

Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Thrill Of The Kill"

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[Violent J:]

I'm shakin' so fast that you could say I'm vibratin'
There's a sickness in my head a hunger escalatin'
There's no other ending to this shit so why the fuck I'm
waitin'
Hop into the darkness for my homicidal break-in
I thought it out for many weeks I even told a reverend
But he ain't even listenin' 'cause I'm over eleven
I told my girlfriend and she just said it was cute
Then asked me how she looked in her fuck me boots
and took off

[Shaggy 2 Dope:]

Sweatin' and my chest is burnin' like I'm on fire
So much pressure in my head I could blow air in
through a car tire
I'm about to burst pop shatter explode
And everybody's pokin' sticks at me like they wanna
splat me

[Violent J:]

No one sees me when I creep I stay behind shit
Check for open windows I scale across and climb shit
Get inside and choke an old lady in her Craftmatic
And like fresh oxygen to an asthmatic I get a thrill

[Chorus:]

Every time that a door gets closed. The thrill
Every time that the reaper shows. The thrill
Every time that the red blood flows. The thrill
I gets my proper dose
Every time, (every time) every time (the thrill)
Every time, (every time) every time (the thrill)
Every time that the red blood flows. The thrill

[Shaggy 2 Dope:]

I told the doctor that I losin' all my will to resist
But he was busy eye-fuckin' his receptionist
He wrote me some scripts for time off and placebos
Then set a killa free out his doors
At home in the tunnels underneath the train station
The urge suddenly attacks like an invasion

There's no reasonin' with it and it ain't over 'til it's done
But once I finally do it it's a lot of fuckin' fun

[Violent J:]

I try to tell my therapist and counselor aswell
But they just say Uh huh until the time limit bell
I told a couple homies and they urged me on to it
If I ever had a fuckin' chance of fightin' this I blew it

[Shaggy 2 Dope:]

I was meant for it opened up a door and jumped in
It was all over 'bout as quick as it began
I started stickin' guts rippin' like I'm guttin' chicken
Her life left her body and my happiness kicked in
Woo!

[Chorus]

The thrill [x5 fading]

[Violent J:]

But when the high comes crashing down where will I be
found
I'll be underground (burning away)
And when the high comes crashing down where will I
be found
I'll be underground (burning away)
I guess all I'd say is that...
Well why apologize I plead for no forgiveness
I'm goin' straight to hell and I deserve their business
Its useless don't know why I have this illness in me
This killness in me I always knew that to hell they'd
send me
Every day was a nightmare only all very real
But nothing compares to enjoyment of the thrill of the
kill
(You sick fuck) Thrill of the kill
(You sick fuck) Thrill of the kill
(You sick fuck) Thrill of the kill
(Fuck you sick fuck) Thrill of the kill, kill, kill
(You sick fuck) Thrill of the kill
(You sick fuck) Thrill of the kill
(You sick fuck) Thrill of the kill
(Fuck you sick fuck) Thrill of the killllllyaoou

[Chorus]

The thrill [x5 fading]

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