

# Icp "Rosemary"

Visit "[Rosemary](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

*[intro]*

Let me in this bitch. Let me get some change shit. Man  
fuck this dress code bitch. i can dance  
muthafucka. i can daaannnccee.

*[verse 1]*

i'm on crack, Walkin alleyways downtown, people drop  
change so i'm checkin the ground behind a  
nightclub, i can hear the bump outside i hear em'  
laughin' and drinkin' and dancin' getin' live and  
i'm lonely, graspin' on my 55 cent, i don't know where  
my meds went, they been spent and i'm bent, i  
don't remember yesterday at all, i'm barkin at the  
moon as i'm pissin' on the wall, people grippin'  
new cars checkin' out a few bars, they see me comin'  
side step a few yards i'm like a bad man, holdin'  
out my crusty ass hands scouldin' an imaginary friend  
scary and i'm blackin' out just about to lose  
all hope, i was peerin through the window of a  
nightclub scopin', and there she was everything i  
planned for on the spotlight on the dance floor  
gravitatin'

*[chorus]*

She kept her rythum her feet to the floor she dipped  
down she did the twirl and she shook it some  
more she's groovy. She made me happy i tried to  
refrain I walk off but then i run right back i'm at it  
again she's callin'

*[verse 2]*

I ran a few blocks away and broke a bottle, carjacked a  
mini-van and punched full throttle right back  
to the spot then i waited to get her, but when she came  
out, she had a bitch-boy wit' her no problem,  
hit the pipe and follow em' home and my imaginary  
freind gone have to leave me alone cause this really  
goin' down i feel it pullin me home knowin i'm a wicked  
clown i gotta throw it down, she pulled in her  
and her fuck ass strolled in, i hit the pipe again and  
jump out the stolen, jumpin through back yards  
clumsey and trippin', it don't matter where ya go theres

a throat slingin', and the way she danced  
split flames burnin me alive out here quit playin games  
i'm on the side of her house lookin in through  
the back den and there she was with him again dancin'

*[chorus x1]*

*[verse 3]*

I walk right in through the front door unlocked, no gun  
cocked, cinder block, clown paint, i came  
here to dance boogy, umph ahhh, and maybe tap a  
little nookie, i'm creepin music bumpin in the back,  
i'm down the hallway hidin' behind the coat rack, and  
here come the punk bout to get champaighned, i  
take the rock and pop em' with the damn thang, hit em'  
in the back of the head, he dropped the wine  
but i caught him in time i had to take his life with a  
steak knife, i washed it off and put it back  
i'm keepin' the place nice i'm comin bitch you want an  
olive or somethin' i'm fuckin' straight out the  
streets but i'm down with some frontin' i wanna tango,  
but instead i'm still outside the club and it's  
all in my head.

*[chorus x1]*

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