

Insane Clown Posse "Dirt Ball"

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Galacto Inspector do you read me?
Yes Captain
Status?
Completed

Your mission was to land on the Dirtball and explore it
thoroughly
You were to monitor the activities of a common life on
the Dirtball
And study peoples life styles
Their general habits of living in their strange society

Yes
Have you done that Galacto Inspector?
Yes, I have, Captain
Very well, may we have your report?

A strange place this Dirtball is a lot of guns
A lot of rich folks spitting on bums
A lot of hoodlums
These are just the bums that are really pissed off

Why?
Probably 'cause they been ripped off by the system
Cops, they ride around in little cars
And throw folks behind bars, like little jars
They supposed be there just to serve and protect

But they just punch faces a lot and choke necks
Then they got the higher ups, they call judges
And they rule the land
This I don't understand

First of all, they like to dress this bitch up in a robe
On top of all that
"What?"
He's mad old
And he hates anybody that looks different
Then he did back when he was a kid
But that shit was like 400 years ago

Captain

"Yes Galacto"
I just don't know
Any kid that was going to jail, yeah

He looked me dead in the face and said, "Stale"
Then my cloaking device must of went dead
Why?
'Cause the old ass judge looked at me and said

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This is our world
This is our world
So get the fuck out

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Very interesting, thank you Galacto Inspector
Now probes Data and Data, do your read me?
Yes, here sir
What information were you able to gather for us
On your recent voyage to the Dirtball?

This is professor Data
My transmission signal is weak and my communication
is shattered
We came in contact with several different specimens of
life
Everything has got a price even if it's wrong or right
Upon sight people judge and stereo type

Their forms of government and religion are glorified
Purified as the waters that are now polluted
Members of the flock recruited for duty
Locked up or instituted

This is doctor Data I phase with the planet
To see how they medicate her, she's high off that cane
Depending how you slang you can get most anything
From a nickel bag of grain, to a Lucy worth of cane

Maintain communication Data here again
Their leader is determined by the vote of many men
Although he's only human and slightly over weight
He controls and manipulates their whole United States

I call to the white castle

Secret service on the phone giving me a hassle
He said the information I requested was denied
Before he hung up the phone he took a deep breath
Stopped and replied

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Judging from the information so far collected
The Dirtball may not be the ideal place to land our craft
After receiving this information, we'll make our final
judgment
Fleek, are you there?

I'm here but hold up Captain 'cause this ain't good
I'm getting chased by some fat rednecks in white
hoods
I think they're trying to kill me
"Well what do you mean?"
It seems they got a problem with the fact that I'm green

I guess on the Dirtball they all hate each other
If it ain't where you're from, it's your skin color
Let me get my phasertron out, hold up, buzz
"What was that?"
I smoked 'em

But what really fuckin' turns my tentacles is their
relationships
They swell each other's lips
I see men that ain't shit in their daily life
So they come home drunk and beat they wife

She forgives him when he say's he didn't mean it
You ask me they can both suck my petty lip
I give up captain, beam me back to Zelaloovy
Another thing they love to watch horror movies

But your not allowed to be scary on a CD
They tried to ban this one group ICP
I went to see 'em in concert J grabbed me by the head
And then he took his microphone and said

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