

Insane Clown Posse "Basehead Attack"

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So there i was watching Sanford & Son workin the
graveyard shift
at a party before rollin a splif
in behind the glass i see crackheads all night
but tonight the moon is red and shit aint feelin so right
my first sight was a basehead tryna break into my car
in plain view too i ran out with a crowbar
hammered it across his cranium he fell over dead
but not blood only dust
he's a fuckin basehead
here come another one
jumpin out of a tree
but i aint even have to move he missed by like 20 feet
he slammed down on the pavement
i quickly started kickin
beat him with the crowbar
until he finally stopped twitchin
looked behind me seen another zombie in the register
im used to shooin 'em off from beggin from the
customers
but now i gotta reach up under the seat and grab the
hand axe
whipped it from there and stuck it into his back

THE ATTACK OF THE BASEHEADS

they on a mission
they always on the hunt for somethin they always
missin

THE ATTACK OF THE BASEHEADS

every city every town
they always on the hunt for something never to be
found

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goddamn its two more in the cooler once im back in the

store
pull my hand axe out that back and then attack 'em
some more
i charged
but he bust me in the head with a pepsi
no affect
i left him shakin on the floor like epilepsi
with they necks severed
fuckin zombies for rocks
another jumped my back and we went through the
glass
into the parking lot
he tried to kill me
he told me gimmee some change
all diggin in my ear for it and shit
deranged!!
i grabbed him by his head and tried to yank it to the left
to break his neck
but his head spun all the way around
and that was fuckin it
i was outta there i seen another comin out the grave
zombies beggin for change!!!
im fuckin swingin at 'em knock they chin off they face
but they still coming at me hands out they wanna base
they must think my white eyeballs are giant crack rocks
i gotta slap em out they funky ass socks
help me!!

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they dont have a brain left behind they empty eyes
they want crack rocka cocka and they buzzin like flies
you might pull they arm off you try to shake their hand
because their souls been gone its just a shell of a man
walkin around lookin for rock anyway they can get it

even if you got aids them dirty bitches let you hit it
and you still gettin somethin worse than you already
got
i seen one catch one in the head not even know he got
shot
it was crack smoke blown out the side of his head
he put a champagne cork in the hole and that was it
baseheads zombies millions of 'em and more
with the steam roller roll em over flat on the floor
there like dead ass bodies walkin around without the
ghost
with no clue were they fuckin headed but the rock roast
opportunities were givin
they let em all pass
now they themselves aint worth the shit out they ass

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they comin for your goods
simultaneously in 50,000 neighborhoods

THE ATTACK OF THE BASEHEADS

they comin out the dark
and they comin for you
they wanna pull out your heart and smoke it

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