

## 17 Dead

### Insane Clown Posse

Why must my visions be so clear  
The truth, the truth, I've got work to do

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 wouldn'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 on that  
You could give a fuck less never thought 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 'cause 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, anybody else  
Seventeen dead, anybody else  
Seventeen dead, anybody else  
Do or don't you care about the seventeen dead

Seventeen dead, anybody else  
Seventeen dead, anybody else  
Seventeen dead, anybody else  
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  
'Cause 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 an' 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, anybody else  
Seventeen dead, anybody else  
Seventeen dead, anybody else  
Do or don't you care about the seventeen dead

Seventeen dead, anybody else  
Seventeen dead, anybody else  
Seventeen dead, anybody else  
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 an' shi, 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 batty  
Motherfucker don't be nothing like your daddy  
'Cause 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 meet  
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  
'Cause I'ma cut your ass up for the seventeen dead

Seventeen dead, anybody else  
Seventeen dead, anybody else  
Seventeen dead, anybody else  
I'ma cut your ass up man, for the seventeen dead

Seventeen dead, anybody else  
Seventeen dead, anybody else  
Seventeen dead, anybody else  
I'ma chop your ass up man, for the seventeen dead

Seventeen dead, anybody else  
Seventeen dead, anybody else  
Seventeen dead, anybody else  
I'll chop you, I'll slice you, seventeen dead

Seventeen dead, anybody else  
Seventeen dead, anybody else  
Seventeen dead, anybody else

Yeah yeah yeah

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

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 trailor 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  
'Cause they know 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