

Violent Crimes

Insane Clown Posse

Violent Crimes of the ICP
Yo J take it away homeboy Lyrically
The ghetto yeah boy I'm a proud ass resident
I got more boys than the motha fuckin president
Watchin my back through jack leadin jack
Tryin to mack to your back homeboy you get sacked
By 14 of the hottest motha fuckas on the water bed
ICP fuck a microglycerine
I'll let his backbone pry out his motha fuckin throat
Come across to Detroit throw your ass in a moat
Yo Homeboy you know your in effect
But what about the crimes you ain't kicked none yet
On the ramed out streets of the inner city Delray
There once lived a little boy named Violent J
Saw a lot of bad thing a child stays out of
When he hit 13, motha fucka when violent
Took along yo the crimes that I done
People must understand it wasn't just for fun
When your cold at night and there's nothin to eat
You can give a fuck about another fuckers feed
Growin up stonger one next to me
With military MC's hard nock Bruce Lee
Hangin at the stadium just talkin and swearin
Punk walk by laughin at what I was wearin
Prince born walkin around with silver spoons in his mouth
My brother shoved it so far down the kid shit it out
Nate the Mack so loud in front of his house
Leanin against his old's drinkin 40's with clouds
Drunk fool walked by with his wallet and key
They took it all and left 'em in his BVD's
2 Much and 2 Dope got boomin rides
Took your amp took your tookin snick by nine
Try to told 'em between us and your fresh seet to
Left that shity ass 10 dolla crate all for you
Kid Villian the hustla took the whole damn ride
Didn't notice your girl was still sittin inside
She stayed in the car while you ran in the store
Kid plucked your car and ended up fuckin your whore
Q-Tip look through your window on a monday night
Took your couch big jar everything in site
Sold 'em all for gold cause my boys are swingin
Stole your mothers raidy rade off her motha fuckin finger
Lay Low sold bullets to your uncle Jim
And the village men wonder why he been gettin so slim
Now he steals from you so at night your lockin
And the money you get goes to Lay Low's pocket
D-Lyrical like a cat sneaks up from behind
Check nine to your spine is what your able to find
That pile yo is cool and calm
That rope around your neck winds up in a pile
Don Juan goes back just askin the fool
Spent more time in jail, then you spent in school
In the LA roles just go make a deal
Stole your little snitches mother fuckin tranin wheels
Pimp, Hustler, Baller, Daddy D
Got more freaks then a skater got teeth
But pimpin pimp daddy is pimpin down river

Can in one had with one to hold the liver
Iron Ranger is the brute of the IC crew
Make kid visiose look like Little Kid Blue
So battery had to be done to an HP
Simple plan its all so the sucker try to say maybe
Rude Boy, aww shit J tell 'em
HP watchin verner boys swellin
Southwest boys, Juan and Andrew
What the fuck can you do?
The playable unstopable ICP
Boy you can't fade me
Your game is too tuff is what you say
ICP stands for I Can Play
Any game set up by a barn yard hit
Touch a pich fork, and my gun will click
So you say my raps are mean and uncalled for
Fuck you and your mothers a whore
I'm cold blooded all I care about is me and my boyz
And you down with Violent J if your playin my noise
Yo J you know your cold fuckin it up
D-Lyrical lyricaly adjust the currupt
Word D, the inner city delray is jumpin
With what ya put out cause your shit is bumpin
Man HP's over there in that car
Before we fuck 'em up let's tell 'em who they are
Hipple Park Posse little boys and little childs
Ain't down with gang bangin only down with milkin cows
Hipple Park ain't shit I'll be the first to get with it
Droppin hoe's over there in a New York minute
They ain't shit they finna fill me with lead
Whent he Barn yard hoe's look like Uncle Jed
Now I'm ready to whip some ass
Cause in Detroit we don't play that
Hand me a bat