

Rosemary

Insane Clown Posse

Let me in this bitch. Let me get some change shit. Man fuck this dress code bitch. I can dance
Muthafucka. I can daaannncccee.

I'm on crack, Walkin alleyways downtown, people drop change so
I'm checkin the ground behind a
Nightclub, I can hear the bump outside I hear em' laughin' and
drinkin' and dancin' getin' live and
I'm lonely, graspin' on my 55 cent, I don't know where my meds
went, they been spent and I'm bent, I
Don't remember yesterday at all, I'm barkin at the moon as I'm
pissin' on the wall, people grippin'
New cars checkin' out a few bars, they see me comin' side step
a few yards I'm like a bad man, holdin'
Out my crusty ass hands scouldin' an imaginary friend scary and
I'm blackin' out just about to lose
All hope, I was peerin through the window of a nightclub scopin'
, and there she was everything I
Planned for on the spotlight on the dance floor gravitatin'

R: She kept her rythum her feet to the floor she dipped down she
e did the twirl and she shook it some
More she's ruby. She made me happy I tried to refrain I walk
off but then I run right back I'm at it
Again she's callin'

I ran a few blocks away and broke a bottle, carjacked a mini-
van and punched full throttle right back
To the spot then I waited to get her, but when she came out, she
had a bitch-boy wit' her no problem,
Hit the pipe and follow em' home and my imaginary friend gone have
to leave me alone cause this really
Goin' down I feel it pullin me home knowin I'm a wicked clown I
gotta throw it down, she pulled in her
And her fuck ass strolled in, I hit the pipe again and jump out
the stolen, jumpin through back yards
Clumsey and trippin', it don't matter where ya go there's a throat
slingin', and the way she danced
Split flames burnin me alive out here quit playin games I'm on
the side of her house lookin in through
The back den and there she was with him again dancin'

R:

I walk right in through the front door unlocked, no gun cocked,
cinder block, clown paint, I came
Here to dance boogy, umph ahhh, and maybe tap a little nookie,
I'm creepin music bumpin in the back,

I'm down the hallway hidin' behind the coat rack, and here come
the punk bout to get champaighned, I
Take the rock and pop em' with the damn thang, hit em' in the b
ack of the head, he dropped the wine
But I caught him in time I had to take his life with a steak kn
ife, I washed it off and put it back
I'm keepin' the place nice I'm comin bitch you want an olive or
somethin' I'm fuckin' straight out the
Streets but I'm down with some frontin' I want to tango, but in
stead I'm still outside the club and it's
All in my head.

R: