## Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "17 Dead"

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I got shot with a buck shot, shot me down

But you know you can't paint a frown on a clown Sewer gutter blood runs through my system Death stopped by but I must have just missed him Am I in a southwest street gang? Do I bang, do I slang, do I let my motherfuckin' nuts hang? But do you care I got stabbed in the eye and you wadn't no where And what about the time I got fucked When I got shot in the throat...fuckin' sucked But you news wouldn't know me You could give a fuck less never the less unless Something happened in your suburbs I'm a cut your daddy's neck, you little fuckin' nerd I don't give a fuck where you're from boy So don't tell me cuz I don't give a fuck It's all about what's going on in your head Do or don't you care about the seventeen dead

Seventeen dead, it don't bother you
Do or don't you care about the seventeen dead
Seventeen dead, it don't bother you
You could give a fuck less about the seventeen dead
The seventeenth boyfriend lost his erection

I woke up next to a dead body Roll it out the way and jump out of bed Strap on my kicks and step out my room Cuz somehow there's another stiff in the bathroom Dead fucks all over the grass I'm a kick somebody in they dead ass Quick to make a left on Jefferson And I noticed there's another stiff riding shotgun Am I just seeing things? No. Is your mother a soggy ho? I like to drink Faygo, out from the scotties But then one out of one of my homeboys turned into dead bodies But I'm straight with that Just don't be leaving your guts in my car n' shit Wait a minute, wait, get your head on straight

I gotta wonder if they do
Should I burn the rebel flag or the red white and blue too
I can't do much, but they can
But those motherfuckers gotta death wish, man
I'm gonna swim in they blood shed
Justi-justify the seventeen dead

I drop seventeen tears from eyes every fucking day

Seventeen dead, it don't bother you
Do or don't you care about the seventeen dead
Seventeen dead, it don't bother you
You could give a fuck less about the seventeen dead
The seventeenth boyfriend lost his erection

Yeah, dead bodies man
They ain't so bad
I mean they're all over in the
Streets n shit ya know
But they don't be fuckin' with you
They just lay there dead as shit
I mean they tasted kinda straight
With a little mustard, man
Yeah, much worse

Seventeen dead bodies hanging from a telephone wire All seventeen on fire Lightening up the sky with the smell of death Rich bigot fucker, take a deep breath Look at you makes me go baddy Motherfucker don't be nothing like your daddy Cuz he's nothing but a redneck hoe Him and his kind created this ghetto They can deal with they own creation Move out farther, suburb vacation But it don't work like that Knock at your door and it's me running slug bat I'm a stick it to your fuckin' nugget About seventeen times and you're gonna love it motherfucker Drive down my street And stare at the folks who can't make end's meat You don't know now but that's the plan Most people in Hell were rich when they died, man Take that to your golden bed Cuz I'm a cut your ass up for the seventeen dead

Seventeen dead, it don't bother you
Do or don't you care about the seventeen dead
Seventeen dead, it don't bother you
You could give a fuck less about the seventeen dead

The seventeenth boyfriend lost his erection

Well, ya know Violent J's kinda wicked If there's a booger in my nose I'm a pick it And flick it in your eye like you ain't jack And stomp my boots on your nutsac

Well, I'm Shaggy and I'm in the house You don't think so, I'll put a brick in your mouth Can't nobody flex on a nutty clown I got boys down river straight hick town

Well, ya know I'm coming straight from the trailor park That's me out front working on the Skylark I'm waiting on a check, I don't cut the grass And my woman's got babies falling all out her ass

I'll be running with the carnival until I'm eighty And tonight I'm going out with the fat lady I strip the bitch down to the nitty gritty But I ain't saying shit about a wooden titty

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