

Insane Clown Posse "Mr. Happy"

Visit "[Mr. Happy](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Love you, I love you
I Love you, I love you
Kill you, must kill you
Must kill you, must Kill you

I'm kind of fat and I sweat a lot
But that's the only bad quirky dinks I got
That and maybe the whole murdering aspect
But we needn't really got to that yet

I love people, I love everything about them
And that's why I gotta live life without them
I know it don't make any sense to you but fuck you
This songs about me exclusively

Murder, murderous, murderation
The murdering mentality without an explanation
I'm Mr.Happy and I ride a bike
I ain't got a seat, I just sit on the pipe thing

I whistle, I sing, I'll pet your poodle
I'll twist and squeeze your neck like a wet noodle
'Cause I'm so happy, I'll stab your ass
And lay down next to you dead on the grass
And sing, ooh, it feels so good every time I murder, I
get happy

Happy, happy, happiest
I'm happy, happy, happiest
I'm happy, happy, happiest
I'm happy, happy, happiest

Murder, murder, murder you
I'll murder, murder, murder you
I'll murder, murder, murder you
I'll murder, murder, murder you

I love you, so hand me you neck
Let me teach you about love and respect
Respect the fact that I love to kill all
Wait a minute y'all I gotta take my pill
Zanoffs, it works, down to only three people a day

My victims, I give them love and care
I don't wanna get blood everywhere
I don't use a chainsaw or a butcher knife
That's son ninety's get it right

I never mutilate or chop my loves
All I really need is a pair of gloves
Or maybe a car, I'll run 'em down wit it
I know that can be messy but the birds will get it

Don't you see that I love you
I'm Mr. happy, I'm all about fun
Now get into the pit and try to kill someone
Ooh, it feel so good every time I murder, I get happy

Happy, happy, happiest
I'm happy, happy, happiest
I'm happy, happy, happiest
I'm happy, happy, happiest

Murder, murder, murder you
I'll murder, murder, murder you
I'll murder, murder, murder you
I'll murder, murder, murder you

My bike has a basket full of strawberries
I picked them myself along with apples and cherries
And lemons and oranges and boogers and limes
Plus there's a faygo in there but that's mine

Red flowers like after your dead
I plant seeds and grow 'em out, the side of your head
I got flowers all over the back yard
In the form of a jokers card

Uh, oh, feels good
I'm like the chuckle of my neighborhood
I'm one of them midnight creeps at dennys
Talking to myself and lickin' my pennys

I got a french fry hangin' out of my beard
Don't go near that guy, he's weird
You know I'm all good and everythings all right
When you hear this scream in the middle of the night
Like this, ooh, it feel so good every time I murder, I get
happy

Happy, happy, happiest
I'm happy, happy, happiest
I'm happy, happy, happiest

I'm happy, happy, happiest

Murder, murder, murder you
I'll murder, murder, murder you
I'll murder, murder, murder you
I'll murder, murder, murder you

Happy, happy, happiest
I'm happy, happy, happiest
I'm happy, happy, happiest
I'm happy, happy, happiest

Murder, murder, murder you
I'll murder, murder, murder you
I'll murder, murder, murder you
I'll murder, murder, murder you

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

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