

Daryl Hall & John Oates

"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 parade parade 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 individually
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 smilin and fielin put the boys in a pile
Q-Tip legit shit you confetti
Think he still havin a fit you fuckin hell streak
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 introduc'in 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 rhymin 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 J 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 unforgettable
Murder is homicide brutally died
When they hook us what they saw they shoulda 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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