

# 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 shifty (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 aggrivation  
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, Hooohoo! Yahoo! Turn it off!Hahahaha, Hooohoo! Yahoo! Turn it off! (2x)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 onSo what! So she's dead Does  
that make you fresher than her?I didn't say thatI 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 predjudice!Huh?You're  
predjudiced against dead peopleAw man, you really are one sick bastard TommyYeah?  
Fuckoooff!What?Fuckoooff!What the fuck is that? What does that mean?It means  
Fuckoooff!Man, you fuckin lost itYeah? FUCKOOOFF!

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