

Insane Clown Posse "Some F*ckin How"

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(Violent J)

Tick...Tock (x4)

BANG!

(Violent J)

I'm like a hand grenade about to pop in seconds
My therapy wicked shit on these records
And I'm trying to shine when I spit this rhyme
Punch you in the gut so hard I break your spine
Right there, I just visionaried that shit
So deep in your gut I hit your spine and cracked it
What the fuck is stopping me from making that really
happen?
It did happen right here in my rapping
You know how many bitches I fucked off this?
I'm talking fine ass hoes
And look at me, I ain't shit
And yet super ass hotties be blowing my shit up
And half the time I don't even show up
We role with the hatchet like nuns role with church
And to us, the hatchet means more then some merch
We travel, seen the Grand Canyon 66 times
Spitting wicked shit rhymes
Some fucking how...

(Chorus x2)

We're spitting

(Live shows)

We're fucking

(Fine hoes)

Somehow as

(Time goes)

How'd it all happen?

(I don't know)

(Violent J)

I hate people

I get into fights everyday

It seems like everybody feel like they got something to
say

To a clown hater

Aside I still ride plush

If I ain't riding spinners
I'm in a 8th street tour bus
Packed clubs, England, Aussie everywhere
And we ain't ever really flied over there
I don't fucking know
It just happened like that
And plus the phat fact that we can rap bitch
I roll deep, even if I go for chip dip
And ain't a bitch I meet that don't sip dick
Think about it clown paint, rap songs, hard work
Who the fuck ever made anybody an expert?
If we can do it, shit
Fuck that, we did it
So what the fuck is your idea bitch?
Come with it
Our shit paid off and we never get laid off

And we never get played so we never fade off
Some fucking how....

(Chorus x2)
We're spitting
(Live shows)
We're fucking
(Fine hoes)
Somehow as
(Time goes)
How'd it all happen?
(I don't know)

(Violent J)
I got some woods by my house
And they all mine
I'm about to put a gate up around them
And let loose a lion ya'll
Cause it would fuck up them 3 dogs of mine
And they be licking my toes
When I be writing these rhymes
And I'm out my fucking mind
Bitches sometimes damn
I just can't believe it when I be fucking them
They look good enough to be up in a magazine or
something
With my scrubby ass humping them
Back in the day you bitches never woulda even look my
way
Not even if I ran up in your fucking ear and yelled
"HEY!!"
Watching TV, it's hatchet signs in the crowd
Letting every mothafucking body know that they proud
How the fuck am I supposed to get used to this

freshness?
Half the fucking time I just front and stay breathless
And fuck man somehow we get paid for this shit
I bought my momma a crib and told her to quit
Some fucking how...

(Chorus x2)
We're spitting
(Live shows)
We're fucking
(Fine hoes)
Somehow as
(Time goes)
How'd it all happen?
(I don't know)

Some fucking how
On the real though
Some fucking how...

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