Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Smog"

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- *The smog is coming*

Aw, shit here it comes creeping through the cracks
The nooks the crannys it hit me smack!
It's filling up my head - I gotta get it out
I got me a plan to get the shit out
Pulled out a ice-pick and picked the bitch up
Smackin' it pushin' it in my ear-fuck!
Lord oh please what's happening to me?It's the poisonous air from the smokestacks G
Seeping in my head, fucking up my brain
Driving me crazy, nuts, insane
Sewer, sludgy, greasy slime I'm always bucking with all the time

Cuz he's my motherfucking enemy number 1
Trying to puncture on my life by filling up my lungs
The shit you call air, but I call it death
Cuz it makes me choke and lose my breath
My toes begin to curl, my fingers start to fold
Got droul on my lips and my body's getting cold
Don't know what to do so now I start to panic
But it's too late, I'm dead the smog got me fucked!

- *The smog is coming*

It's another cloudy day, it's raining, but not water It's raining oil out the sky I think I oughta
Make a run but I slipped on an oil-slick
I can't move, I think I broke my fucking neck
It's no surprise, I'm laying there paralized
Looking up into the sky helped me realize about us
The clouds form a Devil's face, it must be a mirror image of the human race
And oh shit, here it comes-the deadly smog
I can tell by the howl of the stray dog
The air is calm, the streets are so still

When the smog creeps out the pipes for a kill Broken neck, I'm chillin' cuz I'm a gonner I can see the smog creepin' around the corner I lay still and hope it doesn't notice me Oh shit, shit, fuck, fuck, shit G!
Looking up just to see his deadly jaws I think, I think, I think I shit my draws
But it's ok, the smog left me alone
So I lay and watch the clouds turn into stone
And come crashing down over Del Ray
One even landed on your homeboy Violent J
And I'm dead, crushed me in a split second
So if I'm dead then what the fuck I'm doin' on this record?

- *The smog is here!*
- *The somg is coming [8 X's]*

What you gonna do? When it comes for you?

The smog is coming [5 X's]

~Thoughts in my head of a clown~ [in background] Thoughts in my head

Of a dead body laying in his house for 3 weeks Untill his neighbors complain about the smell Didn't he have anybody to know he was dead? Thoughts in my head

Of a sereal killer in lowa decided to kill himself Before he actually killed someone else

Was that good?

Thoughts in my head

Of an ocean of blood

That when the bombs drop and causes tidal waves

Tidal waves that paint the town red

Everybody's dead

Thoughts in my head

Of mothers and fathers who look at me

And I can feel the hatred in their in eyes

And it's cold

And children are nothing but them in the future

Accept it

Thoughts in my head

Of a woman sitting on her porch, bald-headed

Because of a disease she caught from the air

The air that we breathe

The air we breathe is fucked up--Its fucked up!

Thoughts in my head

Of people wanna kill me

But you can't kill me

Cuz if you kill me, I'll be back to kill you
Done it before, do it again
Thougths in my head
Of a 16 year old little fucking punk
Sitting in his classroom
Drawing a gang sign on a folder
In his Burmingham Hills
Well fuck what you know about love
Thoughts in my head
Of people despise me and hate me and don't know me
I hate you too
So it's all good, it's all good
Thoughts in my head
Of a society that is so fucked up and so evil

That if somebody prays, they get made fun of and laughed at
But it's not gonna be funny
They'll be laughing
When the bombs drop and the town is red

Thoughts in my head of a clown [till fade]

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