

Insane Clown Posse "Who?"

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Bring it
Cell Block, Twin Gats
Full Clip, Foe Foe, Lil' Shank, Bullet
Jeremy, Psychopathic Rydas
Nipples, Tom Dub
All up in that bitch ass
Bubba Dub, Double A
Stepdirt, Jump Steady, Billy Bill, Tom K
Mike E. Clark, Jason, Dougie
Psychopathic tell me

(Chorus)

Who got more hoes than us? (Don't nobody)
No, who rock more shows than us? (Don't nobody)
No, who got more bank than us? (Don't nobody)
No, who down with hoods in black trucks (Fuckin
everybody)

Back the fuck up cause y'all ain't got shit
Representin the street killas my whole clique
Where the bitch we run hoes for all they loot
And when my money ain't right yo
Believe we down to shoot
Everyday what, different bitch
And at least once a month, my whole enterage switch
Hands down muthafuckas case closed
Psychopathic Rydas got all the hoes

(Chorus)

Who got more hoes than us? (Don't nobody)
No, who rock more shows than us? (Don't nobody)
No, who got more bank than us? (Don't nobody)
No, who down with hoods in black trucks (Fuckin
everybody)

Everybody that's down
That is me and Full Clip bring it to 'em
Oooh who's dat?
Clip from the Rydas
Dumpin out bystanders at the cops behind us
Oooh who's dat?
Your muthafuckin killa

Pull out my nine and blast you in your grill, yeah
Oooh who's dat?
The winner of bread
Put your face on the curb and kick the back of your
head
Oooh who's dat?
Hatchet representin fool hood in a black truck
Ryda till I die that's what
I don't give a fuck how many caps they peel
Fuck they crew and all they muthafuckin homeboys
frontin like they real
I got the hollow tip bullets for that teflon vest
Blow a hole the size of hubcaps dead in your chest
We ain't afraid to make the hammer go cock
Just to erase a couple of wack muthafuckas off the
block
Leave you layin in a pine box with roses from your crew
Pause for a second, check yourself, and ask who

(Chorus)

Who got more hoes than us? (Don't nobody)
No, who rock more shows than us? (Don't nobody)
No, who got more bank than us? (Don't nobody)
No, who down with hoods in black trucks (Fuckin
everybody)

You saw the show
Say I didn't rock it
I'ma jab a stick in your eye socket
I'm through tryin to prove myself all the time
I'm the muthafuckin shit bottom line
Fuck dis tryin to impress y'all
I'll wear a half shirt and walk a fat bitch through the
mall
Shit I don't pick and choose my freaks
I'll fuck a crackhead with warts on her butt cheeks
And I'd still be the shit like that
Fuckin Yokozuna ain't livin this fat baby what
Ain't nobody bad like us
25 drunk Ryda dawgs in the tour bus
Who down with hoods in black trucks? (Fuckin
everybody)

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