

Fite Back

Insane Clown Posse

How ya doin'?
You might not recognize that sensation you're feeling right now
It's a new one for ya
Yeah, that fun feeling you're full of
Is death, my friend!
Ha ha ha! Know this! Your self-pity fuels Fred's fury! Ha ha!
The bigger bitch you were alive
The more he pounds ya, head in, dead!

One blow for every time you failed in life
And you didn't fight back (Fight back!)
One blow for every time fear beat out your pride
And you didn't fight back (Fight back!)
One blow for every time you lost your dignity
And you didn't fight back (Fight back!)
Now you get your face sucked out your asshole
By Fearless Fred Fury!

You're so dumb, you use your dickhead for your brain
You're so lame, you don't even fucking know why you came
You're so nervous, your hiccups give you panic attacks
You're so weird, you wanna chop yourself up with an axe
You're so thin, you disappear behind a flag hope
You're so nasty, you'd think you was born a tadpole
You're so ass, you're butt head [?] if your moon does
You're so sketch, you faint if a fucking balloon pops

You a lot of wick wick wacky wack. Get bitch slapped back
Your lips get fat. Psyche shit, skip that
The flak you get, split back. Don't react, just smack
That's wick wick wacky, while the dick gets that

You're so weak, your bird chest shows like a titty
You're so shitty, you [?] another doo-doo committee
You're so wrong, they don't even let you buy Right Guard
You're so soft, compared to you, a hottie's neden is hard

Fight back! Fight back! Fight back! Fight back!
Fight back, mother fucker! Fight back! Fight back!
You don't want it with me! Fight back! Fight back!
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You're so fat, all day you hearing "Hey! Kool-Aid!"
You're so shy, a butterfly floats by and you're afraid
You're so slow, you ain't done yet, you don't finish shit
You're so addicted, you only quit quitting the shit
You're so abused, you don't know if a kiss or a punch coming
You're so used, they don't want you, but they're coming for something
You're so poor, you can't afford a front door (Come on in!)
You're so fake, compared to Milli Vanilli, you're pretend

You a lot of wick wick, wacky wack. Get bitch slapped back
Lack you lip, get fresh. Slacky shit, script that

The flak, you get split back. Don't react, just slap
That's wick wick wacky, while the dick gets that

You're so alone, your girlfriend has a blow-up veil
You're so unwanted, you throw triple keggers all my yourself
You're so busy, you got fired from your job as a dad
You're so sensitive, "Let's Go Crazy" makes you sad

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