

## **Kottonmouth Kings "Pumpkin Carvers"**

Visit "[Pumpkin Carvers](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hey money got a big-ass head,  
Folded like a, like a stop sign.  
Fuck dawg, hey.  
We gotta go get that motherfuckin ball a brains,  
You know what I'm sayin? Fuck that!

What? You wanna make a song about death?  
Squeezin on a neck until it's all outta breath?  
You wanna hear me rap about being the hardest?  
Well, fuck that!

From now on I'm an artist,  
I carve pumpkins, chop chewy.  
Slice, swing twice, stab screwy, ooey,  
Chewy, dewy, gooey, slop.  
It all starts with a quick chop, drop,  
Pumpkin rolls on the floor.  
Almost out the front door, (Oh, we can't have that!)  
Cut along the hair line, (Bowl cut!)  
Hold the pumpkin between your legs and lift up.  
Boing! Brains! Snippity snip all the veins,  
Snip, cut.

What? What the matter?  
You don't wanna do it?  
Well fuck it, then screw it,  
You'll never be a pumpkin carver!

Pumpkin carvers, that be the hobby,  
So-Cal, Motown collectin bodies.  
Twiztid Clowns and the Kottonmouth Kings,  
Halloween, Halloween, Halloween, Halloween.

Pumpkin carvers, that be the hobby,  
So-Cal, Motown collectin bodies.  
Twiztid Clowns and the Kottonmouth Kings,  
Halloween, Halloween, Halloween, Halloween.

What? You don't like this rhyme?  
I can't be on point all the time!  
Fuck! It's Halloween!  
I gotta make a living somehow.

I'm a professional pumpkin sculptor,  
Alright, motherfucka?

Now, first, hollow the container;  
Scrape that bitch with a hanger.  
Whatever, just get something,  
Just get the motherfucker all hollowed out.  
Like you could fill it up with lemonade,  
And pour it out the mouth if ya wanted to.

Never leave the eyes in tact.  
They'll turn all blue and puff out and shit,  
Wack...  
Always remove 'em but keep 'em handy,  
Cause they taste like candy.  
Hahahaha, psych!  
I'm only playin.

Ok, now get the scalpel,  
Slowly cut around the mouth; be careful!  
What the fuck? We needed the lip!

Here let me give you a little tip:  
Slow the fuck down!

Pumpkin carvers, that be the hobby,  
So-Cal, Motown collectin bodies.  
Twiztid Clowns and the Kottonmouth Kings,  
Halloween, Halloween, Halloween, Halloween.

Pumpkin carvers, that be the hobby,  
So-Cal, Motown collectin bodies.  
Twiztid Clowns and the Kottonmouth Kings,  
Halloween, Halloween, Halloween, Halloween.

Twiztid!

Take a closer look, you scary motherfuckers,  
Don't my Jack-O-Lantern look like your little brother?

Neck nuggets start to fling, terrors what we bring,  
Twiztid, ICP, and the Kottonmouth Kings.

Pumpkins are for bitches, I like my shit instead,  
Cause every devil's night we carvin somebody else's  
head.

When my meat cleaver chops,  
Heads fall to the floor.  
Fuck buying pumpkins at the grocery store!

Yeah, yeah, alright,  
You done flexed some skills on the mic,  
This is my motherfuckin little song here, right?  
Right.

Let's get back to the subject,  
Now hold steady, steady, steady, ready?  
Insert the blade along the outer eyelid,  
Very slowly.

I don't wanna look!

Oh, you did.  
Ok, gently count 25 spec meter outer diameters.

Huh?

A square!  
I know it's hard,  
You'd probably rather just stab and chop,  
But you'll end up with a pile of slop.  
I've done it before,  
And them ain't, them ain't pumpkin seeds,  
Those are fragments of skull!

OhÂ...!  
Crunchy!

Hey! Never mind that! Get back to work!  
Eating on the fuckin job; you'll never be an expert!  
What you wanna be a mailman, a plumber, or a barber?  
Or do you wanna be like your Uncle Violent J?  
A pumpkin carver!

Pumpkin carvers, that be the hobby,  
So-Cal, Motown collectin bodies.  
Twiztid Clowns and the Kottonmouth Kings,  
Halloween, Halloween, Halloween, Halloween.

Pumpkin carvers, that be the hobby,  
So-Cal, Motown collectin bodies.  
Twiztid Clowns and the Kottonmouth Kings,  
Halloween, Halloween, Halloween, Halloween.

Make these motherfuckers sing fool!

Kick 'em in the spleen!  
Happy Halloween.  
I be burnin Cali,  
Southern voters I always bring.

Pletto from the ghetto,  
Dumping bodies in the meadow.  
When it comes to carvin bitch,  
I'm sharper than gipetto,  
I'm lovin that stiletto.

Ask your trick or fuckin treaters, more than thirty,  
Why I beat and greet the homies with the Chiba.

Ariba!

Ariba I was born in this October,  
Now come press rewind, motherfuckin flows over!

Visit [Kottonmouth Kings](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.