

Insane Clown Posse "Somebody Dissin U"

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They call me hektik
Cause the way the pain is interjected
You talk shit you gonna regret it
Fuck it, you said it
Watch your mouth fool
I'm on the move
Time to play
For words you say
One level of pain on display
Bitch back off
Too late your bitch is spread out, you jack off
Keepin you wishing that you was dead off
The planet
Can't understand it? let me explain
All that shit you talked drove me insane
But my brain swells, my ears bleed
And all the bad level of attack is underrated,
remember that
Head's get cracked with baseball bats
I love the sound it makes when it pings
I even love it when my ears ring
Stomp on suckers in a second
Leave you with no sign of recollection
Rearrange your whole memory section
Disease, infection, over night I die slowly
Covered in corn stalks, protected by the oak trees
Freeze muthafuckas
Get your hands in the air muthafuckas
This ain't a game
I don't talk shit I slit necks just because
Catchin' the buzz
And keeping a look out for the fuzz
If I get hit by the cops I'm goin' out like val kilmer
Heat the whole squad, droppin the bomb then watch
em simmer
Pain is a beautiful thang it makes my spine shiver
Murder for hire, better believe I deliver
If you think somebody's dissin you they probably are
So far all I been hearin is player hatin(oh yeah)
If you think somebody's dissin you they probably are
So far all I been hearin is player hatin
Moving with the speed of the robot sonic exhaust

Chronic fumes, fuel, gin, and tonic
Half of the world is corrupt and alive
Other half is depressed and they want to die

I.s.i.

Why ask why?

Realize there's a killer in your face

Look him in his eyes

Before your body dies

I'ma grab your soul straight up out your chest

Put it in my black glass jar

With all the rest

Of the competition

Pack rhymes with precision

Eliminating adversaries

And all of our divisions are cuttin like an incision

While other suckers is missin

With enough cheese for 3 niggas in college with tuition

Take a listen I drop knowledge like a teacher

An ill preacher preaching a sermon

I been learning how to sing along with the dead man's
song

He's got an x in his head so I know what side he's on

And brain dead people always say right on

They got 10 on the weed cause we all high arms

We let bygones be bygones and then dismiss

Your wack ass bitches in the abyss

Fuck the diss

Cause you let your colors show too many times

It goes way deeper than rhymes

Fuck a beat cause I rock accapella

Crazy ass fella

Used to fuck cinderella

In the back of the pumpkin coach

Smoking roach after roach

Fuck her all night

And in the mornin make me french toast

Coast to coast

Drop knowledge like a teacher

I.s.i. in this bitch we play the preachers

If you think somebody's dissin you they probably are

So far all I been hearin is player hatin

If you think somebody's dissin you they probably are

So far all I been hearin is player hatin

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