

Icp "Psypher 3"

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Violent J

Well DJ Clay came with a dope track to roll with,
underground like Anna Nicole Smith Big J, Duke of the
darkness turn the best rapper alive into a carcass
I might keep my hand just like a pipe bomb sweeter
than coconut pie, right mom? J-U double G-A to the LO,
letchya nuts hang straight to the floâ€™™, yes, I like fat
on my chicks ass, poundage, that make my dick
splash, 17 or 71, I got dick for everyone,
fuck fear, suck right here, dick in your nose hole nuts in
your ear, rape yo face like a warlock wylin', wear your
panties to yo funeral smilinâ€™™, sick seriously, furious,
homeless, and alone luxurious, lampinâ€™™, back alley
way campin, ragginâ€™™, gang taggin stampin,
lâ€™™ m, tha joka neden hole poka blunt toka, punk
smoka, throat choka, life croaka, grape faygo soda
bath soaka squeeze my noze and your head explodes
with bionic elbows like Dusty Rhodes, I fuck old fat
hoâ€™™ s in they crusty folds, n peel homeless hoâ€™™ s
out they musty clothes lâ€™™ ma daaamn fool, no rules
too cool for school lick my family jewels, lâ€™™ m hungry
bitch, starving I need this, 9 whoppers and a shake
couldnâ€™™ t feed this, clones, with been there n done
that rhymes, yaâ€™™ ll already said that how many
times? Itâ€™™ s ground hog day, for ground hog years
two sticks of dynamite fuckin my ears, Dayton family,
Boondox, A-B-K, somebody take me away, Clay, Twiztid
Hutch B-L-A-Z-E, the hatchet is the place to be.

Jamme Madox

Never faded appreciate every-time I look in the crowd n
they recitin all of our rhymes that we kick, call it holiday
more free shit from Twiztid, passin the microphone
with free spit, the style is linguistic, verbal and sadistic,
where bitch motha fuckâ€™™ s need purses n lip stick,
we sick to tha finish and bring ya everything u need we
the best these bitches aint even in our fuckin league.
lâ€™™ m n MVP when it comes to flows, hope you
brought your umbrella lâ€™™ m finna rain on u hoes,
lâ€™™ m bent like an elbow, lâ€™™ m folded like a crease,
lâ€™™ m drunk of the grey goose, and pineapple peace,
to the ones that rock and stay down with what we do to

the rest of I'm like a bus driver takin em back ta school
pack a lunch all you punks I'm out my trunk like
speakers n they ears are hot to death and my words
are heat seekers

Cold 187

This is a psychopathic public service announcement I eat
up, suckas down to tha last ounces, when It comes to
lyrical murderin that's me, believe you in the
presence of a true ryda rest in peace, ya, I think fo one
there's too many gangstas in the streets there's
too much hate frustration and bitches in heat, beef I
get it every motha fuckin day of the week and if I have
to pull the heat I hope God rest ya soul, psychopathic
assassins smashin' on all you non believers group
pleasers n dick teasers I don't ever pause for a
second I stay heavy I'm from the west where they
dip Chevys and stay ready biaatch

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

You know I'm low down and dirty and married to
the game I was raised on the streets of drive by's
and car jackins, you packin? Better be covered in
Kevlar, you don't have a clue about the awesome
note I sit on, Mossburg spittin, twelve gauge sittin in my
left hand blink n u sinkin like quick sand, Blaze is the
name aint a damn thing change but the the time on the
watch 2012 they say it stops and I'm only getting
started no room for half hearted on my team, cavities I
clear em out like Listerine, ur lips blistering, how they
react to the slap, swollen up like collagen too much with
Carmex I'm a no school fool with a new school
style, tried n true and guaranteed to make ya go wild,
rip rhymes end-times unload tha nine the world dies
like Gloria Gaynor but I survive

Anybody Killa

I'm just a killa from east baby check my stats, the
only native representin with these warrior raps, got a
heart that bleeds courage and I can't be stopped,
bitch I'm the cream of the crop, somebody gimmi
my props, this is murder mitten music so I'm killin
them fools breakin all of they rules its time to send em
to school I'm just a painted up, freak n I'm not
alone the scent of the underground be my hatchet
cologne , when you see us, betchya wanna be us, if u
aint representin psychopathic than u might as well just
be dust, ashes to ashes and laid to rest to all them
artists out there who aint showin respect, motha fucka
if you really try n stop our shine guarantee you at the
end you'll be fallin behind, here goes a hot 16

straight tellin the truth now rewrite yo rap book and lock yo self in the booth bitch.

Monoxide

I'm a bad dreams night mare, an I'm everywhere like the internet homie and u just aggravatin like spyware, I put I knife through eyeware n that I leave ya blind but still alive so u always know that im out there, u aint a monsta or a beast u just anotha neck that I choke up like a leash, and I ma keep growing like diseases in the street and run rampid with a passion that I bring you fuckin leaches to ya knees, bitch please I don't apologize to none talk shit n ya delt with, I bring the fuckin sun outta the sky just to light weed and melt shit from a whole different dimension an no intervention can help this, we aint the ones that u mess with, cus we can flip it up like a coin 'n you're headless, down between yo legs like a bitch as she pregnant, it's psychopathic fam in this bitch on some next slit neck shit

Shaggy 2 Dope

Some folks call me joey, but most call me shaggs fuck skinny jeans, it's 42's in my shoppin bags, and my waist and nothing but a 32, which leaves plenty of room for my 20 duece, plus rockin plain 3x tall t's and that's weighin in soakin wet a buck 70, not to mention the rocks stuffed in my shoe soles but never skippin for flippin to them feinin hoes fuck the Adams my family be Juggalos 'n if we was a movie the Thing would be my roll cus my hands be doin things my brains take control like choking on necks and bangin random nenden holes my psychopathic homies, we like stealth bombers doin damage cross the countries undetected by your radars, then one by one, BOOM, hit ya with nuke get the underground runnin make the surface dwellers puke suits on the outside the mat tatted skin are nothing but joker cards bitch that's a kin if trait from the outside workin ways in, happy smilin' faces, opposite of terrorism, they gave us 1,000 ways to die we chose one, we got a 1,000 ways to get funds, see it our way or u best to fuckin run bet a 1,000 FBI agents got Juggalo sons bout to follow in they foot steps and be cops so we takin over like it or not 2 full on generations workin on three indestructible trunk on this ever growin family tree barely makin loot, on the shit you hear 'n see still breakin new grounds and we 20 years deep yet we still getting younger aint that somethin? The clowns ripped up a Benjamin Button.

