

Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Witching Hour"

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Ahem we are here today to mourn the loss
Of a punk ass motherfucker who thought he was the
shit.
Turns out he was the shit a piece of shit.
You see this young hoolagin wasn't afraid to die
So he put his life on the line to gain respect in his
neighbor hood.
Well the only respect he gets now
Is from the maggots and worms that are snacking on
his dead ass.
(Chorus x4)
Life is over, death devour
Time has come for witching hour
(1st Verse- Violent J)
Time for your family to dress up in black
Time for your coffin to ride in the back
Time for your enemies to laugh at your death
Time for the vultures to pick at what's left
Time for your homeboy to find a new clique
Time for your girlfriend to suck a new dick
Time for your brothers to fight over your car
Time for the world to forget who the fuck you are
[120 over 40 and falling fast...I can't get any vitals, I'm
losing him, shit!]
(2nd Verse- myzery)
Close your eyes, hold your breath, release the stress
let it out there's nothing left 'cuz you're facing death
If you see God, send my blessings if He's up there
And tell that man how you spent your life here
Bust around the street, deisel smoke from the heat
And you're feeling weak, 'cuz the lead got you going to
sleep
It's getting deep, know your peeps? They gon' fuck
your freak
In between the sheets in they face they drop the leaky
leak
You hear the sirens, think about who was firing
See your partner blurry from the spark of the iron
Holding on to faith, wanna survive to retaliate
Here comes the Reaper, it's Grim Reaper at your door
awaits
Can you feel it? Pumping on your inner spirit,

Got you screaming out for Mommy Dearest
You wanna live, keep on twitching, bluff spitting
Time ticking it's the hour for the witching
[Quit crying like a bitch, and die like a man,
motherfucker!]
(Chorus x4)
(3rd Verse- Violent J)
Time for you to lay dead while everybody stares
Time for the Revrend to front like he cares
Time for your body to rot in your tomb
Time for your sister to finally get your room
Time for your picture to fade on the wall
Time for your crew to hang out at the mall
Time for your boys to beat hoes and kick bass
While you sit in the dark, with maggots crawling on
your face
[Put 50 more cc's in that IV and start CPR... I'm still not
getting anything]
(4th Verse- myzery)
Bitches are backstabbers, or your inner friend bank
grabbers
Reaching out just to get fatter
Thoughts of your soon-to-be wife and your phat ride
She's in the back seat, catching it from the backside
You wish you had some rum, feeling numb
Where the noise at? Losing it, where my boys at?
Hallucinate seeing caskets, your son a soon to be
bastard
'Cuz you slipped and got blasted
Visualizing your good times,
Ambulance 59 minutes later, now you're on a respirator
Get on this shit, you're losing consciousness
Man flashing, in your phat ride crashing
Unhappy family and it's costing black roses
Beer on the concrete, blunts in your coffin
That's all you get, a lost soul on the trip
Times up, clock ticked, hour to be witched
[Looking at my gucci, it's about that time,
motherfucker]
(Chorus x4)
(5th Verse- Violent J)
Time to sit and cry about the fact that you're gone
Time to say fuck it, Nitro is on
Time for your people to clean out your place
Time for you love to go through your tin case
Time for your father to feel a little stress
Time for you step-dad to give a fuck less
Time for the world to keep spinning around
Even with you dead in the ground, motherfucker!
Time for your family to dress up in black
Time for your coffin to ride in the back

Time for your enemies to laugh at your death
Time for the vultures to pick at what's left
Time for your homeboy to find a new clique
Time for your girlfriend to suck a new dick
Time for your brothers to fight over your car
Time for the world to forget who the fuck you are

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