

Icp

"Thy Staleness"

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Let me see your throat thing there buddy, I'ma Chop it,
see the idea is to
make
you die -(Stop it)- I dont know why but your heart beat
offends me, I need to
cut you off at the wind pipe desperately -(Like, how
about 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 dont have no fuckin'
choice -(Im not ready to die)- neither was Easy -E, whut
makes you so fuckin'
special you can escape the wrath -(You mean the
Wraith) - I said Wraith, now
shut the fuck up, and wind pipe so I can cut that mother
fucker -(Pick
somebody else) - Im pickin' anybody i can find, and
you happen to be the next
mother fucka in line -(Ok let's do it) - Keep still right
there and about 1,2,3 of those mother fuckers i'm outta
here

Let me make the pain be gone / I wanna / STAB, STAB,
STAB
Its like / Murdering be giving me a calm / I need ta /
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH. Let me make the pain be gone / I
wanna / STAB, STAB, STAB / Its like / Murdering be
giving me a calm / I need ta (Ah ha... Whut kind of
circus is this)

How you gonna give me a straight jacket when Im
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 back inside, once i realized i
could of grabbed a gang

of Formaldehyde. Suddenly another fuckin' gaurd shot me, I played the whole movie shit off like "You got me" . Laid there playin' dead and when he checked my pockets I jabbed my fuckin' thumb knuckle in his eye socket. By now there was guards everywhere, Im steady cuttin' off heads, surfin' on a wheel chair, 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
Its like / Murdering be giving me a calm / I need ta / YEAH, YEAH, YEAH. Let me make the pain be gone / I wanna / STAB, STAB, STAB / It kills the pain, ahe its the only thing that kills the pain im sorry!
Im so sorry that Im so stale... Im so sorry Im stale. But still I gotta murder your face... man Im sorry Im stale. Im so sorry that Im so stale... Im so sorry Im stale. But still I gotta murder your face... man Im sorry Im stale.

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