

Icp

"Knock 2 Dis Mix"

Visit "[Knock 2 Dis Mix](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A little mix of the old shit
Somethin' for you to knock down the block to
Juggalo Love.....

(Violent J)

Woboogawoo WAAA!! Welcome to the house of horrors
You born in a barn? Shut the fuckin door
You see, damn, cause I'm about to scare you
...Okay now I dare you
Close your eyes, open up your mouth, and count to ten
Don't wanna, huh, cause you know my nuts are going in
I'm twisted, I'll cut your finger off,
and stick it in your butt
...and glue it shut
This is when I get crazy, lemme show you something
...You know what that means, it don't mean nothin,
haha
But it scares you cause people don't be doing that shit
But me...bitch...I'm all about it...
Guess what I'm a serial killer, it's a bad habit
I killed Tony, Lucky Charms, and the Silly Rabbit,
Cut the lights, see that shit, I'm glowing
Alright, I'm done, cut em back on, wait, where you
going?
Welcome to the house of horrors

(Shaggy 2 Dope)

La di da we gotta protest that
Some rock and roll ninja bit the head off a rat
Let's march in his concert and chant him to hell
Cause he's so fuckin TERRIBLE!
Meanwhile his record sells double and triple
Cause of you whinin bout him rubbin his nipple
Religious? Shit, you helped them bands
Instead of helpin them poor people
eatin outta them garbage cans
When your done with that bitch come protest me
Shiiiiit motherfucka I could use the money
The whole world was cryin when Kurt went kabang
When Eazy-E died no it wasn't no thang
Rapper dies of AIDS but you hardly mention

Rocker blows his face off and becomes a legend
Heroin and a shot gun and a hero was made
Maybe I should do that shit so J can get paid

If I was your tv I'd be like, look at me
If I was shooting star I be like shooom
If I was a fat bitch's thong I'd be like hell nah
If I was a hottie's thong I'd be like ahh
If I was a cuss word I'd just be like, fuck
If I was a rock on the moon I'd be chillin like sup
If I was a asshole I'd just be an exit
If I was the DOC I'd be like "man this is bull shit"
If I was your tires on your car I'd be like...
If I was the bumper on your car I'd be like ahh fuck
If I was a balloon I'd be like...
If I was Alyssa Milano I'd be fucking Joe Bruce
If I was a radio DJ I'd probably say, point 103
If I was a richie ass bitch I'd be like, um ok
If I was Spin magazine I'd put a mirror on the cover
and be like fuck us and all our readers, even this
motherfucker
If I was your mental stress I'd be catching up
If I was your headaches every now and then
I'd be like thuuummmp
If I was your tounge I'd be hatin' your teeth I'd be like
Ah why do you always bite me every time we eat?
If I was a chair I'd be like sit here
and if I was Kid Rock I'd cut my feathered wolf hair
If I was your muffler I'd be like shhh quietly
If I was a price tag I'd be like you ain't buyin me
If I was a fresh DJ I'd be like...
If I was Jam Master J I'd be like...
If I was a cheap clock radio I'd be like...
If I was Barry White I'd be like what up ya'll
If I was a nipple in the cold I'd be like...
If I was your dead uncle I'd be like...
If I was a rain drop I'd just be like....
and I was an axe in your neck I might say chop

Hey Mike, Mike, MIKE!
Turn it up, right about now
Welcome everyone to the big show
Jake and Jack, and the dark carnival
Remove your hats or we'll cut off your heads
Show respect you's amongst the dead
Don't like bigots and richy boy fucks
Ain't shit changed bitch check nuts
Detroit, Southwest murderers die
The greatest spectacle under the sky

(Violent J)

Five cards came and made they mark
From moon you gone down Patton Park
Fuck your drum kits, xylophone, cello
I'm a wicked clown bitch hello

Everbody come jump in our ride
Bring you and your fat ass bitch inside
Wagons, tents are swift as a breeze
Can't nobody get with these, motha fucka
BRING IT ON!

(Chorus)

Bring it, bring it, bring it
Bring it, bring it, bring it, bring it
Bring it, bring it, bring it, bring it
Bring it, bring it, bring it, bring it
Bring it, bring it, bring it, bring it
Bring it, bring it, bring it, bring it
Bring it, bring it
Bring it, bring it

(Violent J)

Violent J, Shaggy 2 Dope serial killers with style
Fashion of the 2000s and beyond

Voodoo, chicken and magical wands

"Let's meet contestant number one. He's a skitsofrantic,
serial killer clown, who says, "woman love his sexy
smile"

Let's find out if his charm will work on Sharon. Sharon,
what's your question?"

"Contestant number one, I believe first impressions last
forever. So let's say you were to come over to my
parent's house and have dinner with me and my family.
Tell me what you would do to make that first
impression really stick"

(Violent J)

Let's see, hmm, well, I'd have to think about it
I might show up in a tux, HA!, but I doubt it
I'd probably just show up naked like I always do
And lick your momma in the eye and tell her, "FUCK
YOU!!!"

Hurry up bitch, I'm hungry, I smell spaghetti
I'd pinch her loopy ass and tell her, "Get the food
ready!"

Your dad will probably start tripping and get me pissed
I'd have to walk up and bust him in his fucking lips!
It's dinner time, we hearing grace from your mother

I pull a forty out and pour some for your little brother
I'm steady staring at your sister, I'll tell you this
You know for only thirteen, she got some big tits
After that, your dad will try to jump again
And only this time, I'd put the forty to his chin
After you mom does the dishes and the silverware
I'd try fuck her till I nut in my underwear

(Shaggy 2 Dope)

The second little piggy, his house is made of brick
And this little piggy is a motherfucking dick
He sits on his bench and get's all the respect
But if I get a chance, I'm going straight for the neck
He walked in the room, and everybody rose
Lopped off bucket chilling underneath my clothes
First they let the piggy, now you can finally sit
But what this piggy don't know
Is he's about to get his neck wet
Now I seen the bailiff, I'm thinking what the fuck?
I can smoke this room before his hearing aid
Will pick it up
Old-ass man, I let him get away
That tired motherfucker will probably die tomorrow
anyway
Here come the piggy, it's time for my case
His eyes are blood red with a wicked looking face
He saw my joker's smile, and sentenced me to die
So I racked on the bucket, made it fucking rain pork
rinds

(Chorus)

Three little piggies to make that piggy pie
There's nothing like the sound when you hear a piggy
die
I might choose a gun (no!)
I might choose an ax (yes!)
The Carnival's in town, come and get your piggy
snacks

My axe is my buddy, I bring him when I walk
Me and my axe will leave your head outlined in chalk
My axe is my buddy, he always makes me laugh
Me and my axe cut bigot spinal cords in half
My axe is my buddy, and when I wind him back
Me and my axe will give your forehead a buttcrack
My axe is my buddy, I never leave without him
Me and my axe will leave your neck a bloody fountain

(Chorus 2x)

Everybody everybody everybody run
Murdering murdering murdering fun

Swing swing swing
Chop chop chop
Swing swing swing
Chop chop chop

My axe is my buddy, we right the planet's wrongs
Me and my axe leave bigots dead on richie lawns
My axe is my buddy, he never makes me cry
Me and my axe will leave a divot for your eye

Visit [lcp](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.