

## Insane Clown Posse

### "Shugston Brooks 1959-2004"

Visit "[Shugston Brooks 1959-2004](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This here, Is the story.  
Of an unfortunate piece of shit.  
By the name of Shugston Brooks.  
Born 1959, died 2004.  
Over some bullshit, he heard from a friend.

Verse:

I live the good life, though I've beat my wife for years.  
She don't listen to the man, I simply bring her the tears.  
See I believe in keepin order, in front of my daughters.  
Their little brother, shit, I put the boots to their mother.  
After I calm down, I might apologize.  
Get some ice on her eye, and think of some lies to tell  
the rest.  
Cover up the bruise on her breast, the she do me up a  
plate of hot food on my chest.

Yes, often my drunken leads me to over thinking.  
Screamin in her face, breath liquorly stinkin.  
This time I beat her ass though, somethin ferocious.  
A friend told me somethin, left me feelin explosive.  
He said he thought he'd seen her at bennigans with  
another  
she said I told you three times, I had lunch with my  
brother.  
I wasn't sure plus I'm buzzin, so I dealt a skull fracture.  
And for the first time, she called the police....I got  
captured.

Chorus:

I don't believe it.  
She actually called the cops.  
I got booked, sentenced, all of that.  
After 15 years of my love, she called them.  
She's goin down for this, she's goin down hard.

Verse 2:

A 30 day bend ruined my life, up in the pen.

I got fired, plus I have to face my family and friends  
Where to begin, I met a thug in jail named Ben.  
And for just under a grand, he put a gun in my hand.  
Thunk up a plan, she will definitely die for doin this.  
My whole family betrayed me, how could they ruin this.  
I can't live the pain, all the shame of how could he.  
I'm thinking murder/suicide, take us both out bloody.

They freed me, and I fled for her job uptown.  
Tried to shoot through the glass, the seen me and  
screamed get down.  
She got away, but I tried now it's time for me to end.  
Ran about about a block, cocked it, put it under my  
chin.  
I sqozed it, neck frozen stiff, click damn my 9 gun.  
Brand new but the shit got jammed.  
Pandemonium, desperate sweat stinging my eyes.  
All because I hear someone singing me lies.  
I said I heard it from a friend

Chorus 2:

Damn, I wish I'd never heard that man  
I tried to kill her, and then, I tried to kill myself.  
I failed at both, now I'm stuck on the streets with this  
gun  
People trippin out, I'm trippin out.

Verse 3:

There's a mad gunman in the city, big news spreads  
quick.  
People step aside they see it, in my eyeballs I'm sick.  
Heard a cops radio, I spun around to react.  
Lookin at him like, I blow your fuckin guts out your back.  
Jack backed off me, sat down his coffee with ease.  
And slowly pulled his weapon out and kindly asked me  
to freeze.  
We stand off, I back around the corner I'm bookin.  
Within seconds the perimeter heated up and it's  
cookin.

I'm not an athlete, on top of that I have bad feet.  
So I snatched up a hostage, and we sittin mad sweet.  
Kissed her soft young face, put the gat up to her cheek.  
Whispered in her ear, I'm sorry dear I'm havin a bad  
week.  
45 more minutes pass, nerves was tweaking.  
The negotiator pleaded, no, I wasn't speakin.  
They finally order the marksman carry through with the  
solution.

It all started with some verbal pollution.  
Because I...

Chorus 3:

Heard it from a friend who  
Heard it from a friend who  
Heard it from another you been messin' around  
My friend told me somethin, left me feelin explosive. x5

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

---

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