

## **Insane Clown Posse "Knock 2 Dis Mix"**

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A little mix of the old shit  
Somethin' for you to knock down the block to  
Juggalo Love.....

(Violent J)

Woboogawoo WAAA!! Welcome to the house of horrors  
You born in a barn? Shut the fuckin door  
You see, damn, cause I'm about to scare you  
...Okay now I dare you  
Close your eyes, open up your mouth, and count to ten  
Don't wanna, huh, cause you know my nuts are going in  
I'm twisted, I'll cut your finger off,  
and stick it in your butt  
...and glue it shut  
This is when I get crazy, lemme show you something  
...You know what that means, it don't mean nothin,  
haha  
But it scares you cause people don't be doing that shit  
But me...bitch...I'm all about it...  
Guess what I'm a serial killer, it's a bad habit  
I killed Tony, Lucky Charms, and the Silly Rabbit,  
Cut the lights, see that shit, I'm glowing  
Alright, I'm done, cut em back on, wait, where you  
going?  
Welcome to the house of horrors

(Shaggy 2 Dope)

La di da we gotta protest that  
Some rock and roll ninja bit the head off a rat  
Let's march in his concert and chant him to hell  
Cause he's so fuckin TERRIBLE!  
Meanwhile his record sells double and triple  
Cause of you whinin bout him rubbin his nipple  
Religious? Shit, you helped them bands  
Instead of helpin them poor people  
eatin outta them garbage cans  
When your done with that bitch come protest me  
Shiiiiit motherfucka I could use the money  
The whole world was cryin when Kurt went kabang  
When Eazy-E died no it wasn't no thang  
Rapper dies of AIDS but you hardly mention  
Rocker blows his face off and becomes a legend

Heroin and a shot gun and a hero was made  
Maybe I should do that shit so J can get paid

If I was your tv I'd be like, look at me  
If I was shooting star I be like shooooom  
If I was a fat bitches thong I'd be like hell nah  
If I was a hotties thong I'd be like ahh  
If I was a cuss word I'd just be like, fuck  
If I was a rock on the moon I'd be chillin like sup  
If I was a asshole I'd just be an exit  
If I was the DOC I'd be like "man this is bull shit"  
If I was your tires on your car I'd be like...  
If I was the bumper on your car I'd be like ahh fuck  
If I was a balloon I'd be like....  
If I was Alyssa Milano I'd be fucking Joe Bruce  
If I was a radio DJ I'd probably say, point 103  
If I was a richie ass bitch I'd be like, um ok  
If I was Spin magazine I'd put a mirror on the cover  
and be like fuck us and all our readers, even this  
motherfucker  
If I was your mental stress I'd be catching up  
If I was your headaches every now and then  
I'd be like thuuummmp  
If I was your tounge I'd be hatin' your teeth I'd be like  
Ah why do you always bite me every time we eat?  
If I was a chair I'd be like sit here  
and if I was Kid Rock I'd cut my feathered wolf hair  
If I was your muffler I'd be like shhh quietly  
If I was a price tag I'd be like you ain't buyin me  
If I was a fresh DJ I'd be like...  
If I was Jam Master J I'd be like...  
If I was a cheap clock radio I'd be like...  
If I was Barry White I'd be like what up ya'll  
If I was a nipple in the cold I'd be like...  
If I was your dead uncle I'd be like...  
If I was a rain drop I'd just be like....  
and I was an axe in your neck I might say chop

Hey Mike, Mike, MIKE!  
Turn it up, right about now  
Welcome everyone to the big show  
Jake and Jack, and the dark carnival  
Remove your hats or we'll cut off your heads  
Show respect you's amongst the dead  
Don't like bigots and richy boy fucks  
Ain't shit changed bitch check nuts  
Detroit, Southwest murderers die  
The greatest spectacle under the sky

(Violent J)

Five cards came and made they mark

From moon you gone down Patton Park  
Fuck your drum kits, xylophone, cello  
I'm a wicked clown bitch hello

Everbody come jump in our ride  
Bring you and your fat ass bitch inside  
Wagons, tents are swift as a breeze

Can't nobody get with these, motha fucka  
BRING IT ON!

(Chorus)

Bring it, bring it, bring it  
Bring it, bring it, bring it, bring it  
Bring it, bring it, bring it, bring it  
Bring it, bring it, bring it, bring it  
Bring it, bring it, bring it, bring it  
Bring it, bring it, bring it, bring it  
Bring it, bring it  
Bring it, bring it

(Violent J)

Violent J, Shaggy 2 Dope serial killers with style  
Fashion of the 2000s and beyond

Voodoo, chicken and magical wands

"Let's meet contestant number one. He's a skitsofrantic,  
serial killer clown, who says, "woman love his sexy  
smile"

Let's find out if his charm will work on Sharon. Sharon,  
what's your question?"

"Contestant number one, I believe first impressions last  
forever. So let's say you were to come over to my  
parent's house and have dinner with me and my family.  
Tell me what you would do to make that first  
impression really stick"

(Violent J)

Let's see, hmm, well, I'd have to think about it  
I might show up in a tux, HA!, but I doubt it  
I'd probably just show up naked like I always do  
And lick your momma in the eye and tell her, "FUCK  
YOU!!!"

Hurry up bitch, I'm hungry, I smell spaghetti  
I'd pinch her loopy ass and tell her, "Get the food  
ready!"

Your dad will probably start tripping and get me pissed  
I'd have to walk up and bust him in his fucking lips!  
It's dinner time, we hearing grace from your mother

I pull a forty out and pour some for your little brother  
I'm steady staring at your sister, I'll tell you this  
You know for only thirteen, she got some big tits  
After that, your dad will try to jump again  
And only this time, I'd put the forty to his chin  
After you mom does the dishes and the silverware  
I'd try fuck her till I nut in my underwear

(Shaggy 2 Dope)

The second little piggy, his house is made of brick  
And this little piggy is a motherfucking dick  
He sits on his bench and get's all the respect  
But if I get a chance, I'm going straight for the neck  
He walked in the room, and everybody rose  
Lopped off bucket chilling underneath my clothes  
First they let the piggy, now you can finally sit  
But what this piggy don't know  
Is he's about to get his neck wet  
Now I seen the bailiff, I'm thinking what the fuck?  
I can smoke this room before his hearing aid  
Will pick it up  
Old-ass man, I let him get away  
That tired motherfucker will probably die tomorrow  
anyway  
Here come the piggy, it's time for my case  
His eyes are blood red with a wicked looking face  
He saw my joker's smile, and sentenced me to die  
So I racked on the bucket, made it fucking rain pork  
rinds

(Chorus)

Three little piggies to make that piggy pie  
There's nothing like the sound when you hear a piggy  
die  
I might choose a gun (no!)  
I might choose an ax (yes!)  
The Carnival's in town, come and get your piggy  
snacks

My axe is my buddy, I bring him when I walk  
Me and my axe will leave your head outlined in chalk  
My axe is my buddy, he always makes me laugh  
Me and my axe cut bigot spinal cords in half  
My axe is my buddy, and when I wind him back  
Me and my axe will give your forehead a buttcrack  
My axe is my buddy, I never leave without him  
Me and my axe will leave your neck a bloody fountain

(Chorus 2x)

Everybody everybody everybody run  
Murdering murdering murdering fun

Swing swing swing  
Chop chop chop  
Swing swing swing  
Chop chop chop

My axe is my buddy, we right the planet's wrongs  
Me and my axe leave bigots dead on richie lawns  
My axe is my buddy, he never makes me cry  
Me and my axe will leave a divot for your eye

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