

Insane Clown Posse "Chicken Hunting"

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Well, I'm headin' down a southern trail
I'm goin' chicken huntin'
Choppin' redneck chicken necks, I ain't sayin' nothin'
To the hillbilly, stick my barrel in his eye
Boomshacka boomshacka, hair jumps in the sky

Why I never liked Chicken Pot Pie
Or the Chopped Chicken on Rye?
Tell Mr. Billy Bob, I'm a cut his neck up
Slice, poke, chop, chop, stab, cut

What can you do with the drunken hillbilly?
Cut his fuckin' eyes out, feed him to his Aunt Milly
Willy, Willy, chicken neck, chicken huntin', gotta love it
Hit him with the twelve gauge bucket, chicken nuggets

Laid out all over the grass
Then his little hound dog will eat him up fast
Last as long as you can, my man
'Coz when that chicken head hits the fan

You got blood, guts, fingers an' toes
Blood, guts, fingers an' toes
Blood, guts, fingers an' toes
Sittin' front row at the Chicken Show, so

Who's goin' chicken huntin'?
We's goin' chicken huntin'
Who's goin' chicken huntin'?
We's goin' chicken huntin'

Who's goin' chicken huntin'?
We's goin' chicken huntin'
Cut a motherfuckin' chicken up, right

Let me get a chicken sandwich with manwich
I'm finna wreck on a chicken neck
Choppin' up Hilly an' Billy Bob Billy
'Coz I chop motherfuckin' redneck silly

Peeked in the yard an' what did I see
I seen a chicken boy fuckin' a sheep

I say, "Mister Mister, what the fuck you tryin' to do?"
[Incomprehensible]

Barrels in your mouth, bullets to your head
The back of your neck's all over the shed
Boomshacka boom, chop, chop, bang
I'm 2 Dope an' it ain't no thang

To cut a chicken, trigger's clickin'
Blow off his head but his feet still kickin'
Last as long as you can, my man
'Coz when that chicken head hits the fan

You got blood, guts, fingers an' toes
Blood, guts, fingers an' toes
Blood, guts, fingers an' toes
Sittin' front row at the Chicken Show, so

Who's goin' chicken huntin'?
We's goin' chicken huntin'
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Who's goin' chicken huntin'?
We's goin' chicken huntin'
Cut a motherfuckin' chicken up, right

I went to Kentucky, I got lucky
Met this hot collared bitch named Bucky
Ridin' on a chicken, milkin' a cow
Hittin' switches in a drop top low ride tractor plow

Redneck fella, moonshine sella
Hang him by his neck bones, chicken bones
Locked in the cellar, yellow belly chicken plucker
You redneck fucker

Who's goin' chicken huntin'?
We's goin' chicken huntin'
Who's goin' chicken huntin'?
We's goin' chicken huntin'

Who's goin' chicken huntin'?
We's goin' chicken huntin'
Cut a motherfuckin' chicken up, right
Bitch, yeah

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