

# Explosions

## Insane Clown Posse

(Wha-wha-wh- What type of man)

I plant bombs in my lawn  
For 18 hours, who think I'm wrong?  
Pistol crossbow in each arm  
Explosive arrows, can't keep calm  
I blow thee, with an RPG  
So much smoke you can hardly see  
Bodily harm, fire on lawns  
Mountain acid gonna burn down the farm

What types of man to come with these atrocities  
I can feel the heat its all around me  
Laying here in the street my chest exploding  
I'm pinned down  
Yet never knowing why...

(Wha-wha-wh- What type of man)

I build pipe bombs with duct tape  
Fill it with gunpowder, that's all it takes  
Get me a wick, long or quick  
And when it blows, molecules split  
Mushroom cloud a boom so loud  
I took out the crowd, I'm so proud  
Connect these wires, twist with pliers  
I'm sick and a coward, no one to admire

(Wha-wha-wh- What type of man)

Rainforest jungles, deserty sands  
Downtown with buildings  
I'll shake your land  
Plastic explosives, my specialty  
You'll lose a limb, fuckin' with me

Batteries they come  
Cables and sensors  
Right on they neck and  
There go my answers  
FBI wanna take me down  
Two to my chest my heart no longer pounds