

Icp (Insane Clown Posse)

"Mr. Happy"

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I'm kind of fat and I sweat a lot
But that's the only bad quirky dinks I got
That and maybe the whole murdering aspect
But we really ain't even got to that yet
I love people, I love everything about them
And that's why I gotta live life without them
I know it don't make any sence to you but fuck you
This songs about me exclusively
Murder, murderous, murderation
The murdering mentality without an explanation
I'm Mr. Happy and I ride a bike
I ain't got a seat I just sit on the pipe thing
I whistle, I sing, I'll pet your poodle
Ill twist and squeeze your neck like a wet noodle
Cause I'm so happy I'll stab your ass
And lay down next to you dead on the grass
And sing
Ooh it feel so good every time I murder I get happy
Happy happy happy
I'm happy, happy, happiest
I'm happy, happy, happiest
I'm happy, happy, happiest
I murder murder murder you (must kill you)[sung
during murder murder murder]
Ill murder murder murder you
Ill murder murder murder you
Ill murder murder murder you
I love you, so hand me you neck
Let me teach you about love and respect
Respect the fact that I love to kill
Wait a minute y'all I gotta take my pill
Zanoffs.. it works : down to only 3 people a day
My victims, I give them love and care
I don't wanna get blood everywhere
I don't use a chainsaw or a butcher knife
That's so 90's get it right
I never mutilate or chop my loves
All I really need is a pair of gloves
Or maybe a car, I'll run 'em down wit it
I know that can be messy but the birds will get it
Don't you see that I love you
I'm mr. happy I'm all about fun

Now get into the pit and try to kill someone
Ooh it feel so good every time I murder I get happy
Happy happy happy
I'm happy, happy, happiest
I'm happy, happy, happiest
I'm happy, happy, happiest
Its found murder murder murder you
Ill murder murder murder you
Ill murder murder murder you
Ill murder murder murder you
My bike has a basket full of strawberries
I picked them myself along with apples and cherries
Lemons and oranges and boogers and limes
Plus there's a faygo in there but that's mine
Red flowers like after your dead
I plant seeds and growem out the side of your head
I got flowers all over the back yard
In the form of a jokers card
Uh ohh feels good
I like the chuckel of my neighborhood
I'm one of them midnight creeps at dennys
Talking to myself and lickin my pennys
I got a french fry hangin out of my beard
(don't go near that guy he's weird)
You know I'm all good and everythings all right
When you hear this scream in the middle of the night
Like this:
Ooh it feel so good every time I murder I get happy
Happy happy happy
I'm happy, happy, happiest
I'm happy, happy, happiest
I'm happy, happy, happiest
Its found murder murder murder you
Ill murder murder murder you
Ill murder murder murder you
Ill murder murder murder you
[repeats until song ends]

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