

Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Birthday Bitches"

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[Lady:]

Okay everybody, it's clown time, a clown is here.
Everybody sit around right here.
Because Shaggy the clown has a present for
everybody.

[Shaggy 2 Dope:]

I got your fuckin' present hangin' next to my nuts, now
when i'm swinging on my hatchet, if it hits you it
cuts. Don't make me chop your head in half, and smack
the side with your cheeks. Because i haven't had my
mineral in almost a week, your fuckin' momma brought
me here to entertain your ass. So no matter what i'm
doin' i expect you to laugh. Now when you see me do a
trick, and if it isn't even funny, give me props, unless
you want your little necks bloody. I could probably do a
cartwheel or something if you move the couch, but that
ain't what i'm fuckin' about. I could sew your motuh
shut, and pump air in through your nose. And fuckin'
pop your head but we'd get blood on our chlothes. Look,
i'm a wicked clown, i ain't no fuckin' superhero. Ain't a
big and scary, though I fly like little Ray Mysterio. I'm
quick to beat down all you little bitches right in front of
your mom and if the bitch get's heated, tell her, bring it
on!

[Chorus:]

Oh shit it's your birthday, oh no it isn't.
It's somebody's birthday, oh no it isn't.
Oh shit it's your birthday, oh no it isn't.
It's your birthday.[x1]

[Violent J:]

It ain't mine motha facko.

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