

Insane Clown Posse "Just Another Crazy Chick"

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I choke hold up, aright, listen
(Nope, fuckin' go)
I stab you with an umbrella and then open it
(No)
'Cause I'm sick like a diseased Ethiopian
(That shit's wack)

Aright fuck that aright hold up aright, c'mon
(Wait a second, listen)
I'll peel your cap back with a cannonball
I buck them all, fuck them all
(Yeah)

We standin' tall
(Whoo)
Three 6 mafia
(Yes, yes)
Insane Clown Posse and Twiztid
(No)

We used to, we used to
We used to rob for them petty thangs
Like a gold chain
Or a mothafuckin' pinky ring now it's cocaine

If you see me on the dope train
I'm the dope man
Cigarettes in my right hand
Ready to make a stand

Old folks scared of eye gain
Out the window pane
They be lookin' with a migraine
While I catch a drain

And you know it's a fuckin' shame
When you in this game
Tryin' to sell to a sprung lane
I control your brain

Now, do my niggaz, bust glocks, fuck wit us, bitch see
It's the buckets of the four, bust a trick, make 'em

bleed

Through his neck, through his back, nigga, cover them
hoes

Ain't nuttin' else gonna be workin' when you twirkin' wit
some pros

Automatic with the carrier, silence on the barrier

Hang them in the closet, kidnap the treasurer

Bandannas on our face from wildin' out like some
cowboys

Hoe, we need the keys and I'm talkin' like, now boy

We be just another crazy clique, doin' whatever to get
us by

When we pumped up, you out of luck, bitch I ain't gon'
lie

Put your guards up

Show them who really runnin' the streets with them
calicos

All kinds of shit bitch you can't compete

We be just another crazy clique, doin' whatever to get
us by

When we pumped up, you out of luck, bitch I ain't
gonna lie

Put your guards up

Show 'em who really runnin' the streets with them
calicos

All kinds of shit bitch you can't compete

We the clique that don't play

Quick to rip your head off and hand it to violent J

And bury it away

I'm on a spree, killin' for free

Without a conscience

Bitches, we on a mission to bomb shit

Twiztid, I.C.P., with the triple six clique

Hoes that pop lip

Can eat a dick

Or get your neck slit

I'm havin' these memory lapses

Of bodies off in the caskets

With no heads

Monoxide, ruler of the dead

We 50-deep on the lawn

With the psychopathic leathers on

You say it's on, so come bring it on

We gettin' crunk at your funerals

Treat us like we criminals

We juggalo individuals

We just another crazy clique
(Woop, whoop)
I.C.P., Twiztid, triple six
All up in this bitch
And we runnin' shit
We doin' drive by's on all
Y'all with chainsaws
Pure uncut, redefinin' rugged and raw

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us by
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Just another crazy clique to fuck around and bury ya
Taking care of ya, we scarier than malaria
I walk around your neighborhood like Frankenstein
Chokin' anybody I find, I'm takin' mine

You mothafuckas can't get near it
'Cause you fear it
Look at my glass eye
I'm sick like Lou Gerigh
I dunno judo, but I go kee-ya
Fuck you up so bad, a wheelchair couldn't see ya

Listen, ya hear that, slut?
That was me
Pullin' this dick out ya butt
I'm a juggalo serial killa
Steady screamin' fuck ya'll
I stab bitches with a chainsaw

We walk around Compton
And watts beat scrubs up
And right into thugs face

I throw the dubs up
We tearin' clubs up, down south from the D
Three six y'all, Twiztid, and I.C.P.

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