

Killer Mike, Creep Show

(Chorus)

Welcome to the creep show, street show, freak show, peep show
anything goes strippers and live shows
It's the creep show, street show, freak show, peep show
exctasy, hydro, and good blow
It's the creep show, street show, freak show, peep show
hoes strip, where pimps and hoes do strolls
It's the creep show, street show, freak show, peep show
Where hustlas collect rocks and straight rolls

(Verse 1: Killer Mike)

Welcome home motherfuckers your back again
into the den of inequity the life of sin
Where after the after party and the hotel lobbies
probably find me drunk off Bacardi in a swank hotel
an aspiring actress
Trying to push her back through a thousand dollar mattress
In Chicago a couple of bottles, couple of models, stolen Diablos
Fast and furious going full throttle
post club function, pills get swallowed
Ladies get loose and so do bra straps
power, money, and sex drive good raps
Freaks emerge in a twilight with party pack
of hydros alchohol blurred eye sight
From dusk til dawn is when vampires roam
pro athletes trick and don't go home

(Chorus)

(Verse 2: Killer Mike)

Riding with my nigga Big Boi you don't sleep
even partied with Diddy up in NYC
Got drunk, rubbed titties of Dominican freaks
every night bachelor party in the boom boom room
On trees get burned or liquor consumed
you ain't really seen a color till you seen it on shrooms
Lipstick on the pale of my Pelle Pele
spot hotter than fish scales cooked in coked ale
Vampire party and we gets it down
in the undergrounds underground
Underground in club commer's basement
ladies and low lifes do get wasted
So high you can't hear the music but you feel it when the bass hits
the atmosphere like the first year
Freak bass hit everybodys heart goes fast
rolling Mitsubishi's shakin' that ass

(Chorus)

(Verse 3: Bizzare)

Got twenties on the Escort, bitch park my shit
It's Bizzare from D12 in this bitch (yeah)
and wich nigga want to fight (what!)
I'm the club with Suge Knight, Ike, and Killer Mike (how does it feel)
Fat dick for all my enemies
caught a disease fucking Roy and Jazzie T (a ha ha)
My girlfriends a fucking fool
when she turned her back
I'm making out with her mother like I'm in high school (shhh)
And I don't sale crack to my African brothers
I sell it to they mothers and they ex-lovers (that's true)
So go ahead bitch pop the X
so I can work your neck in the back of my Vett (ahh!)
Red bones, I hate 'em no question

I like fat bitches with bladder infections (ughh)
Bizzare get down from strokers to Magic City
It's the creep show, show your nasty titties

(Chorus)