

Mr. Happy

Insane Clown Posse

Rub baby oil on your buttcheeks and slide on the counter
Boys and girls, everybody gather around, all in together now
Wheeeeeee!

I love you, I love you, (dance with me, dance with me) I love you (shake ya
little butt, shake ya butt, come on)

I love you.

I must kill you, must kill you, must kill you, must kill you

I'm kind of fat and I sweat a lot,
But that's the only bad quirky things that I got.
That, and maybe the whole murdering aspect,
But we ain't even really got to that yet.
I love people, (yes) I love everything about them,
And that's why I gotta live life without them. (huh?)
I know it don't make any sense to you, but fuck you,
This song is about me, exclusively.

Murder, Murderous, Murderation,

A murdering mentality without an explanation.

I'm Mr. Happy and I ride a bike (ching!),

I ain't got a seat, I just sit on the pipe thing.

I'll whistle, I sing, I'll pet your poodle.

(Come here) I'll twist and squeeze your neck like a wet noodle.

'Cause I'm so happy I'll stab your ass,

And lay down next to you, dead on the grass,

And say: "Oh it feels so good, every time I murder I get happy!!"

Happy happy happy, it's gone

Happy happy happy, it's gone

Happy happy happy, it's gone

Happy happy happy, it's gone

Murder murder murder, you are

Murder murder murder, you are

Murder murder murder, you are

Murder murder murder, you are

I love you, so hand me your neck (come on)

Let me teach you about love and respect

Respect the fact that I love to kill!

Wait a minute ya'll I gotta take my pill

Zanoff's, it works, I'm down to only 3 people a day

My victims, I give them love and care

I don't want to get blood everywhere

I don't use a chainsaw, or a butcher knife,

That's so 90's, get it right

I never mutilate or chop my loves

All I really need is a pair of gloves

Or maybe a car, I'll run 'em down with it

I know that can be messy, but the birds will get it

Don't you see that I love you idiots

I'm Mr. Happy, I'm all about fun,

Now get in the pit and try to kill someone!

"Oh it feels so good, every time I murder I get happy!!"

Happy happy happy, it's gone (I love you)

Happy happy happy, it's gone (I love you)

Happy happy happy, it's gone (I love you)

Happy happy happy, it's gone (I love you)

Murder murder murder, you are (Must kill you)
Murder murder murder, you are (Must kill you)
Murder murder murder, you are (Must kill you)
Murder murder murder, you are (Must kill you)

My bike has a basket full of strawberries, I picked them myself,
Along with apples and cherries and lemons
And oranges and boogers and limes,
Plus there's a Faygo in there, but that's mine
Red flowers, like after your dead
I plant seeds and grow them out the side of your head,
I got flowers all over the backyard,
In the form of a Jokers Card (uh-oh)
Feels good, I'm like the Choko of my neighborhood
I'm one of them midnight creeps at Denny's,
Talking to myself and licking my pennies
I got a french fry hanging out of my beard
Don't go near that guy, he's weird.
You know I'm all good and everything's all right,
When you hear this scream in the middle of the night, like this:
"Oh it feels so good, everytime I murder I get happy!!"

Happy happy happy, it's gone (I love you)
Happy happy happy, it's gone (I love you)
Happy happy happy, it's gone (I love you)
Happy happy happy, it's gone (I love you)

Murder murder murder, you are (Must kill you)
Murder murder murder, you are (Must kill you)
Murder murder murder, you are (Must kill you)
Murder murder murder, you are (Must kill you)
I'll fucking kill you, Wooo! Come here you little bitch!
Come on! Everybody, let me cut your neck in half,

Happy happy happy, it's gone (I love you)
Happy happy happy, it's gone (I love you)
Happy happy happy, it's gone (I love you)
Happy happy happy, it's gone (I love you)

Murder murder murder, you are (Must kill you)
Murder murder murder, you are (Must kill you)
Murder murder murder, you are (Must kill you)
Murder murder murder, you are (Must kill you)
You little bitch!