

## **Insane Clown Posse "Crop Circles"**

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*[Shaggy 2 Dope]*

The sun rises and sets on time every day of the year  
But sporadically the circles appear  
Baffling all through the history of known man  
Since fuckin' with the mystery of stone hedge  
Aliens, cults, witches with lawn mowers, mind blowers  
Nobody knows what for sure  
Bloody nose when I walk in the vicinity  
But I can read them and I believe that I need them  
I'm runnin' through a wheat field, chasin' a ghost  
that loves circles  
Use it for portals and time holes  
And dance backwards, and chant with the crow people  
At the crop circle, I've come to know people  
Under moon rays lighten up my new ways ?  
They mow them in two days, 100 years from now we'll  
pay for that mishap  
With another motherfucking hurricane bitch slapped

*[Chorus]*

The crop circles are talking to me  
Circle something, circle something  
The crop circles are talking to me  
Circle something, circle something  
Something solely meant just for me  
Circle something, circle something  
The crop circles are talking to me  
Circle something, circle something

*[Violent]]*

This ball of mud that we live on is alive  
You try to wipe its mouth, it's gonna wipe us out  
I lay in a field alone in the middle of the night  
Try to get my life right, pray for bright lights  
Set flames to the wheat rows during an eclipse  
And the spirits will come out, dance, catch you a  
glimpse  
They're like artists, connecting the stars in rare  
fashion  
Intricately placed with secrets of white magic  
I'm running through the moon lit fields  
Following a little orb light hoping it might reveal any

secret

Its dancing, and I can't catch up  
And I almost ran head first into a truck  
No compass will work, and I'm lookin' for answers  
Why the sands of my hour glass fall off backwards?  
Have I lost you, cause I've lost me too  
But if you're hiding in the crops I will come find you

*[Chorus]*

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*[Violent]*

40,000 years ago, the stoning of a young man  
His story written in the crops near Spokane  
In England the face of a dead woman shown  
Etched out a wheat field uniquely woven

*[Shaggy 2 Dope]*

Hieroglyphics, mathematical genius, predicting the  
orbital patterns of Venus  
In the grass behind your grandpas wood barn  
Complex designs drops seconds before dawn

*[Violent]*

Dead birds, scattered throughout the patterns of art  
No explanation left by the shadows of dark  
Batteries drained of they power in seconds  
I'm layin' in the crop circle countin' my blessings

*[Shaggy 2 Dope]*

And my heart, tho?, headaches, and nausea were  
creeping  
And your nose will bleed while you're sleepin'

*[Violent]*

Don't go near there, don't dare, be ware  
Unless your like us, and don't care

*[Chorus]*

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Circle something, circle something  
The crop circles are talking to me

*[Shaggy 2 Dope]* Hey baby come on over here and have  
a seat you know

IÂ'm glad I finally got you to the house

*[Girl]* This is nice

*[Shaggy 2 Dope]* Yeah, oh damn,

I gotta check this message you know IÂ've been fillnÂ'  
out applications

all around the city you know trying to get a job

*[Girl]* DonÂ't worry about it baby

*[Shaggy 2 Dope]* IÂ'll handle this

*[Message]* What the fucks your problem asshole im  
fucking brok over here,

I need your fucking money

*[Shaggy 2 Dope]* Oh, shit

*[Girl]* Who the fuck was that?

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