

## Insane Clown Posse

### "Set It Off"

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(Violent J)  
Alright, hey  
2 Dope turn up the echo  
And I know I'm good for one of them, ol' ass,  
funky mojo beats  
Alright, so let's set it off

Violent J with the pull to the ghetto set it on a brick suck  
a dick  
Cause your fucking soft  
They all say Violent J ain't with it  
When you was rolling with your dad,  
your momma let me suck her titty  
Fools always talk shit get beat  
And if I'm out numbered, theres a 9 in the backseat  
Cause when I'm feeling like a mack dad  
In the trunk of my ride I got weapons Id'a never had  
And I just start gunning them down  
A blast in the car, now everybody's running around  
And there's always them bitches that are screaming  
Some fool turned his back wishing he were dreaming  
If anybodys listening down south  
Talk shit about the city with my nuts in your wife's  
mouth  
Keep stringing on your banjo cause we don't like that  
shit where I come from bro  
NWA thought the boy Ice Cube yo,  
you kinda sound like Barry motherfucking Mannilow  
Why do you call yourself a nigger, I ask you?  
That's the only type of bullshit that you can lay tracks  
too  
Short nappy haired motherfuckers  
Your shit sound like you got your beat from my  
Nintendo game

Yo, when I posse up in Valari, I got bitches on my dick  
like I'm driving a Ferrari  
Well I guess it's cause I'm sorta famous  
I'm sending out dope shit, how the fuck can ya blame  
them?  
When the fucking bitches come and drive by

Lifting up their shirts and letting titties fly  
Like I really wanna see the shit,  
a drunk ass slut and her fucking titty  
And when it comes down to the sex part, they say love  
shit and try to soften my heart  
But a bitch will always give more head,  
with a cold double barrel pressed against their  
forehead  
That's the way to get it done around here  
In my neck of the woods I'd never met fear  
Me and the boys get to rumbling  
We always drop the hoes, though I might be fumbling  
You know Violent J won't slip, yo G,  
they hate us like Q-tip,  
Cause his punk ass went ahead and sold out  
Now his family's at the funeral, and he's getting rolled  
out  
And everybody's fake crying  
Cause nobody really gives a fuck of him dying

There rolling hp's  
It'll never end  
Cause I saw Johnny buttfucking one of his friends  
So there on my case about it  
Because I told everyone he likes to suck a good dick  
Now were all gripping in a '68 bucket  
Seen a fine bitch, but I said fuck it  
Cause I know how that story goes  
First she buys me dinner, then I fuck that hoe  
But I was in a hurry to get downtown  
A yo Mexican festival, you don't wanna miss the show  
With brews and Faygo  
We was chilling too much never stop and my homie Kid  
Villin  
There's motherfuckers staring at me all night  
Given me a look like I was fucking his wife  
I didn't know the bitch he was with, so I told him  
Keep staring at me and  
you'll catch a bullet in your stroller  
But everything went cool  
Woulda caught him once more, Id'a took his ass to  
school

Set it off!!

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