

Night Of The Living Baseheads

Insane Clown Posse

"Have you forgotten that once you surrender the ability to properly operate your mind, you are then surrendering your ability to be the shit, and that only means you ain't shit anymore."

Here it is, bam
And you say "Goddamn, this is the dope jam"
But let's define the term called dope
And you think it mean funky now, no
Here is a true tale
Of the ones that take it are the ones that fail (Aw yeah!)
You can use if you wanna use
Sell your shoes, arms full of tracks and bruises
The problem is this, they can't stop it
Some even suck dick holes to try to cop it
Sellin', smellin', sniffin', trippin'
And others try to get swift and
Break in your home, rob their own
While they shrivel up down to bone
Dead zombies walking around
Please don't confuse this with the sound
I'm talking about

"Bass! Bass! Bass!" (It was the night)
"Bass! Bass! Bass!" (It was the night)
"Bass! Bass! Bass!" (It was the night)
"Bass! Bass! Ba-ba-ba-ba" (It was the night)
"Bass! Bass! Bass!" (It was the night)
Bass! Bass! Ba-ba-ba-bass! (It was the night)

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven"
"Years ago"

I pulled out the hatchet to chop the throat of those who sell the dope
And hack the back of those who burn the crack
Shame on a sucker when he dealin'
In the same park where children be chillin'
And everybody know, another kilo
On a corner from a buster keep another below
Stop illin' and killin', and stop dealin'
Get smacked up (Yo cap a peelin')
Four, five o'clock in the mornin'
Wait a minute y'all, the fiends are fiendin'
Day to day, to day, they say no other way
Your death is all that's left
We're talking 'bout

"Bass! Bass! Bass!" (It was the night)
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"Bass! Bass! Bass!" (It was the night)
"Bass! Bass! Ba-ba-ba-ba" (It was the night)

"Hold, hold it! Listen"
"We gon' get on down, now!"

"How-how-how-how-
How low can you go?"
"How-how-how-how-how-how-how-

How low can you go?"
"How-how-how-how-how-how-how-how-how-how-
How low can you go?"
"How-how-how-how-how-how-how-how-how-how-
How low can you go?"

Listen! I see it on their faces
(First come, first serve basis)
Standing' on line, checkin' the time, homies all playin' the curb
The same ones that used to do herb (Yo)
Now they gone, draggin' on
Dope in the arm, no longer right or wrong
Brainless, nameless, soulless
Reekin' of odors, huntin' for boulders
A man cashin' checks once said to me
He knew a guy that was lost off in the street
And at night he went to sleep
And in the morning, all he had was the sneakers on his feet
And this fool used to jam and rock the mike
Now he hunts for rock to fill his pipe
As he wanders 'round, his life a waste
He rides to a different kind of
Come on, y'all!

"Now"
"Wait a minute!"
"Run it back!"

It won't last, you'll be fast to dead your ass
Whether you sell or use, you still lose

(Ninjas and ninjettes!)
We're talkin' 'bout

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"Bass! Bass! Ba-ba-ba-bass"