

## **Insane Clown Posse "Hell's Pit- Bowling Balls"**

Visit "[Hell's Pit- Bowling Balls](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Friends don't come easily and this I know  
And every time I make one they always say they gotta go  
I wanna talk with people and look 'em in the face  
I wanna take 'em home and they can stay at my place  
All the talking I could do, I would never lie to you  
We take a quick ride, homicide, then I confide in you  
And I can love you and technically even though you're dead  
You'll always be around cause I'm keeping your head

I keep heads on shelves everywhere in my cellar  
I even own the melon of a dead fortuneteller  
The rotted ones I keep 'em up in fat pickle jars  
And the new ones we lay on the lawn and look at stars  
Its illegal, I know, but so is smoking weed  
And who the fuck, gives a fuck, when you have a need  
I collect human heads fresh up off the neck  
Face, lips, hair, nose, ears, gimme dat

Faces people know more than names  
The hair is there and all the brains  
Your head would mean so much to me  
Your head would mean so much to me

I wont dis you, you wanna wear a hat? What?  
How you want your eyelids open or shut?  
Your head would mean so much to me  
Your head would mean so much to me

Sometimes I put 'em in my bowling bag and bring em'  
to work  
Play with their hair under my desk, with my bare feet  
Theyre like, stuffed animals all over the bed  
Human heads Pam, Jennifer, Hubert and Ted  
I even put one in the shower water comes out the  
mouth  
I kick a few around the yard when I feel like going out  
I blow air in the mouth piece and duct tape it shut  
Bring 'em in the pool and the heads will float up

I'm not a sicko, yo, though I've had girlfriends

I even put their makeup on and theke 'em for a spin  
I'm not a murderer like that, not really  
Only every Halloween the house do look kind of silly  
You know the homeless people that bother you for  
change?  
Almost all of my collection, from them is where they  
came  
I'm not insane about it, its just the world's too crouded

And maybe I'ma do something a mother fuckin 'bout it

Faces people know more than names  
The hair is there and all the brains  
Your head would mean so much to me  
Your head would mean so much to me

I wont dis you, you wanna wear a hat? What?  
How you want your eyelids open or shut?  
Your head would mean so much to me  
Your head would mean so much to me

I need some therapy to help me deal with this shit  
Dr. Wiggle Farmer, I need to make a visit  
He told me heads are normal but I gotta brush their  
teeth  
So now I'm brushing four mouths at a time using my  
feet  
He also told me to keep them from the dog  
But I already knew that, she chew their faces off  
And then Dr. Wiggle Farmer asked me for a couple  
I went into my bag and gave him two like " no trouble"

Now Ive got therapy I'm feeling much better  
I'm happy forever, me and my craniums together  
They all over the house and they roll around the floor  
And if its got an afro I use it for a pillow  
I'm ill though, I never should've worried anyway  
I shoot head hoops and don't care what people say  
You can ask Dr. Wiggle Farmer for yourself  
He's the 3rd head down, top row, 3rd shelf

Faces people know more than names  
The hair is there and all the brains  
Your head would mean so much to me  
Your head would mean so much to me

I wont dis you, you wanna wear a hat? What?  
How you want your eyelids open or shut?  
Your head would mean so much to me  
Your head would mean so much to me

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

---

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