

## **Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "If I Was A Serial Killer"**

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If I was a serial killer, they would find all my victims  
Heads in funky-ass station toilets  
And if I was a serial killer, I would be strage and  
deranged  
And I would never change

If I was a serial killer, I'd be know as the smoker  
Cuz I would cut off and smoke all of they hair  
And if I was a serial killer, I would sleep on broken  
glass  
And thumb tacks and I would smoke mad crack

First thing I would do would be to kill a couple hotties  
That always get 'em all stirred up, decapitated bodies

Dumped on state police lawn just before dawn  
To let them know my ritual had begun

I'd crack a 40 with the devil, tell him dig me a hole  
Cuz I'm commin when I die, until then I'm in control

This is if I was a serial killer, and though I ain't  
If I was I'd do my walls up blood red with blood paint

This is if I was a serial killer, and though I ain't  
If I was I'd never stop because I'd know that I can't

If I was a serial killer, I would drive a back van  
And I would ride around the college campus  
And if I was a serial killer, I would walk among us  
And gain trust until I needed that rush

I park outside these bitches homes  
Then drive away then come back with my light off this  
time I'm here to stay

I'd wear human bones around my neck and have my  
ceremonies  
Then go back upstairs and microwaves some macaronis

You know what's up in my trunk so don't ask me to pop  
it

Once I get out to my cabin then I'll finally unlock it

This is if I was a serial killer, and though I'm not  
If was I'd snap a photo once they die on the spot

This is if I was serial killer, and though I'm not  
I'dk now that I can't so I would never stop

(repeat 3x)

And I don't know myself anymore  
And I don't know who I am anymore

Except that I am strange and deranged  
And I will never change

I wanna hold up this hatchet  
This psychopathic wicked shit will burn a hole in ya  
brain

I wanna run with this hatchet  
We gonna always keep it wicked, shit gonna always be  
the same

Fuck the world, take me under bitch we tryna rule the  
tunnels  
The tempest raining lighting bolts and fire rain  
ICP with mike e. clark again

I wanna run with this hatchet  
Wicked clown, blaze, twiztid, boondox and lotus  
Holding down the underground and you know this, and  
you know this

I wanna run with this hatchet  
I wanna hold up this hatchet

(repeat 2x)

If I was a serial killer, I would bury all my spiecal  
projects  
Underneath the garden in my grandmother's backyard  
And if I was a serial killer, I would be strange and  
deranged  
And I would rock my hatchet chain

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