

Play My Song

Insane Clown Posse

We hit the ace, ace and we love giving chase
Wicked clown got more than some pie for your face
With a drip, drip, drip it's blood on the strip
Three disassembled bodies in the trunk of the whip
Hear the saw, saw, saw right below your jaw
You see your own head roll off the table and fall
See the puck, puck, puck flamin arrows in your truck
And one in your lung stuck, you fucked outta luck

R: Play my song, gimme something I can lean on
Watcha tryin to hear, something about murder, I got that
Play my song, gimme something I can lean on
Watcha tryin to hear, something about murder, I got that
Bloody, bloody, bloody
Play my song, bloody, bloody, bloody
Whatcha tryin to hear, bloody, bloody, bloody

Here come the hack, hack, hack knives in your back
Blood down your spine, all in your ass crack
With a swing, swing, swing your throat's whistlin
The three incisions i made are fine as g-strings
It's the pat, pat, pat from behind with a bat
And splatter every crack till your whole head flat
Beat the jab, jab, jab I'll punch you in your flab
Drag you to the butcher shop and chop you into slabs

R:

(murder... death... war...)

Everyone of us gotta have murder and death
To remind ourselves that we still have our breath
Whether it's tasteful or disgraceful
Shit, as long as everybody get's a face full
Someo f us root for the coppers, others root for the killin
But everybody needs they murderous thrillins
Trace it back to when mankind was swinging from a tree
Murder is what we talkin about, and always will be

R: