

Icp "Is That You"

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Violent J, Violent J, is that you?
I'm on the microphone, so what'cha wanna do?
Violent J, Violent J, is that you?
A wicked, wicked clown painted just for you
I drink Faygo it's only a buck-ten
I'm a pour it on your tits when we fucking
Cause I'm with that kinky shit, hoe
I can see you butt-naked in your window
Shimmy up the house side dash
Now I'm gonna press my nuts on the glass
Let me in, hoe, don't ya know
I'm Violent J of the ICP, yo I got me a check let's cash it
If I could spend it with the hoes I'm crashing
But don't get all geek slut
Cause I'm a buy ya some lava to wash your butt
What's this clown shit about?
A knife to your neck and your throats hanging out
With a do-me-ray
Now it's about time I say

Kid Rock, Kid Rock, is that you?
Yeah, let me tell ya what I wanna do
Kid Rock, Kid Rock, is that you? *[Yodeling]*
Frontin', they frontin', everybody's frontin'
Violent Violent J is gonna tell ya something

If ya know a bitch who got grits
Kid Rock, Kid Rock will probably eat that shit
Boohoo motherfucker what'cha cry for
I'm that nigga that your bitch would die for
The whore showed up at my front door
So I fucked her in the ass and I threw her out the back
door
The bitch thought it was a cake drive
She said drive me to the city, so I dropped her off at
lakeside
You driving me home, well I meant ta
But plans have changed so get your ass on a Semta,
hoe
Hoe, this ain't no taxi I be mackin' hoes, they don't
mack me
Never slacking, hoes I be macking

Kid Rock, Kid Rock Never slacking, hoes I be macking

Violent J serving ghetto hard street shit
The funk, the funk from the old days
Violent J serving ghetto hard street shit
The funk from the old days

Well, I'm up for the shot in a minute
Show me a valley, I might yodel in it
Like somebody else I know I been to Mount Plen
as I've been to Romeomeomeo
Wicked clowns gonna flow for ya son
Three for the treble, eight for the drum
Five for the homies that I run with
Bitch call your mother cause you're done with
Toe tip-toe, I snuck in your house
And fell asleep butt-naked on the front couch
So, excuse me, pops, I'm napping
So could ya shut the fuck up with that yapping
And your wife's all worked up for nothing
She act like she ain't never seen a wang or something
Cause it really don't matter I'm a show my nuts to
innocent bystander
Every fucking day
Cause it's about time I say

Kid Rock, Kid Rock, is that you?
Yeah, let me tell you what I wanna do
Kid Rock, Kid Rock, is that you?
I just said it was motherfucker

Skinny dipping in the pool, you know I drown hoes
Fuck them doggie style and play that ass like a bongo
Hit it, hit hi-hit it
Hitting homeruns and never wimp, ho
Smoke my dick like it's a big spliff
This ain't a blooper and I'm no joker
But I can shoot a nut 50 foot like a super soaker
But I won't pull it out for a cheap joke
Instead I play John Holmes in a sequel to Deep Throat
Taste the nut in your mouth, just to school ya
But ho, don't let the smooth taste fool ya
Don't let the smooth taste fool ya...

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