

## **Insane Clown Posse "Insane Killers"**

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Violent J, Shaggy, Insane Clown Posse, baby, what?  
From New York to L.A., from Chile to Greece  
From New Ghandi to your momma  
We gives absolutely no fucks, motha fucka

Natural born serial murderers  
Mass mothafuckin' murderin' murderers  
Bitch, come and meet your maker

I'm scary like Michael Jackson up close  
I like diggin' up dead bodies, look at me I'm gross  
My name's Violent J but you can call me syphilis  
Gonorrhoea the clap 'cause I infected this rap

You wanna know if I could ever kill somebody  
Well, that's like askin' Charlie Manson if he's ever been  
in jail  
I kill family, friends, myself, what?  
Yeah, I'd kill myself if I could only survive

I tried to kill Rob Van Winkle, in fact that's how we met  
I went up to kill him and he was thinkin' the same shit  
I pulled out a chainsaw, he pulled out an axe  
I was like, "Come on, wait, is that a Stanley? Where'd  
you get that?"

It's natural and to murder, you gotta have it in you  
It's like a dick all up in you although I wouldn't now  
Look at us natural killas  
The world most playa hated rapper  
And the most hated group together like woo

Mass murders, natural born killas  
I'm not fuckin' around  
Icky, icky, ya, ya, icky, icky, ya, ya  
Mass murders, natural born killas  
I'm not fuckin' around  
Icky, icky, ya, ya, icky, icky, ya, ya

This ain't no Blair Witch, beware bitch  
I'll pick your motherfuckin' brain with an icepick  
Remember me, the V I C E

Well, here's my trilogy, I'm outta captivity

Rap Cujo, ya know my flow is ferocious  
Last survivor with a mouth full of cockroaches  
I bring this hocus pocus, you're flying away  
Like the last days of the motherfuckin' loafers

I'm the redneck in the moshpit, two axes come in handy  
To answer Violent J, ya damn right it's a Stanley  
In the shadows of the dark with Darkman like Spawn  
In the dash blazin' it up with explosive bombs

I spit homicides like major cities at 11PM  
While zipping bodies in the dungeon like the line at GM  
Ice mixed with blood is the killers milkshake  
Here with the clowns from the underground it's a lyrical  
death break

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Disrespect me, I'll run in your house  
Like puffin' steam stout  
Break both your arms, gun in your mouth  
Knock your teeth out with the nose of the fifth  
Bullets bust through the back of your head ya die swift

Fuckin' wit tha clan, watch what you say  
We kill, beep, lame lyric censor  
Shoot you with an SK or a AK  
Bitch, you gonna die either way

I'm a monster thoroughbred gun holding weed-head  
Cross me bet tomorrow you'll be dead  
Catch you at a show while you're chillin' with your ho  
And crack your skull with a bottle of Mo

I'm a Sing-Sing killer gun groove captain  
Brooklyn home of the original gun clappin'  
Gats get brung, niggas get done  
Sons lose fathers and mothers lose sons, I'm a killer

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Mass murders, natural born killas  
I'm not fuckin' around

Icky, icky, ya, ya, icky, icky, ya, ya

To die is a fate that must come to us all  
But how horrible to be buried alive  
From the darkness they shuffle eyes glazed with death  
Hands clawing for blood

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