

Icp (insane Clown Posse) "Vultures"

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"Vultures"

You wait for death to happen
You loot the bloody wrecks
You kindly (amble the feebeles?)
Up out they penchant checks
You kick em when they down
You tell them God is coming
You work the lowly souls
Eight-hundred numbers running
You sell what you repossess
You clean them out they nest
You wait for them to try to rest
Then yank it out they chest
You sell them medicine
You make them think they need
You come around the flowers
But you's a dirty weed

Like serpents and snakes
They rattle and bite
Whatever it takes
They get what they like
Always they fake
And know it ain't right
Your money, they make it
Then gone in the night
And make no mistake
They do got a heart
It's blacker than coal
And hard as a rock
Don't quiver or shake
When they take and part
And breaking apart
Who swim with the sharks

Pick at the eyes, pick at the brain
Pick us, your wretchedly sick and deranged
Cuz you's a vulture
A wicked vulture
Pick at the heart, pick at the soul
Pick em and drag em down into your hole

Cuz you's a vulture
A wicked vulture

You cut the fingers off
If there's a ring still on em
Even if they come in cursed
You still want em
You promised big things
Is headed for next year
But then you disappear
As soon as the checks clear
You lash out at the poor
And tell em to give you more
Sell everything off for the church
Sleep on the floor
You point the juiciest necks
Out to all the vampires
But lurking in the dark
You might get bit by spiders

Lizards and bugs
Flies and mosquitoes
Hookers with drugs
And dirty ass needles
Alleyway cats
Possums and rats
Killers with gats
Attacking with bats
They scums, bums
As anything comes and goes
They pimps
With tons of hoes
Dirty like all of those
I suppose
Cuz wicked's the way that they chose

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Go away doc
Leave him alone
When will he die?
I'll be at home
Who gets his car?
Who gets the crib?

Those are his pills?
I'm popping the lid
I give him a week
What do I get?
Put me in his will
He's moving again
Sign it like him
Cut off that beep
There go his morphine
That shit is sweet
Give me a hit
The preacher called
He's trying to get paid
Who's feeding his dog?
Fuck that dog
It's beeping again
Ohh, that morphine's kicking in
What about his money
He wants the church to have it
How long till he dies
Let's check his wallet
Let's pull the plug
Do you think he can hear?
He's fucking dying
He doesn't care

Like serpents and snakes
They rattle and bite
Whatever it takes
They get what they like
And they gonna hide
And they gonna run
But they're gonna suffer
Some Carnival fun
And make no mistake
They do got a heart
It's blacker than coal
And hard as a rock
They gonna visit
The Carnival grounds
And they gonna perish
We promise you now

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