Born On Halloween (feat. Insane Clown Posse)

Vanilla Ice

Born on Halloween x16It's the day that jumps right out at ya
Ten three one the calendar
In Texas are Hellraisers born
like the Chainsaw Massacre
Hills Have Eyes and Texas kids
Stories about what next he did
Doctor slapped him on his ass
His head spun round like Exorcist
Bad enough for quarantine
Mess with him you gonna scream
He said he had a shining
He sold red rum and ever green
Omen since he was a teen
Freddy Krueger on the scene
Slicin' up MC's
Spittin' out a lethal guillotine
Some call him Psycho
The Norman Bates of Hip Hop
The ladies call him Alfred
Cause they all over his Hitchcock
The haters are like oshi--
They follow him with damns
They speak but then he shut'em up
like Silence Of the Lambs
This ain't the Blair Witch Project
It's live and in the flesh
A V.I.C.E. flow a.k.a Faces Of Death
With my mask I trick and treat
Spooks and freaks all over your street
It's a night to make you scream
Don't be scared it's HalloweenMy flow is so psychotic
It's killin' when I'm on the scene
Just came here to party
I was born on Halloween
I do the unexpected
Michael Myers in your area
Plug up a mic and wreck it
To some ain't nothin' scarier
'Causing much hysteria
Among other MC's, the swagger steady testin' em
And I'm causin' them to freeze
Cuttin' 'em like Jason I stay on the attack

Like Ozzy did when he bit that head off of a bat
They start to see illusions
Buckle under stress
Scream from confusion
Heart beatin' in their chest
They say V.Ice is killin' us
The cops make no arrest
They say nobody is feelin' us
V.Ice's got em possessed
His music is so dangerous
His flow is homicidal
He might be an American no artificial idol
He kills 'em in the club
You know it's murder for survival
Yet the people give him love
Like a Halloween revival
With my mask I trick and treat
Spooks and freaks all over your street
Born on Halloween x8Haha! Please allow me to introduce
The Duke of the Wicked
The one and only... Violent J!I was born disfigured
Disgruntled and discombobulated
In the back of a brothel
Just before it got raided
I didn't open up my eyes until the eve of Halloween
Some tough they've never seen mad
I howled and screamed
I bit somebody's finger off
They threw me in a dumpster
Underneath the colored packs of trash
A little monster, raised in the alleys
Eating possums and rats
Yet every Halloween I seen
I could completely relax
I can walk the streets freely
Wielding a machete
Leave a body on the lawn
Cut open bleedin' out spaghetti
Nobody know about me
And then I lurk up in the gutters
It's wicked, everyday for me
It's a costume for these others
We don't want your nutty butters and suckas
V.Ice and violent J born on Halloween
They can't touch usWith my mask I trick and treat
Spooks and freaks all over your street
It's a night to make you scream
Don't be scared it's Halloween

Born on Halloween x8Born on... Halloween x4

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/