

Icp "Murder Go Round"

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[Violent]

What can I say, man, I hit him with the brick
Killed the little prick, him and his chick
Tried to be slick but you ain't slinky
You're brinky, you're dinky, you suck my twinkie
I don't give a fuck if you call me a clown
Break it on down, it's murder go round
What'cha dishing out, I betcha ya it comes back to ya
If you're trying to creep, I'd hate to say I never knew ya
Once upon a time in the ghetto zone
A ten-foot led pipe slapped on my dome
I'm laying in the street with blood oozing out my head
Excuse me, motherfucker, was it something I said
Forks up, forks down, man, forks sideways
Then he grabbed my finger and he said crime pays
Swung on his pipe once again for the road
"Hold up, dawg," UH! this shit gets old
Now I walk the streets with a shattered skull
I'm gonna swing my axe to his jaw
Where the motherfucker at? Where the motherfucker
stay?
How ya gonna fuck with the juggla Jay-ay-ay
There he sits so I knock on the door
Pops opened up...pops hit the floor
Then I chop chop pops twice in his nugget
Well, he didn't do shit, fuck it
It's the murder go round

[Violent]

Well, it's me and my mellow mellow roll on Military
Gangbangers gangbangers, big bang fairy, kinda
scary
Tags up all on the bricks
Latin Count, X-Men, CFP and all that shit
We love gangbangers and we hope they love us back
We just some wicked clowns and it's been like that
I don't understand why some people in town
We witness your water still southwest down
But this motherfucker gonna try and clown me
But I'm the juggalugalocoro, G
Took a shot and he missed, 2 Dope in the dust
"What I ain't got shot, bitch?", so now you must

Take your ticket for the murder go round
Can't nobody kill a click-clack clown
Seen him and his boys smoking blunt in a bucket
Pulled out the dagger crept up and I stuck it
Into his head, into his boy's head
Into his boy's head, his boy's head, his boy's head
Five dead fucks in the trunk on deliver
Push that old piece of shit in the river
The cat and my boys saw five go down
Can ya get a free ride? (No, not again)
On the murder go round (Nooo!!!)

[Chorus]

Murder go round, murder go round
How ya gonna fuck with a wicked clown?

[Violent]

Now I'm in a street gang, fifty-five strong
Everybody singing that southwest song
What can go wrong I mean I'm fuckin' in the haugh?
Popping that shit, I'm finna bust you in the mouth
Nobody fucks with a jokero juggalo
I don't give a fuck ya know, bitches I'm a fuck you
though
But you know the shit had to hit the fan
Some gangbanger shot me, man
Twice in the forehead, twice in the back
Twice in the eye and I'm feeling kinda whack
Stumbling along it's becoming entwined
Who's the next in line?
For the murder go round

[Chorus]

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