

Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Confessions"

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Father, I confess for doing
I had a brain, but life had to ruin it
Dissinfected, Disected, Don't Respect It
When you put me in a cage full of animals
Savages and cold blooded cannibals
I can't help but come but abouts me
Try to run but they found me, surround me
Then they choke ya, and provoke ya
Try to smoke ya, turn you into a joka
I tried to rub it off, but it's all I know
The only thing I ever knew, so what to do
Look at you, a bigot till your growin old
Your growin mold, with a soul that's freezin cold
So I confess, but even if I'm all wrong
I'll be down with the clown till I'm dead and gone

[Chorus]

I confess, this lady had a purse, so I took it
I took it home, opened it, I shook it
She had papers, lipstick and nail polish
Credit cards and about 27 dollars
I bought a 5th, drank it and laid there
It seemed like, I could see the purse everywhere
On the light post, by this mail box
I tried to run from it, I ran a couple blocks
But there it was, on the side walk, waitin for me
It tried to lure me to it, I had to fuckin' do it
I picked it up, and stuck my fuckin' hand in it
It was full of rats, and they fuckin' bit it off
Father I confess, I'm a criminal
But my worlds too subliminal around me
Look at them, all the wicked masses
That's why I'm down with the clown till I'm ashes

[Chorus]

Its like a circus, a wicked carnival
Everybodys got a tickit, they're lookin
For the freaks, to point and gawk at
Look at yourself, the jokes on you jack

[Chorus]
[Repeats Until Song Ends]

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