

# Dead Clownz

Esham

Yea  
(Hehehe)  
This the big homie  
(Wicked Clowns)  
Still don't play that shit  
(That's me)  
(Homie)  
Yeah I'm a clown  
(wicked, Wicked man)  
Well guess what  
Dead clown why you mad  
You sad, you should be glad  
I got chopped off heads stuffed in my duffel bag  
Dead clown why you mad  
You sad, you should be glad  
I got chopped off heads stuffed in my duffel bag  
I got chopped off heads in ma bag they stuffed  
With they eyes sewn up  
And there mouths sewn shut  
Don't talk to me  
I kill em all the time  
Take out there brains and I play with they minds  
Take yo eyes out ya head  
So you can see what I'm sayin  
Body decayin  
Paint ya face  
I'm sprayin  
The murder death machine  
They call me evil knievel  
Paint up ma face and start serial killin people  
A sick pyschopath dead bodies they stink  
A voodoo witch doctor  
Shocka locka ya head shrink  
A known sickle  
The grim reaper with the sickle  
They stab in my eye  
Hehe that only tickle  
But it made me mad  
So I killed ya mommy and dad  
Blood soaked my clothes like a maxi-pad  
All the killin  
I can't stop the killin  
All the killin  
Everytime I stabbed in the face  
I got a happy feelin  
Dead clown they say  
I thought you was dead clown  
How can he be alive  
And he's choppin off heads now  
The curse of homie came back an omen the unholy  
You soft like a creampuff  
Call you a canoli  
I put heads in flower pots  
With bodies they rot  
No other killer clown got more bodies then I got  
Fuck the police  
Cause they don't know my identity

The preacher can't save you at the church  
No serenity  
Homie the clown  
Spit the wicked shit when it's me