

# Insane Clown Posse, Axe's Swingin'

Ever since Picker Forest started  
I been hatchetly retarded  
All laws been disregarded  
I just wanna see souls departed  
I throw around kicks like Joe Kasugi  
I leave necks all broken and loopy  
And your fucking hoes a groupy  
So I got every reason for a neck squeezing  
I call upon the dead  
To rise up and jump on your head  
Wicked shit cause blood to shed  
I ride a voodoo train right through your brain  
I'm like a demon statue  
I'm sick when singing at you  
And bitch I leap I catch you.  
It's just I'm wicked, dick it, can we still kick it?

(Chorus x2)

Chop chop  
We love to  
Chop chop  
We need to  
Chop chop  
Forever  
Painted faces, axes swinging

Clinical depression  
Try to end it with Smith and Wesson  
You might have noticed my mouth is missing  
Blew it off into non-existence  
Didn't know that I was already dead  
Vampire blood already spread  
Being alive is all in the head  
Like Jamie and Paul already said  
It will all be explained in the Green Book  
You inside of my Salem's Lot  
And them Hells Pit flames is hot  
And all them icy chains you got  
Incase you forgot  
Can't change your spot  
You dug your plot  
I can't wait to die  
That's why I never hate to fly  
I got a Holy Water icicle for Satan's eye  
And another race waiting by  
Ok let's fly

(Chorus x2)

Chop chop  
We love to  
Chop chop  
We need to  
Chop chop  
Forever  
Painted faces, axes swinging