

## **Insane Clown Posse "Guts On The Ceiling"**

Visit "[Guts On The Ceiling](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Oh, you'll never guess what's up  
My mucking head blew up  
My chins in an old man's backyard  
I gotta sneak threw his yard

To find the motherfucker  
And he's gotta pit bull dog  
And it's sitting on my chin like a frog on a log  
I throw a bone to try to distract

'Cause I'm wanting my chinny chin  
Chin back, I'll never be one to boast  
But there's my tongue hanging off the light post  
'Cause my head exploded and my brains unloaded

All over this beautiful city  
Teeth and bones to the nitty gritty  
There's my eyeball stuck to the wall  
Right next to my splattered jaw

I don't dig this game chasing my brains  
All through the sewer drains  
My head's all over the block  
'Cause I done went luna tick tock, tick tock

Come on, dawg, what's wrong with my head?  
It blew apart but I still ain't dead  
I get no respect  
I got nothing but guts hanging off my neck

But I'll still chilling  
Even with my blood and guts all over the ceiling  
I'm chillin', I'm illin'  
With my guts all over the ceiling

I'm chillin', I'm illin'  
With my guts all over the ceiling  
I'm chillin', I'm illin'  
With my guts all over the ceiling

I'm chillin', I'm illin'  
With my guts all over the ceiling

I'm chillin', I'm illin'  
With my guts all over the ceiling

Oh, you'll never guess what's up  
My mucking back blew up  
If you come across a spine  
Best believe it's mine

Oh, forget about my tongue  
'Cause vato can't breathe without no lungs  
I lost both of mine  
Now that's an item that I wouldn't mind to find

But forget about dat  
'Cause I'm roaming the streets with a splattered back  
I'm trying to rap to this freak  
But she can see my ribs all in the street

Then the chit-chat went dead  
She noticed that I ain't got no head  
Shh, I think I hear my heart  
But damn, it got hit by a S mark bus

And landed in Pontiac  
So I tell my mellow to send it back  
Come on, wined and my back blow up  
Look for my guts, look for my guts

I gotta call from Nate the Mack  
Says he might of found part of my back  
Then bring it on over, ace  
I got slabs all over the place

But I'm still chillin' even with my blood  
And guts all over the ceiling

I'm chillin', I'm illin'  
With my guts all over the ceiling  
I'm chillin', I'm illin'  
With my guts all over the ceiling

I'm chillin', I'm illin'  
With my guts all over the ceiling  
I'm chillin', I'm illin'  
With my guts all over the ceiling

You'll never guess what's up  
Ahh, I'm down on my luck  
Got no head, said, I got no head  
Southwest ghetto zone  
It done fried my brain

I'm chillin', I'm illin'  
With my guts all over the ceiling  
I'm chillin', I'm illin'  
With my guts all over the ceiling

I'm chillin', I'm illin'  
With my guts all over the ceiling  
...

Visit [Insane Clown Posse](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.