

# Intelligence & Violence

## Insane Clown Posse

You have dug your own grave if you say you wanna battle  
Don't you know you're in trouble up the creek without a paddle  
'Cause I keep gettin betta I'm tougha then leatha  
I'm rated numba one and I'll reign for eva  
Some people wear silva and some wear gold  
But then I'll snatch it off your neck and diss you cold  
It's like a fantasy it's irony my rhymes go down in history  
Hit my boys proven with the freshest terminology  
Know more words then a pocket dictionary  
Got more information then your local library  
Some girls I'm kissin and others I'm dissin  
But you don't know what you been missin  
Make a fresh tongue twista  
Could give your tongue a blista  
If you see it my way then there's a chance you'll diffa  
Give a sigh then you cry then you say goodbye  
Don't even try don't reply then you want to die  
I make you rhyme though it's time  
Commit an innocent crime  
It's the truth no excuse a visual rhyme  
Dissin you, to battle me you bit off more then you can chew  
Tearin up the scene destrukter van vew  
The way I'll leave you more puzzled then A Rubik's Cube  
Wanna battle the best you're gonna die like the rest  
Wait I'll crush your bones and rip up your flesh  
You can do what you want but leave the rhyme to the skills  
'Cause every person that don't listen is a sucker that kills  
And when I first started rappin I set some goals  
To rock your mind, your body and of course your soul  
Now when it comes to these goals I have now achieved  
So for all you non-believers it's TIME TO BELIEVE  
Take it to the Violent Side  
Violent J yo homeboy I'm packin a punch  
Knocked out Greg on the motha fuckin Brady Bunch  
For no apparent reason that's my attitude  
Fuck off gold digger I don't rap for gratitude  
You'll remember my name after I get the shot  
Don't laugh now bitch I'll tie your lips in a knot  
Delray, Detroit, Southwest Military  
Legal Freaks hangin like a motha fuckin dingle berry  
Yo I like I like big fat fucked up freaks  
I'm waxin that anus and I'm slappin her buttcheeks  
Hey yo the J stands for Joe  
Violent straight up means that I'm a motha fuckin psycho  
Reputation like Jason on the southwest side  
Shot 47 times boy still ain't died  
In the LA roads pumpkin gangsta codes  
Sellin yayo part time sellin stereos  
Yeah boy and my tape comes with 'em  
When I stole the radio my tape was already in 'em  
Life style of a motha fuckin scalowag  
Throw a fist if ya throw me a mag  
I'll use it 'cause ya never know I'm packin a gun  
Straight up young one you don't want none son  
Fuck those talkin shit fuckin seem to quit  
Talkin shit about the tape and don't make 'em say shit  
Young Caucasians raisin hell on our tape

Impersonate Violent J I'll crush your head like a grape  
Talk shit about my posse hope you have a ball  
When I see you I'ma slam your fuckin head in the wall  
Intelligence and Violence...