

Insane Clown Posse "Halloween on Military Street"

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We measure things by what we are
To the maggots in the cheese, the cheese is the
universe
To the worms in the corpse, the corpse is the cosmos
How, then, can we be so cocksure about our
[Incomprehensible]?
Just because of our telescopes and microscopes
And the splitting of the atom, certainly not

Science is but an organized system of ignorance
There are more things in Heaven and on Earth
Than are dreamt of in any philosophy
What do we know about the beyond?
Do we know what's behind the beyond?
I'm afraid some of us hardly know what's beyond the
behind

Fuck dammit, another Halloween
People on Military know what this means
Houses on fire, they're blowin' up cars
Creatures on the streets, and razor blades in candy
bars

Went to trick or treat the first house on my block
Spit in my face and gave me a rock
I tried to give it back and said I'll take nothin' instead
Turned around and walked away and felt the rock peg
me in the head

Walked to the next house directly next door
And there I found an old lady dead on the floor
I said, "Excuse me miss, but do you have a treat?"
She lifted her leg and scraped flakes off her dead feet

I ran to the next house happy and gitty
There I seen a fat woman holdin' up her titty
I said "Trick or treat" she said "Treat or trick"
And squeezed on her titty until it fuckin' made me sick

The next house was set back in the woods
I was a little frightened but fuck I want the goods
I knocked on the door, I heard a knock back

And then I heard "Come in" and yo I'm like, fuck that!

This house belongs to Mrs.Cherryspoon
She said "Drop your drawers and your treat is commin'
soon"
I quickly grew a stiffy but kept my eye's shut
A hand came out the mail chute and flicked me in the
nuts

I wobbled to the next house ready for the worst
And chillin' in the drive was a long black hearse
I rung the door-bell and said "Is anybody home?"
"Of course little boy have a sugar coated kidney stone"

I walked in the field and to the next crib
It's friendly Mrs. Witherbee in her cookin' bib
I said "How bout some candy?"
She said "How bout instead, a nice hot
Fresh home made loaf of yeast infection bread"

My bag became heavy so I rest on the curb
And ridin' on his bike, here comes little Larry Shurd
I snuk up behind him and kicked 'em off his seat
I punched 'em in the neck and power bombed 'em in
the street

Now my sack of candy has doubled in size
Up to the next house for my scary prize
I'm like, "Trick or Treat, Trick, Treat, Tricky, Dick"
He opened up his door slapped my lips and didn't give
me shit

Rock through his window and ran across the street
To the big mansion, I'm in for a treat
I dinged on the dong and here comes the butler
A big guppy, tall ass lurch lookin' motherfucker

I said "Hello Mr. is there somethin' for my sack?"
He reached into his pocket but I think he hurt his back
It's taken him an hour, my bag is open ready
But then he finally dropped it in my sack, a fuckin'
penny

The next house is abandoned so forget it
But wait a minute I think somebody's livin' in it
I ran up to the porch, "Trick or Treat you can't hide"
It was a crack-head he crawled in my bag and died

The next house was mine, the last on the block
My mother's sittin' on the porch shinnin' up her glock
I climbed on the roof with my brother Jump Steady and

we yelled
"Happy Halloween and Clown Love to the whole city"

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