

## Icp (insane Clown Posse) "Haunted Bumps"

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### "Haunted Bumps"

I come beating down the block and i crack the bedrock  
Dishes drop, the shit comes to a (dead stop)  
Motherfuckers think Godzilla's coming (the lights go dark)  
The whole house humming  
My amps (draw energy) and wipe out the power  
My beat transmits over radio tower  
The woofers might suck all the air out your lungs (if you stand too close)  
When the monster hums  
People think a nuclear war is at their front door  
When i got my volume only on four  
(gas pipes explode) and the storefronts shatter  
Killing these kilowatts is all that matter  
Fuck the police, the citizens, and (fuck the judge)  
I'll blow they whole house down with some old clown love  
Those that have heard can't describe my bump  
(they know) something from the beyond in my trunk

*[chorus (2x):]*

Na na na nana na na (boom) (all night)  
Na na na nana na na (boom) (all night)  
Na na na nana na na (boom) (all night)  
There's something from the beyond in my trunk

Straight off the freeway and into your city with black  
swarm of cave bat  
(following with me) they attracted to the hum that'll  
knock your brain numb  
You keep looking for the lighting (but it ain't none)  
when my fucking bass drops  
(the whole block hops) everything switch, stops, clicks,  
and unlock  
You gotta recalculate your computer (reset all your  
clocks) and reload all your shooters  
My woofers blow down trees and then pull 'em back up  
(past the graveyard) as the tombstone crack up  
Those that have heard can't describe my bump  
(they know) there's something from the beyond in my

trunk

*[chorus]*

Fish jump out the water trying to swim for the moon  
Vibrational booms drying up the lagoons  
My bumps pop fake titties and melt ice grills  
Relocate your piercings (dissolve your pills)  
Police wail on they sirens but i blow they tweeters  
Illuminated liquid leaking outta my speakers  
Each drop burns all the way down to the earth's core  
(dust devils) sweep across the earth's floor  
Crows and ravens don't flap they wing  
They just float on the waves that the humdrum brings  
Those that have heard can't describe my bump  
(they know) something from the beyond in my trunk

*[chorus]*

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