

Icp "Insane Killers"

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Violent J, Shaggy, Insane Clown Posse, baby what
from New York to L.A.
from Chile to Greece
from New Ghandi to your momma
we gives absolutly no fucks
Motha fucka
natural born serial murderers
mass mothafuckin murderin muderers
bitch, come and meet your maker

Im scary like Michael Jaskson up close
I like diggin up dead bodies
look at me Im gross
my name's Violent J but you can call me syphillis
gonorrhoea the clap cause i infected this rap
you wanna know if i could ever kill somebody
well thats like askin Charlie Manson if he's ever been in
jail
I kill family, friends, myself
what, yeah, I'd kill myself if I could only survive
I tried to kill Rob Van Winkle, in fact thats how we met
I went up to kill him and he was thinkin the same shit
I pulled out a chainsaw, he pulled out and ax
I was like come-on, wait is that a Stanley, where'd u get
that
it's natural and to murder, you gotta have it in you
it's like a dick all up in you, although I wouldn't now
look at us natural killas
the world most playa hated rapper
and the most hated group together like woووо!

[Chorus:]

mass murders
natural born killas
im not fuckin around
icky icky ya ya
icky icky ya ya

mass murders
natural born killas
im not fuckin around
icky icky ya ya

icky icky ya ya

This aint no blair witch
beware bitch
Ill pick ur motherfuckin brain with an icepick
remember me
the V I C E
well heres my trilogy
Im outta captivity
rap cujo ya know my flow is ferocious
last survivor with a mouth full of cockroaches
I bring this hocus pocus
you're flying away
like the last days of the motherfuckin loafers
I'm the redneck in the moshpit
2 axes come in handy
to answer Violent J, ya damn right its a stanley
in the shadows of the dark with darkman like spawn
in the dash blazin it up with explosive bombs
I spit homicides like major cities at 11PM
while zipping bodies in the dungeon like the line at GM
ice mixed with blood is the killers milkshake
here with the clowns from the underground it's a lyrical
deathbreak

[Chorus]

Disrespect me I'll run in your house
like puffin steam stout
break both your arms, gun in your mouth
knock your teeth out with the nose of the fifth
bullets bust through the back of your head ya die swift
fuckin wit tha clan, watch what you say
we kill *Beep: Lame Lyric Censor*
shoot you with an SK or a AK bitch you gonna die either
way
I'm a monster thoroughbred gun holding weed-head
cross me bet tomorrow you'll be dead
catch you at a show while you're chilling with your ho
and crack your skull with a bottle of Mo
I'm a Sing-Sing killer
gun groove captain
brooklyn home of the original gun clapping
gats get brung, niggas get done
sons lose fathers and mothers lose sons
I'm a killer

[Chorus]

[Screams]

[OVERDUB:] To die is a fate that must come to us all
But how horrible to be buried alive
from the darkness they shuffle eyes glazed with death

hands clawing for blood!

[Chorus]

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