

Insane Clown Posse "Confessions"

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Father, yes I confess for doin' it
I had a brain, but life had to ruin it
Screwin' it, disinfected
dissected, don't respect it

When you put me in a cage full of animals
Savages and cold blooded cannibals
I can't help but become what's around me
Try to run but they found me, surround me

Then they choke ya, and provoke ya
Try to smoke ya, turn you into a joker
I tried to rub it off, but it's all I know
The only thing I ever knew, so what to do

Look at you, a bigot till you're growin' old
You're growin' old, with a soul that's freezin cold
So I confess but even if I'm all wrong
I'll be down with the clown till I'm dead and gone

Yes, I confess but I really could care less
Father, I tried but fate wasn't on my side
Yes, I confess but I really could care less
Father, I tried but fate wasn't on my side

I confess, this lady had the purse, so I took it
I took it home, opened it, I shook it
She had papers, lipstick and nail polish
Credit cards and about 27 dollars

I bought a 5th, drank it and laid there
It seemed like, I could see the purse everywhere
On the light post, by this mail box
I tried to run from it, I ran a couple blocks

But there it was on the side walk, waitin' for me
It tried to lure me to it, I had to fuckin' do it
I picked it up, and stuck my fuckin' hand in it
It was full of rats, and they fuckin' bit it off

Father I confess, I'm a criminal
But my worlds too subliminal around me

Look at them, all the wicked masses
That's why I'm down with the clown 'til I'm ashes

Yes, I confess but I really could care less
Father, I tried but fate wasn't on my side
Yes, I confess but I really could care less
Father, I tried but fate wasn't on my side

It's like a circus, a wicked carnival
Everybody's got a ticket, they're lookin'
For the freaks, to point and gawk at
Look at yourself, the jokes on you Jack

Yes, I confess but I really could care less
Father, I tried but fate wasn't on my side
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