

Explosions

Insane Clown Posse

(Wha-wha-wh- What type of man)

I plant bombs in my lawn
For 18 hours, who think I'm wrong?
Pistol crossbow in each arm
Explosive arrows, can't keep calm
I blow thee, with an RPG
So much smoke you can hardly see
Bodily harm, fire on lawns
Mountain acid gonna burn down the farm

What types of man to come with these atrocities
I can feel the heat its all around me
Laying here in the street my chest exploding
I'm pinned down
Yet never knowing why...

(Wha-wha-wh- What type of man)

I build pipe bombs with duct tape
Fill it with gunpowder, that's all it takes
Get me a wick, long or quick
And when it blows, molecules split
Mushroom cloud a boom so loud
I took out the crowd, I'm so proud
Connect these wires, twist with pliers
I'm sick and a coward, no one to admire

(Wha-wha-wh- What type of man)

Rainforest jungles, deserty sands
Downtown with buildings
I'll shake your land
Plastic explosives, my specialty
You'll lose a limb, fuckin' with me

Batteries they come
Cables and sensors
Right on they neck and
There go my answers
FBI wanna take me down
Two to my chest my heart no longer pounds