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Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Pumpkin Carver"

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Hey, money got a big ass head Folded like a, like a stop sign Fuck dog, ey, we gotta go get that motherfuckin' ball of brains You know what I'm sayin', fuck that, yeah

What, you wanna make a song about death Squeezing on a neck until it's all outta breath You wanna hear me rap about being the hardest Well fuck that, from now on I'm an artist I carve pumpkins, chop, chewy Slice, swing twice, stab, screwy, ooh-ee Chewy, dooey, gooey, slop It all starts with a quick chop, drop Pumpkin rolls on the floor Almost out the front door, oh, we can't have that Cut along the hairline, bowl cut Hold the pumpkin between your legs and lift up Boing, brains, snippity snip all the veins Snip, cut, what, what the matter, you don't wanna do it Well fuck it then, screw it, you'll never be a pumpkin carver

Pumpkin carvers that be the hobby So Cal, Motown, collecting bodies Twiztid, Clowns and the Kottonmouth Kings Halloween, Halloween, Halloween Pumpkin carvers that be the hobby So Cal, Motown, collecting bodies Twiztid, Clowns and the Kottonmouth Kings Halloween, Halloween, Halloween

What, you don't like this rhyme I can't be on point all the time Fuck, it's Halloween, I gotta make a living somehow I'm a professional pumpkin sculptor, alright motherfucker Now, first, hollow the container Strike that bitch with a hanger Whatever just get something, just get the motherfucker all hollowed out Like you could fill it up with lemonade and pour it out the mouth if you wanted to Never leave the eyes intact They'll turn all blue and puff out and shit, wack Always remove 'em but keep 'em handy Cause they taste like candy Psych, I'm only playing, okay now, get the scalpel Slowly cut around the mouth, be careful What the fuck! We needed the lip! Here, let me give you a little tip, slow the fuck down!

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Take a closer look you scary motherfuckers Don't my jack-o-lantern look like your little brother Neck nuggets what we bring, terror start to fling Twiztid, ICP and the Kottonmouth Kings Pumpkins are for bitches, I like my shit instead Cause every devil's night we carving somebody else's head

When my meatcleaver chops, heads fall to the floor Fuck buying pumpkins at the grocery store

Yeah, yeah alright, you done flexed some skills on the mic

This is my motherfuckin' little song here, right Right, let's get back to the subject Now hold steady, steady, steady, ready

Insert the blade along the outer eyelid

Very, slowly, I don't wanna look! Ah, you did

Okay, gently count twenty-five specmetre outer diameters, huh? A square!

I know it's hard, you'd probably rather just stab and chop

But you'll end up with a pile of slop

I've done it before, and them ain't, them ain't pumpkin seeds

Those are fragments of skull, oh, crunchy Hey, never mind that, get back to work

Eating on the fuckin' job, you'll never be an expert

What you wanna be, a mailman, a plumber or a barber, no

Or do you wanna be like your uncle Violent J, a pumpkin carver

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Make these motherfuckers sing fool Kick 'em to the spleen, happy Halloween I be burnin' Cali, southern voters always bring Pletto from the ghetto dumping bodies in the meadow When it comes to carvin', bitch, I'm sharper than Gepetto I'm lovin' that stiletto, ask your trick or fuckin' treaters More than thirty, why I beat and greet the homies with the Chiba Ariba, I was born in this October Now come press rewind, motherfuckin' flow's over, over, over

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