

# Insane Clown Posse, Somebody's Dissin'

They call me Hektik  
Cause the way the pain is interjected  
You talk shit you gonna regret it  
Fuck it, you said it  
Watch your mouth fool  
I'm on the move  
Time to play  
For words you say  
One level of pain on display  
Bitch back off  
Too late your bitch is spread out, you jack off  
Keepin you wishing that you was dead off  
The planet  
Can't understand it? Let me explain  
All that shit you talked drove me insane  
But my brain swells, my ears bleed  
And all the bad level of attack is underrated, remember that  
Head's get cracked with baseball bats  
I love the sound it makes when it pings  
I even love it when my ears ring  
Stomp on suckers in a second  
Leave you with no sign of recollection  
Rearrange your whole memory section  
Disease, infection, over night I die slowly  
Covered in corn stalks, protected by the oak trees  
Freeze muthafuckas  
Get your hands in the air muthafuckas  
This ain't a game  
I don't talk shit I slit necks just because  
Catchin' the buzz  
And keeping a look out for the fuzz  
If I get hit by the cops I'm goin' out like Val Kilmer  
Heat the whole squad, droppin the bomb then watch em simmer  
Pain is a beautiful thang it makes my spine shiver  
Murder for hire, better believe I deliver

(Chorus x2)

If you think somebody's dissin you they probably are  
So far all I been hearin is player hatin (Oh yeah)

Moving with the speed of the robot sonic exhaust  
Chronic fumes, fuel, gin, and tonic  
Half of the world is corrupt and alive  
Other half is depressed and they want to die  
I.S.I.  
Why ask why?  
Realize there's a killer in your face  
Look him in his eyes  
Before your body dies  
I'ma grab your soul straight up out your chest  
Put it in my black glass jar  
With all the rest  
Of the competition  
Pack rhymes with precision  
Eliminating adversaries  
And all of our divisions are cuttin like an incision  
While other suckers is missin  
With enough cheese for 3 niggas in college with tuition  
Take a listen I drop knowledge like a teacher  
An ill preacher preaching a sermon  
I been learning how to sing along with the dead man's song  
He's got an X in his head so I know what side he's on  
And brain dead people always say right on  
They got 10 on the weed cause we all high arms

We let bygones be bygones and then dismiss  
Your wack ass bitches in the abyss  
Fuck the diss  
Cause you let your colors show too many times  
It goes way deeper than rhymes  
Fuck a beat cause I rock accapella  
Crazy ass fella  
Used to fuck Cinderella  
In the back of the pumpkin coach  
Smoking roach after roach  
Fuck her all night  
And in the mornin make me French toast  
Coast to coast  
Drop knowledge like a teacher  
I.S.I. in this bitch we play the preachers

(Chorus x2)

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