

Insane Clown Posse, 85 Bucks An Hour

[Violent J]

Chillin at the Studio

Chillin at the Studio 85 bucks an hour

So hurry up and loop a beat Mike, come on!

I'm Violent J,

but my homies call me shithead

But that's my homies

To you I'm Violent J bitch

I put my boys on a track even though they suck

"Yo dawg I'm Dave I don't give a fuck."

I did a record deal

I signed a contract

Technically for Island I can only rap

But fuck that, with Twiztid I'ma still spit

Even though I got a cold and I sound like shit

What the fuck was that?! (Coughs)

Fuck it, leave it in that shit was phat

You heard this beat 80 times and I'ma still freak it

And if you notice my shit don't even rhyme

Look at that ...

I ain't even got a rap and it's still phat

My shit went gold

I got fat knots

And your still flyering parking lots

You might say my vocals are up too loud

So I'mma turn em up louder and I'll piss you off.

Psychopathic Records are geniuses

Get off on penises

Here comes the chorus, but I got no hook

Instead I'll just fuck with the phonebook

[Phone rings]

Hello?

Yeah uh Harry Sacks please?

Who is this?

Uh Harry hey this is Slim Anus down at the cannery uh,

Dick Shooter left a bulletin, something about uh

Tou filling in his slot tonight down at the uh garage

We got a casement of fudge, we need as many packers

that we can get uh, uh Sacks

Hello?

[Jamie Madrox]

My name is Jamie Madrox and I got fat balls

I'm always urinating in the motel halls

I got a big head that never fits a hat

So you ain't seen me wearin a damn thing green bitch

I'm far from rich I got a hooptie

With a smash in the fender

And in the back too

I got a broken taillight and I'll smash you, bitch

Get outta my way, we got clown luv

Phat props to the lyrical Tom Dub.

[Monoxide Child]

It's the M, O, N, O, and I can't even spell the rest

It takes too long and I need a fuckin cigarette

I can't hear

My right ear's mad wack

So shut the fuck up and listen or get an ass kicking

I slap hoes and call them bitches to their face

And scream "Now fuck off bitch, Twiztid in the place!"

So back up, recognize and check nuts

Cause simply my dear, I don't give a fuck!

[Phone rings]

Psychopathic

Yo this Mo Styles in dis peace, what's up son?

Hello?

Yeah, what's up son

I'm lookin' for this deal you know what I'm sayin

I got raps to bust for y'all

Y'all ready for Mo Styles?

I'm about to kick this flow

You ready for this shit or what?

Who is this?

Word life son

I'm Mo Styles

I'm straight from the hood

I got all my peoples on 1-800-increase-y'all

We coming hard

(Bring it, bring it, bring it)

[Shaggy 2 Dope]

My name's 2 Dope

And sometimes Shaggy

Sometimes Shaggs

And some times Gweedy

I get mad stupid

I gets mad ill

Locked down on all 5, fuck it

I do this still

Stretch my nuts back like a sling shot

I plant em in your mouth

Shake my hips like Elvis

Wiggling my pelvis

Last kid that stepped

I applied the camel clutch

And stretched his back like a muthafuckin bungee jump

What!

(Uh, uh, uh)

[Violent J]

I'm Violent J back to make you smile more

I let my nutsack drag on the tile floor

I kick free styles for miles

My gold comes in piles

I worked on Belle Isle

I picked up deer shit and now I spit raps

I snap your neck

Cause my free styles are fresh.

[Laughs]