

## Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Thy Staleness"

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Let me see your throat thing there buddy, I'ma Chop it,  
see the idea is to  
make  
you die -(Stop it)- I dont know why but your heart beat  
offends me, I need to  
cut you off at the wind pipe desperately -(Like, how  
about cuttin' your own  
neck)- I did, seventeen times, why you think i talk like  
this? Before i cut  
myself / This Was My Voice/ now gimme your neck  
pipe, you dont have no fuckin'  
choice -(Im not ready to die)- neither was Easy -E, whut  
makes you so fuckin'  
special you can escape the wrath -(You mean the  
Wraith) - I said Wraith, now  
shut the fuck up, and wind pipe so I can cut that mother  
fucker -(Pick  
somebody else) - Im pickin' anybody i can find, and  
you happen to be the next  
mother fucka in line -(Ok let's do it) - Keep still right  
there and about 1,2,3 of those mother fuckers i'm outta  
here  
Let me make the pain be gone / I wanna / STAB, STAB,  
STAB  
Its like / Murdering be giving me a calm / I need ta /  
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH. Let me make the pain be gone / I  
wanna / STAB, STAB, STAB / Its like / Murdering be  
giving me a calm / I need ta (Ah ha... Whut kind of  
circus is this)  
How you gonna give me a straight jacket when Im  
crooked? Took it and shook it,  
ripped it and unzipped it and waited for the nurse guy  
to bring me my tray,  
jumped him from behind and turned his head  
backwards my way, took all his keys  
and a crate of Methadone, masturbated on myself and  
leaped out the window, Then  
i turned around and went back inside, once i realized i  
could of grabbed a gang  
of Formaldehyde. Suddenly another fuckin' gaurd shot  
me, I played the whole  
movie shit off like "You got me" . Laid there playin'

dead and when he checked  
my pockets I jabbed my fuckin' thumb knuckle in his  
eye socket. By now there  
was guards everywhere, Im steady cuttin' off heads,  
surfin' on a wheel chair,  
and too many bullets finally put me away... "But was it  
the real Violent J?"  
Let me make the pain be gone / I wanna / STAB, STAB,  
STAB  
Its like / Murdering be giving me a calm / I need ta /  
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH. Let me  
make the pain be gone / I wanna / STAB, STAB, STAB / It  
kills the pain, ahe its  
the only thing that kills the pain im sorry!  
Im so sorry that Im so stale... Im so sorry Im stale. But  
still I gotta murder  
your face... man Im sorry Im stale. Im so sorry that Im  
so stale... Im so sorry  
Im stale. But still I gotta murder your face... man Im  
sorry Im stale.

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