

# If I Was a Serial Killer

Insane Clown Posse

If I was a Serial Killer  
they would find all my victim's heads  
in funky ass gas station toilets  
And if I was a Serial Killer  
I would be strange and deranged  
and I would never change  
If I was a Serial Killer  
I'd be known as the smoker  
Cause I'd cut off and smoke all they hair  
and if I was a Serial Killer  
I would sleep on broken glass and thumbtacks  
and I would smoke mad crack

First thing I would do is kill a couple hotties  
They'd always get some mustard up decapitated bodies  
Dumped on State police law just before dawn  
To let em know my ritual had begun  
I'd crack a 40 with the devil tell him dig me a hole  
cause I'm coming when I die until then I'm in control  
This is if I was a Serial Killer and though I aint  
but if I was I'd do my walls all blood red with blood paint  
This is if I was a Serial Killer and though I aint  
But if I was I'd never stop cause I know I can't

If I was a Serial Killer  
I would drive a black van  
And I would ride around on college campus  
And if I was a Serial Killer  
I would walk among us and gain trust  
Until I needed that rush

I'd park outside these bitches homes and then drive away  
Then come back with my lights off this time I'm here to stay  
I'd wear human bones around my neck and have my ceremonies  
Then go back upstairs and microwave some macaronis  
You know what's all up in my trunk  
So don't ask me to pop it  
Once I get out to my cabin  
Then I'll finally unlock it  
This is if I was a Serial Killer and though I'm not  
But if I was I'd snap a photo once they died on the spot  
This is if I was a Serial Killer and though I'm not  
But if I was I'd know that I can't so I would never stop

And I don't know myself anymore  
(and I don't know who I am anymore)  
And I don't know who to be anymore  
(and I don't know who I am anymore)  
And I don't know what to think anymore  
(and I don't know who I am anymore)  
Except that I am strange and deranged  
(and I don't know who I am anymore)  
And I will never change

I wanna hold up this hatchet  
Psychopathic Records shit we'll burn the whole planet down  
I wanna run with this hatchet

We gotta always kick the wicked shit we'll always be the same  
I wanna hold up this hatchet  
Fuck the world take me under bitch we trying to rule the tunnels,  
The Tempest raining lightning balls of fire rain  
ICP with Mike E Clark again  
I wanna run with this hatchet  
(Wicked Clowns, Blaze, Twiztid, Boondox and Lotus  
Holding down the underground and you know this  
I wanna run with this hatchet  
You know this

Chop it on down  
Chop it on down  
I wanna run with this hatchet  
I wanna run with this hatchet

I wanna hold up this hatchet  
Psychopathic Records shit we'll burn the whole planet down  
I wanna run with this hatchet  
We gotta always kick the wicked shit we'll always be the same  
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Holding down the underground and you know this  
I wanna run with this hatchet  
You know this

If I was a Serial Killer  
I would bury all my special projects  
underneath the garden in my grandmother's backyard  
And if I was a Serial Killer  
I would be strange and deranged  
And I would rock my hatchet chain