

Dead Pumpkins

Insane Clown Posse

"J, do you have a Halloween story for the class?"

"Y-y-yeah, um, there was this boy, and he lived in his house, and he went to bed one day, and then when he woke up, um, when he woke up, he was buried up to his head in the dirt, and he couldn't move, and this man came walking along, but instead of the man helping him out, the man just started kicking him and kicking him in his face, over and over, and then he got the lawnmower, and then he....."

Dick or treat, bon appetit
All the little kiddies running down my street
Gathering candy treats door to door
But they walk past mine, what for?
Probably 'cuz the pumpkins on my porch are real
Real human heads carved out with steel
Cut out the eyes, man, it takes but a minute
Rip out the b-b-b-b-brains and put a candle in it
Maybe they run 'cuz I take 'em inside
Come and meet Mother, two years ago she died
Little boys laugh, 'cuz they think it's just a dummy
But then the smell hits 'em, MMMMM..... smells yummy
Open your bags and I'll give you my treat
Crusty yellow toes off a dead woman's feet
Take me by the hand, and I'll lead you downstairs
And that, little chickies, is where you'll spend the next seven years
Starving and weakening, chained to a wall
Staring at a roach, hoping it will crawl
Into your mouth for a tasty cuisine
Yes, my little friends, it's a Dead Pumpkins Halloween

"Awwwwwwwww, yeah, it's that special time of year, boys and girls, so come to the pumpkin patch and bring your pantysacks so I can shit in it, you beeeeeyitch!!!!!"

Well, I love all the kiddies, but I can't fuck around
Don't come to my door dressed as a clown
'Cuz you never know, I might take it the wrong way
'Cuz I'm the real wicked juggalokaro Violent J
All year 'round, but I love my Halloween
You'll never get an apple or a purple jelly bean
Dropping some chocolates, a licorice snack
Instead you get a deep-fried French poodle nutsack
Peeking out my door, I see no children in sight
Perhaps they're all dead, yesterday was Devil's Night
They burn down the city and they leave it crispy-charred
I light myself on fire and I dance around my backyard
Hungry bellies, I can see where you're at
Sitting on my window, I can turn into a bat
Watching you remove all your little clothesies for bed
I crash through the window and land on your head
Drinking the blood, blood is gone to the bone
But now, I must leave, Mother's calling me home
Up to the moonlight, I'm gone from the scene
Peace to Detroit City and have a Dead Pumpkins Halloween

"Yeeeeeeeeeah, I'm gonna smash your little candy bags,

only I'm gonna tie 'em around your muthafuckin' necks
and choke you with 'em Wicked Clown style, muthafucka!!!!!"

"Detroit's in this bitch!!!!!"