

Icp "Beverly Kills 50187"

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Juggalos, come out to play...

Guess who's coming to your big town?
Jugglin jesters, kick-it clown
Circus sound, painted frown
Carnival of carnage creeping round
I'm Violent J and I'm sick
They try to run me down
But you know I'm too slick
And I slip and slide like a slinky
Slip and slide with my twinkie
Welcome to my world
As it winds and it twists
I'm a kick a funky little rhyme that you missed
Boo loo chewy wewwy doo boo
And you'd be fucked up if that was really voodoo
Come see the one at the show of your life
See me breathe fire and swallow a knife, right
I ain't swallowing nothing, Jack
But I can juggalo like you never thought you'd ever
know
And we packin that funk
With a snap and a clap and a jump jump
So chicky chicky freak if ya wanna be down
Step on up
And kiss the clown
And kiss the clown
Kiss the clown
On up and kiss the clown
Step on up and kiss the clown
Stop the bus
Violent J comes out
Barrels to your face
And blow your fucking face off
Cause you know my mind is golden oh
Happen to catch me a Beverly show
Body fell asleep but my mind goes on
Welcome to the world of juggla's dome
First day I enrolled at the high school
Butt-naked with a axe
Wow, he's so cool
Stand up and say your name, tell us about yourself

My name's 2 Dope and I cut necks all to hell
Dylan, Dylan, I'm trying to find Dylan
I'm finna cut his throat with a carny carny killin
Rich boy never seen a ghetto jokero
Slap you in the head with a sledgehammo
Sorry Dylan didn't mean to knock ya
Then I stuffed his dead body in my locker
To the next class don't wanna be late
Finna ask Brenda on a little date
I heard this bitch likes to fight in clubs
Took her to a mud match threw a pair of gloves
Wants to get her ass beat by a fat dyke
And left the muddy ass bitch there for the night
Woke her in the morning, threw her in the trunk
Threw her in the trunk, cause the dumb bitch stunk
How you doing Brenda?
Mind if I bend ya?
Over rover, do me like Gumby
I'm sure you'd like that, you little skank
And when I finished
I stuffed her fucking head in the fish tank
Awww that's a beautiful aquarium
Yeah, you wanna see it
Hey come here bitch
Oh God it's lovely
Yeah, yeah, yeah have a closer look
Die bitch what's up?
What are you a lung fish?
What's up aqua man?
Die bitch die
That's right, bitch
Back to the school
Fat bitch in the locker
Couldn't fit her booty in
So I cut her booty off
Sometimes I feel like I'm already in hell
Throwing up children on Del Ray smell
Fuck those fucking fucks, uh
Rich fucks, man, fuck those fucks
Beverly Hills is Beverly Kills
I'm gonna bring ghetto carnival thrills
Where's that other little rich little fag
Looking for Brandon cause we can't stand him
I know my boys make the bass go boom
But shhh, you can hear jacking off in the boys room
Aww, aww, Dylan
Aww I want your anus
Aww, you're so hot
Kicked in the stall
Then I kicked in his jaw
Kicked him in face

And I kicked in his balls
Punk tried to run but he couldn't try to wobble
Bust him in the head with an empty Faygo bottle
Took him to the staircase
Jumped on his face
Road him down the bumpy chase
Can I hear him breathe one last note
Stuffed his back down his throat
Back to the locker
Boy oh, boy oh
Back to the locker
Stuff the fucker!
Back to the locker
Boy oh, boy oh
Back to the locker
Fuckin stuff that fucker!
Walking down the hall and I'm feeling like the shit
Cause all that's left is one skank ass bitch
Kelly, Kelly, your neden's kinda smelly
Funk down your legs, and up to your belly
But I'm with Del Ray
So funk don't fade me
Let me hit it man
You're finna kick the can (Sugar)
Come on, bitch, man
You're getting ready to die anyway
Bitch, calm down
Let me get a little poontang
You know what I'm saying
Let me get a little trip, bitch
You finna die
Okay, cause I'm not a raper
But you still make morning paper
Kelly found dead in her bathroom
Naww, Kelly found dead in her dad's room
No, Kelly found dead in her backyard
Cause Kelly choked on a joker's card
Smashed up bodies chilling in my locker
Kelly wouldn't fit
Chop, chop, chop, chop her
Oh no, principal know what I'm about
Cause one of Dylan's sideburns was sticking out
Oh shit, they chase me
Cause they found the bodies
Now I run my ass off
Yeah they're gettin mad
You can hear them cuss
Didn't look both ways, and got hit by bus
Crunched up under
Tangled in the wheels
Spit me out the muffler

You know how that feels
Lost both my legs so I'm running on my hands
Then I seen Prince so I clap cause I'm a big fan
And straight busted my face on the street
And here come the police
And...

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