so i'll keep what i can find (My Boys)
Maybe i got 2 felonies, tattoos on my neck and i always
paint my face
Can i still data your daughter? i mean i think i outta, i like
the way she taste

[Chorus:]
AINT YO BIDNESS
How i act!
AINT YO BIDNESS
Don't get slapped!
AINT YO CONCERN
WHAT WE DO
LESS YOU WANT YO
Face slapped too!

[Violent J:]
Maybe i don't even like you, but i gotta front cuz your a
record label guy (mother fucker)
What if i dragged you by the hair, into the street, and

beat your ass, and put a boot up in your eye (Puh!
Bitch!)
Maybe i would rather fuck a Missy Elliot before a Tony...
"Braxton"
Maybe i would rather fuck a Meci Grey before a Janet...
"Jackson"
Maybe i don't have no self esteem so i like to pick on
everybody else
Maybe when i was a boy, underneath my shirt i had
bruises and welts "Oh" (its ok)
Maybe i was hungry, bottom barrel poor, and my mom
was always sick
Maybe i'm lying, i'm just trying to find an excuse to be a
dick, I'm a dick - dick
Maybe i'm upset that you left me, i'll ahng myself right
above your bed " you should try suicide"
From the ceiling fan, so i'll be swingin when you walk i, i
might kick you in the head (Stook!)
Maybe i got seven therapists, i been committed, but
manager he got me free (Double A yall)
18 Pills a day, i get so dizzy and high, sometimes i
can't even see, (I gotta sit down)

[Chorus:]
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How i act!
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