

ICP Orchestra

"Psypher 3"

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Violent J

Well dj clay came with it done tracked the 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 flo', yes, I like fat on my ckicks 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 ?

whilan?, wear your panties to yo funeral smilin',

sick seriously, furious, homless,

and alone luxurious, lampin',

back alley way campin, raggin', gang taggin stampin,

I'm, tha joka lettin ho 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 rows,

I fuck old fat ho's and they crusty folds,

n if u homeless ho's, im they musty clothes I'ma

daaamn

fool, no rules too cool fo school lick my family jewls,

I'm hungry bitch, starving I need this,

9 whoppers and a shake couldn't feed this,

clones, we'd been in there n done that rhymes,

ya'll already said that how many times?

It's ground hog days, for ground hog years two sticks
of dynamite fuckin my ears,

datin family, boondocks A-B-K,

somebody take me away, clay,

twist it hutch VLACE, the hatchet is the place to be.

Jamme Madox

Never faded apprieciate everytime I look in the crowd

n they recitin all a my rhymes that we kick,

call it holiday more free shit from twisted,

passin the microphone with free spit,
the style is linguistic, verbal and sadistic,
where bitch motha fucka'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.

I'm n MVP when it comes to blows,
I hope you brought your umbrella I'm feelin ta rain
on u hoes, I'm bent like an elbow,
I'm folded like a crease, I'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 em like a bus driver
takin em back ta school bout to 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 phsycopathic public service announcement
I eat up, suckas down to tha last ounces,
when it comes to lyrical murderin that's me,
we'll leave you in the presence of a true rida rest
in peace, ya, I think the runs 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, phsycopathic 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 chevies 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 with drive by's and
car jackets, you packin? Better be covered in Kevlar,
you don't have a clue about the awesome note I sit
on, mars first spittin, twelve gates sittin and my
left hand blinkin 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 ordered on my
team, cavities I clear em out like Listerine,
ur lips blistering, I late react to the slack,
swollen up like collard greens too much with Karmac
I'm a no school fool with a new school style,
tried n true and gaurenteed to make ya go wild,
rick rhymes n times unload tha nine the world dies
like Gloria Gana? 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 to sent up the underground via
my hatchet cologne , when you see us,
betchya wanna be us, if u aint representin phsycopathic
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 gaurentee
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
aggrivatin like spyware, I put I knife through eyeware
n that'll 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'll bring you fuckin
leaches to ya knees, bitch please I don't apologize
to none talk shit n ya delt with,
I'll 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 in your headlist,
down between yo legs like a bitch as she pregnant,
it's phsycopathic fam in this bitch on some next lit next
shit

Shaggy 2 Dope

Some folks call me joey, but most call me shaggs fuck
skinny jeans, it's 42's in my shoppin bag,
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
at soakin wet with a buck 70,
not to mention the rocks up in my shoe soals but never
skippin for flippin to them feignin hoes fuck the Adams
my family the juggalos n if we was a movie the theme
would be my roll cus my hands be doin things my
brains
take control like choking they necks and bangin

random
nettin hoes my phsyopathic homies,
we like stealth bombers doin damage cross the
countries
undetected by your radars,
the one be ones, BOOM, hit ya with nuke get the under
??? make the surface dwellers puke suits on the outside
the mac 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,
seired our way or u best to fuckin run bet a 1,
000 MPI they just got juggalo sons bout to follow in
they foot steps and beat cops so we takin over like
it or not 2 four of generations workin on three
indestructible
trunk on this ever growin family tree barely makin
loop, I'm the shit you hear in seas still brakin the
grounds and we 20 years deep yup we still getting
younger
aint that something? The clowns ripped up by Benjamin
Button.

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