

Insain Like

Insane Clown Posse

"Who's that tapping at my window? Aah!"
(Listen to the bass)
(Get the beat to the nation, yeah.)

I go blank, [?] I grip my shank
I'm [?] you'd take death to the bank
The guardian angel must have fell off my shoulder
'Cause day by day, night by night, I'm gettin' colder
Demented, psychopath, klepto mental case
Smile when the blood squirts on my face
When I'm stabbin' some fool in his gut
To me, it's good as sex, so I nut
Amnesia, it's always the same
I can slide a family then forget my name
It don't matter, it comes back to me
As soon as I waste another family
Homicide victim, family members cry
Those mother fuckers always catch my eye
Look 'em up, heh, you know what I'm thinkin'
Violent J's gonna start head shrinkin', yeah
Go to the house and knock on the door
Clench my fist and [?] the whore
Rape the bitch and a her nasty lie
Rip out my shank and cut out her eye
[?] like to use handcuffs
Cut off her titties and use 'em for earmuffs

Split personalities, and my head keeps dancin'
One like Hitler, the other Charles Manson
Homicide, suicide, I'm a fuckin' wreck
Pull your spine out your back, wrap it around your fuckin' neck
Butcher, I'm slicin' and dicin'
Cut off your neck and serve it with rice
And side dishes, I'm a God damn lunatic
[?] me 'cause I'm sick, boy
Friday nights, I get a different kind of thrill
Fuck parties, fuck women, I fuckin' kill
I'm a racist, I like an innocent victim
If she's old and weak, then I'll stick 'em
[?] when I reach my hand in her
I like to find out what the bitch had for dinner
It becomes my meal 'cause my head is twisted
Cut soon after, I'm a fuckin' psythopathic
[?]
Just my thoughts will make you wanna throw up
The lives I take'll feel good on my brain
'Cause I'm mother fuckin' ass bitch god damn insane

When I was in school, I knew I was sick
When I pissed on the floor and watched the teacher slip
Now the mind of Joe Bruce has went out
I'm Mr. Rob and Shoot, and my mind is bent out
Of proportion, my blood is scorchin'
Throw me a flamethrower, and I'ma start torchin'
Innocent people, whoever's in range
Hat full of suckers, and I'm drawin' names
Kids used to laugh and call me names

Now I'm wringin' the blood out their mother fuckin' brains
Spare Bruce Lee, Rudy, Nate, and Lacy
Rip you in half 'cause I'm God damn crazy
(Crazy crazy crazy crazy crazy crazy crazy)
Kill, kill, kill
Voices tell me to kill, kill, kill
Should I shoot [?] 'cause the voices are real
Livin' on the shit in Zug Island
Come across to Delray [?]
Dragged 'em back to my underground crawlspace
Cut off the head, but I save the face
And staple gun it to the wall
And that's all we know when ICP is on call