

Dead Clownz

Esham

Yea
(Hehehe)
This the big homie
(Wicked Clowns)
Still don't play that shit
(That's me)
(Homie)
Yeah I'm a clown
(wicked, Wicked man)
Well guess what
Dead clown why you mad
You sad, you should be glad
I got chopped off heads stuffed in my duffel bag
Dead clown why you mad
You sad, you should be glad
I got chopped off heads stuffed in my duffel bag
I got chopped off heads in ma bag they stuffed
With they eyes sewn up
And there mouths sewn shut
Don't talk to me
I kill em all the time
Take out there brains and I play with they minds
Take yo eyes out ya head
So you can see what I'm sayin
Body decayin
Paint ya face
I'm sprayin
The murder death machine
They call me evil knievel
Paint up ma face and start serial killin people
A sick psychopath dead bodies they stink
A voodoo witch doctor
Shocka locka ya head shrink
A known sickle
The grim reaper with the sickle
They stab in my eye
Hehe that only tickle
But it made me mad
So I killed ya mommy and dad
Blood soaked my clothes like a maxi-pad
All the killin
I can't stop the killin
All the killin
Everytime I stabbed in the face
I got a happy feelin
Dead clown they say
I thought you was dead clown
How can he be alive
And he's choppin off heads now
The curse of homie came back an omen the unholy
You soft like a creampuff
Call you a canoli
I put heads in flower pots
With bodies they rot
No other killer clown got more bodies then I got
Fuck the police
Cause they don't know my identity

The preacher can't save you at the church
No serenity
Homie the clown
Spit the wicked shit when it's me