

Toy Box

Insane Clown Posse

{winding sound} Oohh, I like this toy! Hmm, watch it go.
{Gun fire} Ay! Ah! Ay! Uh! {Telephone ringing} {beeping sound}
We're sorry, the person you are calling is dead I was like six, I used to get dissed by the chicks
And everyone would chase me and hit me with bricks
And rocks and sticks and callin' me names
And fill my lunchbox with frog brains, Ugh!
When I left school it was much iller
My daddy was a serial killer, and how about that
He always made me sit in the back
With all his dead bodies in my lap, Move!
When I got home, enough of the static
Hammer and tools and up to the attic
Never knew any other girls or boys
Only my toys toys toys Bang clang hammer and twist
Nobody knows I exist and I'm pissed
But I won't be mentally scarred Instead I make toys, toys of the graveyard Monday,
Ring of the bell It's all about show and tell
Might as well Show all of these bastards just what I got
Yo check out my toy box.
"Nothin' feels better than a good hardy-har-har. Right boys and girls?" We got dead bodies
everywhere you look
All the nerds sittin up front got cooked
Others start screamin and makin a dash
So I start handin out toys fast at last
You like slinkies?
We got slinkies!
Only mine like to wrap around your face then stretch, twist, kazoom,
And whip your body all over the fuckin room
So come one at a time
Open your gift, and what you will find
Is a toy my friend, that you'll never forget
It's not everyday that you get your skull split
You like soldiers?
We got soldiers!
Made with rubber and steel They look real
But I wouldn't just toss 'em under yo bed
That's how you get a axe to the fo' head
Oh, and don't let 'em sit around all day
Come home and find your mom... dead in the hallway
Cuz they can be nifty All the toys are shift (he-he) In my toy box (huh?)
"Woowowie, that sure sounds like fun!" That's not a toy, hey wait a minute
Don't fuck around, homie, you could lose an eye with it

That's my double blade razor whip chop jimmy
 And it's mine motha fucka so gimme gimme you like toys?
 You come to the right place
 Try my little toy mutilatin mental case
 Wind 'em up and let him go among all of ya
 Then BANG! Serial slaughterer!
 Your turn, reach in and get lucky
 Oh look, he pulled out a rubber ducky [squeaking]
 And it make a funny sound, then, Then BANG! thru the fingers off his fuckin hand
 Don't stop, class ain't done yet I remember you callin' me pointdex',
 Bookworm brainy, my aggravation
 Went into these little creations
 Reach in you might find somethin wicked
 Wicked scary, chopping pickaderry
 Off with your head, a robot with a sword
 Now he's lookin at me, but what for? Wa-wait a minute, I made you, get them not me. Wait a
 minute, motherfuckers! O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-Oh I love this record!...(repeat 5x mixed w/ :)
 Hahahaha, Hoohooohoo! Yahoo! Turn it off! Hahahaha, Hoohooohoo! Yahoo! Turn it off! (2x) O-
 O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-Oh I love this record!...
 O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-Oh I love this... "Turn it off!" Tell me why? Why do you feel that you
 should still be together with Lisa? Sure Cccc'mon man, our relationship ain't all weak and shit.
 Ya know I mean,
 I mean just because she's dead we should just break up or somethin? FUCK THAT! Tommy,
 Tommy, Tommy, listen to me, she's dead man you gotta move on So what! So she's dead Does
 that make you fresher than her? I didn't say that I don't think so! So she don't talk as much... and
 she really don't move around a lot.
 She's still fresh! She's still fun to be around! Heheh-heheh. You're just prejudice! Huh? You're
 prejudiced against dead people Aw man, you really are one sick bastard Tommy Yeah?
 Fuckoooff! What? Fuckoooff! What the fuck is that? What does that mean? It means
 Fuckoooff! Man, you fuckin lost it Yeah? FUCKOOOFF!
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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