

Insane Clown Posse "Ghetto Freak Show"

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It's three O'clock in the morning and you're sleeping
Wicked clowns in the moonlight creeping
Slide through your window under your bed
Crawl in through your ear, eat your head

Bumping into bones 'cuz I need light
Tip-toeing down through your windpipe
Climbing down your spine was the fun part
Looky looky and I think I see your fucking heart

Uh, huh, so I'm stabbing like it ain't nothing
Wicked clown cut his way out your belly button
I'm like a vulture waiting in a dark place
Swooping down and I'm picking at your dead face

I'm sick but you don't know the whole deal
No one ever loved me and they never will
Bitch, I take you out on a blind date
But then they find you dead under a wooden crate

Rapped in a bag deep in the woods
'Cuz my mother always said I was no good
Locked me in a closet, fed me dog shit
Well, I'm out now, so motherfucker watch it

The insanity's grip will never let go
Here's your chance to a glimpse of a ghetto freak show

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I'm a freak show coming to your house
Standing at your porch, chewing on a dead mouse
I'm looking like a fly so you swat me
Keep chasing me even though you got me

So what you wanna do to a ghetto thug
First you starve me and feed me them fuckin' drugs
Turn me into a wicked, wicked cat
I'm coming to your house, so catch ya catch ya clown

Gotta have a fucking throat, hatchet once, hatchet
twice
Gotta have the governor, the richer fucker, pay the
price
Driving with your woman, that's sweet
Never even know I'm in the back seat

Chat chit-chat about the weather
But then I slam they fucking heads together
Is it jealousy, they never loved me
So now I'm ripping out your guts and it's ugly

I'm trapped, don't wanna be a rich man
Not a poor man, I need my own land
Because the rich man be stressing all the dumb stuff
They cut there fucking wrists if the grass ain't green
enough

Right there in your face, you can't tag it
Just found out your son is a faggot
Dick-sucking, butt-fucking homo man
If ya stressing then you better talk to mojo man

Insanity's grip will never let go
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Ah, aha, Violent J, the ghetto freak show
He's still alive, the ultimate amazing freak show
Is here on the Carnival of Carnage, line up and see him
Lived years in the slums and he's still alive to tell about

Line up and see him, he's nasty, he's disgusting
He's filthy, he is a freak show and you can see him live
at the
Carnival of Carnage, you, young man
You look like you could use a viewing of a good freak
show

Line up, bring your sister, your brother
And see the ghetto freak show, Violent J is still alive

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