

# Insane Killas

Vanilla Ice

Violent J, Shaggy, Insane Clown Posse, baby what  
from New York to L.A.  
from Chile to Greece  
from Uganda to your momma  
We gives absolutely no fucks  
Motha fucks  
Natural born serial slaterers  
Mass mothafuckin murderin muderers  
Bitch, count to ten and meet your maker

I'm scary like Michael Jackson up close  
I like diggin up dead bodies  
Look at me Im gross  
my name's Violent J but you can call me syphillis  
gonorrhoea or the clap cause i infected this rap  
you wanna know if i could ever kill somebody  
well thats like askin Charlie Manson if he's ever been to 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 thats how we met  
I went up to kill him and he was thinkin the same shit  
I pulled out a chainsaw, he pulled out and ax  
I was like come-on, wait is that a Stanley, where'd u get that!  
It's natural and to murder, you gotta have it in you  
It's like 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 whaaaa!

[Chorus:]

Mass murders  
Natural born killas  
I'm not fuckin around  
Icky icky ya ya  
Icky icky ya ya

[Chorus repeat]

This ain't no Blair Witch  
Beware bitch  
I'll pick ur motherfuckin brain with an icepick  
remember me  
the V- I C E  
Well here's my trilogy  
I'm outta captivity  
The rap Cujo you know my flow is ferocious  
The last survivor with a mouth full of cockroaches  
I bring this hocus pocus  
You're flying away  
Like the last days of the motherfuckin Locust  
I'm the redneck in the moshpit  
2 axes come in handy  
to answer Violent J, ya damn right its a Stanley  
in the shadows of the dark with Darkman like spawn  
in your dash blazin it up with explosive bombs  
I spit homicides like major cities at 11PM  
Assembling bodies in the dungeon like the line at GM

Ice mixed with blood is the killer's milkshake  
Blended with the clowns from the underground it's a lyrical deathbreak

[Chorus repeat]

[Chorus repeat]

Disrespect me I'll run in your house  
Like puffin Steve 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 stiff  
Fuckin with tha clan, watch what you say  
We kill Niggas like the KKK  
Shoot you 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 a bottle of Mo  
I'm a Sing Sing killer  
Gun room captain  
Brooklyn home of the original gun clapping  
Gats get brung, niggas get done  
Sons lose fathers and mothers lose sons  
I'm a killer

[Chorus repeat]

[Chorus repeat]

[Chorus repeat]

[Chorus repeat]