

Insane Clown Posse "Gangta' Times"

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Pholosify and music, that's my category
Hip-Hop thugs in the ghetto territory
My story is cold but it must be told
Started out with the very first man I rolled
A party store owner, became a blood doner
Donated some blood to a delly street corner
I clubed the old man with a brick on the chin
It was grand master sin, but I'll do it again
Prostitutes want loot so they can shot up
haha, what's going up is the end of my boot bitch
Right up your ass if you try and confront me
Try and comfort me you lie in my trunky
Pick you up down river, you never should quiver
Deliver cap peeler, dump your ass in the river
I kill prostitutes, just to whore I can whore
Violent dribbles say man I'm in the Ghetto territory
My days away of well bred disbeliefers are on there
death beds
My territory is what you vacate
The realm is mine so let me say that
This is a play that goes without saying
A disease of lyrics that is about to be infective
Break it down to some intelligence B
Aight
Breaking it down till dawn
Cause your warshiping the ground I walk upon
Fell short from the rhyme that was in youth
Like an ejection of steroids pumping juice
Let's return to a condition tha'ts critical
As I give a dose of me, the lyrical
So when I step to the door
It better be me you had a ration for
Felt the violence now feel intelligence
Pleed the 5th, the case is irrelivent
In the croud is who will persue
Whatever it takes, that what I'll do
Cause I'm a push over when it comes to a gathering
Grab a mic, and make it start happening
Break through from the ghetto to bring you this
Punk didn't you know, I never miss
I about urening to be hype

If you get what I'm saying, then your my type
Don't worry, cause I won't neglect
Inner City Posse is in effect
Why don't ya kick a little violence J
Street gang so we bang sweet hours we hang
Occupasion gang population ghetto thang
Educating make a facial was too much for me
No smarter pushing cards at the A.M.P.
Now I wait down wage so I grab a gage
Hoping saw once more hey make front page
To survive Detroit on average pay
Some choose to abuse to live this way
Projects come home in the ghetto zone
Don't man they pass who never roam
Iron hand over land stand proud down town
Mile away in Delray a dead boy is found
Situation in our hands pumping out a free story
Corection start killing from the ghetto territory

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