

Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Halloween On Military Street"

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[Chorus]

Fuck! Damnit! Another Halloween.
People on Military know what this means.
Houses on fire, they're blowin up cars.
Creatures in the streets, and razor blades in candy bars.

I went to trick-or-treat the first house on my block,
Spit in my face and gave my a rock.
I tried to give it back and said "I'll take nothing instead."
Turned around and walked away and felt the rock peg me in the head

Walked to the next house directly next door
There I saw an old woman dead on the floor
I said "Excuse me miss, but do you have a treat?"
She lifted her leg and scrapped flakes off her dead feet

I ran to the next house happy and giddy
And there i seen a fat woman holding up her titty
I said, "Trick-or-treat." she sad "Treat-or-trick."
And squeezed on her titty until it.....fuck it that's too sick

Next house up was sittin back in the woods
I was a lil frightened but fuck I want the goods
I knocked on the door I heard a knock back
And then i heard "COME ON IN" and yo I'm like FUCK DAT!

This house belongs to Mrs. Cherry Spoon
She said, "Drop your drawls and your treat is coming soon."
I quickly grew a stiffy, but kept my eyes shut
A hand came out the mail chute and flicked me in the nuts

I wobbled to the next house ready for the worst
And chillin in the drive was a long black hurst
I rang the door bell and said "Is anybody home."

"Of course little biy have a sugar coated kidney stone."

I walked throught the field, and to the next crib
Her friendliness could only be in her cooking bib
I said "How bout some candy." she said "How bout
instead,
A nice hot fresh home made loaf of yeast infection
bread."

My bag's gettin heavy so I rest on the curb
And riding on his bike her comes little Larry Shurb
I snuck up behind him and kicked him off his seat
I punched him in the neck, and power bombed him in
the street

Now my bag of candy has doubled in size
Up to the next house for my scary prize
I'm like trick-or-treat, trick treat tricky dick
He opened up his door slapped my lips and didn't give
me shit

Rock through his window and ran across the street
To the Dayton Mansion I'm in for a treat
I dinged on the dong, and here comes the butler
A big gumpy tall ass lurch lookin ma'fucka

I said "Hello Mr. is there somethin for my sack?"
He reached in his pocket but I think he hurt his back
It's taking him an hour, my bag is open ready
But then he finally dropped it in my sack, a fuckin
penny

The next house is abandonded so forget it
But wait a minute, I think somebody's livin in it
I ran up to the door "Trick-or-treat, you can't hide"
It was a crackhead, he crawled in my bag and died

The next house is mine the last on the block
My mother's sitting on the porch shinning up hr glock
I climbed on the roof with my brother Jump Steady
And we yelled "HAPPY HALLOWEEN AND CLOWN
LOVE!" to the whole city

[Chorus til fade]

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