

# Insane Clown Posse, Play My Song

We hit the ace, ace and we love giving chase  
Wicked clown got more than some pie for your face  
With a drip, drip, drip it's blood on the strip  
Three disassembled bodies in the trunk of the whip  
Hear the saw, saw, saw right below your jaw  
You see your own head roll off the table and fall  
See the puck, puck, puck flamin arrows in your truck  
And one in your lung stuck, you fucked outta luck

[chorus]

Play my song, gimme something i can lean on  
Watcha tryin to hear, something about murder, i got that  
Play my song, gimme something i can lean on  
Watcha tryin to hear, something about murder, i got that  
Bloody, bloody, bloody  
Play my song, bloody, bloody, bloody  
Whatcha tryin to hear, bloody, bloody, bloody

Here come the hack, hack, hack knives in your back  
Blood down your spine, all in your ass crack  
With a swing, swing, swing your throat's whistlin  
The three incisions i made are fine as g-strings  
It's the pat, pat, pat from behind with a bat  
And splatter every crack till your whole head flat  
Beat the jab, jab, jab i'll punch you in your flab  
Drag you to the butcher shop and chop you into slabs

[chorus]

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(murder... death... war...)

Everyone of us gotta have murder and death  
To remind ourselves that we still have our breath  
Whether it's tasteful or disgraceful  
Shit, as long as everybody get's a face full  
Some of us root for the coppers, others root for the killin  
But everybody needs they murderous thrillins  
Trace it back to when mankind was swinging from a tree  
Murder is what we talkin about, and always will be

[chorus]

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