

Insane Clown Posse "Meat Cleaver"

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Yeah
(What's that)
Myzery(Word up)
Twiztid(Yeah)
And the Insane Clown Posse(Know what I'm sayin?)
Forming a 50 foot Voltron on your ass
Your worst nightmares couldn't fuck with this
Run that shit
I'm rollin with the Psychopathic
Make a move, and shit gets drastic
Leavin mutherfuckers in caskets
Or wrapped in Reynolds plastic
Cause we psychosomatic and schitzophrenic lunatics
Holding my balls we know
Which engulfs the tip of my dick
We real sick bitch, run and tell a friend
Twiztid in at the beginning
Means of the beginning of the end
The world dealt me a healthy hand of pain and lies
And you can see the hate in my eyes it's no surprise
It ain't shit bitch believe that
Suckers claiming they paid
They can't even handle they weed tax
I leave tracks like a needle
You phony as the 5th Beetle
Fuck a B on a deedle
Rockin Toledo like a trooper, What?
Leaving your conscience in a stuper, What?
Fuck a Smith and Wesson I can grab the luger, What?
And right before I shoot ya
I snap your back like I was Lex Luger
Chronic weed abuser (Wooooo!)
As we capitalize and enterprise music scenes
Money motivated, goal, and a dream
Like Martin Luther King
Hesitaters pause while we crack their jaws
Swooping over they town like Super Balls (Woo Woo!)
I roll with Bones and it's on like that
Making suckers spasm so hard they lungs collapse
Twiztid's the sound
Something'that your worst nightmares couldn't fuck
with

Prepare to duck bitch
Cause I'm runnin' with a meat cleaver

(Chorus)

Runnin with a meat cleaver, yo!
And if you missed it the name is Twiztid
Runnin with a meat cleaver, yo!
Boriqua, Myzery, para la isla
Runnin with a meat cleaver, yo!
Shaggs and J, Insane Clown Posse
Runnin with a meat cleaver, yo!
Psychopathchic

(Chorus)

From the NY come Myzery the red-eyed invasion
Minority and JumpSteady plotting retaliation
Suffocating dirty cats, player hatin
Gats we packin
Skullys and army jackets
Headed out of psychopathic
I got a plan so stack the ammo in the trunk
The word is that down town we don't front
Spark the blunt, give em what they want
Psycho thugs, loaded slugs
Loco in la cabeza
Get away rides in ce pasa
Destination para mi caco pato
There without muchacho
Cock slowly the deracho

There go that long acho
My shit is jammed
For you planned
Body's wounded badly
Move quickly before they bag me
Being chased down this dark alley
I'm a wounded ass
Minority hollering I gaba
I pulled out my blade
And carved it in him like a mansana
Now back to the ride floor it corpses
No remorse's
Psychopathic and Spanish side we joining forces

(Chorus)

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And if you missed it the name is Twiztid
Runnin with a meat cleaver, yo!
Boriqua, Myzery, para la isla
Runnin with a meat cleaver, yo!
Shaggs and J, Insane Clown Posse

Runnin with a meat cleaver, yo!
Psychopatchic
Myzery(I smell gun powder)
Twiztid
And the loco Insane Clown Posse (I smell raisins)
Psychopathic Records
Para siempre!
I smell garlic my head hurts
Cause my brain is cursed by voodoo wizards
My skin turns blue and I start to shake
My tongue comes out like a snake
Ssssss
Zunga bunga hooly goo bo
That's my Ugandan voodoo flow
You don't know what it meant
Til the next day you wake up
With your dick in your homies butt
I might grab your face, twist your neck,
And then let it go (Brrrrraah)
And then Shaggy climbs up my back
And we attack and hit ya like a 10 foot ninja(Ninja!)
I paint my face like a clown
Other times I paint it like Sting and come down
The rafters up at the mall and throw old folks to the
ropes
And chop their throats (Woooo!)
But I ain't no wrestler
I'm a serial killa murderous molester
Naww, I'm just juggalin your balls a bit
It's J who's into that shit (Yeah, fuck you)
And if you wanna get lippy
I'll stretch your lips out and call you skippy (Hehe)
The bottom line is we twisted like Sam Kinison's back
After the car wreck

(Chorus)

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Runnin with a meat cleaver, yo!
Boriqua, Myzery, para la isla
Runnin with a meat cleaver, yo!
Shaggs and J, Insane Clown Posse
Runnin with a meat cleaver, yo!

(Chorus x5)

Psychopatchic

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