

**4x7****"Meat Cleaver"**Visit "[Meat Cleaver](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Yeah  
(What's that)  
Myzery(Word up)  
Twiztid(Yeah)  
And the Insane Clown Posse(Know what I'm sayin?)  
Forming a 50 foot Voltron on your ass  
Your worst nightmares couldn't fuck with this  
Run that shit  
I'm rollin with the Psychopathic  
Make a move, and shit gets drastic  
Leavin mutherfuckers in caskets  
Or wrapped in Reynolds plastic  
Cause we psychosomatic and schitzophrenic lunatics  
Holding my balls we know  
Which engulfs the tip of my dick  
We real sick bitch, run and tell a friend  
Twiztid in at the beginning  
Means of the beginning of the end  
The world dealt me a healthy hand of pain and lies  
And you can see the hate in my eyes it's no surprise  
It ain't shit bitch believe that  
Suckers claiming they paid  
They can't even handle they weed tax  
I leave tracks like a needle  
You phony as the 5th Beetle  
Fuck a B on a deedle  
Rockin Toledo like a trooper, What?  
Leaving your conscience in a stuper, What?  
Fuck a Smith and Wesson I can grab the luger, What?  
And right before I shoot ya  
I snap your back like I was Lex Luger  
Chronic weed abuser (Wooooo!)  
As we capitalize and enterprise music scenes  
Money motivated, goal, and a dream  
Like Martin Luther King  
Hesitaters pause while we crack their jaws  
Swooping over they town like Super Balls (Woo Woo!)  
I roll with Bones and it's on like that  
Making suckers spasm so hard they lungs collapse  
Twiztid's the sound  
Something 'that your worst nightmares couldn't fuck

with  
Prepare to duck bitch  
Cause I'm runnin' with a meat cleaver

(Chorus)  
Runnin with a meat cleaver, yo!  
And if you missed it the name is Twiztid  
Runnin with a meat cleaver, yo!  
Boriqua, Myzery, para la isla  
Runnin with a meat cleaver, yo!  
Shaggs and J, Insane Clown Posse  
Runnin with a meat cleaver, yo!  
Psychopathic

(Chorus)  
From the NY come Myzery the red-eyed invasion  
Minority and JumpSteady plotting retaliation  
Suffocating dirty cats, player hatin  
Gats we packin  
Skullys and army jackets  
Headed out of psychopathic  
I got a plan so stack the ammo in the trunk  
The word is that down town we don't front  
Spark the blunt, give em what they want  
Psycho thugs, loaded slugs  
Loco in la cabeza  
Get away rides in ce pasa  
Destination para mi caco pato  
There without muchacho  
Cock slowly the deracho  
There go that long acho  
My shit is jammed  
For you planned  
Body's wounded badly  
Move quickly before they bag me  
Being chased down this dark alley  
I'm a wounded ass  
Minority hollering I gaba  
I pulled out my blade  
And carved it in him like a mansana  
Now back to the ride floor it corpses  
No remorse's  
Psychopathic and Spanish side we joining forces

(Chorus)  
Runnin with a meat cleaver, yo!  
And if you missed it the name is Twiztid  
Runnin with a meat cleaver, yo!  
Boriqua, Myzery, para la isla  
Runnin with a meat cleaver, yo!  
Shaggs and J, Insane Clown Posse

Runnin with a meat cleaver, yo!  
Psychopatchic  
Myzery(I smell gun powder)  
Twiztid  
And the loco Insane Clown Posse (I smell raisins)  
Psychopathic Records  
Para siempre!  
I smell garlic my head hurts  
Cause my brain is cursed by voodoo wizards  
My skin turns blue and I start to shake  
My tongue comes out like a snake  
Ssssss  
Zunga bunga hooly goo bo  
That's my Ugandan voodoo flow  
You don't know what it meant  
Til the next day you wake up  
With your dick in your homies butt  
I might grab your face, twist your neck,  
And then let it go (Brrrrraah)  
And then Shaggy climbs up my back  
And we attack and hit ya like a 10 foot ninja(Ninja!)  
I paint my face like a clown  
Other times I paint it like Sting and come down  
The rafters up at the mall and throw old folks to the  
ropes  
And chop their throats (Woooo!)  
But I ain't no wrestler  
I'm a serial killa murderous molester  
Naww, I'm just juggalin your balls a bit  
It's J who's into that shit (Yeah, fuck you)  
And if you wanna get lippy  
I'll stretch your lips out and call you skippy (Hehe)  
The bottom line is we twisted like Sam Kinison's back  
After the car wreck

(Chorus)

Runnin with a meat cleaver, yo!  
And if you missed it the name is Twiztid  
Runnin with a meat cleaver, yo!  
Boriqua, Myzery, para la isla  
Runnin with a meat cleaver, yo!  
Shaggs and J, Insane Clown Posse  
Runnin with a meat cleaver, yo!

(Chorus x5)

Psychopatchic

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