

Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Chop! Chop!"

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"Yeah, yeah, then you know what you can do
You can be a couple of pleasers
And take some tweezers
And bust every hair off my nutsac
Paste em to your back
Then jump on the E track
And suck my dick exactly where's it at, ho"
Juggalos... (repeat)
Hey, hey, it's the wicked jokers
And we coming to the valley and to smoke ya (choke ya)
Kick the clown in the forehead
And I'm jugglin jugglin your head (Jed)
You big fat redneck money-ass hick
I'm a city slicker
And I'm coming to getcha, hit ya
And the carnivals gonna get with ya
Oh, I might as well mention
That I come from another dimension
You never seen nothing like this, boy
Magic acts of pain and joy
Keystone come and try to get me
But I pack a French curler with me
Ha, and the officer let me off quick
Here's a dunkin double dip, you fat piece of shit
Heh, picture that (that)
Packin' a magic wand and a top hat
Cuz some gotta stop
Or the wicked clowns are gonna CHOP CHOP!!!
Swing swing swing and chop chop chop (3x)
Chop chop
Swing swing swing and chop chop chop (3x)
Got to be funky
Detroit's air is toxic
My eyeball's popped out they sockets
And fried in the street like a steakum
....Shake em, bake em
Break em off something from the smoke stack
I been breathing all my life so I'm dying anyway
I'm nothing but a radiation freak show
My arm fell off and bounced on the floor
Carnival left out the alley (alley, alley)

And we stopping in Sunny Valley
Jumping up and down on richie's head
And I'm gonna jump until he's finally dead
Jump jump jump jump...
They got no love yet they got control
They'll never touch my funky soul
Street top bull it sent chop
Now we can run or we can walk
Either way some gotta stop
Or the wicked clowns are gonna chop chop
Swing swing swing and chop chop chop (3x)
Chop chop
Swing swing swing and chop chop chop (3x)
Got to be funky
Wicked clown, wicked clown what's up come's down
Before my nuts go soft juggle them around
Bitch wanna join the carnival circus
Grab my dingaling and jerk and jerk this
I gotta catch these carnival thrills
Rude Boy empty heads I drill
Chills, thrills, bigots, train wheels
An axe to the forehead usually kills
If this ain't hell, I can't tell
Hang my body on a cross with some rusty nails
If I juggle ya call me a juggla
I'm a nap burgler voodoo smuggler
See I got the symptoms of insanity
I'm down with J from the ICP
I'm down with him and he's down with me
So if we gotta chop C-H-O-P
Running down the block, someone hit me with a rock
And my brains all over the street
But I'm a wicked clown and I'm up and down
And all over this Esham beat
So if I gotta chop then I guess I gotta chop
If I chop then I gotta chop chop
You can never stop sucker, you can never drop wicked
Clowns cuz we love to CHOP CHOP!!!
Swing swing swing and chop chop chop (3x)
Chop chop
Swing swing swing and chop chop chop (3x)
Got to be funky
Chop chop
I'm gonna ride this wicked footy

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