

Insane Clown Posse, Taste - 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 f**king insane
roll around naked in the acid rain
Rich bitch f**ka 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
F**k, 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, motherf**ker have a taste!

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

(F**king you up wont let you pass, f**king 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 f**king 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)
({Motherf**ker, 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 f**k 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, motherf**ker 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 f**king face
Now homicide's got a new case
So give me a taste