

Icp "17 Dead"

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I got shot with a buck shot, shot me down
But you know you can't paint a frown on a clown
Sewer gutter blood runs through my system
Death stopped by but I must have just missed him
Am I in a southwest street gang?
Do I bang, do I slang, do I let my motherfuckin' nuts
hang?
But do you care
I got stabbed in the eye and you wadn't no where
And what about the time I got fucked
When I got shot in the throat...fuckin' sucked
But you news wouldn't know me
You could give a fuck less never the less unless
Something happened in your suburbs
I'm a cut your daddy's neck, you little fuckin' nerd
I don't give a fuck where you're from boy
So don't tell me cuz I don't give a fuck
It's all about what's going on in your head
Do or don't you care about the seventeen dead

Seventeen dead, it don't bother you
Do or don't you care about the seventeen dead
Seventeen dead, it don't bother you
You could give a fuck less about the seventeen dead
The seventeenth boyfriend lost his erection

I woke up next to a dead body
Roll it out the way and jump out of bed
Strap on my kicks and step out my room
Cuz somehow there's another stiff in the bathroom
Dead fucks all over the grass
I'm a kick somebody in they dead ass
Quick to make a left on Jefferson
And I noticed there's another stiff riding shotgun
Am I just seeing things? No.
Is your mother a soggy ho?
I like to drink Faygo, out from the scotties
But then one out of one of my homeboys turned into
dead bodies
But I'm straight with that
Just don't be leaving your guts in my car n' shit
Wait a minute, wait, get your head on straight

I drop seventeen tears from eyes every fucking day
I gotta wonder if they do
Should I burn the rebel flag or the red white and blue
too
I can't do much, but they can
But those motherfuckers gotta death wish, man
I'm gonna swim in they blood shed
Justi-justify the seventeen dead

Seventeen dead, it don't bother you
Do or don't you care about the seventeen dead
Seventeen dead, it don't bother you
You could give a fuck less about the seventeen dead
The seventeenth boyfriend lost his erection

Yeah, dead bodies man
They ain't so bad
I mean they're all over in the
Streets n shit ya know
But they don't be fuckin' with you
They just lay there dead as shit
I mean they tasted kinda straight
With a little mustard, man
Yeah, much worse

Seventeen dead bodies hanging from a telephone wire
All seventeen on fire
Lightening up the sky with the smell of death
Rich bigot fucker, take a deep breath
Look at you makes me go baddy
Motherfucker don't be nothing like your daddy
Cuz he's nothing but a redneck hoe
Him and his kind created this ghetto
They can deal with they own creation
Move out farther, suburb vacation
But it don't work like that
Knock at your door and it's me running slug bat
I'm a stick it to your fuckin' nugget
About seventeen times and you're gonna love it
motherfucker
Drive down my street
And stare at the folks who can't make end's meat
You don't know now but that's the plan
Most people in Hell were rich when they died, man
Take that to your golden bed
Cuz I'm a cut your ass up for the seventeen dead

Seventeen dead, it don't bother you
Do or don't you care about the seventeen dead
Seventeen dead, it don't bother you
You could give a fuck less about the seventeen dead

The seventeenth boyfriend lost his erection

Well, ya know Violent J's kinda wicked
If there's a booger in my nose I'm a pick it
And flick it in your eye like you ain't jack
And stomp my boots on your nutsac

Well, I'm Shaggy and I'm in the house
You don't think so, I'll put a brick in your mouth
Can't nobody flex on a nutty clown
I got boys down river straight hick town

Well, ya know I'm coming straight from the trailer park
That's me out front working on the Skylark
I'm waiting on a check, I don't cut the grass
And my woman's got babies falling all out her ass

I'll be running with the carnival until I'm eighty
And tonight I'm going out with the fat lady
I strip the bitch down to the nitty gritty
But I ain't saying shit about a wooden titty

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