

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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