

Insane Clown Posse F/ Esham

"Wicked Rappers Delight"

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ICP and Esham.....Wicked Rappers Delight.....2015

[Violent J]

Fiends of the wicked shit it's time to get high
Bump your fucking shit up put some wicked shit by
Detroit legendary demon loop of terror
Staring at you right back with your eyes in the mirror
Blowin' out your brain spontaneous combustion
Lyrics like a mural in each ear and I'm bustin'
Fire breathing wicked shit and meltin' microphones
Blowin' speakers into flames setting fire to your home

[Esham]

How many times you gonna say I need help
Who gives a fuck if I murder myself
I'm thinkin' suicidal thoughts I shot a gay preacher
I didn't do my homework, so I shot my teacher
I dropped out the next day, fuck a GED
Then I went and clowned the industry with ICP
Threw up the 313, to let you know it's me
Esham's dope ho, I'm the king of the D

[Shaggy 2 Dope]

I stole a fuckin' firetruck and drove it through a
Wendy's
All that happened to me was a bullet in the kidneys
I almost died death will look at me I'm right again
What's really happening reality is pretend
You can blow my fuckin' head off I'll just grow another
My brain and myself, we don't even know each other
Someone's in the darkness crawling out of my closet
door
That's what the nines in the mattress for

[Violent J]

Warlocks and witches come and learn from the master
The walls in my home feature bodies in the plaster
They're dead but stickin out like Han Solo when he
froze
With my favourite weapons hangin off they fingers and
toes

Wicked pimpin' scary bitches living or dead
All with vampire fangs and they givin' me head
Like cemetery girls bat dance boogie woogie betty
Her neder's big and blew out like a plate of spaghetti

[Esham]

I'm out cold all my teeth gold plus I don't brush em
Quarter back sneakin' plus mo key if you rush em
Bust 'em down, bust 'em up steady fuckin' 'em up
But wait why do I have all this blood on my hands
Blood on my clothes blood on my shoes I'm on the ten
o'clock news
For steady, murderin' crews and they point of views
Like, purple chronic mixed with acid demonics
And a stomach full of Jagermeister ready to vomit

[Shaggy 2 Dope]

Mirror mirror on the wall tell us who the wicked are
Shaggy, E and J we in the game and gettin' ours
Hittin' stars in they mouth and boltin' off wicked ready
With necklaces wicked reckless, nobody expects this
Bumpin' this wicked shit homeboy you're braindead
I can fly a motherfuckin neg on your head, breakin'
And tie your fuckin' feet up to your neck
And shoot you in the back watch and kick you down the
steps

[Violent J]

I blow a crator in the side of your head
Do the same to your missus while y'all sleeping in bed
Double murder robbery, just another job to me
Rollin' in a stolen Buick hookers slobbin' me
Known through the farmlands as a do gooder wicked
Always shootin the biggots, and kicking the chickens
Askin' me the wrong question also triggers my disease
They'll find your body in Compton and head in Hollis
Queens

[Esham]

The phone broke and on the other side was the
president
I can't talk right now I'm on the toilet taking a shit
Hung up the phone I think my cover's blown I'm deep
cover
Your wife ordered a pizza from me she got the
meatlovers
I'm Johnny Bravo the other black rio get at me ho
I make these ho's happy tho, cause I'm they pappy oh
It's too soon for you to be on my team
But give R. Kelly a call, I think he like 'em thirteen

[Shaggy 2 Dope]

I once met a hooker and she did it for free
On the west verner bus number seventy three
All the way in the back she was humping on me
Until I strangled the bitch and stuffed her under my
seat
I got off at my stop without so much as a drop of blood
But then I realized I forgot to wear gloves
Now I'm chasing the bus my fingerprints are on her
neck
STOP! AND GIVE ME MY DEAD BITCH BACK

[Violent J]

Fucking dead bitches on a ouiji board all night
Busting off shots in the club we all fight
Hanging motherfuckers by they neck off of streetlights
With they legs cut off trying to read me rights, shiit
I'll whip my cd at you stick it in your face
Halfway sticking out but look it still plays
I stomp when I rap and I shake the whole block
Stick my dick in your ear so you can see what I got

[Esham]

I was one of those monsters from the video "Thriller"
Known to the world as the pop star killer
And from another park from the ground I arose
I'm the crusty ass booger hanging out of your nose
I'm the stink on your toes, I'm the weed to your rose
Not one of your friends but I'm one of your foes
And spitting the wicked shit is the life I chose
Do a spin grab my nuts and then b-boy pose

[Shaggy 2 Dope]

Can you walk for some tic tac bloody message on the
board
On your chest and take turns shootin the rest
I win everytime need to be like good with every bomb
And off with your head if you're in the way of getting
mine
This is Esham and the wicked clowns from the vault
We come flying out the dark with the triple gold salt
I threw a snowball so hard it replaced your eye
It melted and left a fucking hole when it dried

Wicked Rappers Delight

Esham & ICP we wicked rappers delight

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