

Insane Clown Posse, Dumpin'

(Jamie Madrox talking)

"Yea you got the album, now meet Bullet, Foe Foe, Cell Block, Full Clip And i'm Lil' Sha

(Blaze)

Cut'em all out when ya bust is found
Pop, pop, biggity bop, that be the sound
Low down wit' the master hump (bump bump!)
Buckin' wit' the master Pump (dump dump)
Jump, jump go 'da town when the Rydas on
Pump, pump go the bucket with a dawg of his own
At your funeral your dead, but that aint nuttin
Best bet badass Bullet be Dumpin'
From the East-side out to the Southwest
Psychopathic Rydas puttin' slugs in your chest
Bitch, nobody move heads down!
You don't wanna see me clown, mother fucka!

(Chorus)

Psychopathic Rydas Dumpin'
Psychopathic Rydas hey! x2

(Monoxide Child)

We doin' ride-by's, on freestyle bikes
I hit a wheely on a motor, bustin' out on site
I give a fuck bitch, talk shit and get clipped
Knock your fuckin' teeth through your lip (yea!)
Actin' wild as fuck, cuz' my jam came on
"And you know thug niggas gotta sing that song!)
I got 18 shot's ,(buck buck), and I won't miss once
All black trucks with the bumps
Shootin' out the window, every single time the wind blow
Blazin' up another bag a indo
Foe Foe be the alias
Run up on you bare, bitches, so you scared of us (Westside!)
Chorusx4

(Jamie Madrox)

Ima pull my trigga', and peel yo' cap
My money runnin' low and I needs my sack
Yo' 6-4 is bumpin' and I needs me a ride
Lean to the right lane and then i'll slide
Lay yo' ass out on the cold cement
Before I dump in that ass ima scream, I said "See ima Ryda!"

(Overlap)(Full Clip)

Oh see, mu' fuckas like me
We don't give a fuck, it's like "what what!?!"
You wanna come steppin'? then i'll hafta see ya
Leave ya open an burnin' like a case of gonnarhea
From some old dirty bitch that you was humpin'
And pumpin' like my gauge bitchass, we dumpin'!
Chorusx4

(Blaze)

Stick your mother fuckin' hands up
Got to have mine cocked, close your eyes i'm finna dump
Commin' out the register wit' all that green and cheddar cheese
To bad you seen me, nigga please
Move fast, bloody cash on the floor...gotta
Make my way to the fuckin' door...gotta
Make my way to the hideout
Who dunnit? yea they tryin' to find out
Now, i'm on the street, wit' my swerves
Cops, tryin' to catch cuz' i'm on the swerve
But ima clever mother fucker never catch me

And if they come my direction they gone' catch these Dumpin'!