

Birthday Bitches

Insane Clown Posse

Okay everybody, it's clown time, a clown is here.
Everybody sit around right here.
Because Shaggy the clown has a present for everybody.

I got your fuckin' present hangin' next to my nuts, now when I'm swinging on my hatchet, if it hits you it cuts. Don't make me chop your head in half, and smack the side with your cheeks. Because I haven't had my mineral in almost a week, your fuckin' momma brought me here to entertain your ass. So no matter what I'm doin' I expect you to laugh. Now when you see me do a trick, and if it isn't even funny, give me props, unless you want your little necks bloody. I could probably do a cartwheel or something if you move the couch, but that ain't what I'm fuckin' about. I could sew your motuh shut, and pump air in through your nose. And fuckin' pop your head but we'd get blood on our chlot hes. Look, I'm a wicked clown, I ain't no fuckin' superhero. Ain't a big and scary, though I fly like little Ray Mysterio. I'm quick to beat down all you little bitches right in front of your mom and if the bitch get's heated, tell her, bring it on!

R: Oh shit it's your birthday, oh no it isn't.
It's somebody's birthday, oh no it isn't.
Oh shit it's your birthday, oh no it isn't.
It's your birthday.

It ain't mine motha facko.