

Insane Clown Posse "Neden Game"

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Let's meet contestant number 1
He's a schizophrenic, serial killa clown
Who says women love his sexy smile
Let's find out if his charm will work on Sharon
Sharon, what's your question?

Contestant number 1, 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'd do to make that first impression really stick

Let's see, 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 look your mama in the eye and tell her, "Fuck you"

Hurry up, bitch, I'm hungry, I smell spaghetti
I kick her in the butt and tell her, "Get the food ready"
Your dad would probably start trippin' and get me pissed
I'd have to walk up and bust him in his fuckin' lips

It's dinnertime, we're hearin' grace from your mother
I pull a 40 out and pour some for your little brother
I'm steady starin' at your sister, I'll tell ya this
Ya know for only 13, she got some big tits

After that, your dad would try to jump again
And only this time I'd put the 40 to his chin
After your mom does the dishes and the silverware
I'd dry fuck her till I nut in my underwear

Now, let's meet contestant number 2
He's a psychopathic, deranged, crack head freak
Who works for the dark carnival
He says women call him Stretch Nutz
Sharon, lets hear your question

I like a man who's not afraid to show his true emotions

A man who expresses himself in his own special way
Number 2, if you fell in love with me
Exactly how would you let me know?

First thing, I could never love you
You sound like a little witchy bitch, fuck you
But if I did, I'd probably show you that I care
By takin' all these other mutha fuckas outta here

I'd go through your phone book and kill them all
And find contestant number 1 and break his fuckin'
jaw, what?
Anyone who looked at you would have to pay
I'd be blowin' fuckin' nuggets off all day

I'd tell you that I love you, if you don't say it back
I have to chock slam your neck and dislocate your back
I sing love songs to you, the best I can
And then I club ya in the head like a cave man

Then we go to tha beach and walk through the sand
I throw a little in your face and say, 'I'm just playin'?'
As you spit it all out, I rub your back
And grab your underwear and wedge it up your ass
crack

Well, it sounds like contestant number 2
Is just overflowing with sensitivity, Sharon, it's a tough
choice so far
Sharon, let's have your last question and see
Who's gonna have the rights to your Neden

Ok, if we were at a dance club
And you both noticed me at the same time
Tell me, how would you each get my attention
And what would your pick up line be
Who ever's the smoothest, wins

Ok, first, I'd slide up to the bar
And tell ya that I can't believe how fuckin' fat you are
I'd tell you that I like the way you make your titties
shake
And if you lost a little weight, you'd look like Ricki Lake

Fuck that, you'd be jackin' me quick
I'd order you a drink and stir it with my dick
And then to get your attention in a crowded place
I'd simply walk up and slap you in the fuckin' face

Yeah, smack her in the mouth, yo, that'll get her
Tell her that she's fat, yeah, that'll work even better

Look, fuck you, I got a strong, rap shit
You don't want contestant number 2, he's mad whack

I walked into a barn and there he was
Standin' up on a bucket, uh, tryin' to fuck it
It was big, fuckin', smelly ass, farm llama
Damn dawg, how ya gonna diss your mama?

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