

If I Was a Serial Killer

Insane Clown Posse

If I was a Serial Killer
they would find all my victim's heads
in funky ass gas station toilets
And if I was a Serial Killer
I would be strange and deranged
and I would never change
If I was a Serial Killer
I'd be known as the smoker
Cause I'd cut off and smoke all they hair
and if I was a Serial Killer
I would sleep on broken glass and thumbtacks
and I would smoke mad crack

First thing I would do is kill a couple hotties
They'd always get some mustard up decapitated bodies
Dumped on State police law just before dawn
To let em know my ritual had begun
I'd crack a 40 with the devil tell him dig me a hole
cause I'm coming when I die until them I'm in control
This is if I was a Serial Killer and though I aint
but if I was I'd do my walls all blood red with blood paint
This is if I was a Serial Killer and though I aint
But if I was I'd never stop cause I know I can't

If I was a Serial Killer
I would drive a black van
And I would ride around on college campus
And if I was a Serial Killer
I would walk among us and gain trust
Until I needed that rush

I'd park outside these bitches homes and then drive away
Then come back with my lights off this time I'm here to stay
I'd wear human bones around my neck and have my ceremonies
Then go back upstairs and microwave some macaronis
You know what's all up in my trunk
So don't ask me to pop it
Once I get out to my cabin
Then I'll finally unlock it
This is if I was a Serial Killer and though I'm not
But if I was I'd snap a photo once they died on the spot
This is if I was a Serial Killer and though I'm not
But if I was I'd know that I can't so I would never stop

And I don't know myself anymore
(and I don't know who I am anymore)
And I don't know who to be anymore
(and I don't know who I am anymore)
And I don't know what to think anymore
(and I don't know who I am anymore)
Except that I am strange and deranged
(and I don't know who I am anymore)
And I will never change

I wanna hold up this hatchet
Psychopathic Records shit we'll burn the whole planet down
I wanna run with this hatchet

We gotta always kick the wicked shit we'll always be the same
I wanna hold up this hatchet
Fuck the world take me under bitch we trying to rule the tunnels,
The Tempest raining lightning balls of fire rain
ICP with Mike E Clark again
I wanna run with this hatchet
(Wicked Clowns, Blaze, Twiztid, Boondox and Lotus
Holding down the underground and you know this
I wanna run with this hatchet
You know this

Chop it on down
Chop it on down
I wanna run with this hatchet
I wanna run with this hatchet

I wanna hold up this hatchet
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If I was a Serial Killer
I would bury all my special projects
underneath the garden in my grandmother's backyard
And if I was a Serial Killer
I would be strange and deranged
And I would rock my hatchet chain