

## Icp "Prom Queen"

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Won't you be my prom queen? (another morning)  
Won't you be my prom queen?  
Everybody has a real good time

Won't you be my prom queen? (must take for my senior  
prom)  
Won't you be my prom queen?  
Everybody has a real good time

Another morning, I must get up and go to school  
I'm taking too long gettin dressed, tryin to look my best  
Because today is not your ordinary every morning  
My high school prom is coming and I heave my daddy's  
warnings

I'm going to find myself a girl to take to the prom  
I shouldn't have too much trouble because I'm  
I'm very nice, my mother says I'm very handsome  
When I wear my good vest, and mother knows best  
I got to school, I straggle through the hallways  
I stop and gaze at all the girls just like always  
But this time, I must now approach them (or)  
Or my daddy might get mad and break my wrist again  
(ow)

And so I chose her, her hair, it matches with her face  
She is so lovely, my heart pulse begin to race  
I make my way between her friends and to her  
presence

Hello, Christine, would you be my prom queen?  
I'd rather die, I'd rather die, I'd rather die... (repeat  
over)

(would you be my prom queen? no! aaah! prom queen)

There was a time when I could except a no  
That was before, Christine is gonna have to go  
My parents will be proud of me when I bring her home  
So now I sit and watch her practice in the gym dome  
Christine is famous, she has so many different friends  
Will they miss her when she's dead or will they just  
pretend

Nobody talks to me, I only talk to I  
And I been telling myself all day, she's gotta die

"Good morning, everybody. This is Principal Rogers,

and I would just  
like to congratulate our Senior class and wish them at  
tonight's  
Prom dance."

Won't you be my prom queen? (I can be your prom  
baby)  
Won't you be my prom queen?  
Everybody has a real good time

It was really fuckin easy, I'm a human hater  
I took a towel from the locker room to suffocate her  
I had to throw away her gym bag and all her folders  
And when it got dark, I carried her home on my  
shoulders  
My daddy was asleep, when I snuck her in the back  
I thought about my situation and it's kind of whack  
It sounds cheap, but we're having prom in my cellar  
But she's dead, I guess I'll never have to tell her  
I took the bottles of Tamiace, four dollars worth  
I took the seventeen dollars that was in her purse  
I bought balloons and streaming and stuff to munch  
I had a dollar left, I bought a Faygo Punch  
I hung the streamers and balloons on my basement  
wall  
I banged my head a couple times, I'm just too fuckin  
tall  
I would have took her to the school like a normal man  
But I had to kill her first they'd never understand  
I put a record on and then I picked her up to dance  
I bet she cannot feel the woody growing in my pants  
I know my daddy would be proud of all that I've done  
Instead of burning me, he'd probably come and hug  
his son  
I think about it as I dance slowly to the beat  
The more I think about it tears are rolling down my  
cheek  
I hope I showed Christine a night like no other  
After all, that's how my daddy did my mother

"Our Seniors deserve a night to celebrate with friends,  
celebrate  
all their great work. Prom night is your very own special  
night,  
and everybody always remember their high school  
prom."

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baby)  
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