

## **Insane Clown Posse "Skitsofrantic"**

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Just skitsofrantic, don't panic

Just leave me alone, get the fuck on  
Skitsofrantic to the bone, when I'm home  
I hear people walkin' in the other room  
Cookin' up chicken, chillin' in my kitchen  
Try to drive home, someone's in the back  
Whisperin' words, breathin' on my neck  
Flickin' my ear, I know they're right there  
But I can't see 'em in my mirror

Layin' in my bed, I'm better off dead  
They're tryin' to figure out a way to cut off my head  
Hidin' under covers, they're tryin' to get me  
But I can tell one of them is under there with me  
I got a phone call, I can't pick it up  
Can't do a thing, just let it ring  
'Cause if I do, the phone will explode  
I think I better leave him on hold

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I better just chill, bitch, get real  
I know you're tryin' to poison my meal, I know the deal  
You want me dead so that you can get paid  
I ain't gotta dime, so don't waste your time  
I gotta kill them or they'll kill me  
Who's these guys trynna walk down my street  
He's got a mail bag, he's probably just frontin'  
I'm a give his ass somethin', motherfucker

The man next door try to take me out  
So I set a pipe bomb and blew up his house  
Here come the cops, I don't know shit  
How do I know you're legit, bitch  
I hate to say it but fuck Mark Crem  
'Cause I can tell he's just one of them  
Every night I see him on my little TV  
He's always lookin' at me, why?

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Sittin' in my room, everything's dark  
I think I heard somebody fart  
Now how can this be, ain't nobody home but me  
And somebody's trynna turn the key, hello  
Losin' my mind, fuck all you hoes  
Pulled out a axe and take all my clothes  
Paint my face like a wicked clown  
I'm down, straight skitsofrantic

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No, you ain't getting none, bitch  
Shit costs money  
Oh, hey hey, kiddies  
How are you liking the ride thus far?  
Excellent, this next one is about that shit  
That comes out of the sewers and pipes  
And chokes your neck, it's called the smog

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