

# Insane Clown Posse, Mr. Happy

I'm kind of fat and I sweat a lot  
but that's the only bad quirky dinks I got  
that and maybe the whole murdering aspect  
but we really ain't even got to that yet  
I love people, I love everything about them  
and that's why I gotta live life without them  
I know it don't make any sence to you but fuck you  
this songs about me exclusively  
murder, murderous, murderation  
the murdering mentality without an explanation  
I'm Mr. Happy and I ride a bike  
I ain't got a seat I just sit on the pipe thing  
I whistle, I sing, ill pet your poodle  
ill twist and squeeze your neck like a wet noodle  
cause I'm so happy ill stab your ass  
and lay down next to you dead on the grass  
and sing  
Ooh it feel so good every time I murder I get happy  
happy happy happy  
I'm happy, happy, happiest  
I'm happy, happy, happiest  
I'm happy, happy, happiest  
I murder murder murder you (must kill you)[sung during murder murder murder]  
ill murder murder murder you  
ill murder murder murder you  
ill murder murder murder you  
I love you, so hand me you neck  
let me teach you about love and respect  
respect the fact that I love to kill  
wait a minute y'all I gotta take my pill  
Zanoffs.. it works : down to only 3 people a day  
my victims, I give them love and care  
I don't wanna get blood everywhere  
I don't use a chainsaw or a butcher knife  
that's so 90's get it right  
I never mutilate or chop my loves  
all I really need is a pair of gloves  
or maybe a car, ill run 'em down wit it  
I know that can be messy but the birds will get it  
don't you see that I love you  
I'm mr. happy I'm all about fun  
Now get into the pit and try to kill someone  
Ooh it feel so good every time I murder I get happy  
happy happy happy  
I'm happy, happy, happiest  
I'm happy, happy, happiest  
I'm happy, happy, happiest  
its found murder murder murder you  
ill murder murder murder you  
ill murder murder murder you  
ill murder murder murder you  
my bike has a basket full of strawberries  
I picked them myself along with apples and cherries  
lemons and oranges and boogers and limes  
plus there's a faygo in there but that's mine  
red flowers like after your dead  
I plant seeds and growem out the side of your head  
I got flowers all over the back yard  
in the form of a jokers card  
Uh ohh feels good  
I like the chuckel of my neighborhood  
I'm one of them midnight creeps at dennys  
talking to myself and lickin my pennys  
I got a french fry hangin out of my beard

(don't go near that guy he's weird)  
you know I'm all good and everythings all right  
when you hear this scream in the middle of the night  
like this:  
Ooh it feel so good every time I murder I get happy  
happy happy happy  
I'm happy, happy, happiest  
I'm happy, happy, happiest  
I'm happy, happy, happiest  
its found murder murder murder you  
ill murder murder murder you  
ill murder murder murder you  
ill murder murder murder you  
[repeats until song ends]