

## **Insane Clown Posse**

### **"Rock The Dead"**

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Wake up move to the sky Play the wicked shit and the  
dead will

arrive Space and beyond, mind of an idiot I stole your  
head stone

from your grave rock Consience and confused See  
tomorrows

dreems on tonights news Fallin through a hole in the  
sky will I die?

And over time of the sight love and lie Slippin in the  
darkness walkin

through my consience Like an android I remain  
heartless

Underground the mental know me well Bring it through  
the bright

lights in the depths of hell Walkin through the time flux  
hand in hand

with clear mind Thoughts are harmonious like the  
rythem of wind

chimes Peel back the rind and examine the fruit Rotten  
to the core

burried in they best suits Maggots crawlin out they face  
eyes sunk

in they head Throw your fuckin arms off and rock the  
dead! Wake up

move to the sky Play the wicked shit and the dead will  
arrive (2x)

Grab me a mic and rank me one to ten And all we  
wanna do is ROCK

THE DEAD So many thoughts runnin all through my  
head But the only

one thats clear is ROCK THE DEAD It's like AH I can't  
even take it no

mo' Release the stress from my jacket and let me go Ill  
medicate,

got my whole body shakin Thinkin of escapin but they  
gonna keep

on chasin I'm facin off in the world in the planet Nigga  
hoe, burried

alive like bill god damnit It ain't a livin thing it's a no  
fuck givin thang

Bring the pain, and I'ma bleed with tha rain Insane  
when I leave this

bitch I got the whole world screamin out YOU AIN'T SHIT  
It could be

the wrong ones you can bet I know you can't hide your  
face cuz I'm

commin for your neck Get hot, under plot, what you got  
Shoulda cut

your head off, on the spot A whole pile of dead bodies,  
I'm on top Me

and my man rockin the dead like, UH, none stop Wake  
up move to the

sky Play the wicked shit and the dead will arrive (2x)  
Grab me a mic

and rank me one to ten And all we wanna do is ROCK  
THE DEAD So

many thoughts runnin all through my head But the only  
one thats

clear is ROCK THE DEAD (2x) Think about it one  
hundred years ago it

was all diferent people livin on the planet Now they  
dead, two

hundred years ago it was a whole nother posse Now  
they dead, the

dead probably out number the living ten thousand to  
one One

hundred years from now, we'll be dead SO FUCK THAT,  
I will run with

tha motha fuckin dead Got my vision on you point blank  
range

Strange and I'm commin cuz I'm in all black and I'll be  
rockin with

the axe It'll be daylight, then I'm livin Cemetary  
watchin, grave diggin

Sacrafise another victem You can hear me screamin  
through the

trees in the woods Hang myself on a higher branch if I  
could Gotta

get me out, gotta get these pieces of gump outta my  
head So I did,

ROCKIN THE DEAD Some of my best friends are dead If  
you include

Monoxide, Violent J, Shaggy, and Evil Ed Serial killaz  
from the west

and the east And all the dead motha fuckas from here  
to grave street

Fuck it if your missin some limbs and some patches of  
hair Nod your

bald headed throw your nubs in the air I wanna see  
zombies jump

and screem aloud And kill every live motha fucka in tha  
crowd Wake

up move to the sky Play the wicked shit and the dead  
will arrive (2x)

Grab me a mic and rank me one to ten And all we  
wanna do is ROCK

THE DEAD So many thoughts runnin all through my  
head But the only

one thats clear is ROCK THE DEAD (2x)(keep repeating)

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