

Insane Clown Posse "Who Wanna Flex"

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I sell fake dope, it don't even work
Smoke you at 8:00 and won't even twirk
I shoot prostitutes like plastic ducks
Buck, buck, ping! I gives no fucks
Had me a girlfriend and blew her head off
I'm like an underground water-main, I gotta let
off(boom)
Bend enemies knees the wrong way
Kick'em in the ass, watch'em crawl all day
I shot...damn...oh
Put a little aids up in....drawers
Then I produce like Superman
Come out asshole naked with my dick in hand
I use cocaine like Kool-Aid mix
Matter of fact y'all I could use a fix
[Slurp sound] Bitch, you like that hoe?
Now drop to your knees and blow, and who wanna flex?

[Chorus]

Who wanna flex wit' this Killa
Big wheela', Dope man, Dope deela'?
Who wanna flex wit' this Killa
Cap peela', Killa', really, really, really, really? *[2X]*

I'm gangsta, like Tweety Bird Loc *[bird whistle]*
Fuck around and get your little bird neck broke
Wait behind fast foods, strapped to kill
Hole in your head for that happy meal
Break in your house, and I jump attack (c'mon)
Get the sledge hammer and I thump yo back
to make my scratch I let bullets fly
Cuz' i'm crooked, like Robert Gibsons eye
You can't see me like tinted glass
Fuck yo woman and kick yo ass
A fucked up hand life dealt me out
So sick Jerry Lewis couldn't help me out
Everything to lose notta thing to gain
Waitin' in your backseat, I bring the pain
Now your laid up like Eminems rap career
Dead in a year, now who wanna flex?

[Chorus]

I'll beat'chyo ass like Butterbean
Spend my time in the gutter man
Hatchet in-hand wit' the blackest truck
Your like the L.A. Clippers, you fuckin' suck
Smack ol' ladies out they rockin' chair
Walk this earth withoutta damn care
Jack your car and then run you down
With you next to your grand daddy underground
Deck yo bitch-ass, again and again
'Til Yo face swells up like Don Choleons chin
Wave my flag as I walk your streets
Cuz' your wack, like No Limits beats
Hang out the window chuckin' hand grenades
Got the flame thrower for them morning raids
Stole a space shuttle so I can do a drive-by on the
whole planet
Damn it, who wanna flex?

[Chorus 4X]

"Who wanna flex wit' this Killa
Cap peela, dopeman, dope deela?
Who wanna flex wit' this killa,
really, really, really, where you at? Rydas,
who wanna flex? who wanna flex wit' this killa? Y2 fuck
you!
Psychopathic...Rydas...4-ever and a day...runnin' wit' a
hatchet"

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