

## Men Of Vision

### "Dead Pumpkins"

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(Teacher)

"J, do you have a Halloween story for the class?"

(Violent J)

"Y-y-yeah, um, there was this boy, and he lived in his house,  
and he went to bed one day, and then when he woke up, um,  
when he woke up, he was buried up to his head in the dirt,  
and he couldn't move, and this man came walking along,  
but instead of the man helping him out, the man just started  
kicking him and kicking him in his face, over and over,  
and then he got the lawnmower, and then he....."

Dick or treat, bon appetit

All the little kiddies running down my street  
Gathering candy treats door to door  
But they walk past mine, what for?  
Probably 'cuz the pumpkins on my porch are real  
Real human heads carved out with steel  
Cut out the eyes, man, it takes but a minute  
Rip out the b-b-b-brains and put a candle in it  
Maybe they run 'cuz I take 'em inside  
Come and meet Mother, two years ago she died  
Little boys laugh, 'cuz they think it's just a dummy  
But then the smell hits 'em, MMMMM..... smells yummy  
Open your bags and I'll give you my treat  
Crusty yellow toes off a dead woman's feet  
Take me by the hand, and I'll lead you downstairs  
And that, little chickies, is where you'll spend the next  
seven years  
Starving and weakening, chained to a wall  
Staring at a roach, hoping it will crawl  
Into your mouth for a tasty cuisine  
Yes, my little friends, it's a Dead Pumpkins Halloween

(Shaggy 2 Dope)

"Awwwwwwwwww, yeah, it's that special time of year,

boys and girls,  
so come to the pumpkin patch and bring your  
pantysacks so I can shit in it,  
you beeeeyitch!!!!!"

(Violent J)

Well, I love all the kiddies, but I can't fuck around  
Don't come to my door dressed as a clown  
'Cuz you never know, I might take it the wrong way  
'Cuz I'm the real wicked juggalokaro Violent J  
All year 'round, but I love my Halloween  
You'll never get an apple or a purple jelly bean  
Dropping some chocolates, a licorice snack  
Instead you get a deep-fried French poodle nutsack  
Peeking out my door, I see no children in sight  
Perhaps they're all dead, yesterday was Devil's Night  
They burn down the city and they leave it crispy-  
charred  
I light myself on fire and I dance around my backyard  
Hungry bellies, I can see where you're at  
Sitting on my window, I can turn into a bat  
Watching you remove all your little clothesies for bed  
I crash through the window and land on your head  
Drinking the blood, blood is gone to the bone  
But now, I must leave, Mother's calling me home  
Up to the moonlight, I'm gone from the scene  
Peace to Detroit City and have a Dead Pumpkins  
Halloween

(Shaggy 2 Dope)

"Yeeeeeeeah, I'm gonna smash your little candy  
bags,  
only I'm gonna tie 'em around your muthafuckin' necks  
and choke you with 'em Wicked Clown style,  
muthafucka!!!!!"

(Violent J)

"Detroit's in this bitch!!!!!"

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