

## **Insane Clown Posse "Is That You? - With Kid Rock"**

Visit "[Is That You? - With Kid Rock](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Violent J, Violent J, is that you?  
I'm on the microphone, so what'cha wanna do?  
Violent J, Violent J, is that you?  
A wicked, wicked clown painted just for you

I drink Faygo, it's only a buck-ten  
I'm a pour it on your tits when we fucking  
'Cuz I'm with that kinky shit, hoe  
I can see you butt, naked in your window

Shimmy up the house side dash  
Now I'm gonna press my nuts on the glass  
Let me in, hoe, don't ya know  
I'm Violent J of the ICP, yo, I got me a checklins cashing

If I could spend it with the hoes I'm crashing  
But don't get all geek slut  
'Cuz I'm a buy ya some lava to wash your butt  
What's this clown shit about?

A knife to your neck  
And your throat's hanging out  
With a do-me-ray  
Now it's about time I say

Kid Rock, Kid Rock, is that you?  
Yeah, let me tell ya what I wanna do  
Kid Rock, Kid Rock, is that you?  
Yo, Nate, Yo, Nate woo hoo

Frontin', they frontin', everybody's frontin'  
Violent, Violent J is gonna tell ya something

If ya know a bitch who got grits  
Kid Rock, Kid Rock will probably eat that shit  
Boohoo motherfucker what'cha cry for?  
I'm that nigga that your bitch would die for

The whore showed up at my front door  
So I fucked her in the ass and I threw her out the back  
door  
The bitch thought it was a cake drive

She said, "Drive me to the city, so I dropped her  
off at lakeside"

You driving me home, well, I meant ta  
But plans have changed so get your ass on the Centaur  
Hoe, this ain't no taxi I be mackin' hoes, they don't  
mack me  
Never slacking, hoes I be macking  
Kid Rock, Kid Rock never slacking, hoes I be macking

Violent J serving ghetto hard street shit  
The funk, the funk from the old days  
Violent J serving ghetto hard street shit  
The funk from the old days

Well, I'm up for the shot in a minute  
Show me a valley, I might yodek in it  
Like somebody else I know, I been to Mount Plen  
As I've been to Romeo, meo, meo

Wicked clowns gonna flow for ya son  
Three for the treble, eight for the drum  
Five for the homies that I run with  
Bitch call your mother 'cause you're done with

Toe tip-toe, I snuck in your house  
And fell asleep butt-naked on the front couch  
So, excuse me, pops, I'm napping  
So could ya shut the fuck up with that yapping?

And your wife's all worked up for nothing  
She act like she ain't never seen a wang or something  
'Cuz it really don't matter, I'm a show my nuts to  
innocent bystander  
Every fucking day 'cuz it's about time I say

Kid Rock, Kid Rock, is that you?  
Yeah, let me tell you what I wanna do  
Kid Rock, Kid Rock, is that you?  
I just said, "It was motherfucker"

Skinny dipping in the pool, you know, I drown hoes  
Fuck them doggie style and play that ass like a bongo  
Hit it, hit, hi-hit it  
Hitting home rums and never wimp, ho

Smoke my dick like it's a big spliff  
This ain't a blooper and I'm no joker  
But I can shoot a nut 50 foot like a super soaker  
But I won't pull it out for a cheap joke

Instead I play John Holmes in a sequel to Deep throat  
Taste the nut in your mouth, just to school ya  
But ho, don't let the smooth taste fool ya  
Don't let the smooth taste fool ya

Visit [Insane Clown Posse](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.