

# Insane Clown Posse, Dead Pumpkins

[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, MMMMMM..... 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]  
&quot;Detroit's in this bitch!!!!&quot;