

Our Hero

Insane Clown Posse

"As Doctor Griffin informed you earlier, television won't be aloud until 8 P M tonight.

Dinner will be served in forty-five minutes, tonight is goulash, corn, cookies and Kool-Aid.

"Ooh, Kool-Aid cookies! "

We begin our story inside the state mental institution, where our hero was a dmitted.

He's only got four months of treatment left.

We join him now while he frantically tries to reach his girlfriend Rebecca.

I been callin', she ain't pickin' up the phone.

It's been two weeks now she ain't been home.

I hang on the end and just let it ring.

It suddenly picked up and I heard some things.

Sound like fuckin', everything shook.

They somehow fucked the phone off the hook.

I can hear my bitch, "Push it in my ass! Oh Rick!

Take it out fast! "I'll be out in four months, free to go.

But that's too long to let this grow.

I'm out the window, I scaled the roof.

Dodgin' search lights and Doctors suits.

Through the yard quick over the fence.

Fuckin' razor wire ripped my pants.

Into the river, up the overpass.

Rebecca, I'm a kill yo ass!

Go Shaggz! Go Shaggy clown! Go, Clown! Go, Clown!

Go Shaggz! Go Shaggy clown! And all the other patients said,

Go Shaggz! Go Shaggy clown! Go, Clown! Go, Clown!

Go Shaggz! Go Shaggy clown! Go! Go! Go! Go!

We join our hero, still in his patient pajamas, hiding outside of Rebecca's house in the bushes.

He plans to kill her, but he hasn't had any sex himself in over three years.

I looked through the window, there's Rebecca.

Standin' there talkin' to that fuckin' pecka.

He's about to leave, he slaps her ass, out the front door, he walks right past me.

I coulda killed him, but then I couldn't.

He was just gettin' some neden, who wouldn't?

She's the bitch slut who sold me dry; I walked right in, arms open wide.

"Rebecca? I'm out four months early!

What up with some of that beer and squirmy?

"We fucked on the couch, she said "Ouch!"

I dug my nuts in her neden pouch.

She smiled, and said she's glad I'm home, and could I excuse her to use the phone?

She was quick to wanna warn Rick the dick but couldn't, 'cause her throat got slit!

Go Shaggz! Go Shaggy clown! Go, Clown! Go, Clown!

Go Shaggz! Go Shaggy clown! And all the other patients said,

Go Shaggz! Go Shaggy clown! Go, Clown! Go, Clown!

Go Shaggz! Go Shaggy clown! Go! Go! Go! Go!

Returning from the store, Rebecca's lover is pulling up in the driveway.

Our hero is inside fixing himself a ham and bologna sandwich over her dead body.

Dodging the headlights, he moves quickly.

Oh fuck! Ricks back with a pack of rubbers! I'm in the kitchen all in the cupboard.

I low crawl quickly on my hands and knees, I locked the dead bolt, but he had keys.

I took a deep breath behind the door, coulda killed him again but I spared him once more.

He was scratchin' a lotto ticket, the whole time my blade was out, ready to stick it.

I was out the front before he found her dead; I ran my ass off and stole the moped.

All the way back to the overpass, in through the river, across the grass.

I cleared the yard but this time it was hard, that fuckin' barb wire almost left me scarred.

In through the window, back in bed, in time for breakfast and morning meds.

Go Shaggz! Go Shaggy clown! Go, Clown! Go, Clown!

Go Shaggz! Go Shaggy clown! And all my locked up homies said,

Go Shaggz! Go Shaggy clown! Go, Clown! Go, Clown!

Go Shaggz! Go Shaggy clown! Go! Go! Go! Go!

So there you have it, our hero is safe and sound, back in his room.

Sporting flip flops and a hospital gown with his ass hanging out.

As luck would have it, Rick the dick was arrested and convicted for Rebecca's murder, and sent to death row.

Living proof that fucking with a killer's bitch can fuck everybody up in the long run.

Don't do it man, keep your dumb dick in your pants. You're better off, beating off.

Especially fuckin' with my bitch.

Fuck around, and they'll find bullet holes in your forehead.