

## **Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Three 6 Mafia W/ICP & Twiztid"**

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ICP-Just Another Crazy Click

Featuring Three Six Mafia, Gangsta Boo, and Twiztid

(Violent J's Intro, Shaggy in parentheses)

I choke, nope, nah. Aight, hold up listen (Fuckin go)

I stab you with an umbrella,

then open it (No) cause I'm sick like a diseased

Ethiopian.

(That shit's wack)No wait, fuck that, aight hold up

(Aight come on)

Wait a second

I peel your cap back with a cannon ball,

I buck 'em all fuck 'em all (Yeah) we standin' tall

(Woooo!)

Three 6 Mafia (Yes Yes), Insane Clown Posse, and

Twiztid! (NOO!)

(Juicy J)

We used to, We used to, We used to rob for them petty  
things,

like a gold chain, or a mothafuckin pinky ring, now it's  
cocaine

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 lookin wit a migraine

while I catch a drain and you know it's a fuckin shame

when you in this game tryin to sell to a sprung lane

I control ya brain

(DJ Paul)

Now do my niggas 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 gonna workin when you twirkin with  
some pros

Automatic weapon carrier silence on the barrier, hang  
em in the closet

kidnap the treasurer, bandanas on our face we wilin  
out like some cowboys

hoe we need the g's and I'm talkin like now boys

Chorus: Gangsta Boo (repeat 2X)

We be just anotha crazy click

doin whatever to get us by when we pumped up

you ain't outta luck bitch I ain't gonna lie, put ya guards  
up,  
show em who really runnin the streets with them calicos  
all kinda of shit bitch  
you can't compete  
(Monoxide Child)  
We the click that don't play  
quick to rip your head off and hand it to Violent J and  
bury it away  
I'm on a spree killa for free without a conscience  
bitches we on a mission to bomb shit  
Twiztid, ICP, with that Triple Six Click  
Hoes that pop lip, can eat a dick, or get your neck slit  
I'm havin these memory lapses of bodies off in the  
caskets  
with no heads Monoxide ruler of tha dead  
(Madrox)  
We 50-deep on the lawn with the Psychopathic leathers  
on  
you say it's on so come bring it on  
we gettin krunk at your funerals, treat us like we  
criminals,  
we juggalo individuals!  
We just anotha crazy click ICP, Twiztid, Triple Six  
All up in this bitch and we runnin shit  
we doin drive-bys on all y'all with chain saws  
pureuncut, redefinin rugged, and raw  
Chorus  
(Violent J)  
Just anotha crazy click to fuck around and bury ya  
takin care of ya we the scarier tha malaria  
I walk around your neighborhood like Frankenstein  
chokin anybody I find I'm takin mine  
(Shaggy)  
Ya muthafuckas can't get near it, cause ya fear it  
look at my glass eye, I'm sick like Lou Gherig  
I don't know Judo but I go kill ya  
Fuck you up so bad a wheel chair couldn't see ya  
(Violent J)  
Listen (SSLLUURRPP...POP) You hear that slut?  
That was me! pullin' this stick out ya butt  
I'm a juggalo serial killa steady screamin FUCK Y'ALL  
I stab bitches wit a chain saw  
(Shaggy)  
We walk around Compton and Watts, beatin scrubs up  
and right into thugs face I throw the dubs up  
we tearin clubs up down south from the D  
Three Six y'all, Twiztid, and ICP  
(Violen J)  
Baby Whaat!  
Chorus

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