

# Phantom

## Insane Clown Posse

Get scared, bitch  
Boo, mother fucker!  
Yeah, uh, yeah

The day I die is a day to rejoice  
'Cause I'm comin' back if I'm given a choice  
I'ma be a ghoul, a ghost, or a phantom  
I'ma haunt mother fuckers off at random \*scream\*  
Watch me hover right above your bed  
With fifteen snakes comin' out of my head  
I'ma sit on your chest just like The Witch  
I'ma be a wicked-ass son of a bitch  
My old enemies will all be screamin'  
Stab 'em with my tail if I become a demon  
When you look in the mirror, I'ma be right there  
Fillin' your skin bitch-ass whole with fear  
Spin my head around like the exorcist  
But she'll look like a Barbie doll next to this  
I'ma make ghost hunters all shit their pants  
Join [?] and move to France

Bones and blood and bats from Hell  
Raise the dead. He has to kill  
Back to haunt those of ill will  
And you (Die) you (Die) you (Die) you (Die)  
Bones and blood and bats from Hell  
Raise the dead. He has to kill  
Back to haunt those of ill will  
And you (Die!) you (Die!) you (Die!)

Shit, don't let me die. Heed my warning  
'Cause I'm comin' back, a gargoyle, soarin'  
My ex-girlfriends are all gettin' the vision  
I'm knockin' on the walls at night. "Who is it?"  
They locked the doors. It could be someone nutty  
When they walk in the room, I'll be hangin', bloody  
Arms stretched out, screamin' their name  
I'm finna drive these bitches insane  
I'll make it rain blood all over your home  
I'll rattle your walls every time you're alone  
I'll kill your cat and hang him by the tail  
With a rusty nail. (MEOW!) I'm that stale  
I'll leave you screamin' and evacuatin'  
Why am I doing this shit? 'Cause I'm hatin'  
If I can't be alive, I'm hauntin', dead  
I'll put a thousand tarantulas all in your bed

Bones and blood and bats from Hell  
Raise the dead. He has to kill  
Back to haunt those of ill will  
And you (Die) you (Die) you (Die) you (Die)  
Bones and blood and bats from Hell  
Raise the dead. He has to kill  
Back to haunt those of ill will  
And you (Die!) you (Die!) you (Die!)

Nah, there's no escapin' my spiritual rapin'

If you think it's a coincidence, you're mistaken  
When you're trying to relax in a bubble bath  
I turn the water to blood, sit back, and laugh  
I float down the halls, draggin' my balls  
Leavin' a trail of dead bones and skulls  
Fuck sittin' around all night in my grave  
I'll put your boyfriend's head in the microwave \*beep beep beep\*  
I'll wake the dead up and raise an army  
Attack the streets, people scream "Don't harm me!"  
Ascend on your home like this was Thriller  
But no Michael Jackson, 'cause this is realer  
Well, damn, that [?]  
Nowhere to run, 'cause we blocked the road  
Shock your hair white, and you ain't old  
We'll squeeze your neck until your head explode

Bones and blood and bats from Hell  
Raise the dead. He has to kill  
Back to haunt those of ill will  
And you (Die) you (Die) you (Die) you (Die)  
Bones and blood and bats from Hell  
Raise the dead. He has to kill  
Back to haunt those of ill will, forever...  
'Til you (Die!) you (Die!) you (Die!) you (Die!)