

## **Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Ol' Evil Eye"**

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"Start the movie."

"I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He  
had never given me insult.  
For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye. Yes, it  
was this. One  
Of his eyes resembled that of a vulture. A pale, blue  
eye with a film over  
It. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold. And so,  
by degrees, very  
Gradually, I made up my mind to take the life of the old  
man and thus rid  
Myself of the eye forever."

So I'm headed door to door  
With my grandmother's cookie jar  
I'm sellin' cookies, 12 for a dollar  
I ring the doorbell, nobody wants any  
I resort to goin' cheaper - 2 for a penny  
Anybody, everybody, they hate me  
I can tell when they spit and degrade me  
There's only one house left, the last on the block  
Old Man Willie on the hilltop  
I ring the doorbel, the door creeps open  
And there it was starin' and scopin'  
The man's left eye, red, big, and drippin'  
I was trippin'. "Ahh, seeya!"  
I ran home. I couldn't stop thinking  
About his eyeball winking and blinking  
And it looked not a damn thing like the other Ugh!  
Shoulda wore a patch on the motherfucker  
It hypnotized me, mesmerized me  
Traumatized, paralyzed, terrorized me  
Creepers, where'd you get that ball  
And tell me how it even fits in your skull

[prechorus:]

I want a big long knife to stick it in.  
I wanna lift up the eyelid and kick it in.  
He's gotta die. I want his eye buried in my backyard.  
It ain't hard, I'm killin' Old Evil Eye!

[End prechorus]

[chorus:]  
Evil eye...  
Oh-Oh-Eye (The bitch gon' die! Die-die-die-die-die-die-  
die)  
Evil eye...  
Oh-Oh  
[End chorus]

"Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen  
know nothing. But you  
Should've seen me. You should have seen how wisely I  
proceeded with caution  
With what foresight, with what patience I went to work. I  
was never kinder  
To the old man than during the whole week before I  
killed him."

A day gone pass since I heard about J.O.  
Met up in this sleigh, cuz I don't fuckin' play.  
Anyway, I gotta do him in. Got a rusty revolver  
Put the silver bullets in.  
I'm plannin' on playin' one right to his nugget.  
Down my drawers with the bucket.  
It's time to go, fuck it.  
I stuck it up... to his neck when he came to the door.  
I really didn't know what I was in for.  
First the cold man stared, no a gaze, no a stare.  
Kinda like there was no one there.  
How weird, my body froze with the blink of his eye.  
Evil eye, sendin' chills up my spine.  
What to do? What to do? I gotta try to break.  
I gotta try to make.. my way to the gate.  
Wait. I can't move, I'm stuck to the ground.  
W-What the fuck was that? I think I heard a sound,  
Turned around, there it was, starin' at my face.  
This little old man's eye's a make me a mental case.  
That's when I felt the pain deep inside,  
Deep inside, now his eye's open wide.

[prechorus]

[chorus]

"That night it ceased. The old man was dead. I placed  
my hands on the  
Heart and there for many minutes there was no  
pulsation. He was stone dead.  
His eye will trouble me no longer. His eye will trouble  
me no longer."

[chorus X4]

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