

## **Insane Clown Posse "Dead Pumpkins"**

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J, do you have a Halloween story for the class?  
Y-y-yeah, um there was this boy and he lived in his  
house  
And um, he went to bed one day and then when he  
woke up um  
And when he woke up he was, he was up to his head in  
the dirt

And um, he couldn't move and this man came walkin'  
along  
But instead of the man helping him out the man just  
started  
Kickin' him and kickin' him in his face over and over  
And then he got the lawn mower and then he

Trick or Treat, bone appetit  
All the little kiddies runnin' down my street  
Gathering candy treats door to door  
But they walk pass mine, what for?

Probably 'cuz the pumpkins on my porch are real  
Real human heads carved out with steel  
Cut out the eyes man it takes but a minute  
Rip out the b-b-brains and put a candle in it

Maybe they leave 'cuz I take 'em inside  
Come and meet mother, two years ago she died  
Little boys laugh 'cuz they think it's just a dummy  
But then the smell hits 'em, mmm, smells yummy

Open your bag and I give you my treat  
Crusty yellow toes off a dead woman's feet  
Take me by the hand and I lead you down stairs  
And that little Jimmy is were you'll spend the next seven  
years

Staring and weakening chained to the wall  
Starin' at a roach hoping it will crawl  
Into your mouth for a tasty cuisine  
Yes my little friends, it's the Dead Pumpkin Halloween

Ahh yeah, it's that special time of year boys and girls

So come to the pumpkin patch  
And bring your panty sacks  
So I can shit in 'em you bitch

Well, I love all the children but I can't fuck around  
Don't come to my door dressed as a clown  
'Cuz you never know I might take it the wrong way  
'Cuz I'm the real wicked Juggalocaró Violent J

All year round but I love my Halloween  
You never get an apple or a purple jellybean  
Droplets of chocolate a licorice snack  
Instead you get a deep fried French poodle nutsack

Looking out my door I see no children in sight  
Perhaps there all dead, yesterday was devils night  
They burn down the city and they leave the crispy  
chard  
Light myself on fire and dance around my backyard

All the pretty girlies I can see were your at  
Sitting on your window I can turn into a bat  
Watchin' you remove all your little clothesies for bed  
I crashed through your window and land on your head

Drinking the blood that has gone through the bone  
And now I must leave mothers calling me home  
Up to the moonlight I'm gone from the scene  
Peace to Detroit city and have a Dead Pumpkin'  
Halloween

Yeah, I'll snatch your little candy bag  
Only I'm a tie it around your muthafuckin' neck  
And choke you with it wicked clown style  
Ha ha fuck, Detroit's in this bitch

Check it out muthafucka, yeah  
Wicked clown's in this muthafucka  
Jump steady in this muthafucka  
Wicked Clown in this muthafucka

And you watch this muthafucka  
Chucky muthafucka in this shit  
Violent J in this muthafucka  
Rude Boy in this muthafucka  
Stupid in this muthafucka  
Mike, Mike in this muthafucka

Faygo this mothafucka  
All this in this muthafucka, check it out  
Violent J in this muthafucka

2Dope in this muthafucka  
Wicked Joe in this muthafucka

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