

## Insane Clown Posse "Hall Of Illusions"

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[Violent J]

Ticket please, thanks, walk through the doors  
into the Halls Of Illusions, visit yours  
And see what could've and should've and would've  
been real  
But you had to fuck up the whole deal

"Lets take a walk down the hallway  
It's a long way, it takes all day!"

And when you got to the end, you'll find a chair  
With straps and chains, we slap you in there  
Lock you down tight so you can't move a thread  
And pull your eyelids up over your head  
'cause you're about to witness an illusionary dream  
It's just to bad it ain't what it seems

[Shaggy 2 Dope]

You walk in and see two kids on the floor  
They playing Nintendo and he's got the high score  
And sitting behind them chilling in a chair  
Is your wife, when you look, uhh you ain't there  
It's some other man in the hands in hand  
Now she looks so happy you don't understand  
See this is an illusion, it never came true  
All because of you!

[Violent J]

Back to reality and what you're about  
Your wife can't smile 'cause you knocked her teeth out  
And she can't see straight from getting hit  
'cause you're a fat fucking drunk piece of shit  
But it's all good here, come have a beer  
I'll break the top off it and shove it in ya ear  
And you're death comes wicked painful and slow  
At the hands of MILENKO!

[Chorus (2x)]

Great Milenko, wave your wand  
Don't look now, your life is gone  
This is all because of you

What you got yourself into

[Violent J]

Look who's next it's Mr.Clark  
The dirty old man from the trailer park  
You got your ticket? thanks take your coat off  
And later on, why not, I'll rip your throat off

"Lets take a walk down the hallway  
It's a long way, it takes all day"

And when you get to the end you'll find a chair  
You see all the blood, yeah your boy was just here  
We get all different kind of people coming through  
Richies, chickens and bitches just like you  
In the Halls everybody gets a turn  
To sit and witness your illusion before you burn

[Shaggy 2 Dope]

What do we have here, oh yeah, no way  
It looks like your kids and they okay  
Your daughter's chilling up in college top grade  
And your son's a fucking doctor, fat pay  
They got families and kids and it's all good  
They even coach little league in the neighborhood  
It this true have you really seen the holy ghost?  
Nah, bitch, not even close!

[Violent J]

Back to reality your son's on crack  
And your daughter's got nut stains on her back  
And the both fucking smell like shit  
And live in the gutter and sell crack to each other  
When they were kids you'd beat 'em and leave 'em  
home  
And even whip 'em with the cord on the telephone  
And that reminds me man hey you gotta call

"watch your step to hell it's a long fall"

[Chorus (2x)]

[Violent J]

Ah, it's time to pack up and move to the next town  
But we forgot Mr. Bigot, okay, dig it  
We can't show you an illusion 'cause we're all packed  
But I'll still cut ya neck out, hows that?

[Chorus (4x)]

