

## **Insane Clown Posse "Ain't Yo Bidness"**

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Rude boy sittin' pancaked on 23's  
Clown love to Chicage Juggalos  
We underground like Blaze  
My dead homie, and yours?  
We dead, we dead? No wait a minute  
We don't die, we don't die, we dead

Maybe I like bloody murder music  
You know shit like stab your fuckin' eye  
Maybe I like eatin' shit like Tylenol PM's  
'Cuz 5 or 6'll get you high, oh

Maybe I like punchin' people I don't even know  
I knock 'em flat up fuckin' out  
Tuck some money in they jacket with a note  
That simply reads, I had to let some anger out

Maybe I only hang with weirdos, and hoodlums  
And junkies, I keep 'em by my side  
Maybe mama doesn't understand a friend  
Is hard to come by, so I keep what I can find

Maybe I got two felonies, tattoos on my neck  
And I always paint my face  
Can I still date your daughter? I mean, I think  
I outta, I like the way she tastes

Ain't yo bidness, how I act  
Ain't yo bidness, don't get slapped  
Ain't yo concern, what we do  
Less you want yo, face slapped too

Ain't yo bidness, how I act  
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Maybe I don't' even like you, but I gotta front  
'Cuz your a record label guy, mother fucker  
What if I dragged you by the hair into the street  
And beat your ass, put a boot up in your eye, bitch

Maybe I would rather fuck a Missy Elliot  
Before a Toni Braxton  
Maybe I would rather fuck a Macy Gray  
Before a Janet Jackson

Maybe I don't have no self esteem  
So I like to pick on everybody else  
Maybe when I was a boy, underneath my shirt  
I had bruises and welts, oh, it's okay

Maybe I was hungry, bottom barrel poor  
And my mom was always sick  
Maybe I'm lyin', I'm just tryna find an excuse  
To be a dick, I'm a dick, dick

Maybe I'm upset that you left me, I'll hang myself  
Right above your bed, you should try suicide  
From the ceiling fan, so I'll be swingin'  
When you walk in, I might kick you in the head

Maybe I got seven therapists, I been committed  
But my manager he got me free, double A y'all  
Eighteen pills a day, I get so dizzy and high  
Sometimes I can't even see, I gotta sit down

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Esham the Boogie Man, running with the fuckin' hatchet  
Violent J the Juggalo, and Shaggy  
The southwest strangler allegedly  
Collectively known as the soopa villains

Super flex, jet super sex  
The boogie man bustin' the Bazooka necks, get wet  
The soopa villains clock super checks  
The Juggalo in me will break the bank and you super  
necks

It's the Juggle jugglin' Juggalo thuggalin' thuggalo  
Scrub ninja mutha facko  
My axe I keep with me, sneak with  
I creep with, sever skulls and sleep with

The southwest strangler super plex  
Some bitch through the limo window, super stretch  
Now, I wonder should I shoot you next  
With the super soaker, get you soakin' wet

Juggaloly, I'm a soopa villain  
I'm swingin' my swords and I'm all up on the ceiling  
I'm a ninja, throw drop kicks, chop necks like Sabu  
Stab you, grab have at you

Soopa villains, makin' a soopa hero killin'  
Fuck ya feelins'  
Ready and willin' any day I could blow  
Insane monkey like Mojo Jo Jo

Citizens don't talk to the FBI  
'Cuz that killa with the shank to ya neck be I  
I'm quick to bag the diamonds, snag in  
I love Batman, but Robin's a faggot

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