

Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Rebel Flag"

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Stop the bus, Violent J comes out
Barrels to your chest and blow your lungs out
Mother fucker fuckin hick
I kick ya in the mouth
Sew your fuckin' lips up
You swallow them teeth when I do
And me and my boys'll run a train on your Thelma Lou
Then break her fuckin back
Goddamn biggots ain't all that
So I'ma cut your brain out
Reach in and pull your spine out
Welcome to the Carnival show
Your invited, you and your bitch Flo
And the wicked clowns gonna check
Cut your legs off and and if you crawl back
Don't step to the city folk- bitch that's why you got your
titties broke
So get back on your ardvark
Don't let me see a biggot commin' through Clark Park
Cut his neck with my good blade
34 years old, still in the third grade
Yes, pickin' on others--Look at your hootinanny ass
mother fucker
And your billy bitch
Hey---Fuck both ya'll ...
And your Rebel flag

[CHORUS 1:]

Fuck your Rebel flag! (Fuck your Rebel flag)
Fuck your Rebel flag! (Fuck your Rebel flag)-(Fuck your
Rebel Flag!)
Fuck your Rebel flag! (Fuck your Rebel flag)
Fuck a Rebel flag! (Fuck your Rebel flag)

Been down south, you can't tell me
Hill billy hill billy hill billy
Uncle Willy acting nilly
Old bitch cooking up vittles
Then fuck on the porch, playing a fiddle
You know I'd love to show you that ghetto style
Take you out back, throw you in a shit pile
Life in the inner city

I'd rip your ass, but you all shitty and funky
Like the pigs you eat
Pickin' that shit off them yellow feet
Don't stop to so much as cough
Or I'ma shoot ya in the back till your chest falls off
What you say ain't always hype
So I slap you in the face with a lead pipe
Teachin kids what pops taught you
And he's a funky ass biggot too
Fell short of the due respect
Don't speak when I slap ya in your red neck
Fuck all that bullshit you stuck on
Get back on your mule and get the fuck on
Don't look back or I'ma hit ya
Take that red neck bitch out with ya
Spit on your Rebel rag, so fuck you and your Rebel flag!

[CHORUS 2:]

Wilber (I'ma cut his neck)
Hass (I'ma break his back)
Goober (I'ma stab his face)
Jed (I'ma slit his throat)
Wilber (I'ma cut his neck)
Hass (I'ma break his back)
Goober (I'ma stab his face)
Thelma Lou (I'ma fuck her in her ass!)

Hill....
Hill billies listening down south
Hill billies listening down south
I'm up and I'm headin for the south
Fixin to put a run of buck shot in your mouth
And blow the back of your fuckin neck loose
Hill billies run around like a headless goose
Cuz you tried burning down my cross
That's way racist hatin and hass
You sleep in the barn and you fuck your horse
Brick to the head, put you back on corse
Yeah---But you know I chill
Cuz if I don't flex on you the others will
Straight folks in the south won't have it
They put a rind in your racist ass quick
The cool in the south team up with the north
And blow that biggot off his fucking horse
So put away your goddamn twan
See I'ma cut your pipe and take a little moonshine
Then drink it all up
Barrels to your face and blow your fuckin head off
Keep on gunnin' cuz of what they said
Punk, I'll put a slug in your bald head
Scalp a skinhead quick

And your greasy-ass triple clan and shit
And zip you up in a bag
And I'll shit on a mother fuckin Rebel flag
Yeah shit on a Rebel flag!!

[CHORUS 1]

[CHORUS 2]

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