

Daphne & Celeste

"Intelligence and Violence"

Visit "[Intelligence and Violence](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

* later known as the Insane Clown Posse

You have dug your own grave if you say you wanna
battle
Don't you know your in trouble up the creek with out a
paddle
Cuz I keep gettin betta I'm tougha then leatha
I'm rated numba one and I'll rain for eva
Some people wear silva and some wear gold
But then I'll snatch it off your neck and diss you cold
It's like a fantasy it's irony my rhymes go down in
history
Hit my boys proven with the freshest termenology
Know more words then a pocked dictionary
Got more information then your local library
Some girls I'm kissin and others I'm dissin
But you don't know what you been missin
Make a fresh tongue twista
Could give your tongue a blista
If you see it my way then theres a chance you'll diffa
Give a sigh then you crie then you say good bye
Don't even try don't reply then you want to die
I make you rhyme though it's time
Commit an innocent crime
It's the truth no excuse a visual rhyme
Dissin you, to battle me you bit off more then you can
chew
Tearin up the scene destrukter van vew
The way I'll leave you more puzzled then arubics cube
Wanna battle the best your gonna die like the rest
Wait I'll crush your bones and rip up your flesh
You can do what you want but leave the rhyme to the
skills
Cuz every person that don't listen is a sucker that kills
And when I first started rappin I set some goals
To rock your mind, your body and of course your sould
Now when it comes to these goals I have now acheaved
So for all you none believers it's TIME TO BELIEVE
Take it to the Violent Side
Violent J yo homeboy I'm packin a punch
Nocked out Greg on the motha fuckin brady buch

For no parareasial thats my attitude
Fuck off gold dick I don't rap for gratitude
You'll remember my name after I get the shot
Don't laugh now bitch tie your lips in a not
Delray, Detroit, Southwest Military
Legal Freaks hangin like a motha fuckin dingle berry
Yo I like I like big fat fucked up freaks
I'm waxin that anus and I'm slapin her but cheeks
Hey yo the J stands for Joe
Violent straight up means that I'm a motha fuckin
psycho
Reputation like Jason on the southwest side
Shot 47 times boy still ain't died
In the LA roads pumpkin gangsta codes
Sellin yayo part time sellin stereos
Yeah boy and my tape comes with 'em
When I stole the radio my tape was already in 'em
Life style of a motha fuckin scalowag
Throw a fist if ya throw me a mag
I'll use it cuz ya never know I'm packin a gun
Straight up young one you don't want none son
Fuck those talkin shit fuckin seem to quit
Talkin shit about the tape and don't make 'em say shit
Young caucasions raisin hell on our tape
Impersone Violent J I'll crush your head like a grape
Talk shit about my posse hope you have a ball
When I see you I'ma slam your fuckin head in the wall
Intelligence and Violence (repeat)

Visit [Daphne & Celeste](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.