

# Thug Pit

## Insane Clown Posse

Wicked Wonka, baby

Halloween! Hallowicked Wonka....just 18 months

I brought a bat to a mosh-pit  
(Well what you do then??)  
I split some craniums in half  
And caved a few in  
Before long I'm standing there alone  
I shut the party down  
For Bone Thugs, Tech N9ne, Kottonmouth and Esham

In...coming, I'm running and dropping them bombs  
Still gunning, I'm willing and ready for war  
Get down with the clowns from ICP, B-O-N-E  
And the Kottonmouth Kings, bring it how we bring it doe  
For the wicked wonka, Halloween

Smoking hay, hey I'm Violent J hey, we screaming may-day  
'Cause Bone and ICP a fucking pay-day  
We give away hey, but we already millionaire rapper  
Hater slappers, wicked shit believe it though  
We tight like alligator snappers

Don't run dawg, we gun clappers  
Bitch nigga slappers and hoe mackers  
City street slicked rappers  
But better known as wig crackers  
Lead packers, ask my nigga Tech N9ne  
Cock it back for Esham And let it loose to they spine

An we mashing, we stomping  
We wicked wicked wonkin'

It's wicked when you walking  
Within the thug pit

Yeah we mashing, we stomping  
We wicked wicked wonkin'

At this kind of mosh pit  
You get your wig split

Who the mothafucka in the pit talking shit? (Shit!)  
Who the mothafucka that want the wig split? (Split!)  
Who the mothafucka that's down for the krown? (Krown!)  
Who the mothafucka in here right now?

Shaggy jumps in the pit  
With these hatchets and swingin' them  
Strictly for the purpose of splitting some craniums  
Shit, we be illuminati at this thug pit though  
Treating fake thugs like a hoe, tell 'em D-Loc  
(Spit!)

What the fuck you thinking, you can stop my shine?  
Put your money where your mouth is, I'll take every dime

Then run down the line, damn right I'm getting mine  
With a fine ass bitch, getting head, sipping wine

Hallows Eve, Halloween, Hallowicked all the same  
Fuck a trick or treat, I treat a trick with some game  
Every year we lace the stage, with the wickedness  
It's the wicked-wicky wonka, baby try an get with us

It's that nigga that be on blood shit  
Tech Nina off in a thug pit  
Fuck with the KMK, ICP, Bone and you'll get drugged bitch  
Celebrating for Samhein  
(Witch Killaz)  
If you don't wanna come with the wickedness  
A nigga wanna slam strange  
I don't wanna hear a damn thang

Mashing off from city to city  
We smoking fifties and fifties  
Crashing after parties  
Fucking and sucking on titties  
Ducking and dodging the coppers  
Ain't no one out that can stop us  
Dropping that shit that be popping  
Making it hotter and hotter

We man handle them  
Fucking and crushing on man's camera  
Busting bright red bandanas  
Bitch where was your antennas?  
When I was trying to stick it  
Wanna show a nigga how she lick it?  
Mothafucker this is how we kick it  
Thug whiling on Hallowicked

Bud so fine fine, toking all kinds  
With Tech N9ne, getting more love  
Sipping on hen, with Bone Thugs  
Kicking Faygo, and smoking more weed with ICP  
It's motherfucking Richter from the Kottonmouth Kings

It ain't nowhere to run when you in the thug pit  
(Kottonmouth Kings!)

It's wicked wicked wonkin within the thug pit

We just some Thuggalos and Juggalos on some thug shit

In this kind of mosh pit you get your wig split

It ain't nowhere to run when you in the thug pit

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It's mista sawed off leatherface  
I bring the pain, and bang a nigga brain  
When I step on the plate  
Guard your grill, cause when my niggaz start to kill  
It's hard to chill

Mothafuckers end up in the graveyard for real  
(Whoa!)

I ain't got a million dollars bitch  
I'm fucking broke  
Spending all my change on that endo smoke  
All the bitches on the road, scheming for my loot  
They get nothing but dick, and a steel toed boot

Fuck boots, every Halloween, I dress like a bag lady  
Then I ride around with my .380 looking for Shady  
If I catch him at the shelter, I'ma pull his file  
Chop his head off, and bury his body across 8 mile

We drinking drank, drank  
We smoking dank, dank  
Mobbing through these streets like a fleet of armored tanks  
We dropping bombs, underground bombs  
Fuck the whole industry bitch, bring them on

It ain't nowhere to run when you in the thug pit

An we mashing, we stomping We wicked wicked wonkin'

We just some Thuggalos and Juggalos on some thug shit

Yeah we mashing, we stomping We wicked wicked wonkin'

It ain't nowhere to run when you in the thug pit

It's wicked wicked wonkin' within the thug pit

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In this kind of mosh pit you get your wig split

Hallowicked Wonka 2003, from us to you

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