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Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Birthday Bitches

Par Insane Clown Posse

Album : Wraith: Shangri-La

I got your fuckin present hangin next to my nuts
Now when I'm swingin on my hatchet if it hits you it cuts
Don't make me chop your head in half and smack the side with the cheek
Because I haven't had my melorol in almost a week
Your fuckin mama brought me here to entertain ya ass
So no matter what I do I expect you to laugh
Now when I do a trick and even if it isn't funny
Give me props unless you want your little necks bloody
I could probably do a cartwheel or something if you move the couch
But that ain't what I'm fuckin about
I could sew your mouth shut and pump air in through ya nose
And fuckin pop ya head but we'd get blood on our clothes
Look I'm a wicked clown I ain't no fuckin superhero
Ain't that big and scary though I fly like little Rey Mysterio
I'm quick to beat down all you little bitches right in front of you mom
And if the bitch gets heated tell her bring it on

(Chorus)

O Shit It's your birthday

(Oh no it isn't)

It's somebody's birthday

(Oh no it isn't)

O shit it's your birthday

(Oh no it isn't)

It's your birthday

Sit the fuck down or it's everybody's birthday

O Shit It's your birthday

(Oh no it isn't)

It's somebody's birthday

(Oh no it isn't)

O shit it's your birthday

(Oh no it isn't)

It's your birthday

It ain't mine mutha facko!

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