

Insane Clown Posse "Violent Crimes"

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Violent Crimes of the ICP
Yo J take it away homeboy lyricaly
The ghetto yeah boy I'm a proud ass resident
I got more boys than the mothafucking president
Watching my back through jack leading Jack
Trying to mack to your back homeboy you get sacked
By 14 of the hottest mothafuckas on the water bed
ICP fuck a microglycerine
I'll let his backbone pry out his mothafucking throat
Come across to Detroit throw your ass in a moat
Yo homeboy you know you're in effect
But what about the crimes you ain't kicked none yet
On the ramed out streets of the Inner City Delray
There once lived a little boy named Violent J
Saw a lot of bad thing a child stays out of
When he hit 13, mothafucka when violent
Took along yo the crimes that I done
People must understand it wasn't just for fun
When your cold at night and there's nothing to eat
You can give a fuck about another fuckers feed
Growing up stonger one next to me
With military MC's hard nock Bruce Lee
Hanging at the stadium just talking and swearing
Punk walk by laughing at what I was wearing
Prince born walking around with silver spoons in his
mouth
My brother shoved it so far down the kid shit it out
Nate the Mack so loud in front of his house
Leaning against his old's drinking 40's with clouds
Drunk fool walked by with his wallet and key
They took it all and left them in his BVD's
To much and 2 Dope got booming rides
Took your amp took your taking snick by nine
Try to told them between us and your fresh seet to
Left that shity ass 10 dolla crate all for you
Kid Villian the hustla took the whole damn ride
Didn't notice your girl was still sitting inside
She stayed in the car while you ran in the store
Kid plucked your car and ended up fucking your whore
Q-Tip look through your window on a Monday night
Took your couch big jar everything in site

Sold them all for gold cause my boys are swinging
Stole your mothers raidy rade off her mothafucking
finger
Lay Low sold bullets to your uncle Jim
And the village men wonder why he been getting so
slim
Now he steals from you so at night your locking
And the money you get goes to Lay Low's pocket
D-Lyrical like a cat sneaks up from behind
Check nine to your spine is what your able to find
That pile yo is cool and calm
That rope around your neck winds up in a pile
Don Juan goes back just asking the fool
Spent more time in jail, then you spent in school
In the LA roles just go make a deal
Stole your little snitches motherfucking tranin wheels
Pimp, Hustler, Baller, Daddy D
Got more freaks then a skater got teeth
But pimping pimp daddy is pimping down river
Cane in one had with one to hold the liver
Iron Ranger is the brute of the IC crew
Make kid visioouse look like Little Kid Blue
So battery had to be done to an HP
Simple plan its all so the sucker try to say maybe
Rude Boy, aww shit J tell them
HP watching verner boys swelling
Southwest boys, Juan and Andrew
What the fuck can you do?
The playable unstoppable ICP
Boy you can't fade me
Your game is too tuff is what you say
ICP stands for I Can Play
Any game set up by a barn yard hit
Touch a pich fork, and my gun will click
So you say my raps are mean and uncalled for
Fuck you, and your mother's a whore
I'm cold blooded all I care about is me and my boys
And you down with Violent J if your playing my noise
Yo J you know your cold fucking it up
D-Lyrical lyricaly adjust the currupt
Word D, the Inner City Delray is jumping
With what you put out cause your shit is bumping
Man HP's over there in that car
Before we fuck them up lets tell them who they are
Hipple Park Posse little boys and little childs
Ain't down with gang banging only down with milking
cows
Hipple Park ain't shit I'll be the first to get with it
Dropping hoe's over there in a New York minute
They ain't shit they finna fill me with lead
Whent he barn yard hoe's look like Uncle Jed

Now I'm ready to whip some ass
Cause in Detroit we don't play that
Hand me a bat

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