

## **Insane Clown Posse "Yuwannahoe - Twiztid"**

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What up ya'll?  
Alright, gotta little something to say  
You know I been chillin, chillin in the underground  
And we see all of ya'll Yea we see ya'll  
You know what I'm saying?  
Everybody in the game trying to do their thing  
You in the industry We in the streets  
You know what I'm saying?  
The label that runs beneath the streets  
Psychopatchic ABK, Esham, Blaze Ya Dead Homie,  
Zug Izland, ICP, and TWIZTID!

Hey you bitch boy guess what?  
Me and my brother made of rubber  
So when Twiztid's in the house  
We bounce the mothafucker  
Save your pen ink and your paper  
Player hater We bring the dark side  
Everywhere like the temper  
Ain't you heard Ain't nobody jocking your shit  
Use an open toed sandal  
Just flip-flopping it  
Here's one for your play list  
Suck my mothafucking dick  
First single You can wait on the remix

Get your candle blew out I feel the love homie  
Even if it's hating your mouth  
I'm still the same sick and Twiztid individual  
Looking to go ballistic  
So reminiscent to make your ???  
I keep it covered and smothered  
Like hash browns And my war songs ready  
Keeping them vultures from swooping down  
I'm as classic as a throwback version Of Michael Myers  
Where the hatred that'll spread Like a forest fire

yuwannahoe? (So don't worry)  
Don't hate on me (Get the fuck outta here)  
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Don't hate on me (Get the fuck outta here)  
yuwannahoe? (So don't worry)  
Don't hate on me (Get the fuck outta here)

I trying to shake them off my collar  
With a pop and a twist  
But these haters hang on  
Like some velcro shits I can't escape it  
I try scraping them off  
But they holding on so tight  
It's like rapping a moth  
I leave you mothafuckers shaking  
In the frost of my cold heart  
And burry you alive  
In a hole in my backyard  
Don't act hard You don't want to chance it sonny  
Monoxide, you know how we do this, money

So now I hear that you're attacking my crew  
For the shit that we do

And you'se a bitch  
Thinking ain't nobody sweeter then you  
We spitting sugar shock  
For you dum-dum lollypops  
Give you 20 whole seconds to reload your glock  
Better bust right If you're looking for the lime light  
Better sit down  
Get your rhyme right  
Get your shit tight  
Round here we stay tight  
Like fly anus When no video  
Don't no radio rotate us  
And no play list Just young, dumb, and faceless  
While big cats copping these dumb hoes  
And nice bracelet

(You hear that, all stars go wait on your publishing  
checks so you can pay your baby momma rent what)

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I don't know why  
They hate me so much

Dedicating more then half of their life  
To doing such bitch ass shit  
It's making me wanna retaliate  
You'd probably press charges  
Hoping that they'd lock me away

I'm not a bad boy I'm a fat boy, bitch boy  
My whole team spits raps  
While your team is unemployed  
Riding a pie I'm a give them a piece of my mind  
You're a back burner project  
Getting done up from behind  
My whole squad drops LPs to CDs  
And making way more chow  
Then you'll hoes will ever see

That's right mothafuckers  
Stop making that shrink rap Boo-boo bitch

Hold up man, why dont you bring that beat back up in  
here?

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