

# Someone's Gonna Die

Insane Clown Posse

I remember as a young buck tryna get a grip on the Southwest  
Everyday I'm coming in with my mouth bust  
Cause I fought back I never hold out  
I'm still a man even with my chin blown out  
I held my ground the city didnt get to me  
But when I came home Daddy put his foot to me  
I lay awake praying that the motherfucker dies  
I see his fist and the pain in my mothers eyes  
They tell me lies they did when I was only ten  
They got me looney tooney I'm drinking boony gin  
And once again the city gave me another test  
I wasn't there for my brother now he lay to rest  
In the chest the bullet got the best of him  
They caught his killa I'm goin for the rest of him  
When they found that I'm down wicked clown  
Wicked sound pop pop the murder goes round  
And round I wonder will it ever cease  
Fuck the police they tried to rape my niece  
But at least she's ok they never caught her  
I'm spending nights in the gutter drinking sewer water  
I'm not alone there's others in my territory  
We all share the same story a horror story  
And it's gory I join the gang I'm riding high  
So if you try to take my pride then someone's gonna die

Someone's gonna die cause it has to be  
So many people live life dastardly  
If your looking for the answer don't be asking me  
I either blast him or he blast through me  
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In this city there's only two kinds of love  
Clown love and the love for the up above  
I fell in love with a bitch she hoed me  
I should've listened to the carnies when they told me  
Women are the devil they pollute your mind  
They take control with their hole and then they roll  
It's getting old I'm grabbing every both I find  
They try to play me I punch them in the lowers spine  
I'm on my mind I'm steady tryna catch a grip  
Don't wanna slip the ghettos like a sinking ship  
I'm going under I wonder if I'm alone  
I see my sadness drawn on with me in the ghetto zone  
I show respect to the crews and what's to lose  
You might get shot up in the skull stepping on my shoes  
My shoes are tracks there nothing but a dollar fifty  
Just wanna murder anybody tryna get with me  
I need my mother I miss her I reminisce  
I'm thinking about every Friday night she'd bring us chips  
I'm watching chips she let us stay awake late  
That shit was great but now it's all about hate  
Them days are gone I belong to another life  
Another time when different shit is on my mind  
Shit like murder death and graveyards

Jokers cards and how someone's gonna die

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