Daphne & Celeste "Something to Say"

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* later known as the Insane Clown Posse

Somethin to say stereo my scenario
Boy I love to put a critic in critical
Fools perade perade so full in the brain
I started showin and blowin and showin up to the grade
I don't play no games look around now clown throw
down

Dirt mounds were the corps is found
After every show the critics call me a criminal
Cuz the who I know, cuz of were I go
Some interjections practice and colectin gets paid
Play all day, you wanna check this
Perhaps to inform me I'm a lyrical phantom
Critic can't stand a canom mahanom
To the ICP so we can skin they hide
It's critic hunt season all them suckas die

Then I sit in the shade with the jams I made

Layed they get paid and get stired up like Kool-Aid

Some get fed up, I won't let up

They get shet up we met up and go head up

Then I slam them asses and lyricaly

Lyrical by suprise they then avaporize

See them they don't understand a system in judicial

The ICP is pullen tracks individualy

So you can see for to me money

Tryin some salery how can it be

A pencil paper figure to conclusion

And start usin a scratch to confusion

What do you get the shit or quit I'm singin it

Bit by bit legit and hit critics are hatin it

Critics can't stop me my music will always play

I got somethin to say

Somethin to say about America's murder town

Here to prove that Detroit is the worst around

On the streets, roamin population

Word is heard it's raised across the nation

Villians roamin on the avenues

Third collins hear just the name of you

2 Much and 2 Dope you better hope to cope

Nope ya boys hold and shook the rope to cope

Ghetto Style are you worth his while

He'll smielin and fielin put the boys in a pile

Q-Tip legit shit you confetti

Think he still havin a fit you fuckin hell streek

Kid villian he's always willin

To kick ya lazy motha fuckas to the motha fuckin ceilin

Bad luck bro, cuz I snatched your change

I looked at the plate and it said Made in spain

So what did I do? I sold it down town

If I'm a gang I'ma be the best around

Tragety someone catch the beein me

It wasn't me the fools got the jewlery

Out of town let me remind you

That I'ma find you

Then I'ma grind you, spit find you

Look at our crime tryin to find a solution

I'll be introducin to and exacution

Some try to tangle think they can mangle

haha, I said we strangel

I said it gets better, cuz it's the better and the better

then the best

Damn that was fresh

Theres other things I see like inner city Delray

When it comes to Detroit I got somethin to say

Somethin to say about a motha fucka snitch now I'm sittin in jail

Ain't that a bitch?

A snitch is the type of guy that is very agravating

Put me in jail with one you better segregate

Before its too late before I dominate

Snitches are bitches all of 'em I hate

Yeah Violent J and I know you'll agree

That the ICP will show no simpathy

But make sympothy bitches aint shit to me

But it's slick to be the rhyming of the synthany

Snitches don't like us boys that are ghetto hard

So I played there ass like a uno card

Start fetchin don't even mention

Whatever it was that we did to cause attention

Sometime snitches don't even need to be there

I know Violent I has a 9 millimeter

I get busted they can't be trusted

So I smear there asses like mustard

Some try me and think they can find me

I'm put up in jail, yo you know were I'll be

If I see a snitch you gonna see the individual

And my visibaly be unforgetable

Murder is homocide brutaly died

When they hook us what they saw they should a lied

It's pay back time and paybacks are a bitch

Thats what happend to a motha fuckin snitch

On the scene of a crime, stay the hell away I got somethin to say

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