

# Pumpkin Carver

Insane Clown Posse

Hey, money got a big ass head  
Folded like a, like a stop sign  
Fuck dog, ey, we gotta go get that motherfuckin' ball of brains  
You know what I'm sayin', fuck that, yeah

What, you wanna make a song about death  
Squeezing on a neck until it's all outta breath  
You wanna hear me rap about being the hardest  
Well fuck that, from now on I'm an artist  
I carve pumpkins, chop, chewy  
Slice, swing twice, stab, screwy, ooh-ee  
Chewy, dooey, gooey, slop  
It all starts with a quick chop, drop  
Pumpkin rolls on the floor  
Almost out the front door, oh, we can't have that  
Cut along the hairline, bowl cut  
Hold the pumpkin between your legs and lift up  
Boing, brains, snippity snip all the veins  
Snip, cut, what, what the matter, you don't wanna do it  
Well fuck it then, screw it, you'll never be a pumpkin carver

Pumpkin carvers that be the hobby  
So Cal, Motown, collecting bodies  
Twiztid, Clowns and the Kottonmouth Kings  
Halloween, Halloween, Halloween, Halloween  
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What, you don't like this rhyme  
I can't be on point all the time  
Fuck, it's Halloween, I gotta make a living somehow  
I'm a professional pumpkin sculptor, alright motherfucker  
Now, first, hollow the container  
Strike that bitch with a hanger  
Whatever just get something, just get the motherfucker all hollowed out  
Like you could fill it up with lemonade and pour it out the mouth if you wanted to  
Never leave the eyes intact  
They'll turn all blue and puff out and shit, wack  
Always remove 'em but keep 'em handy  
Cause they taste like candy  
Psych, I'm only playing, okay now, get the scalpel  
Slowly cut around the mouth, be careful  
What the fuck! We needed the lip!  
Here, let me give you a little tip, slow the fuck down!

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Take a closer look you scary motherfuckers  
Don't my jack-o-lantern look like your little brother  
Neck nuggets what we bring, terror start to fling  
Twiztid, ICP and the Kottonmouth Kings  
Pumpkins are for bitches, I like my shit instead  
Cause every devil's night we carving somebody else's head  
When my meatcleaver chops, heads fall to the floor  
Fuck buying pumpkins at the grocery store

Yeah, yeah alright, you done flexed some skills on the mic  
This is my motherfuckin' little song here, right  
Right, let's get back to the subject  
Now hold steady, steady, steady, ready  
Insert the blade along the outer eyelid  
Very, slowly, I don't wanna look! Ah, you did  
Okay, gently count twenty-five specmetre outer diameters, huh? A square!  
I know it's hard, you'd probably rather just stab and chop  
But you'll end up with a pile of slop  
I've done it before, and them ain't, them ain't pumpkin seeds  
Those are fragments of skull, oh, crunchy  
Hey, never mind that, get back to work  
Eating on the fuckin' job, you'll never be an expert  
What you wanna be, a mailman, a plumber or a barber, no  
Or do you wanna be like your uncle Violent J, a pumpkin carver

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Make these motherfuckers sing fool  
Kick 'em to the spleen, happy Halloween  
I be burnin' Cali, southern voters always bring  
Pletto from the ghetto dumping bodies in the meadow  
When it comes to carvin', bitch, I'm sharper than Gepetto  
I'm lovin' that stiletto, ask your trick or fuckin' treaters  
More than thirty, why I beat and greet the homies with the Chiba  
Ariba, I was born in this October  
Now come press rewind, motherfuckin' flow's over, over, over