

# Insane Clown Posse, Insane Killers

Violent J, Shaggy, Insane Clown Posse, baby what  
from New York to L.A.  
from Chile to Greece  
from New Ghandi to your momma  
we gives absolutly no fucks  
Motha fucka  
natural born serial murderers  
mass mothafuckin murderin muderers  
bitch, come and meet your maker

Im scary like Michael Jaskson up close  
I like diggin up dead bodies  
look at me Im gross  
my name's Violent J but you can call me syphillis  
gonorrhea the clap cause i infected this rap  
you wanna know if i could ever kill somebody  
well thats like askin Charlie Manson if he's ever been in jail  
I kill family, friends, myself  
what, yeah, I'd kill myself if I could only survive  
I tried to kill Rob Van Winkle, in fact thats how we met  
I went up to kill him and he was thinkin the same shit  
I pulled out a chainsaw, he pulled out and ax  
I was like come-on, wait is that a Stanley, where'd u get that  
it's natural and to murder, you gotta have it in you  
it's like a dick all up in you, although I wouldn't now  
look at us natural killas  
the world most playa hated rapper  
and the most hated group together like woooo!

[Chorus:]  
mass murders  
natural born killas  
im not fuckin around  
icky icky ya ya  
icky icky ya ya

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natural born killas  
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icky icky ya ya  
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This aint no blair witch  
beware bitch  
Ill pick ur motherfuckin brain with an icepick  
remember me  
the V I C E  
well heres my trilogy  
Im outta captivity  
rap cujo ya know my flow is ferocious  
last survivor with a mouth full of cockroaches  
I bring this hocus pocus  
you're flying away  
like the last days of the motherfuckin loafers  
I'm the redneck in the moshpit  
2 axes come in handy  
to answer Violent J, ya damn right its a stanley  
in the shadows of the dark with darkman like spawn  
in the dash blazin it up with explosive bombs  
I spit homicides like major cities at 11PM  
while zipping bodies in the dungeon like the line at GM  
ice mixed with blood is the killers milkshake  
here with the clowns from the underground it's a lyrical deathbreak

[Chorus]

Disrespect me I'll run in your house  
like puffin steam stout  
break both your arms, gun in your mouth  
knock your teeth out with the nose of the fifth  
bullets bust through the back of your head ya die swift  
fuckin wit tha clan, watch what you say  
we kill \*Beep: Lame Lyric Censor\*  
shoot you with an SK or a AK bitch you gonna die either way  
I'm a monster thoroughbred gun holding weed-head  
cross me bet tomorrow you'll be dead  
catch you at a show while you're chilling with your ho  
and crack your skull with a bottle of Mo  
I'm a Sing-Sing killer  
gun groove captain  
brooklyn home of the original gun clapping  
gats get brung, niggas get done  
sons lose fathers and mothers lose sons  
I'm a killer

[Chorus]

[Screams]

[OVERDUB:] To die is a fate that must come to us all  
But how horrible to be buried alive  
from the darkness they shuffle eyes glazed with death  
hands clawing for blood!

[Chorus]