

## **Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Skitsofrantic"**

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Skitsofrantic, don't panic  
Leave me alone, get the fuck on  
Skitsofrantic to the bone, when I'm home  
I hear people walking in the other room  
Cooking up chicken, chilling in my kitchen  
Try to drive home, someone's in the back  
Whisperin words, breathin on my neck  
Flickin my ear, I know they're right there  
But I can't see em in my mirror, uh  
Laying in my bed, I'm better off dead  
They're trying to figure out a way to cut off my head  
Hiding under covers, they're trying get me  
But I can tell one of them is under there with me  
I got a phone call, I can't pick it up  
Can't do a thing, just let it ring  
Cause if I do, the phone will explode  
I think I better leave him on hold

[Chorus]

You're skitsofrantic, don't panic [X4]

I better just chill, bitch get real  
I know you're trying to poison my meal, I know the deal  
You want me dead so that you can get paid  
I ain't gotta dime, so don't waste your time  
I gotta kill them or they'll kill me  
Who's these guys trying to walk down my street  
He's got a mail bag, he's probably just frontin'  
I'm a give his ass something, motherfucker  
The man next door try to take me out  
So I set a pipe bomb and blew up his house  
Here come the cops, I don't know shit  
How do I know you're legit, bitch?  
I hate to say it, but fuck Mark Crem  
Cause I can tell, he's just one of them  
Every night I see him on my little TV  
He's always looking at me, why?

[Chorus]

You're skitsofrantic, don't panic [X4]

Sittin in my room, everything's dark

I think I heard somebody fart  
Now how can this be, ain't nobody home but me  
And somebody's trying to turn the key, hello?  
I'm losing my mind, fuck all you hoes  
Pulled out an axe and take off my clothes  
Paint my face like a wicked clown  
I'm down, straight skitsofrantic

You're skitsofrantic, don't panic [X13]  
Hey, hey, hey  
You're skitsofrantic, don't panic  
Hey, hey, hey  
You're skitsofrantic, don't panic  
Hey, hey, hey  
You're skitsofrantic, don't panic

No, you ain't getting none, bitch  
This shit costs money  
Oh, hey hey, kiddies  
How are you liking the ride thus far?  
Excellent  
This next one is about that shit  
That comes out of the sewers and pipes  
And chokes your neck  
It's called the Smog  
Ahahahahaha

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