

# Whoop!

## Insane Clown Posse

WHOOOP I cant get  
WHOOOP this wicked shit  
WHOOOP out my system  
WHOOOP and it ain't never quittin'

JUGGALO JUGGALO I don't wash my pants, I'm a SCRUBBALO  
Bitch, this the wicked shit  
Just bumpin' this'll get you a fat lip  
Another card is comin'  
Gettin' your guard or somethin'  
Start runnin'  
I break off into 6 mini ninjas  
Cut through your neck across many inches  
The bass rattle my balls I cant help it  
Spit so hard on the mic I melt it  
I'm legendary scary  
Make the tooth fairy pussy hairy  
Shoot you in the head  
I'm Michigan military  
Stick my boot up your dingleberry and marry  
Bust you in the head with a hammer like tom and jerry  
AMB and Clay with the 3 claw attack  
Big J in the back  
With the fully auto mac like

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I love the haters, they hate us cuz the shit we do is so fresh,  
Underground, love n rep beneath the surface,  
Runnin and keep it wicked with JUGGALO'S and 'LETTES,  
Because we keepin it family till the fuckin death,  
Blow the blow the roof off this bitch  
If we WHOOOP one more time then someones wig splits,  
WHOOOP like its easy WHOOOP with AMBeezy,  
WHOOOP with ICP and DJ CLeezy  
WHOOOP its young wicked in the hatchet crew,  
If my boys ain't down with a rapper I'ma clap 'em too,  
Who the fuck could it be? OT  
Hoes in the beat  
Dead fallin' from the mic to my feet,  
Ill beat yo head into the street  
With no mask on the surveillance tape,  
The cops got a good look at my face,  
Holdin the sign with the mixtape release date

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Bone stub I spit that wicked blood  
Flowin out my mouth as I do my thing and kick it  
My steel I keeps it hella real  
Head up I cut myself everytime I make the kill  
Let the truth be told your girly loves it  
Send her over, cuz I be like fuck it, I let her know

Chokin and stabbin her face like its nothin  
Muthafucker I ain't frontin its murder lovin like  
WHOOOP  
Throw your hands up if you aint JUGGALO  
Burn a hole in the carpet when you hit the flo'  
We WHOOOP we roll, no need to ask questions  
Turn on your local news top story at eleven  
Make the world stop, dead on its axis  
Hatchet swingin so fast make it spin backwards  
Body count risin faster than your eye blink  
We got the and blood, you just added the ink

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