# Basehead Attack

**Insane Clown Posse**

So there I was watching Sanford and Son, working the graveyard shift. At a party store, rolling a spliff. I'm behind the
glass I see crackheads all night. But tonight the moon is red and shit ain't felling right. My first sight was a basehead
trying to break into my car. In plain view too, I ran out with a crowbar hammered it upside his cranium, he fell over
dead, but no blood, only dust, he's a fucking basehead. Here comes another one jumping out of a tree, but I ain't even
have to move, he missed by like 20 feet. He slammed down on the pavement, I quicked started kicking. Beat him with the
crowbar 'til he finally stopped twitching. Look behind me, seen another zombie in the register. I'm use to shooting em off
from begging from the customers, but now I gotta reach up under the seat and grab the hand-ax. Whipped it from there and
stuck it into his back.

THE ATTACK OF THE BASEHEADS!
They On A Mission
They Always On The Hunt For Something
They always missing
THE ATTACK OF THE BASEHEADS!
Every City, Every Town
They Always On The Hunt For Something
Never To Be Found [Repeat 2x]

Goddamnit. It's 2 more in the cooler once in the back of the store. Pull my hand-ax out that back and then attack him
some more. I charged, but he busted me in the head with a pepsi. No effect, I left him shaking on the floor epilepsy. With
Their necks severed, fucking zombies  for rocks. Another jumped on my back and we went thru the glass into the parking
lot. He tried to kill me, he told me "Gimmie Some Change!" All digging in my ear for it and shit...Deranged! I grabbed him
by his head and tired to yank it to the left to break his neck, but his head spun all the way around and that was fucking
it. I was outta there, I seen another coming out of the Grave. Zombies, begging for change!!! I'm fucking swinging at em.
knock their chin off their face, but they still coming at me, hands out, they wanna base. They Must think my white
eyeballs are giant crack rocks. I Gotta slap em' out they funky ass socks...
HELP ME!!!

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They don't have a brain left behind their empty eyes. They want crack, rocka, coca and they buzzing like flies. You might
pull the arm off em if you try to shake their hand, Cuz their souls are gone, they just a shell of a man. Walking around
looking for rocks anyway they can get it, Even if you got AIDS, Them dirty bitches let you hit it. And you still getting

something worst then you already got. I seen one catch one in the head, not
even know he got shot. It was crack smoke
blowing out the side of his head. He Put A Champagne cork in the hole and th
at was it. Basehead Zombies, millions of em'
and more. With the steam roller, roll em' over flat on the floor. Their like
 dead ass bodies walking around without the
ghost. With no clue where the fucking heading, but the rock roast. Opportuni
ties were given, they let em' all pass. Now
they themselves ain't worth the shit out they ass.

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They Always On The Hunt For Something
They Always Missing
ATTACK OF THE BASEHEADS!!!
Every City, Every Town
They Always On The Hunt For Something
Never To Be Found
ATTACK OF THE BASEHEADS!!!
They Coming For Your Goods
Simultaneously
In 50,000 Neighborhoods
ATTACK OF THE BASEHEADS!!!
They Coming Out The dark
And They Coming For You
They Wanna Pull Out Your Heart And Smoke It
ATTACK OF THE BASEHEADS!!!
They On A Mission
They Always On The Hunt For Something
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