

# Lost In The Music

## Insane Clown Posse

ICP, Swollen Members!  
That underground connect  
Swiftly movin' in the dark of night!  
Over this Mike E. Clark...  
Right here!

A lot of severely depressed kids...  
Uh, really enjoy music a lot  
So I think this, uh...  
Draws a lot...  
Raise him out of his shell socially  
It's been really good for boys...  
Looks forward to the music

Well...  
I have panic disorder, rage, severe depression  
On top of all that, I'm stressin' (Uh-huh)  
Took a blind date to my therapy session  
And then tried to kill her, her first impression  
Was I'm groovy, I gotta be. I need a lobotomy. (Yes)  
But, when I press "Play," trouble leaves up outta me  
Fuck the real world that my fat ass stuck in  
Cause in my music, hotties are fuckin'! (Whoo!)  
Expression, gettin' out all I wrote  
Depression, rippin' out all your throat!  
And if my hearing was ever to go...  
Mass murder would be inevitable! (Ha ha huh ha!)  
I'm a slick romantic, quick witted and funny  
Take away my tunage and shit gets bloody! (Blah!)  
Pull out the plug and kill the track  
Instant panic attack!  
Gigantic!

I strive!  
Only through the magical world of melody!  
I'd rather die!  
Than face the sounds of my reality!

Just let the rhythm ride  
And I'll survive somewhere inside it!  
Lemme strum wit' the bass and drum  
I wanna run to the place I come from!  
Silence is pain, stress and pressure!  
Paint my picture, so much fresher!  
Kill the quiet, play it again!  
Keep me alive, never let it end!  
So, let the rhythm ride  
And I'll survive somewhere inside it!  
Lemme strum wit' the bass and drum  
I wanna run to the place I come from!

Blood on my hands, blood on my T-Shirt  
And everywhere else it could reach or squirt!  
Violence, brought upon by silence  
When they kill the beat, that's where my mind went! (Woo hoo hoo!)  
My nerves went acrobatic  
Skippin', flippin', trippin' what happened?

They say, "Hip-hop's for kids!" Silly rabbit!  
Your throat I snap and squeeze and stab it!  
They drive terrorists out wit' rock n roll  
They don't gimme any, and I'm outta control!  
All I need is freedom, unlock my soul!  
Ignite my powers, shock explode!

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Uh, really enjoy music a lot  
So I think this, uh...  
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Raise him out of his shell socially

My name's Madchild, I got mental problems  
Walk around town a demented goblin  
I'm the little monster, I'm going back shit!  
Axes and hatchets, packets of matches!  
Homicidal maniac, I am diabolical!  
Angry and maniacal, I'm a human fireball!  
Stand vertical, Mad's a mass murderer!  
Psycho laugh hurting you, mad to mass burglar!

I'm Illusionary, confusin' my very essence  
Execution from electricut in' every sentence  
Very buried his verses come out the graveyard of profession  
No comparin' our performance to the patterns of aggression. (C'mon!)  
Incandescent like fluorescent light, sights upon the target!  
When I hit it I'mma get it 'til the music flood the market!  
I'm a tsunami, Swollen Army general front liner, flat liner  
Black binder, rhyme book fact finder! (Yeah!)

I strive!  
I strive through the melody!  
I'd rather die!  
Than face reality!