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Insane Clown Posse "Shittalkaz"

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Yo this is serious shit right here Me and my boys, we don't fuck around You know what I'm sayin'? So if you diss me My muthafuckin' people, or the niggas I roll with You know what? Y'all done fucked up Here go the shittalkin' You's a bitch ass hoe What you really know about killas for real though? Stainin' my freek show, gang of lunatics We the rebels for the dead Fuckin' with us you lose your muthafuckin' head And ya talkin' to your bitch ass hoes even a little Rather beat ya to shit, and pull the plug at the hospital Callin' me this, callin' me that Cause you's a bitch ass nigga from the jump I wanna slap With the old school beat down, 10 on 1 I don't remember no fair fights where I'm from Maniac and I'ma stand right where the bloodstain is at Hopin' you come back, nigga fuck that I'm the poster child of death I'ma keep swingin' my axe till nuthin's left I ain't havin' that so fuck you bitch Tell your friends I'ma hater and I'm talkin' shit Man I don't give a fuck how many records you sell Stories you tell, nigga check yourself And fuck that bitch that you're with too When the shit go down, where the fuck your crew? Probably at home bumpin' someone else When the shit went down they told you fuck yourself Now you cryin' inside little thug still frontin' Thinkin' to yourself why the fuck you say something Too many niggas wanna beat me up Steal my shit, slap my bitch I'm like fuck this Now you know what it's like To deal with real killas that don't play, everyday Knockin' suckas out the box, who wanna get some? Seven video channels for my victims

I ain't havin' that fuck you bitch Tell your friends I'ma hater and I'm talkin' shit We the things that go bump in the night We ain't got no love for you, you need to get some shit right Bitch who you think you're fuckin' with? We keep this shit like a track meet, we be runnin' it With the hatchet on the back While other bitches suckin' sour tits for air time and similac We say fuck that, matter of fact You tainted our style bitch boy we want our shit back Don't get your head cracked you ain't tough And all them skills don't mean shit when you get fucked up So fuck your set, and fuck your crew And fuck every muthafucka around and down with you And you ain't puttin' nothin on the map Except for all this bullshit commercialized mainstream rap And I ain't havin' that fuck you bitch Tell your friends I'ma hater and I'm talkin' shit Hoe ass hoes, we stomp those hoes How the fuck you gonna step to Dark Carnival juggalos? Creators of the wicked, night breeders No little bitch faggots with blonde So anytime you see me in public You get a Faygo in your ass, and your jaws full of dick You can keep your muthafuckin' TRL I stay with my army in the underground and stay real And burn down your little TV set String Carson up with razor wire wrapped around his neck Cause that's how we do all day Cross to the other side bitch you're gonna pay We stay on the dark side of the carnival grounds Twiztid, Blaze, and 2 wicked clowns Heads are finna get chopped off, and slit Bout to take it way beyond talkin' shit Hatchet don't count, hatchet ain't included Knowin' goddamn well we the champs undisputed We don't need your radios and MTV Sellin' million, sayin' what the fuck we please **** who's coat you ridin' on? You gotta lick balls, and write him a song You got his dick buried so far up your ass It's hangin' out your mouth, but you like that And **** tried to warn ya And there you are receiving the dick in California

While you gettin' fucked on the West coast I'm at home fuckin' Kim **** Fuck all you faggot ass sell out hoes And fuck anybody denying the juggalos Come to the underground and get bit Tell your boys I'ma hater and I'm talkin' helly shit!

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