

Icp (insane Clown Posse) "Bitch I Lied"

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"Bitch I Lied"

Bitch, i'm here to tell you i lied
When i seen that thick-ass it was over
Nothin else mattered, i ain't even care
I pulled the rubber off when i stuck it up in there too

Bitch, i lied to you, this ain't my home
Kicked in the back door and now we're alone
I stole the car that i picked you up in
Plus me and your girl have been fuckin

Bitch, i lied, everything i said to you
All steps to land in your bed with you
My watch is fake, this ain't my coat
And i sent you letters that my brother wrote for me

Bitch, i lied, everytime i left town
I really stayed right here at home
Dickin hoes down, every penny that you helped my
mom
With went straight to the asian spa, bitch

[chorus]

Hey look, i lied and i'm happy for it
Look how you turned out to be
You're no prize, no prize
Hey look, i lied and i'm happy for it
Look how you turned out to be
You're no prize, girl, no prize

Bitch, i lied, i didn't buy you that
I stole you that, and then i stole it back
It ain't no mr. right without a mr. wrong
First, and you fucked up and met mr. worst

I fucked a hooker and left skeet on your backseat
And kept on and never missed a beat
And bitch, i lied, my name ain't lance
I lied my way in and outta your pants

I never played football for michigan state

I lied to your neden and it bit the bait
I never won a medal for winnin a back stroke race
But bitch, i lied to your face

I'm the motherfucker that stole your momma's purse
And watched you and your daddy blame it on her
I lied everyday of our lives to your ear holes
(you look really good when you wear those)

[chorus]

Hey look, i lied and i'm happy for it
Look how you turned out to be
You're no prize, no prize
Hey look, i lied and i'm happy for it
Look how you turned out to be
You're no prize, girl, no prize

Bitch, i lied, about so much shit
Half the shit, i forget
I tell you new lies to cover the old
I throw hot new shit on top of the cold

Flip the script up and talk you blind
Backwards, re-enactment, rewind
Tangle the topic, have you blamin you
For the fucked up shit i do

I told you i owned a mcdonald's in thailand
(and you bought that shit, damn)
I told you that al pacino was my man
(and you bought that shit, damn)
I told you a whole lotta shit cuz i can
(and you bought that shit, damn)
You're no brize, bitch, no prize

[chorus]

Hey look, i lied and i'm happy for it
Look how you turned out to be
You're no prize, no prize
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