

## **Insane Clown Posse "Beverly Kills 50187"**

Visit "[Beverly Kills 50187](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Juggalos, come out to play...

Guess who's coming to your big town?  
Jugglin jesters, kick-it clown  
Circus sound, painted frown  
Carnival of carnage creeping round  
I'm Violent J and I'm sick  
They try to run me down  
But you know I'm too slick  
And I slip and slide like a slinky  
Slip and slide with my twinkie  
Welcome to my world  
As it winds and it twists  
I'm a kick a funky little rhyme that you missed  
Boo loo chewy wewwy doo boo  
And you'd be fucked up if that was really voodoo  
Come see the one at the show of your life  
See me breathe fire and swallow a knife, right  
I ain't swallowing nothing, Jack  
But I can juggalo like you never thought you'd ever  
know  
And we packin that funk  
With a snap and a clap and a jump jump  
So chicky chicky freak if ya wanna be down  
Step on up  
And kiss the clown  
And kiss the clown  
Kiss the clown  
On up and kiss the clown  
Step on up and kiss the clown  
Stop the bus  
Violent J comes out  
Barrels to your face  
And blow your fucking face off  
Cause you know my mind is golden oh  
Happen to catch me a Beverly show  
Body fell asleep but my mind goes on  
Welcome to the world of juggla's dome  
First day I enrolled at the high school  
Butt-naked with a axe  
Wow, he's so cool  
Stand up and say your name, tell us about yourself

My name's 2 Dope and I cut necks all to hell  
Dylan, Dylan, I'm trying to find Dylan  
I'm finna cut his throat with a carny carny killin  
Rich boy never seen a ghetto jokero  
Slap you in the head with a sledgehammo  
Sorry Dylan didn't mean to knock ya  
Then I stuffed his dead body in my locker  
To the next class don't wanna be late  
Finna ask Brenda on a little date  
I heard this bitch likes to fight in clubs  
Took her to a mud match threw a pair of gloves  
Wants to get her ass beat by a fat dyke  
And left the muddy ass bitch there for the night  
Woke her in the morning, threw her in the trunk  
Threw her in the trunk, cause the dumb bitch stunk  
How you doing Brenda?  
Mind if I bend ya?  
Over rover, do me like Gumby  
I'm sure you'd like that, you little skank  
And when I finished  
I stuffed her fucking head in the fish tank  
Awww that's a beautiful aquarium  
Yeah, you wanna see it  
Hey come here bitch  
Oh God it's lovely  
Yeah, yeah, yeah have a closer look  
Die bitch what's up?  
What are you a lung fish?  
What's up aqua man?  
Die bitch die  
That's right, bitch  
Back to the school  
Fat bitch in the locker  
Couldn't fit her booty in  
So I cut her booty off  
Sometimes I feel like I'm already in hell  
Throwing up children on Del Ray smell  
Fuck those fucking fucks, uh  
Rich fucks, man, fuck those fucks  
Beverly Hills is Beverly Kills  
I'm gonna bring ghetto carnival thrills  
Where's that other little rich little fag  
Looking for Brandon cause we can't stand him  
I know my boys make the bass go boom  
But shhh, you can hear jacking off in the boys room  
Aww, aww, Dylan  
Aww I want your anus  
Aww, you're so hot  
Kicked in the stall  
Then I kicked in his jaw  
Kicked him in face

And I kicked in his balls  
Punk tried to run but he couldn't try to wobble  
Bust him in the head with an empty Faygo bottle  
Took him to the staircase  
Jumped on his face  
Road him down the bumpy chase  
Can I hear him breathe one last note  
Stuffed his back down his throat  
Back to the locker  
Boy oh, boy oh  
Back to the locker  
Stuff the fucker!  
Back to the locker  
Boy oh, boy oh  
Back to the locker  
Fuckin stuff that fucker!  
Walking down the hall and I'm feeling like the shit  
Cause all that's left is one skank ass bitch  
Kelly, Kelly, your neden's kinda smelly  
Funk down your legs, and up to your belly  
But I'm with Del Ray  
So funk don't fade me  
Let me hit it man  
You're finna kick the can (Sugar)  
Come on, bitch, man  
You're getting ready to die anyway  
Bitch, calm down  
Let me get a little poontang  
You know what I'm saying  
Let me get a little trip, bitch  
You finna die  
Okay, cause I'm not a raper  
But you still make morning paper  
Kelly found dead in her bathroom  
Naww, Kelly found dead in her dad's room  
No, Kelly found dead in her backyard  
Cause Kelly choked on a joker's card  
Smashed up bodies chilling in my locker  
Kelly wouldn't fit  
Chop, chop, chop, chop her  
Oh no, principal know what I'm about  
Cause one of Dylan's sideburns was sticking out  
Oh shit, they chase me  
Cause they found the bodies  
Now I run my ass off  
Yeah they're gettin mad  
You can hear them cuss  
Didn't look both ways, and got hit by bus  
Crunched up under  
Tangled in the wheels  
Spit me out the muffler

You know how that feels  
Lost both my legs so I'm running on my hands  
Then I seen Prince so I clap cause I'm a big fan  
And straight busted my face on the street  
And here come the police  
And...

Visit [Insane Clown Posse](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.