

Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Just Another Crazy Clique"

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I choke....nope, nah, hold up.
Aight, listen....Fucking go!!

I stab you with an umbrella, and then open it!
(Nooo!!)
Cause I'm sick like a diseased Etheopian!!
(That shit's wack...aight, fuck that....aight, hold
up....aight, c'mon....WAIT A SECOND!! LISTEN!!)
I'll peel your cap back with a cannonball
I buck them all
Fuck them all
(Yeah!)
We standing tall
(Whooooo!!)
Three 6 Mafia!! (Yes!! Yes!!) Insane Clown Posse and
Twiztid... (Noooo!!)

We used to--we used to--
We used to rob for them petty thangs
Like a gold chain
Or a mothafucking pinky ring
Now it's gold cane
If you see me on the dope train
I'm the dope man
Cigarettes in my right hand
Ready to make a stand
Old folks scared of eye gain
Out the window pane
They be looking with a migraine
While I catch a drain
And you know it's a fucking shame
When you in this game
Trying to sell to a sprung lane
I control your brain

To my niggaz, bust glocks, fuck wit' us, bitch see
It's the buckest of the four, bust a trick, make em'
bleed
Through his neck, through his back, nigga, cover them
hoes
Ain't nuttin' else gon' be workin' when you twirkin' wit'
some pros

Automatic with the carrier
Silence on the barrier
Hang them in the closet, kidnap the treasurer
Bandanas on our face from wilding out like some
cowboys
Hoe, we need the keys and I'm talking like, now boy!

We be just another crazy clique, doing whatever to get
us by
When we pumped up, you out of luck, bitch, I ain't gon'
lie
Put your guards up, show them who really running the
streets with them Calicos
I'm causing shit with ya, can't come close
We be just another crazy clique, doing whatever to get
us by
When we pumped up, you out of luck, bitch, I ain't
gonna lie
Put your guards up, show em' who really runnin' the
streets with them Calicos
I'm causing shit with ya, can't come close

We the clique that don't play
Quick to rip your head off and hand it to Violent J
And bury it away
I'm on the spree
Killing for free
Without a conscience
Bitches, we on a mission to bomb shit
Twiztid, ICP, with the Triple Six clique
Hoes that pop lip
Can eat a dick
Or get your neck slit
I'm having these memory lapses
Of bodies off in the caskets
With no heads
Monoxide, ruler of the dead

We 50-deep on the lawn
With the Psychopathic leathers on
You say it's on
So come bring it on
We getting crunk at your funerals
Treat us like we criminals
We juggalo individuals
We just another crazy clique
ICP, Twiztid, Triple Six
All up in this bitch
And we running shit
We doing driveby's on all y'all with chainsaws
Pure uncut, redefining rugged and raw

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Just another crazy clique to fuck around and bury ya
Taking care of ya
We scarier
Than malaria
I walk around your neighborhood like Frankenstein
Choking anybody I find
I'm taking mine

You mothafuckas can't get near it
Cause you fear it
Look at my glass eye, I'm sick like Lou Gerigh
I dunno judo, but I go KEE-YA!!!
Fuck you up so bad, a wheelchair couldn't see ya

Listen....(slllllooooooppppp!!)
Ya hear that, slut?
That was me...pulling this dick out ya butt
I'm a juggalo serial killa, steady screaming, "fuck
y'all!!"
I stab bitches with a chainsaw

We walk around Compton and Watts beat scrubs up
And right into thugs face, I throw the dubs up
We tearing clubs up, down south from the D
Three Six y'all, Twiztid, and ICP

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