

## **Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Radio Stars"**

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Occasionally, the overwhelming temptation to reach  
the pinnacle of the pop music genre  
Will reduce the most deplorable examples of the  
underground music scene to change their  
So called artistic endeavours in an vain attempt to  
appeal to the public at large.  
Behold the metamorphosis

Fuck platinum, platinum just aint good enough  
We need more money, more house and cars and stuff  
I'm sick of juggalos, I want them other hoes  
I want them shitty hoes, you get wit radio and video  
We'll do whatever it takes to get some airplay  
We'll make that bounce shit, triple our sales and pay  
Come on shaggy follow my lead  
Its time to change our shit up to get what we need

??

The pathetic attempts never cease.  
The moronic music onslaught continues to insult the  
intelligence of the savvy consumer  
How much more can an audience be asked to endure?

Didn't work, ah fuck, what happened  
They always told us we sucked at rappin'  
Well I don't know how to play a guitar  
Ill play the skin flute be a radio star  
I'm sick of keepin it real, and underground  
I want the sellout 10million fans radio flavor style  
Even though we'll be played next summer  
Show me a radio dick and I'll show you a hummer

Joey fell in love with a college girl  
She had a back pack and a pony tail  
She said her name was lisa but I do not know  
She drank cisco lemmonade and cherry jello  
I can put my buddy holly glasses on  
I can even sing one of his faggot songs  
I can wear checkered pants and never smile  
Whatevers cool for your radio style  
Joey fell in love with a college .....

The boorish bumbling baboons have been baffled in  
their journey to the music business  
Each sonnet is more ridiculous than the last.  
Their strides toward musical success are little more  
than a stumble into complete failure.

That was bullshit, what the fuck  
You think of something  
I'm sittin here trying to write hits  
Your doing nothing  
You wrote the punk shit but that didn't work  
It flopped on it's ass, at least I tried though  
All right, aint no need to be fighting with each other  
We need to start talkin about relationships and lovers  
Can you sing, no, neither can I  
To be radio stars we at least gotta try

Girl, I'm gonna let you know on the radio  
I want to lick you from head to toe  
Girl, your perfume, it's smellin so sweet  
I wanna make love between the sheets  
Girl, play my song, ??  
I'm a radio man, and I know  
??  
Give me one more chance  
And I'll make you dance  
Chorus 5x girl, we'll make radio songs for radio fans  
we can't go wrong  
Girl, so you fucked my boy, I don't give a fuck

After years of endless attempts ICP received almost no  
radio play.  
Finally, the 2 dimwitted idiots decided to stay with the  
wicked shit for life.

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