

## **Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Toy Box"**

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"Ooo, I like this toy. Watch it go. Uw...wait!" [gunshots]

"We're sorry the person you are calling is dead"

[Violent J]

I was like six, I used to get dissed by the chicks  
And everyone would chase me and hit me with bricks  
And rocks and sticks and calling me names  
And filled my lunchbox with frogbrains (eeww!)  
When I left school, it was much iller  
My daddy was a serial killer  
And how about that, he'd always make me sit in the  
back  
With all his dead bodies on my lap (move!)  
When I got home, enough of the static  
Hammer and tools, went up to the attic  
Never knew any other girls or boys  
Only my toys, toys, toys  
Bang! Clang! Hammer and twist  
Nobody knows I exist, and I'm pissed  
But I won't be mentally scarred  
Instead I make toys, toys of the graveyard  
Monday, ringing the bell  
It's all about show and tell, might as well  
Show all these bastards just what I got  
Yo, check out my toy box!

"Nothing feels better than a good harty-harr, right boys  
and girls"

[Violent J]

We got dead bodies everywhere you look  
All the nerds sitting up front got cooked  
Others start screaming and making a dash  
So I start handing out toys fast at last  
You like slinkies, we got slinkies  
Only mine like to wrap around your face  
And stretch, twist, kazoom  
And whip your body all over the fuckin room  
So come, one at a time  
Open your gift and what you will find  
Is a toy, my friend, that you'll never forget

It's not everyday that you get your skull split  
You like soldiers, we got soldiers  
Made with rubber and steel, they look real  
But I wouldn't just toss em under your bed  
That's how you get an axe to the forehead (oww)  
And don't let em sit around all day  
Come home and find you mom, dead in the hallway  
Cuz they can be nifty  
All the toys are shifty, haha, in my toy box

"Woowee, that sure sounds like fun!"

[Violent J]

That's not a toy, hey, wait a minute  
Don't fuck around, homie, you can lose an eye with it  
That's my double blade razor whip chop jimmy  
And it's mine, motherfucker, so gimme gimme  
You want toys, you come to the right place  
Try my little toy, Mutilating Mental Case  
Wind him up, let him go among all of ya  
Then BANG! serial slaughterer  
Your turn, reach in and get lucky  
Oh look, he pulled out a rubber ducky  
It make a funny sound and then BANG!  
Blew the fingers off his fuckin hand  
Don't stop, class ain't done yet  
I remember you calling me poindexter  
Bookworm brainy, my aggravation  
Went into these little creations  
Reach in, you might find something wicked  
Wicked, scary, chop bang pickadery  
Off with your head, a robot with a sword  
But now he's looking at me, but what for?  
"Eh, wait a minute, I made you  
Get them, not me. Eh, wait a minute, motherfucker."  
"Oh, I love this record."

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