

8 Ways To Die

Insane Clown Posse

Psychopathic (The Hatchet)
Twenty-eight motherfucking years (Twenty-eight years)
Place in the game, respect that (Respect that)
Eight ways to die
Violent J (Violent J)
Stitches (Stitches)
Mac Lethal (Mac Lethal)
Esham (Esham)
DJ Paul (DJ Paul)
Ouija Macc (Ouija Macc)
Cage (Cage)
And Shaggy 2 Dope (Shaggy 2 Dope)

Four in the morning, lightning crackin', rain is pouring yet
I'm still up doing lines of no-doze like my life's important, man
I don't mean shit to nobody, especially you
Never scared to pull something out of my waist, give you a taste of this (Bo
om)
Lay you flat dirty rat in fact you ain't coming back (Nope)
Better have that shit sewed up with God before you hear that clap
Bring it back where my stacks? What you thinking fool?
S dub D 'til I D-I-E, A-S-S down in the blood pool
'Cause your nightmares, they my wet dreams
Fucking with my team I wish you would you b-string we supreme
Premo, woo! T-R-O-Y
Reminisce over your bitch ass and don't nobody even cry (Nope)
It's no surprise don't nobody even ask why
It's no surprise we glad to see you die, bitch
Hit that fifth and chug
Skin full of the meth bugs
So who do you love? You know I got the plug bitch

I'm a dope dealer and I'm from Dade county
I got kilos of cocaine I keep them shits around me
I got lots of haters, I'm always counting paper
My shoes are made from an alligator
I don't sell no re-rock, I don't rock no g-shock
I get money lil nigga thug life like I'm 2Pac
What do you want? I got it all
I got a lil shawty and she wanna ball
She want a dope dealer, you can fuck with me (Yeah, yeah)
You can fuck with me (Yeah, yeah)
You can fuck with me (Ha ha ha ha ha)
You can fuck with me (Uh)
You can fuck with me
I put the dope in the pot (For real)
I can run up in your spot (Yuh)
All that tough talkin' you be doin' gon' get hit you up with the Glock
Name another rapper that has sold more dope than me
The only way that I'ma stop is if they come and murder me

Coming to like a wicked preacher in the pulpit
Eight ways to die, kill a ninja with the full [?]
All that stuff you rapping be bull-bull-bullshit
Rappers get killed for being wack, you can't fuck with my clique
Psycho cyphers Micheal Myers set your body on fire
Let the air out your head like a flat tire

Are you in good hands, better call State Farm
It's getting hot up in this bitch ring the fire alarm
I'm gone, I'm thugged out, I was raised in a drug house
I come through like Raid on these roaches, they bug out
Your girlfriend getting dug out, it's blood on the rug now
I'm turning your power off pulling your plug out
Next rapper say yeah I'ma shoot him yeah
Is his ass dead? Yeah! Hit him in his head!
I'm a fucking psycho, homie, I'm a clown
I never get it twisted in Mo-Town
I come down from the heavens and I'm best friends with Jesus
I be the fallen angel and I wrote Kkkill the Fetus
I spit this wicked shit for all these heathens cause they heinous
But still it's hell on earth I got three stripes on my Adidas

Eight ways to die, bruh, I'm an eight legged spider
I walk up with an AK and light up your concert
Just killing anyone that's happy you alive
If you survive in a suit and tie you getting crucified
With a nail gun
Motherfucker, my dick's so big that it look like a whale tongue
Mac-11 Lethal dropping microphones up in it
It's the middle of the map its Kansas City that I hail from
Everybody fuck with me I rip so nice and fast kid
If you ever fuck with me I dip your wife in acid
I'm with that dark juggalo clique
The Incredible Hulk on some Mark Ruffalo shit
I got a big hard buffalo dick
I might start humping your chick
I'm a motherfucking lunatic I pull the skeleton up out your mouth
Just like bunch of elephants up in a stampede
Sticking a fucking blade up in your lung and you can't breathe

Bring them raccs out
Succa brain bout to get splat now
Bring that map out, I'ma put my city on the map now
Sin City on blacc out
Extension cords in that trap house
We done made our own power lines turned the bando to a cat house (Meow, meow
)
Talk that shit down
"Ouija got a chicc with a dicc now"
Say what?!?
30 round clip now just enough for you to get dicced down
How bout that now?
17 tat now
17 raccs now
Shawty ass clap like a paccled crowd
Let them talk that shit, won't walk that shit I bust them in they shit
I pull up on him, Kid don't want it but you finally got some drip
You can wait to hit the lottery I'm bout to hit a licc
You can wait on your retirement, I'm bout to break a bitch
Hol up' wait all my hoes exfoliate
All you broke mothafuccers you can still afford to hate
What's that beefin' to a vegan I stacc broccoli on my plate
I can be stepping on all over these rapper neccs with every mo'fuccin' step
that I take
Ouija

MAFIA! DJ PAUL!
Hunnit off in a clip
Ima push [?]
Double barrel, double R on the grill

Diamond fangs in a grip
Johnny Dang got the drip
Smoke a quarter word to Elon, more notorious than B-I-G
Was strappin' 'fore I had a gun ID
Rubber bands on a hunnit grand layin' on my hand like I'm T.I.P
Nigga this is just a PSA
I'm dropping bones like I'm DTP
Pass the weed like a box of yay
Niggas copy but I do get paid
Surf's up tryna ride this wave
I got pocket rockets and some knotted wallets keep the molly in a Gucci safe
20 bitches on a 20 gauge
20 haters that's 20 graves
Beat the case like MMA
Run the club like some [?]
[?] to this silence
I'm colorblind 'til I get violent
Run your mouth you got some mileage
Feature my work to O'Reilly's nigga

Take me out the worst way
Apocalypse on my birthday
When you starving you eat shit til' I piss on all the thirsty
For your applause my mental problem out for revenge every autumn
Stimulate to get down them all innovators fend 'em off
And lock me up nightly go psycho when you don't like me
What's in my hands? Ain't my ID
At gunpoint make you recite me
I see some demons that might be trying to fuck me or fight me
Because I wasn't wrapped tightly at Heaven's Gate in black Nikes
I'm in that house like a home invasion because your family need a renovation
Say ho don't say Amen say 6-7-8-9 Satan
I'm a trapped ghost in a iPod and the batteries have been died off
Evil in me no antidote it's boring shooting cantaloupe
And I'm about what killers do so much they start to kill in school
The heroes lame, the villains cool
Death is here I'm feeling cruel
Burnt flesh that's brand loyal
Bullet holes your guts boil
King of nothing, Fuck royal
There will be blood, I struck oil

What I'm Freddy Kruger, Lex Luthor, Chad Kroeger
The dick in Nickleback who tickle fat nipples on cougars
Sippin' Boocha, your boo fuck with me
'Cause I'm super fly, I splash her neder Jimmy Snuka
I'll slap you, spin your face 'round to the back of your head
You'll have to chop a hole through your wig or suffocate dead
I'll make the sunshine bright at midnight or black out at noon
Put so much heart in this every beat kicks as a sonic boom
I blow hurricanes, spit monsoons and stomp earthquakes
And me and my Ruby known to bust and murder snakes
I'll snatch right up in your earhole put your brain in your hand
You'll still be trying to comprehend when you end (Dang man)
The hatchet been chopping for years
I'll flex on all of my peers
So high I be poppin' your ears
You rockin' a toilet career
You bust to a brush in a mirror
You flush and your fans disappear
Your stacks are like flat as a beer
Left out in the sun for a year
Trained in Shaolin, red moon howlin'

Decades deep, stomach still growlin'
Elbow to eyeball I'm foul in'
'Til your momma threw the towel in
But I caught it, she fought it and brought it, I applauded
But my rocket kick out it clocked out I sock it and she bought it
With that shing-shing-shing-shing walla-walla bing bing
True ninjutsu Joe Bruce ying yang
Six Six Fivin' big dicks diving
Up in you bitch it's a ICP thing
ICP THANG
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ICP THANG
ICP THANG ICP THANG