

Insane Clown Posse, Chicken Hunting

Verse 1 :

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 stick my barrel in his eye
Boomshacka boomshacka hair chunks 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 the drunken hillbilly
Cut his f**king eyes out and feed em 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 em 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 (3x)
Sittin front row at the chicken show so...

Chorus :

Who's going chicken huntin, we's goin' chicken huntin' (3x)
Cut a motherf**king chicken up, right!

verse 2 :

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 motherf**kin' redneck silly
Peeked in your yard and what did I see
I seen a chicken boy f**king his sheep

I say Mister Mister, what the f**k you trying to do
Ah, Billy Bitty Boo Bitty Boo
Barrels in your mouth, bullets to your head
The back of your neck's all over the shed
Boomshacka boom chop chop bang
I'm 2 Dope and it ain't no thang
To cut a chicken, trigger's clickin
Blow off his head but his feet still kickin
Last as long as you can my man
'cause when that chicken head hits the fan you got
Blood, guts, fingers, and toes (3x)
Sittin front row at the chicken show so...

chorus :

Who's going chicken huntin, we's goin' chicken huntin' (3x)
Cut a motherf**king chicken up, right!

verse 3 :

Went to Kentucky, I got lucky
Met this hot-collared 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 neckbones, chicken bones
Locked in the cella', yella', belly chicken plucka'

Ya redneck f**ka!

Chorus :

Who's going chicken huntin, we's goin' chicken huntin' (3x)
Cut a motherf**king chicken up, right!