

## **Insane Clown Posse "Hell's Pit - Basehead Attack"**

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So there I was watching Sanford and Son, working the graveyard shift. At a party store, rolling a spliff. I'm behind the glass I see crackheads all night. But tonight the moon is red and shit ain't felling right. My first sight was a basehead trying to break into my car. In plain view too, I ran out with a crowbar hammered it upside his cranium, he fell over dead, but no blood, only dust, he's a fucking basehead. Here comes another one jumping out of a tree, but I ain't even have to move, he missed by like 20 feet. He slammed down on the pavement, I quicked started kicking. Beat him with the crowbar 'til he finally stopped twitching. Look behind me, seen another zombie in the register. I'm use to shooting em off from begging from the customers, but now I gotta reach up under the seat and grab the hand-ax. Whipped it from there and stuck it into his back.

THE ATTACK OF THE BASEHEADS!

They On A Mission

They Always On The Hunt For Something

They always missing

THE ATTACK OF THE BASEHEADS!

Every City, Every Town

They Always On The Hunt For Something

Never To Be Found [Repeat 2x]

Goddamnit. It's 2 more in the cooler once in the back of the store. Pull my hand-ax out that back and then attack him

some more. I charged, but he busted me in the head with a pepsi. No effect, I left him shaking on the floor epilepsy. With

Their necks severed, fucking zombies for rocks.

Another jumped on my back and we went thru the glass into the parking

lot. He tried to kill me, he told me "Gimmie Some

Change!" All digging in my ear for it and  
shit...Deranged! I grabbed him  
by his head and tired to yank it to the left to break his  
neck, but his head spun all the way around and that  
was fucking  
it. I was outta there, I seen another coming out of the  
Grave. Zombies, begging for change!!! I'm fucking  
swinging at em.  
knock their chin off their face, but they still coming at  
me, hands out, they wanna base. They Must think my  
white  
eyeballs are giant crack rocks. I Gotta slap em' out they  
funky ass socks...HELP ME!!!

ATTACK OF THE BASEHEADS!!!

They On A Mission

They Always On The Hunt For Something

They Always Missing

ATTACK OF THE BASEHEADS!!!

Every City, Every Town

They Always On The Hunt For Something

Never To Be Found [Repeat 2x]

They don't have a brain left behind their empty eyes.  
They want crack, rocka, coca and they buzzing like  
flies. You might  
pull the arm off em if you try to shake their hand,  
'cause their souls are gone, they just a shell of a man.  
Walking around  
looking for rocks anyway they can get it, Even if you  
got AIDS, Them dirty bitches let you hit it. And you still  
getting  
something worst then you already got. I seen one catch  
one in the head, not even know he got shot. It was  
crack smoke  
blowing out the side of his head. He Put A Champagne  
cork in the hole and that was it. Basehead Zombies,  
millions of em'

and more. With the steam roller, roll em' over flat on  
the floor. Their like dead ass bodies walking around  
without the  
ghost. With no clue where the fucking heading, but the  
rock roast. Opportunities were given, they let em' all  
pass. Now  
they themselves ain't worth the shit out they ass.

ATTACK OF THE BASEHEADS!!!

They On A Mission

They Always On The Hunt For Something

They Always Missing

ATTACK OF THE BASEHEADS!!!  
Every City, Every Town  
They Always On The Hunt For Something  
Never To Be Found  
ATTACK OF THE BASEHEADS!!!  
They Coming For Your Goods  
Simultaneously  
In 50,000 Neighborhoods  
ATTACK OF THE BASEHEADS!!!  
They Coming Out The dark  
And They Coming For You  
They Wanna Pull Out Your Heart And Smoke It  
ATTACK OF THE BASEHEADS!!!  
They On A Mission  
They Always On The Hunt For Something  
They Always Missing  
ATTACK OF THE BASEHEADS!!!  
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