

Chicken Huntin' (Slaughterhouse Mix)

Insane Clown Posse

Where's that motherfucker at man? Damn, been about 10 days man
Hey, hey man, over here man
Yeah, what can I do for you, boy?
Yeah man, uh, lemme get one of those chicken necks
What? Chicken neck, man, a red ass chicken neck
A red what? Neck chicken, what?
Red ass chicken neck like your's man
Like mine?
Yeah, bitch Well, I'm heading down a southern trail
I'm going chicken huntin'
Chopping redneck chicken necks, I ain't saying nothing
To the hillbilly stuck my barrel in his eye
Boom shacka boom shacka hair jumps in the sky
Why I never liked chicken pot pie?
Or the chopped chicken on rye?
So, tell Mr. Billy Bob I'm a cut his neck up Slice, poke, chop chop, stab, cut
What can you do with a drunken hillbilly?
Cut his fucking eyes out and feed them to his Aunt Milly
Willy Willy chicken neck, chicken hunting gotta love it Hit him with the twelve gauge bucket,
chicken nuggets
Laid out all over the grass
Then his little hound dog will eat them up fast
Last as long as you can my man
'Cause when that chicken head hits the fan, you got Blood, guts, fingers and toes
Blood, guts, fingers and toes
Blood, guts, fingers and toes
Sitting front row at the chicken show so
Who's going chicken huntin'? We's going chicken huntin'
Who's going chicken huntin'? We's going chicken huntin'
Who's going chicken huntin'? We's going chicken huntin'
Cut a motherfucking chicken up, right Who's going chicken huntin'? We's going chicken huntin'
Who's going chicken huntin'? We's going chicken huntin'
Who's going chicken huntin'? We's going chicken huntin'
Cut a motherfucking chicken up, right Let me get a chicken sandwich with Manwich
I'm finna wreck on a chicken neck
Chopping up Hilly and Billy Bob Billy
'Cause I chop motherfucking rednecks silly Peeked in his yard tell me what did I see
I seen a chicken boy fucking a sheep
I say, "Mister mister, what the fuck you trying to do?"
Ah, bibbity bobbity boo Barrels in your mouth, bullets in your head
The back of your neck's all over the shed
Boom shacka boom chop chop bang

I'm 2 Dope and it ain't no thang
To cut a chicken, trigger's clicking
Blow off his head but his feet still kicking
Last as long as you can my man
'Cause when that chicken head hits the fan there's
Blood, guts, fingers and toes
Blood, guts, fingers and toes
Blood, guts, fingers and toes
Sittin' front row at the chicken show so
Who's going chicken huntin'? We's going chicken huntin'
Who's going chicken huntin'? We's going chicken huntin'
Who's going chicken huntin'? We's going chicken huntin'
Cut a motherfucking chicken up, right
Who's going chicken huntin'? We's going chicken huntin'
Who's going chicken huntin'? We's going chicken huntin'
Who's going chicken huntin'? We's going chicken huntin'
Cut a motherfucking chicken up, right
Went to Kentucky, I got lucky
Met this hog callin' bitch named Bucky
Riding on a chicken, milking a sow
Hittin' switches in a drop top low ride tractor plow
Redneck fella, moonshine sella
Hang him by his neck bone, chicken bones
Locked in the cellar, yellow belly chicken plucker
You redneck fucker
Who's going chicken huntin'? We's going chicken huntin'
Who's going chicken huntin'? We's going chicken huntin'
Who's going chicken huntin'? We's going chicken huntin'
Cut a motherfucking chicken up, right

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>