

Insane Clown Posse, Pumpkin Carver

(feat. Twiztid, Kottonmouth Kings)

Hey, money got a big ass head
Folded like a, like a stop sign
Fuck dog, ey, we gotta go get that motherfuckin' ball of brains
You know what I'm sayin', fuck that, yeah

What, you wanna make a song about death
Squeezing on a neck until it's all outta breath
You wanna hear me rap about being the hardest
Well fuck that, from now on I'm an artist
I carve pumpkins, chop, chewy
Slice, swing twice, stab, screwy, ooh-ee
Chewy, dooey, gooey, slop
It all starts with a quick chop, drop
Pumpkin rolls on the floor
Almost out the front door, oh, we can't have that
Cut along the hairline, bowl cut
Hold the pumpkin between your legs and lift up
Boing, brains, snippity snip all the veins
Snip, cut, what, what the matter, you don't wanna do it
Well fuck it then, screw it, you'll never be a pumpkin carver

Pumpkin carvers that be the hobby
So Cal, Motown, collecting bodies
Twiztid, Clowns and the Kottonmouth Kings
Halloween, Halloween, Halloween, Halloween
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What, you don't like this rhyme
I can't be on point all the time
Fuck, it's Halloween, I gotta make a living somehow
I'm a professional pumpkin sculptor, alright motherfucker
Now, first, hollow the container
Strike that bitch with a hanger
Whatever just get something, just get the motherfucker all hollowed out
Like you could fill it up with lemonade and pour it out the mouth if you wanted to
Never leave the eyes intact
They'll turn all blue and puff out and shit, wack
Always remove 'em but keep 'em handy
Cause they taste like candy
Psych, I'm only playing, okay now, get the scalpel
Slowly cut around the mouth, be careful
What the fuck! We needed the lip!
Here, let me give you a little tip, slow the fuck down!

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Take a closer look you scary motherfuckers
Don't my jack-o-lantern look like your little brother
Neck nuggets what we bring, terror start to fling
Twiztid, ICP and the Kottonmouth Kings
Pumpkins are for bitches, I like my shit instead
Cause every devil's night we carving somebody else's head

When my meatcleaver chops, heads fall to the floor
Fuck buying pumpkins at the grocery store

Yeah, yeah alright, you done flexed some skills on the mic
This is my motherfuckin' little song here, right
Right, let's get back to the subject
Now hold steady, steady, steady, ready
Insert the blade along the outer eyelid
Very, slowly, I don't wanna look! Ah, you did
Okay, gently count twenty-five specmetre outer diameters, huh? A square!
I know it's hard, you'd probably rather just stab and chop
But you'll end up with a pile of slop
I've done it before, and them ain't, them ain't pumpkin seeds
Those are fragments of skull, oh, crunchy
Hey, never mind that, get back to work
Eating on the fuckin' job, you'll never be an expert
What you wanna be, a mailman, a plumber or a barber, no
Or do you wanna be like your uncle Violent J, a pumpkin carver

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Make these motherfuckers sing fool
Kick 'em to the spleen, happy Halloween
I be burnin' Cali, southern voters always bring
Pletto from the ghetto dumping bodies in the meadow
When it comes to carvin', bitch, I'm sharper than Gepetto
I'm lovin' that stiletto, ask your trick or fuckin' treaters
More than thirty, why I beat and greet the homies with the Chiba
Ariba, I was born in this October
Now come press rewind, motherfuckin' flow's over, over, over