

# Insane

Prozak

Violent J, Shaggy, Insane Clown Posee, baby what  
From New York to L.A.  
From Chile to greece  
From New Gandhi to your momma  
We gives absolutly no f\*cks  
Motha f\*cka  
Natural born serial murderers  
Bitch, come and meet your maker

I'm scare like Michael Jack up close  
I like diggin up dead bodie  
Look at me I'm gross  
My name's Violent J but you can call me suphillis  
Gonorrhoea the clap cause I infected this rap  
You wanna know if I could ever kill somebody  
Well that's like askin Carlie Manson if he's ever been in jail  
I kill family, friends, myself  
What, yeah, I'd kill myself if I could only survive  
I tried to kill Rob Van Winkle, in fact that's how we met  
I went up to kill him and he was thinkin the same shit  
I pulled out a chainsawm he pulled out and ax  
I was like come-on, wait is that a Stanley, where'd you get that  
It's natural and to murder, your gotta have it in you  
It's ike a dick all up in you, although I wouldn't now  
Look at us natural killas  
The world most playa hated rapper  
And the most hated group together like woooo!

Mass murders  
Natural born killas  
I'm not f\*cking around  
Icky icky ya ya  
Icky icky ya ya

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Icky icky ya ya

This ain't no blair witch  
Beware bitch  
I'll pick you're motherf\*ckin brain with an icepick  
Remember me  
The V I see E  
Well here's my trilogy  
I'm outta captivity  
Rap cujo ya know my flow is ferocious  
Last survivor with a mouth full of cockroaches  
I bring this hocus pocus  
You're flying away  
Like the last days of the motherf\*ckin loafers  
I'm the redneck in the moshpit  
2 axes come in handy  
To answer Violent j, ya damn right it's a stanley  
In the shadows of the dark with darkman like spawn  
In the dash blazin it up with explosive bombs

I spit homicides like major cities at 11PM  
While zipping bodies in the dungeon like the line at GM  
Ice mixed with blood is the killers milkshake  
Here with the clowns from the underground it's a lyrical deathbreak

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Disrespect me I'll run in your house  
Like puffin steam stout  
Break both your arms, gun in your mouth  
Knock your teeth out with the nose of the fifth  
Bullets bust through the back of your head ya die swift  
f\*ckin wit tha clan, watch what you say  
We kill \_\_\_\_\_  
Shoot your with an SK or a AK bitch you gonna die either way  
I'm a monster thoroughbred gun holding weed-head  
Cross me bet tomorrow you'll be dead  
Catch you at a show while you're chilling with your ho  
And crack your skull with bottle of Mo  
I'm a Sing-Sing killer  
Gun groove captain  
Brooklyn home of the original gun clappin  
Gats get brung, niggas get done  
Sons lose fathers and mothers lose sons  
I'm a killer

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To die is a fate that must come to us all  
But how horrible to be buried alive  
From the darkness they shuffle eyes glazed with death  
Hand clawing for blood!

Mass murders  
Natural born killas  
I'm not f\*cking around  
Icky icky ya ya  
Icky icky ya ya