

Insane Clown Posse

"Bury Me Alive"

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Music video awards
Alright y'all
Teen summit
Check it out
Just talked to Alex
Warped Tour
Big things goin on big things
VH1
First of all I got y'all on Jenny Jones
Tour with Marilyn Manson
Billboard
Where the credits are rolling at the end and shit
Friday night videos
Rolling Stone Magazine
I got y'all on MTV's Rock and Jock
Summertime, Spring Break, volleyball, half time tour
Ricki Lake
Tour with Limp Bizkit
Right before Coolio dawg (Big things)
Right before Coolio and right after Mase
That's it right in between
And uh Spin Magazine
I got Blaze on that Real World cast (Channel 3)
I'm still workin on y'all for Road Rules (I told you)
Lollapalooza
And I got y'all on the cover of Nickelodeon Magazine

I don't give a fuck right
Dead face with the eyes white
Intimidate you with my eyesight
I try to hide from the ads bitch
Everyday we startin static
Live with the maggots
Masters of the black magic
My shits for killas
With the Twiztid tats on they backs
My shits for killas
Who walk around with a axe
My shits for killas
Screaming I would rather die
Than see you muthafuckas doin MTV live

You can keep the mainstream life and all the hoes
I'm steady cussin in videos for juggalos
I'm underground where the dead don't sleep
Keep us a secret to the world
And watch the posse increase
So if you feel me why don't you bury me alive

Bury me alive
Run with the Psychopathic hatchet than (Hide)
Bury me alive (Bury me alive)
Keep it in your clique fuck the outside

Strictly for the juggalos
Bitch I thought you knew
Cause we sealing up the mainstream ears with crazy
glue
So they can't hear a word we say
We stay Twiztid speak the voodoo
Them bitches wouldn't understand it anyway
Walk with an axe when the sun falls
Talkin through the ouiji board
For predictions of the haulocaust
Give a fuck less about a video or airplay
We stay unedited and scream till they head break
This is your shit it was made for you
Don't let the radio influence you
And tell you what to listen to
And everyone at MTV can suck my dick
Tellin me we'll be the shit
If they label us a buzz clip
Fuck that
We deep beneath the underground
We rose with the hatchet
You can hear the wicked sound
In your eardrums
Don't let the others get a taste
And if they start to bump it
Go and smack them in they face
And then bury me alive

Bury me alive
Run with the Psychopathic hatchet than (Hide)
Bury me alive (Bury me alive)
Keep it in your clique fuck the outside

With the fury of buckshots
Goddamn they ruthless
Fire your buckshots
Goddamn they ruthless

This ain't no club scene

So ain't nobody dancin
I only fuck with the dead
And my muthafuckin advances
Chances are you outta luck
When you fuckin with the killas
Psychopathic fuck it we be the illest
Keep it the realest
Like everybody else doing that
I'm in the back in black
Chillin with a bloody axe
When we attack we have your whole crew shook
You fake hoes know Twiztid wrote the goddamn book

And I don't give a fuck
Perpatrators you can suck my nuts
Say you bought the album
But don't know a single cut
You's a bandwagon rida givin juggalos a bad name
We'll fuck you up for that
Bitch this ain't no fuckin game
Fuck all that shit that they print bro
Magazines is toilet paper
Glorified for the assholes
Fuck publications, syndications, music segregation
'Cause we run beneath the nation
So bury me alive

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Run with the Psychopathic hatchet than (Hide)
Bury me alive (Bury me alive)
Keep it in your clique fuck the outside

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Goddamn they ruthless
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