

Insane Clown Posse

"Renditions Of Reality"

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When you slip into reality Ho's wanna straddle me
Playa Hatas wanna

battle me But I shed 'em all like calories Prophecy
preacher Lend your ear

and I'll reach ya And if your willin' to be taught Imma
teach ya I'm not a

people person Truth is I can't stand too many people So
many fake the funk

and perpetrate and call me evil But evil is a harsh
word, tell the

mockingbird that I said it A man of my word I won't
regret it If i let it get to

me like it get to them I'm no betta The same message
over and over with

different settin' Playa Hatin' is an art of a scandalous
and shabby person

Some do it oh so well I'll be damned if they don't
rehearse it Disperse it to

people like me and you everyday and they expect the
common man to turn

his cheek and walk away And now I pray for an end to
the madness No more

sadness shall fall to my people that preside to be the
badest and all that

they do and say But overshadowed by a cloud turnin'
night to day It's so

tremendous that you couldn't even walk away if you
chose to You even

supposed to watch the ones you close too, now that's
insane Tell me will it

change I'm confused, not a thing to loose This shit is
far from positive and

saddens like the booze Payin' dues ain't the only part
of duties that

bestowed to the chosen Spitten lyrics in the
microphone and dodggin'

playa haters 'til my temple hit the ceilin' And this how
they got a nigga

feelin' I done fell into reality My renditions of reality
Believe in me... One

day it's gonna hit me like a ton of bricks I'm feelin' so
sick, one of my doggs

passed and shit I feel like killin' 'em all But what's that
gon' solve We still

gon' be dead in the mornin', why take the fall Inside I
be so mad I'm fitn'ta

burst Instead of Chevy's my homie's rollin' in the back
of a hurst You know

it's worse It's too hard to cope with some days
Murderous ways leavin' me

sick and in a daze Komatose, compleatly tore up
Nerves be so bad I wanna

throw up I'm 'bout to blow up in a rage I need to talk,
nobody wanna listen

On the corner, murder mindstate condition Overload
pull the trigger Stress

got the best of suicide washed in liquir Another grave
digga gets paid

Diggin' a grave for senless ways Keep to ourselves and
stay paid Alla my

doggs can't die I visit the sky and remonise when I'm
high I'm never gon'

lie I got love for my peoples Dead or Alive Or we can
smoke out in the ride

in my memory Yeah Reality is just a fragmant of our
souls My eyes are

closed My head is spinnin' I don't know This is a
musical masterpiece

dedicated to down rydas Keep it in your cliché, fuck the
Outsidas People

hatin' on everything and everythings the same
Everybody is a player and

life is a silly game It's a damn shame daddy died 11
years to date I wonder

if he knows that I'm doin' straight Could you tell him
somethin' if you see

my pops before I do Let him know that he's
remembered by my crew And

everyday in my mind, any place, any time, lookin' in the
sky for the 7th sign I

walk around, nobody knows what I do Stealin', facin'
date rapes as my body

transcends through this portal of life Smokin' blunts,
wrongin' my rights I

live for the night Because I melt in the night Completely
out of sight For

facts so unknown So grotesque never stated on
microphones So alone in

this fucked up world, it sucks dick Everybody got a
problem with somethin',

. well you can bet I'll be the last one More like the last
dragon of sorts to

ever let this world contort their way of thinkin' It's so
ascensial it gives us

all the potential to take over the world, in my mental "If
I can't live my life

the way I wanna live my life Then why can't I die" Why
can't I die My

renditions of reality Reality is a rap and inside my soul
My eyes are closed,

head spinnin and I don't know It's just reality, bad or
good, wrong or right

Believe in me and I'll believe in you and everythings
tight Reality is a rap

and inside my soul My eyes are closed, head spinnin
and I don't know It's

just reality, bad or good, wrong or right Believe in me
and I'll believe in you

and everythings tight Reality is a rap and inside my
soul My eyes are

closed, head spinnin and I don't know ??? Since your to
fuckin' lazy to turn

this shit off(right) And seein as who your just sittin'
there listenin doin

nothin(em hmm) we figured we'd tell you a story(ok)
Lets see if you can

figure out what I'm tryin' to say (what do you got to say,
say it,spit it out,

come on) There once was a ninja named Jack
Picklebush He lived in the 313

area code(I know that guy) Now this kid wasn't no
ordinary ninja because

his nutbag was 4 times the size of his head(woah)
Everybody in the

neighborhood calls him Phat Sac Jack Now his 3
homeboys Ron,Don,and

Jon from over on 8th st. (I know Ron) used to dash
home from school just

so they could jump up and down and play on Jack's fat
fuckin' ball sack

Now, the other day while they was hopin' and flippin
and havin' fun Jon

ripped a huge ass crease right up the ass of his
Wranglers He wasn't

wearin' any droors but the fact that his naked ass fell
out wasn't what

embarrassed him. What did however was that all his
friends now knew his

lifelong secret, Jon has 2 Anus's That's right double
rosebuds. Now,

everybody got a great laugh on including Phat Sack
Jack and when they

finally finished bustin' on Jon they realized it was 8 o
clock, time for

Monday Night Wrestlin' and so they all ran over to
Don's house because

he's the only 1 that has cable. After wrestlin' was over
they all grabbed

some Faygo's and some Suisse Sweats packed with
buds (gotta have the

weed) And they all laid out on Phat Sack Jack's fat
fuckin ball bag and

staired up into the stars. When they finally got home
and went to bed shit, it

was something like 2 in the morning (that's pretty late)
Now, figure it out

smart ass (who you callin' a smart ass) (put it together,
figure it out)

(what're you supposed to do with it) (Fuck Off) (figure it
out) (I don't get it where'd he go) (where'd that guy go
that was tellin' the story) (Imma wait here go see if you
can get him) (What the fucks goin' on) (word up)

