

Boing Boing

Insane Clown Posse

Bitches get sprung when I walk by
I dunno if its my ass, or maybe cuz I talk fly
But no lie, as soon as I speak to em
They all want me to screw em
I introduce myself, and panties start falling
No dinner-dates, fuck stalling
Your girl, his wife, it don't matter
They all want this dick-hole platter

It's dangerous for any chick on my arm
Other hoes wanna cause em bodily harm
Maybe cuz I wear my jeans so tight
But they all fight for the right to fuck me all night
These hoes wanna kiss any time any place
And have clown paint smudged all over their face
They steal my number, catch me on the internet
And tell me all how they nedens are dripping wet

Bitches hang around my home like stray cats
Trying to catch a motherfucker shirtless
Could be my profile, or my haircut (whut)
But I turn sweetie boos into sluts
(I take it in the burners?) what the lady at the store said
Chick up at Walgreen's offering head
I'm like