

# Insane Clown Posse "Taste"

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Featuring esham

Intro: violent j

The time has come for the blood to run into  
The streets paved with gold  
We have lived in the zoo of the ghetto for so  
Long  
And like animals we kill each other for the  
Hatred of others  
We must move into the suburbs and punish the  
Rich for their ignorance  
For the horror of death, that is part of our life in  
Our neighborhood  
And give them a taste of the same  
And when we kill the governments children  
And the streets smell of death  
Maybe then we will see our situation in a new  
Light  
And put an end the the chaos in the ghetto  
And an end to the killings

Verse one: violentj

Heard what's going on in the free world  
Broke out the asylum and killed a girl  
Just ta warm u, just to get it on  
Cause Im gonna be cutting throats till the  
Break of dawn  
Cant nobody get me  
Ive always been a psycho now they coming  
With me  
That's straight when we team up  
Cause I believe every throat deserves a good  
Cut  
Look in my brain it's fucking insane  
Roll around naked in the acid rain  
Rich bitch fucka took me for a sucka  
Now we killing you instead of killing each other

Walked in the house, shot him in the mouth  
Leaned back the head, and pulled the brains

Out  
My list are strong it's only a saw  
The government fronts like they don't know  
What is going on  
Fuck, I'll take the matter in my own hands  
Cut ya down cat, cut ya down  
Cause I know the rich go jogging  
And Im waiting in the bushes,axe to the  
Nogging  
About 30 or 40 times,psychodelic sick with the  
Psycho psycho rhymes  
But ya keep the killer in one place,  
But Im at ya door, motherfucker have a taste!

Verse two: (nate the mack) {shaggy 2 dope}

(fucking you up wont let you pass, fucking you  
Up, shot you in the ass)  
{jumped out the alleyway with a  
Muthaphucking battle axe}  
{12 dead bodies on the muthaphucking train  
Tracks}  
(Im sick of this shit I see on the tv,they  
Showing psychopathics and I see me)  
(and ya calling me a homeless hobo,  
While Im laying on my suede couch listening  
To mojo)  
{snipe ya in the head from a tower,  
Or chase ya naked ass clear out the shower}  
{finally catch ya on the block,  
Take this here gat and shoot ya in the eye}  
(who ya fucking wit governer e?  
Don't ya know I'll hang ya dead ass from a tree)

{then swing ya by ya foot}  
{mister drumma looking bald headed punk  
Bitch}  
(stroll to the banquet party)  
{drank all they brew}  
(then shot everybody)  
(they set it up wrong,  
Created the ghetto and thought it wouldn't last  
Long)  
{thought wed kill each other off,  
Didn't think wed come to the suburbs.jackoff}  
(the clowns stick this knife in ya face)  
({motherfucker, have a taste})

Verse three: jump steady

In detroit doing time, time being done

Without not another solution  
Without nothing but wicked men  
How many muthaphuckas Ive know through the  
Years  
Got they necks blown off or crippled in their  
Fear  
Now iull tell ya cause I been in many schools  
For this  
Cause Im drawn by the vision and close my  
Hand into a fist  
Raised in the crime with nothing to eat  
So my natural instincts to kill in the street  
Im going to war and I sent you caution  
Jumpsteady stepping over the governments  
Brainwashing  
(take it, take it farther, take it far)  
Don't let them even judge ya, cause you know  
Who you are  
Seems they don't even know about the inner  
City crime war  
Moneys on the jews in the desert but what the  
Fuck for  
Damn there stupid, the mine are surrounded  
Think I like to pay a lesson to a gallon  
And save a human life or two  
End this ghetto war for the homies that I once  
Knew  
Ya peeping out the barn with ya closed eyes  
(ya peeping out the barn with ya closed eyes  
Hoe)  
I got a mind killing rage waiting on my change

On the holes on my jacket I craddle my gage  
What ya gonna do if I show up at your place  
Try to ignore it this time, motherfucker have a  
Taste

Verse four: capitol e / esham

Ya need a spoonful, another wants a little taste

So let me feed you the city like in a steady  
Pace  
Ya wake up to gunfire thining it was a dream  
Till ya hear ya neighbors holla and ya young  
Child scream  
Everyday thang, thank it to ya  
Just wait till you see that cracka at ya front  
Door naked  
Begging for money, acting like he know ya  
Ya slam the door in fear, but some day hell

Show ya  
Catch ya at point blank range ya getting  
Jacked  
(come up wit it bitch)  
Now ya don't know how to act  
But that's the life and the experience of a  
Mother  
Happends everyday, one another the other  
But the suburb living is high class  
With a high class leather city trade with ya ass  
And show ya the rough times  
Hungry homeless people committing crime  
After crime  
And bitches working the pike for dough  
Then they run to the rock sella to buy some  
Rocks slow  
And I hear ya making fun of that...  
Icp (what's up e) gets ya bats  
Its time for you to crack some necks  
And if they don't know now, show them what to  
Expect  
Cause it don't matter the race or the place  
Capitol e giving the inner city taste

Interlude: violent j

Yea! we heading to birmingham,gross point  
And beverly hills  
I thought you knew, cause we in a devilish  
Mood

Verse five: esham

Guess whos rolling with the icp, that black  
Devil comming straight from the d  
Im heading out to birmingham,to tip off a  
German  
And looking for the governer to kill him and i  
Think I can  
Violent j know the way so Im gonna getcha  
If ya standing in my way Im getting wit ya  
The black devil, that devil ya don't know  
Getting more pussy than bel biv devoe  
Hey man do you know my name?

(esham)

Im down with notics, nuts on train  
So give me mine cause it aint about black or  
White  
It aint about wrong or right on devils night  
I burn a cross in ya fucking face

Now homicides got a new case  
So give me a taste

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