

Insane Clown Posse "Thy Staleness"

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Let me see ya throat thing there, buddy, I'ma chop it
See the idea is to make you die, stop it
I don't know why but your heart beat offends me
I need to cut you off at the windpipe desperately

Like, how 'bout cuttin' your own neck, I did
Seventeen times, why you think I talk like this?
Before I cut myself this was my voice
Now, gimme your neck pipe, you don't have no fuckin'
choice

I'm not ready to die, neither was Eazy E
What makes you so fuckin' special, you can escape the
Wreath
You mean Wraith, I said, ?Wraith?, now shut the fuck up
And give me you windpipe so I can cut the
motherfucker

Pick somebody else, I'm pickin' anybody I can find
And you happen to be the next motherfucker in line
Okay, let's do it, keep still, right there
And about one, two, three of those motherfuckers, I'm
outta here

Let me make the pain be gone, I wanna stab, stab, stab
It's like, murdering be givin' me a calm, I need to yeah,
yeah, yeah
Let me make the pain be gone, I wanna stab, stab, stab
It's like, murdering be givin' me a calm, I need to
Ah, ha, what kind of circus is this?

How you gonna give me a straight jacket when I'm
crooked
Took it and shook it, ripped it and unzipped it
And waited for the nurse guy to bring me my tray
Jumped him from behind and turned his head
backwards, my way

Took all his keys and a crate of Methadone
Masturbated on myself and leaped out the window
Then I turned around and went right back inside
Once I realized, I could've grabbed a gang of

Formeldahyde

Suddenly another fuckin' guard shot me
I played the whole movie shits off like, "You got me"
Laid there, playin' dead and when he checked my
pockets
I jabbed my fuckin' thumb, knuckle deep in his eye
socket

By now there was guards everywhere
I'm steady cuttin' heads off, surfin' on a wheelchair
And too many bullets finally put me away
But was it the real Violent J?

Let me make the pain be gone, I wanna stab, stab, stab
It's like, murdering be givin' me a calm, I need to yeah,
yeah, yeah
Let me make the pain be gone, I wanna stab, stab, stab
It kills the pain, it's the only thing that kills the pain, I'm
sorry

I'm so sorry that I'm so stale, I'm so sorry I'm stale
But still I gotta murder your face, man, I'm sorry I'm
stale
I'm so sorry that I'm so stale, I'm so sorry I'm stale
But still I gotta murder your face, man, I'm sorry I'm
stale

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Yeah, that's right, we just stale as fuckin' fuck
Suicidilist, juggalos, we just stale
No matter what, we always gon be stale as fuck
Is that just how [Incomprehensible]
This [Incomprehensible] motherfucker
I was on the first jokers car and the last
[Incomprehensible]

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