Insane Clown Posse, Slug N Ya Noggin

(Violent J talking)

"Yea hold still mother fucka! Hold still mother fucka! uhh

(Shaggy 2 Dope)

Stepped in the spot, Rydas set deep

Some faggot ass mother fucker wanna get his peep on

I said & amp; quot; relax, i'm taggin' this kids bitch & amp; quot;

Besides, my trigger finger startin' to itch

Fool steps up startin' to wanna talk shit

Two steps back (ping) bust him in his fuckin' lip

Fallin' to the floor the mother fucker keeps talkin'

So I pulled my shit, he gotta slug in the noggin

"Slug in ya noggin" Slug in ya noggin

"Slug in ya noggin" Ya better think twice

"Slug in ya noggin" Slug in ya noggin

"Slug in ya noggin" Whole in ya head aint nice

(Violent J)

My turn? Wait, lemme check this

One bullet, oh damn...I miss

And ima hafta walk all the way over there and stick somethin' sharp in ya neck..wack

Lookin' nuttin' like a homicidal lunatic

I'd rather just shoot you and be done with it

Forget it, I aint about to miss

Ima leave his eyeball hangin' out like Bushwicks

(Myzery)

I'm down to peel your cap quick

Fuck all this rap shit

Your along way from home

Inferred beam on your dome

Mercy on a hata now I caught you sleepin, creep in

With the window open, Foe Foe peepin

Heat-seakin', Bullets no bullshit, second guess us

Have your family up in black dresses

I'm a thug, who only need one slug, no love

First shot punches likes time clock

Chorusx2

(Blaze)

You better back up bitch 'for I peel your wig back

Or your face get cracked by my Louisville bat

You punk mother fucker, why you still talkin' shit?

Don't you know I be from the Ryda cliq?

I be Cell Block, and if ya wanna fight

Bring it on mother fucker 'cuz tonites the night

For you to meet your maker at the end of the fall

Because Rydas are known to put slugs in ya noggin

(Shaggy 2 Dope)

First things first, I done capped one kid tonite

Now this mother fucker, wanna flap his jaw at the stop light

yo, i'm a Ryda, I don't give a fuck who ya know

Bitch, i'm Full Clip, so I pulled him out his window

Beefs came to beefs and yo, i'm by myself

He had 320, and reachin' everything on the top shelf

However big I don't give a fuck you know the slogin

Cock the gat back, booya! slug in ya noggin

Chorusx4....n'nice...y'yéa!