

# Insane Clown Posse, Taste

(feat. Esham)

[Intro: Violent J]

The Time has come for the blood to run into the streets paved with gold  
We have lived in the zoo of the ghetto for so long  
And like animals we kill each other for the hatred of others  
We must move into the suburbs and punish the rich for their ignorance  
For the horror of death, that is part of our life in our neighborhood  
And give them a taste of the same  
And when we kill the governments children  
And the streets smell of death  
maybe then we will see our situation in a new light  
And put an end the the chaos in the ghetto and an end to the killings

[Verse one: Violent J]

Heard whats going on in the free world  
Broke out the asylum and killed a girl  
Just ta warm u, just to get it on  
Cause im gonna be cutting throats till the break of dawn  
Can't nobody get me  
I've always been a psycho now they coming with me  
That's straight when we team up  
cause I believe every throat deserves a good cut  
Look in my brain its fucking insane  
roll around naked in the acid rain  
Rich bitch fucka took me for a sucka  
Now we killing you instead of killing each other  
Walked in the house, shot him in the mouth  
Leaned back the head, and pulled the brains out  
My list are strong its only a saw  
The government fronts like they dont know what is going on  
Fuck, ill take the matter in my own hands  
Cut ya down cat, cut ya down  
Cause i know the rich go jogging  
And im waiting in the bushes,axe to the nogging  
About 30 or 40 times,psychodelic sick with the psycho psycho rhymes  
But ya keep the killer in one place,  
But I'm at ya door, motherfucker have a taste!

[Verse two: (Nate The Mack) {Shaggy 2 Dope}]

(Fucking you up wont let you pass, fucking you up, shot you in the ass)  
{Jumped out the alleyway with a muthaphucking battle axe}  
{12 dead bodies on the muthaphucking train tracks}  
(Im sick of this shit i see on the TV,they showing psychopathics and i see me)  
(And ya calling me a homeless hobo,  
while I'm laying on my suede couch listening to mojo)  
{Snipe ya in the head from a tower,  
or chase ya naked ass clear out the shower}  
{Finally catch ya on the block,  
take this here gat and shoot ya in the eye}  
(Who ya fucking wit governer E?  
Don't ya know I'll hang ya dead ass from a tree)  
{Then swing ya by ya foot}  
{Mister drumma looking bald headed punk bitch}  
(Stroll to the banquet party)  
{Drank all they brew}  
(Then shot everybody)  
(They set it up wrong,  
created the ghetto and thought it wouldn't last long)  
{Thought we'd kill each other off,  
didn't think we'd come to the suburbs.jackoff}

(The clowns stick this knife in ya Face)  
({Motherfucker, Have a Taste})

[Verse three: Jump Steady]

In Detroit doing time, time being done  
Without not another solution  
Without nothing but wicked men  
How many muthaphuckas ive know through the years  
Got they necks blown off or crippled in their fear  
Now iull tell ya cause i been in many Schools for this  
Cause im drawn by the vision and close my hand into a fist  
Raised in the crime with nothing to eat  
So my natural instincts to kill in the street  
Im going to war and i sent you caution  
JumpSteady stepping over the governments brainwashing  
(Take it, Take it farther, take it far)  
Dont let them even judge ya, cause you know who you are  
Seems they dont even know about the inner city crime war  
Moneys on the jews in the desert but what the fuck for  
Damn the're stupid, The mine are surrounded  
Think i like to pay a lesson to a gallon  
And save a human life or two  
End this ghetto war for the homies that i once knew  
ya peeping out the barn with ya closed eyes  
(Ya peeping out the barn with ya closed eyes hoe)  
I got a mind killing rage waiting on my change  
On the holes on my jacket i craddle my gage  
What ya gonna do if i show up at your place  
Try to ignore it this time, motherfucker have a taste

[Verse four: Capitol E / Esham]

Ya need a spoonful, another wants a little taste  
So let me feed you the city like in a steady pace  
Ya wake up to gunfire thining it was a dream  
Till ya hear ya neighbors holla and ya young child scream  
Everyday thang, thank it to ya  
Just wait till you see that cracka at ya front door naked  
Begging for money, acting like he know ya  
Ya slam the door in fear, but some day he'll show ya  
Catch ya at point blank range ya getting jacked  
(come up wit it bitch)  
Now ya dont know how to act  
But that's the life and the experience of a mother  
Happends everyday, one another the other  
But the suburb living is high class  
With a high class leather city trade with ya ass  
And show ya the rough times  
Hungry homeless people committing crime after crime  
And bitches working the pike for dough  
Then they run to the rock sella to buy some rocks slow  
And i hear ya making fun of that...  
ICP (What's up E) Gets ya bats  
It's time for you to crack some necks  
And if they dont know now, show them what to expect  
Cause it dont matter the race or the place  
Capitol E giving the inner city Taste

[Interlude: Violent J]

Yea! We heading to Birmingham, gross point and beverly Hills  
I thought you knew, cause we in a devilish mood

[Verse five: Esham]

Guess who's rolling with the ICP, That black devil coming straight from the D  
Im heading out to birmingham, to tip off a german  
And looking for the governer to kill him and i think i can  
Violent J know the way so im gonna getcha  
If ya standing in my way im getting wit ya  
The black devil, that devil ya dont know  
Getting more pussy than Bel Biv Devoe  
Hey man do you know my name?

[Esham]

Im down with notics, nuts on train  
So give me mine cause it aint about black or white  
It aint about wrong or right on Devil's night  
I burn a cross in ya fucking face  
Now homicide's got a new case  
So give me a taste