

## **Insane Clown Posse**

### **"Just Another Crazy Click"**

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I choke....nope, nah, hold up.  
Aight, listen....Fucking go!!

I stab you with an umbrella, and then open it!  
(Nooo!!)  
Cause I'm sick like a diseased Etheopian!!  
(That shit's wack...aight, fuck that...aight, hold  
up....aight, c'mon....WAIT A SECOND!! LISTEN!!)  
I'll peel your cap back with a cannonball  
I buck them all  
Fuck them all  
(Yeah!)  
We standing tall  
(Whooooo!!)  
Three 6 Mafia!! (Yes!! Yes!!) Insane Clown Posse and  
Twiztid... (Noooo!!)

We used to--we used to--  
We used to rob for them petty thangs  
Like a gold chain  
Or a mothafucking pinky ring  
Now it's gold cane  
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 looking with a migraine  
While I catch a drain  
And you know it's a fucking shame  
When you in this game  
Trying to sell to a sprung lane  
I control your brain

To my niggaz, bust glocks, fuck wit' us, bitch see  
It's the buckest of the four, bust a trick, make em'  
bleed  
Through his neck, through his back, nigga, cover them  
hoes  
Ain't nuttin' else gon' be workin' when you twirkin' wit'

some pros  
Automatic with the carrier  
Silence on the barrier  
Hang them in the closet, kidnap the treasurer  
Bandanas on our face from wilding out like some  
cowboys  
Hoe, we need the keys and I'm talking like, now boy!

We be just another crazy clique, doing 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 running the  
streets with them Calicos  
I'm causing shit with ya, can't come close  
We be just another crazy clique, doing 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  
I'm causing shit with ya, can't come close

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 the spree  
Killing for free  
Without a conscience  
Bitches, we on a mission to bomb shit  
Twiztid, ICP, with the Triple Six clique  
Hoes that pop lip  
Can eat a dick  
Or get your neck slit  
I'm having 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 getting crunk at your funerals  
Treat us like we criminals  
We juggalo individuals  
We just another crazy clique  
ICP, Twiztid, Triple Six  
All up in this bitch  
And we running shit  
We doing driveby's on all y'all with chainsaws

Pure uncut, redefining rugged and raw

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

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

Put your guards up, show them who really running the streets with them Calicos

I'll causing shit with ya, can't come close

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

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

Put your guards up, show them who really running the streets with them Calicos

I'll causing shit with ya, can't come close

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

Choking anybody I find

I'm taking 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...(slllllooooooppppp!!)

Ya hear that, slut?

That was me...pulling this dick out ya butt

I'm a juggalo serial killa, steady screaming, "fuck y'all!!!"

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 tearing clubs up, down south from the D

Three Six y'all, Twiztid, and ICP

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

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

Put your guards up, show them who really running the streets with them Calicos

I'll causing shit with ya, can't come close

We be just another crazy clique, doing whatever to get

us by  
When we pumped up, you out of luck, bitch, I ain't  
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Put your guards up, show them who really running the  
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I'll causing shit with ya, can't come close

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