Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Pass Me By"

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"Does this excite you? Think about it! Does it not stagger the Imagination? No builder on earth can concieve any

structure to

Compare to the mansions above. Won't that be something when you go

To live in your own mansion? There'll be no concern about paying for it,

It's already taken care of. There'll be no worry about being moved out

Of it. It will be yours forever."

[Shaggy 2 Dope]

I got shot, ah!, the murder was heinous The bullet went in my eyeball and out my anus And I was hit, that was it, on the spot Flash, I woke up in a parking lot And I'm sittin in a '64 Reinkeys With Shaggy Dope written on the car keys I look around I can't believe that it's possible I'm dead, and I made it to the carnival I walk in, it's everything I dreamed of Everybody and they momma got clown luv Japanese, Lebanese, and Chinese, Portuguese, and southwest ghetto g's. (woowoo) Hangin' out with redneck truck drivers Instead of always givin' each other piledrivers I see my old homey, he died in a drag Chillin with two bitches, "What up, Shaggs?" And he passed me a blunt like a tree trunk I tried to hit it, but couldn't even fuck with it And to think, I always been afraid to die But I ain't never goin back to wonder why.

[Chorus (2x)]

We all gonna die, but I'm not gonna fry Even though most never try I'm not gonna let this pass me bye, no

[Violent J]

I was born, first, they threw me in a shit pile I dealt with it, and lived there for a while

I got dissed on, pissed on, and beat down
Mutilated, and tossed out a dead clown
Next thing ya know, I'm chillin' at the big top
Free money, and mad bitches non-stop
No water, it's Faygo on tap
I wash my hair, and my face, and my butt-crack with it
Cuz I can, cuz I'm phat paid
I got a five story funhouse with a maid
And she walks around with her titties hanging out
And when I cough, she come and dust my balls off
(woowoo)
I'm headed up to the show, I'm gonna see
Jimi Hendrix, Selena, and Eazy E
Elvis tried to open up but got dissed off

Jimi Hendrix, Selena, and Eazy E
Elvis tried to open up but got dissed off
We got pissed off, because he sounded like butt
There's no fights, it's a perfect match
Hillbillies in the crowd tryin' to cabbage patch
And to think, I've always been afraid to die
But I ain't never goin back to wonder why.

[Chorus (2x)]

[Violent]]

Did ya ever burn your finger on somethin? hey Well picture this, your nuts burnin that way And a roman candle stickin' in your butthole That's where the greedy skank motherfuckers go

[Shaggy 2 Dope]

This is all hell now, we livin' in it
But this bullshit'll be over in a minute
Then it's off to the Faygos and neden hoes
New clothes, and patent leather for your toes (woo-woo)

[Violent]]

And while you sit around cryin' for your dead friend He's chillin' up there, paid, getting mad ends He's probably there tryin to figure out why you're sad He's on the beach gettin' fat, you got it bad

[Shaggy 2 Dope]

And for those who ain't down for the next man Who rob from the poor, and snatch all ya can And any chicken talkin' shit, lemme tell ya something Hold a lighter to your balls, and you'll see what's coming

[Chorus (2x)]

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[Chorus (10x)]

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