

# Insane Clown Posse, Chicken Hunting

Verse 1 :

Well, I'm heading down a southern trail, I'm going chicken huntin'  
Chopping redneck chicken necks I ain't saying nothing  
To the hillbilly stick my barrel in his eye  
Boomshacka boomshacka hair chunks in the sky  
Why? I never liked chicken pot pie.  
Or the chopped chicken on rye?  
So tell Mr. Billy Bob I'm a cut his neck up  
Slice, poke, chop chop, stab, cut  
What can you do with the drunken hillbilly  
Cut his f\*\*king eyes out and feed em to his Aunt Milly  
Willy Willy chicken neck, chicken hunting gotta love it  
Hit him with the twelve gauge bucket, chicken nuggets  
Laid out all over the grass  
Then his little hound dog will eat em up fast  
Last as long as you can my man  
'cause when that chicken head hits the fan, you got  
Blood, guts, fingers, and toes (3x)  
Sittin front row at the chicken show so...

Chorus :

Who's going chicken huntin, we's goin' chicken huntin' (3x)  
Cut a motherf\*\*king chicken up, right!

verse 2 :

Let me get a chicken sandwich with manwich  
I'm finna wreck on a chicken neck  
Chopping up Hilly and Billy Bob Billy  
'cause I chop motherf\*\*kin' redneck silly  
Peeked in your yard and what did I see  
I seen a chicken boy f\*\*king his sheep

I say Mister Mister, what the f\*\*k you trying to do  
Ah, Billy Bitty Boo Bitty Boo  
Barrels in your mouth, bullets to your head  
The back of your neck's all over the shed  
Boomshacka boom chop chop bang  
I'm 2 Dope and it ain't no thang  
To cut a chicken, trigger's clickin  
Blow off his head but his feet still kickin  
Last as long as you can my man  
'cause when that chicken head hits the fan you got  
Blood, guts, fingers, and toes (3x)  
Sittin front row at the chicken show so...

chorus :

Who's going chicken huntin, we's goin' chicken huntin' (3x)  
Cut a motherf\*\*king chicken up, right!

verse 3 :

Went to Kentucky, I got lucky  
Met this hot-collared bitch named Bucky  
Riding on a chicken, milking a sow  
Hittin switches in a drop top low ride tractor plow

Redneck fella, moonshine sella  
Hang him by his neckbones, chicken bones  
Locked in the cella', yella', belly chicken plucka'

Ya redneck f\*\*ka!

Chorus :

Who's going chicken huntin, we's goin' chicken huntin' (3x)  
Cut a motherf\*\*king chicken up, right!