

## Insane Clown Posse "Birthday"

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~Birthday Bitches I got your fucking present hanging next to my nuts. Now when Im swinging on my the side with the check, because I havent had my Melerol in almost a week, Your hatchet, if it hits you it cuts, Dont make me chop your head in half and smack fuckin' mama brought me here to entertain your ass, so no matter whut Im doing give me props, unless you want your little necks bloody, I could probably do a I expect you to laugh, Now when you see me do a trick and even if it isnt funny cartwheel or somethinf if you move the couch, but that aint whut Im fuckin' clown I aint no fuckin'super hero, aint that big and scary, though I fly like about, I could sew your mouths shut and pump air in through your nose and fuckin' pop your head, but wed get blood on our clothes. Look, Im a wicked little Ray Mysterio, Im wuick to beat down all you little bitches right in front of your mom and if the bitch gets heated tell her to bring it on! Oh shit its your birthday! Oh no it isnt! Its somebodys birthday! Oh no it isnt! Oh shit its your birthday! Oh no it isnt! Its your birthday Sit the fuck down or its everybodys birthday... Shut the fuck up! Its somebodys birthday! Oh no it isnt! Oh shit its your birthday! Oh no it isnt! Oh shit its your birthday! Oh no it isnt! Its your birthday It aint mine motha facko!

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