

Insane Killas

Vanilla Ice

Violent J, Shaggy, Insane Clown Posse, baby what
from New York to L.A.
from Chile to Greece
from Uganda to your momma
We gives absolutely no fucks
Motha fucks
Natural born serial slaterers
Mass mothafuckin murderin muderers
Bitch, count to ten and meet your maker

I'm scary like Michael Jackson up close
I like diggin up dead bodies
Look at me Im gross
my name's Violent J but you can call me syphillis
gonorrhoea or the clap cause i infected this rap
you wanna know if i could ever kill somebody
well thats like askin Charlie Manson if he's ever been to jail
I kill family, friends, myself
What, yeah, I'd kill myself if I could only survive
I tried to kill Rob Van Winkle, in fact thats how we met
I went up to kill him and he was thinkin the same shit
I pulled out a chainsaw, he pulled out and ax
I was like come-on, wait is that a Stanley, where'd u get that!
It's natural and to murder, you gotta have it in you
It's like a dick all up in you, although I wouldn't now
Look at us natural killas
The world most playa hated rapper
and the most hated group together like whaaaa!

[Chorus:]

Mass murders
Natural born killas
I'm not fuckin around
Icky icky ya ya
Icky icky ya ya

[Chorus repeat]

This ain't no Blair Witch
Beware bitch
I'll pick ur motherfuckin brain with an icepick
remember me
the V- I C E
Well here's my trilogy
I'm outta captivity
The rap Cujo you know my flow is ferocious
The last survivor with a mouth full of cockroaches
I bring this hocus pocus
You're flying away
Like the last days of the motherfuckin Locust
I'm the redneck in the moshpit
2 axes come in handy
to answer Violent J, ya damn right its a Stanley
in the shadows of the dark with Darkman like spawn
in your dash blazin it up with explosive bombs
I spit homicides like major cities at 11PM
Assembling bodies in the dungeon like the line at GM

Ice mixed with blood is the killer's milkshake
Blended with the clowns from the underground it's a lyrical deathbreak

[Chorus repeat]

[Chorus repeat]

Disrespect me I'll run in your house
Like puffin Steve Stout
Break both your arms, gun in your mouth
Knock your teeth out with the nose of the fifth
Bullets bust through the back of your head ya die stiff
Fuckin with tha clan, watch what you say
We kill Niggas like the KKK
Shoot you with an SK or a AK, bitch, you gonna die either way
I'm a monster thoroughbred gun holding weed head
Cross me bet tomorrow you'll be dead
Catch you at a show while you're chilling with your ho
and crack your skull with a bottle of Mo
I'm a Sing Sing killer
Gun room captain
Brooklyn home of the original gun clapping
Gats get brung, niggas get done
Sons lose fathers and mothers lose sons
I'm a killer

[Chorus repeat]

[Chorus repeat]

[Chorus repeat]

[Chorus repeat]