

Catch and Kill

Insane Clown Posse

You know, bitch?
You've been running like a bitch for so long
You starting to morph into an actual bitch!
You looking extra goood to my axe! (CHING)
And he really wants to get wit ya
And straight split ya punk ass into chunks, punk chunks!
And my pitbulls love punk chunks!

Run, ho!
Psychopathic!
Catch And Kill!
Run, ho!

I hang a left real slowly, you could pass me walkin'
It's 3:07 a.m. and my ass be stalkin'
My task, to find him; my headlights are blindin'
I'm sipping on Red Pop, my gears are grindin'
He overheard a conversation now he's takin' the stand
But he's mistaken, uh uh, must be Satan shakin' his hand
Cuz I'ma throw this big axe and pin him dead to the door
Leave him hanging in his boots, three inches from the floor

Run away bitch, don't say shit
I'm over here digging your grave in my basement
In my cellar under the drill is where I place them
After I catch 'em and then I kill 'em cuz I'm dangerous
See I'm a villain on the run
My body count deeper than it ever was before
And I'm running down the road and you know I'm finna' explode
Cause I'm a killer with a blood thirst I could never let go!
Run away ho, don't stay bro
Or I'ma put this double-axe to your face yo
5-0 ain't nothing I'm gonna break for
I can make the police run away if I say so
I represent a scenario for the sake of
Really understanding what a killer's made of
Nothing but vengeance, nothing but hatred
You can run away but ain't no escapin', Young Wicked!

Run, ho! No place to hide in!
Right on your trail, catch and kill!
Run, ho! Like a hyenia, leopard or lion
Right on your trail, catch and kill!
Run, ho! You become so tired, woah!
Right on your trail, catch and kill!
Run, ho! Your time's expired!
Right on your trail, catch and kill!

Big Hoodoo, homie I ain't fucking wit ya
Recite some wicked scriptures, make the demons come to get ya
Don't try and break away cuz when I catch ya, then ya done
I let the hollows do the chasing, I ain't tryna run!
My niggas Ratchet and I'm ill like I got Ebola
Swinging my hatchet like a real psychopathic soldier
Bitch niggas everywhere so you know we always workin'
Killas for hire when we catch you then it's close curtains

I'm searching through the east side, I search through the west
And I give a shit less if any eggs in your nest
I don't feel sorry, you brought this on yourself run for that wealth
And now your head's going on my shelf because I'm stealth
As I'm hunting you down, you should just tryda relax
Because I'm all over your tracks, get ready for the stabs and hacks
And simply place you in a body bag then zip up the zipper
And bury you at midnight underneath the big dipper

Run, ho! No place to hide in!
Right on your trail, catch and kill!
Run, ho! Like a hyenia, leopard or lion
Right on your trail, catch and kill!
Run, ho! You become so tired, woah!
Right on your trail, catch and kill!
Run, ho! Your time, time, time is up!
Right on your trail, catch and kill!
Run, ho! No, no, nowhere to run! Woah
Right on your trail, catch and kill!
Run, ho! Never, never, never, never gonna escape!
Right on your trail, catch and kill!

I'm like a bounty hunter hunting my bounty in hot pursuit, he's worth
More alive then dead but still I find I've got to shoot because
He's pissing me off, this fucker's ducking every corner
In another mile or so, this lucky fuck will cross the border
I can't have it in my Grand National stab it to the metal
If I have to I'll bring back his head, I have a debt to settle
He finally turned and got burned that fucking alley dead ends
I popped the trunk and got the chopper out and shot like Armageddon

Run, ho! Wooooohhhh!