

Icp

"Bloody Bitch"

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I live life like I'm playing a game of X-box
I don't give a fuck if I die or get caught
There I am, god-damn, everything was smooth
I woke up with a bloody bitch dead in the bathroom
My wicked shit praise that I heard through the days
Somehow now relays my new murderous ways
Violent J's not around but Moon Glorious is there
Scared of fucking death, and what's happening here
Blood in the tub as I scrub a dub, on my knees geez
I hope she ain't have a disease
I need the keys to the shed, I'ma cut the head off
My daddy got a knife in there to cut lead off
How should I do this, what sounds fun?
I just sat on her headpiece and twiddled my thumbs
Finally said fuck it, stomped her face
Sunk in like a pumpkin, I left no trace

Another bitch dead (On my bathroom floor)
Another bitch dead (on my bathroom floor)
Another bitch dead (In my bathroom)
Find me, deep in the night I be thugging
Another bitch dead (On my bathroom floor)
Another bitch dead (On my bathroom floor)
Another bitch dead (In my bathroom)
Find me, end of the night I be scrubbing

You must think I'm some kind of fucking idiot, don't ya?
What you think I'ma do, warn you when I'm on ya?
That's what TV do, with forensic files
Teaching all your secrets and styles
Got that (alumina phollisone) for your crime lab
You'll find nothing but a carcass slab
I got fourty dead bodies all buried out back
And if a limb's sticking out when I'm mowing I handle
that
This bitch don't, she deserve this
She had a neden that wouldn't provide service
She even stuck a stiletto in my eye
Three inches deep and I still couldn't see why
I had to stab her with a toothbrush in the throat
And then stuff the bitch mouth with a bar of soap

Drown the bitch in a toilet at that
Look at them tiles, she dead on crack

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Four o' clock in the morning out here and one slip up
Had to freeze her so the bitch ain't a dripper
Unzip the zipper, feel like Jack the Ripper
Had to monkey flip her in a wood chipper
Blood on my walls, mirrors and floors
Some even on the carpet from under the doors
I never saw so much fucking blood before
A slutty whore with more blood than a dinosaur
Ajax (here's a quater), call Mr. Clean
Tell him and Comet they're needed at the scene
Scrubbed all night to some old color me bad
Wrapped up the bloody towels in a garbage bag
Send it to the curb, it ain't absurd
This week's been good, that bitch was the third
Hell's Pit's got a cactus waiting on my ass
So expect me to cry when its time to pass

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