

## Who Asked You

### Insane Clown Posse

Drank my last cup of dead body stew  
Paint my face, creep up and say BOO!  
Nobody knows what I'm about  
Walk around town with my guts hanging out  
Chewin on toes, fuckin dead hoes  
Bark at the moon everytime the wind blows  
Why do I do the things that I do?  
Who are you? Fuck you, and fuck Jerry Lou too  
Fucked your mother at the Motel 8  
Fingers in her booty, strawberry shake  
Daddy walks in and see the sick clown  
Moving his butt-cheeks up and down  
Nate the Mack and Jump Steady  
Rude Boy, Regis, Kathy Lee  
I make rap rhymes and make quick bucks  
And everybody sucks my nuts, shucks  
Fuck Jazzy Jeff, fuck Jack Jones  
Fuck Jazzy Jiff Jeff Jimmy Jack Jones  
Why do we do the things that we do?  
Who the motherfuck asked you, uh?

R: Why do we do the things that we do?  
Roses ain't red and violet's ain't blue  
Why do we do the things that we do?  
Wicked rhymes, wicked times, you too  
(2x)

Never had life, always been dead  
Gotta metal plate in the back of my head  
Lemon drops, lick lollipops  
I fuck redneck bitches at truck stops  
Clown cutters, much clown luv  
Found a body in the bathtub, mmm grub  
Fuck the police, fuck Ebin Price  
Fuck cop pork chop jiffy pop cops  
Grew another head and I had it lopped off  
But we still cool, what's up, (what's up, dawg)  
Tock-ticky-tock I pack a pig clock  
My dingaling swings when I run down the block  
No, I don't sing in a rock band  
"Gotta smoke, dude, what's up, man"  
Fuck John Wayne, fuck Wayne Newton  
Fuck two-snooting John Hootin nanny pooping  
Why do we do the things that we do?  
Now who the fuck asked you, bitch?

R: (7x)