

# Insane Clown Posse, Rebel Flag

Stop the bus, Violent J comes out  
Barrels to your chest and blow your lungs out  
Mother fucker fuckin hick  
I kick ya in the mouth  
Sew your fuckin' lips up  
You swallow them teeth when I do  
And me and my boys'll run a train on your Thelma Lou  
Then break her fuckin back  
Goddamn biggots ain't all that  
So I'ma cut your brain out  
Reach in and pull your spine out  
Welcome to the Carnival show  
Your invited, you and your bitch Flo  
And the wicked clowns gonna check  
Cut your legs off and and if you crawl back  
Don't step to the city folk- bitch that's why you got your titties broke  
So get back on your ardvark  
Don't let me see a biggot commin' through Clark Park  
Cut his neck with my good blade  
34 years old, still in the third grade  
Yes, pickin' on others--Look at your hootinanny ass mother fucker  
And your billy bitch  
Hey---Fuck both ya'll ...  
And your Rebel flag

[CHORUS 1:]

Fuck your Rebel flag! (Fuck your Rebel flag)  
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Fuck a Rebel flag! (Fuck your Rebel flag)

Been down south, you can't tell me  
Hill billy hill billy hill billy  
Uncle Willy acting nilly  
Old bitch cooking up vittles  
Then fuck on the porch, playing a fiddle  
You know I'd love to show you that ghetto style  
Take you out back, throw you in a shit pile  
Life in the inner city  
I'd rip your ass, but you all shitty and funky  
Like the pigs you eat  
Pickin' that shit off them yellow feet  
Don't stop to so much as cough  
Or I'ma shoot ya in the back till your chest falls off  
What you say ain't always hype  
So I slap you in the face with a lead pipe  
Teachin kids what pops taught you  
And he's a funky ass biggot too  
Fell short of the due respect  
Don't speak when I slap ya in your red neck  
Fuck all that bullshit you stuck on  
Get back on your mule and get the fuck on  
Don't look back or I'ma hit ya  
Take that red neck bitch out with ya  
Spit on your Rebel rag, so fuck you and your Rebel flag!

[CHORUS 2:]

Wilber (I'ma cut his neck)  
Hass (I'ma break his back)  
Goober (I'ma stab his face)  
Jed (I'ma slit his throat)  
Wilber (I'ma cut his neck)  
Hass (I'ma break his back)  
Goober (I'ma stab his face)

Thelma Lou (I'ma fuck her in her ass!)

Hill....

Hill billies listening down south  
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I'm up and I'm headin for the south  
Fixin to put a run of buck shot in your mouth  
And blow the back of your fuckin neck loose  
Hill billies run around like a headless goose  
Cuz you tried burning down my cross  
Thats way racist hatin and hass  
You sleep in the barn and you fuck your horse  
Brick to the head, put you back on corse  
Yeah---But you know I chill  
Cuz if I don't flex on you the others will  
Straight folks in the south won't have it  
They put a rind in your racist ass quick  
The cool in the south team up with the north  
And blow that biggot off his fucking horse  
So put away your goddamn twan  
See I'ma cut your pipe and take a little moonshine  
Then drink it all up  
Barrels to your face and blow your fuckin head off  
Keep on gunnin' cuz of what they said  
Punk, I'll put a slug in your bald head  
Scalp a skinhead quick  
And your greasy-ass triple clan and shit  
And zip you up in a bag  
And I'll shit on a mother fuckin Rebel flag  
Yeah shit on a Rebel flag!!

[CHORUS 1]

[CHORUS 2]