

Insane Clown Posse, Mr. Sesame Seed

(intro)

"naw man not this mother fuk ass."

"dont let him light it up."

"no man we tight you go ahead and smoke that all to yourself dawg"

(verse)

Here he comes in his ice cream truck once again,

sellin bags of bullshit when its gunna end?

haven little ass kids that dont know any better,

smoking bags of mud dust and calling it shredder.

you could eat ur weed just pop it in like popcorn,

because its all seeds and its god damn wrong.

i chace fags like u when u show me the bag,

for tryin to insult me smarts with this f**king shwag.

i smoke crumble and get so high i cant see,

come down and then i got your ass standing before me,

with a bag of barn floor like "tryin to smoke one up".

mr. sesame f**king seed ass shut up u need punch,

for every headache hit that i took f**k off my jock before i rock ur block.

and send u back to ur connect with ur eyes swollen money gone but ur weed aint stolin.

"keep that shit"

(chorus)

mr. sesame seed theres somthing wrong wich yo bag,

its more seed than its weed,

more stems and sticks out to had.

a man tell me somthing what the f**k is wrong wich u?

"f**k is wrong wich you?"

bitch ass motherf**ker what the f**k is wronge wich you?

"f**k is wronge wich you?"

(verse)

sesame seed no bun for a bag,

instead of weed you should call it little pebbles and crack.

what? you got a bag of jawbreakers mixed with dirt.

why is it that every time i smoke my nose bleed and head hurt?

i aint buying ur shit no more i swear,

need the stickey icky green with the bright white glare.

"keep steppen".

cant sell here.

dont need your blunts poppin burning facial hair,

i would rather quit smoking then buy ur drama nightmares in my sleep about the seed man monste

chaceing me down serving me up.

seed weasle goes pop when the pipes lit up.

when now ur ache same old thing,

pillow case all bloody with my head on sting.

im aggravated but what can i do?

weed man wanna be whats wrong wich you?

(chours)

(verse)

i seen the artificial dope man selling bags of trick,

it was just crumb without the next straight up bullshit.

i pulled the car over and i beat his ass down,

for even trying to sell it even at a hundred a pound.

we must rid the earth its wrong it exests.

eather way we always end up smoking his shit.

all u over rideing fockers all u gots is seeds.

and ur shit look like a f**king bag of rice crispies.

my weed man gets the shit and poured it from his suit.

and these rainforest ridin on spinning 24's,

and u ride around the neighborhood on a unicycle,

sellin that rong to people who dont know right, though.

so get bitched slaped off it and cough up them green bags,

im eatin at ur weed sack bitch u eatin that,

im beating that ass for them headache bags,

its cause cause u people dont even smoke like shagg.
"thats the f**k im sayin man. yall motherf**kers sell some dranky ass shit man. yall sell stem
(chours)

(verse)

i dont need no sesame seed.

i dont need no stickes and hay.

u aint gunna sell that shit that weeds more like a give away.

raffel it off to little kids for there school lunch change.

walking through the neighbor hood selling joints of bird seed grain.

voice all raspy cloths really stink.

smelling like a bond fire what u think.

and got the nerve to ask where ive been.

far the f**k away from u and ur bag of peanut friends.

no hard feelings but your shit sucks.

after breaking down an ounce i only got 3 blunts.

so f**k u weed man stop sellin.

im not a f**king snitch but im in the mood for tellin.

(chours)