

# Icp "Bring It On"

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Hey Mike, Mike...MIKE! TURN ME UP!  
Right about now...

*[1st Verse, Violent J, (Shaggy2Dope)]*

Welcome everyone to the big show  
(Jake and Jack and the Dark Carnival)  
Remove your hats or we'll cut off your head  
(Show respect, youse amongst the dead)  
Don't like bigots and richie boy fucks  
(Ain't shit changed, bitch check us)  
Detroit Southwest murderous, die  
(The greatest spectacle under the sky)  
5 cards came and made their mark from Moon Yugon  
down to Platon Park  
Fuck your drum kit, xylophone and cello, I'm a wicked  
clown, bitch, hello!?  
Everybody come jump in our ride  
(Bring you and your fat-ass bich inside)  
Wagon tips are slick as a breeze  
(Can't nobody get with these, motherfucker, bring it  
on!)

*[Chorus]*

Bring it, bring it, bring it, bring it  
(Bring it, bring it, bring it, bring it) [x3]  
Bring it, bring it  
(Bring it, bring it)

Violent J, Shaggy, serial killers with style, fasions of the  
2000's and beyond

*[2nd Verse]*

Voodoo chickens and magical wands  
(Dead bigots, yeah, face down in a pond)  
Broken necks with the flick of our wrists  
(All this player hatin' getting me pissed)  
Fat chicks, skinny chicks, chicky-chicks, hoes  
(Swishes, Faygo's, and Kung-Fu blows)  
If Jake Jeckel drops any at all  
(No more chicks, just sizzling balls)  
I'll hypnotize you like a vampire, Bite you neck and set  
your head on fire

Shoot me with silver bullets? Ok! I'll pull 'em out, pawn  
'em and get paid  
Here, try my licorice treats  
(I know dead folk that chew they feet)  
Carnival moons and shadow of time  
(And we's runnin' a little behind, bitch, bring it on)

*[Chorus]*

The Insane Clown Posse, ICP, axe murdering done with  
a touch of Detroit class

Jeckel drop all, Shangri La dies  
Jeckel drop all, Shangri La dies  
Jeckel drop all, Shangri La dies  
One for your greed, Two for your lies [x2]

(Shaggs2Dope, serial killer  
Axe murder boy, wig cat peeler  
I can wear a filler jacket and look fresh  
I pimp it like David Koresh...was  
People think I got bombs in my locker  
Teacher try to open it up, I'ma sock her  
Get the fuck back and leave me alone  
Before I have to come to your home and see ya)

*[3rd Verse]*

Wind me up and I can do flips  
(And put the smack down on your lips)  
In a little room, Jump Steady, Tom Doves  
(Step in leg, double legs got love)  
Drinking moon, this carnival barn  
(Got folk love, people love, whatever you are)  
Forks sideways I'm a juggalin man  
(Can't nothing stop the rain, bitch, bring it on)

*[Chorus]*

Hey y'all, we brings it to ya, like we work for fuckin  
Federal or UPS, eh...

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