

Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Graveyard"

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I C P the wicked clowns and Project Born
Serial Slaughtering motherfuckers in the graveyard

Tick to the motherfuckin tock
Nigga the click from Project Born and ICP are here to
rock
Nigga trippin in the graveyard
Just don't try to play hard
It will be your ass up on the block
Up on the block when I start pullin cards
Cuz J will be the barrier
2 Dope will be the carrier
And Project Born is wborn to put a bullet in your
derriere
It's time to wake the dead and dead and move
And then they woke up a lot of souls
And hope to hell with the Nitty folk
Cuz I be dreamin I'm dead and gone
And on the fucken tooth I miss
Mr. Nitty 74 to 94 took two to the head
Tryin to be hard to get you there
A nine milla mil will put you there
Punk ass nigga do your hair six motherfuckers will
carry you there
It'll side your fate, if I'm movin I be hurtin ya
I'm puttin on way to much drinks so it is curtains for ya
Bitches I'm a blast and the bitches are never after
These punk ass thinks he's tryin to throw the casket
On the masta, I'm fasta
You should of tried to beat me to the ticker yo
I don't give a fuck if Mr. Nitty bein hoe
Don't risk your neck from the brother on the boulevard
G-r-a-v-e-y-a-r-d bitch it's the graveyard

Stop into the graveyard been chillen here for days
Workin the graveyard shift diggen up all the graves
Sellin all the stiff to the Dead Body Man
One came back to life so then I began to ran
The decrepit motherfucker was followin right behind
I don't know what to do, I think I'm losin my mind
Right then the corpse came jumpin out a tree
Way out a tree, and fallin on top of me

Back on my feet, a zombie in my face
Put my hands around his neck and tried to put it in a
brace
But a nope, that's not how the shit goes
His head popped off and started nibblin on my toes
I got dead bodies to the right
I got dead bodies to the left
I done took care of one, but what about the rest?
Tie me up with some veins draggin me into the tomb
I knew I had to be doomed
Cause I can hear the loons in my head
Clear as day, echoin through my brain
Tellin me somthin's wrong then I felt the pain
It was nockin down my flesh by the pound
But that's what happens
When you be fuckin around in the graveyard, dawg

Come to the graveyard now you see what's goin on
You scarder then a motherfucker shouldn't of brought
your ass along
It ain't no place to hide, and it ain't no place to run
And plus I pack a bible, a shovel, and a shot gun
Don't you point your finger though ICP don't ride a
hearse
You think it's over now, but now it's gonna get much
worse
Deadly hows I play the game, nothin else can fuck with
that
See you wanna don't know what you got, you better
duck with that
The dead will come alive and decapitate your fuckin
head
Now I gotta wake the dead, sleepin on the death bed
Mr. Nitty gonna dig a ditch, to you and your fuckin bitch
I'm stealin for the broken hoe
Suck on my dick you rich hoe
Your daddy got a job and he treat me like a bum
But I'm a let his ass know, he can come and get some
And he ain't mean shit to me, comin from the PJP
The Project Born assassin but you best be watchin me
Cause I'm diggin graves, graves is what I'm diggin
I can't believe this shit, this niggas still liven
So why you gonna play hard? Brother blow your hole
card
And I'll go slap your ass with the shovel in the
graveyard

My name is Violent J and I be sleeping in a coffin
Deep underground, never to be found
Then my body rots as I'm sleepin in peace
Cuz nobody dares to ever wake the deceist

But who is this motherfucker knockin at my tomb?
Disturbin the worms that are tryin to consume, my body
It better be somebody worthy, bastard
Oh, he he, it's the Ringmaster
Givin me orders to awake from the dead
My body is decayed I need to find a new head
And a new leg, but then I'll be straight
To crawl from the dirt, and put in some work
One o'clock one thirty, two in the morning
Wicked Clowns ICP and Project Borning
At the graveyard I got the whole wide world in my
hands
Cuz I'm the Dead Body Man
Wicked, Wicked Jokers, Wicked Jokers, Wicked Fun
Eiffel eye and T and Southwest become one
And in the name of the dead you got dealt yet another
joker card
Straight from the graveyard [repeat]

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