

Insane Clown Posse

"Intelligence And Violence"

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You have dug your own grave if you say you wanna
battle
Don't you know your in trouble up the creek with out a
paddle
Cause I keep getting better
I'm tougher than leather
I'm rated number one and I'll rain forever
Some people wear silver and some wear gold
But then I'll snatch it off your neck and diss you cold
It's like a fantasy, it's irony, my rhymes go down in
history
Hit my boys proven with the freshest termenology
Know more words then a pocket dictionary
Got more information then your local library
Some girls I'm kissing and others I'm dissing
But you don't know what you been missing
Make a fresh tongue twister
Could give your tongue a blister
If you see it my way then there's a chance you'll diffa
Give a sigh then you cry then you say good bye
Don't even try, don't reply, then you want to die
I make you rhyme though it's time
Committe an innocent crime
It's the truth no excuse a visual rhyme
Dissing you, to battle me you bit off more then you can
chew
Tearing up the scene distructor van vew
The way I'll leave you more puzzled then arubics cube
Wanna battle the best your gonna die like the rest
Wait I'll crush your bones and rip up your flesh
You can do what you want but leave the rhyme to the
skills
Cause every person that don't listen is a sucker that
kills
And when I first started rapping I set some goals
To rock your mind, your body, and of course your soul
Now when it comes to these goals I have now achieved
So for all you none believers it's TIME TO BELIEVE
Take it to the Violent Side
Violent J yo homeboy I'm packing a punch
Knocked out Greg on the mothafucking Brady Bunch

For no parareasial that's my attitude
Fuck off gold dick I don't rap for gratitude
You'll remember my name after I get the shot
Don't laugh now bitch tie your lips in a knot
Delray, Detroit, Southwest Military
Legal freaks hanging like a mothafucking dingle berry
Yo, I like big fat fucked up freaks
I'm waxing that anus and I'm slaping her butt cheeks
Hey yo the J stands for Joe
Violent straight up means that I'm a mothafucking
psycho
Reputation like Jason on the southwest side
Shot 47 times boy still ain't died
In the LA roads pumpkin gangsta codes
Selling yayo part time selling stereos
Yeah boy and my tape comes with them
When I stole the radio my tape was already in them
Life style of a muthafucking scalowag
Throw a fist if ya throw me a mag
I'll use it cause ya never know I'm packing a gun
Straight up young one you don't want none son
Fuck those talking shit fucking seem to quit
Talking shit about the tape and don't make them say
shit
Young caucasians raising hell on our tape
Impersone Violent J I'll crush your head like a grape
Talk shit about my posse hope you have a ball
When I see you I'ma slam your fucking head in the wall
Intelligence and Violence (repeat)

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