

Guts on the Ceiling

Insane Clown Posse

Oh, you'll never guess what's up
My mucking head blew up
My chins in an old man's backyard
I gotta sneak threw his yard
To find the fothermucker
And he's gotta pitbull dog
And it's sitting on my chin like a frog on a log
I throw a bone to try to distract
Cuz I'm wanting my chinny-chin-chin back
I'll never be one to boast
But there's my tongue hanging off the lightpost
Cuz my head exploded
And my brains unloaded
All over this beautiful city
Teeth and bones to the nitty gritty
There's my eyeball stuck to the wall
Right next to my splattered jaw
I don't dig this game
Chasing my brains all through the sewer drains
My head's all over the block
Cuz I done went lunatick-tock tick-tock
Come on, dawg, what's wrong with my head?
It blew apart but I still ain't dead
I get no respect
I got nothing but guts hanging off my neck
But I'll still chilling
Even with my blood and guts all over the ceiling
I'm chillin', I'm illin'
With my guts all over the ceiling

I'm chillin, I'm illin
With my guts all over the ceiling (4x)

Oh, you'll never guess what's up
My mucking back blew up
If you come across a spine
Best believe it's mine
Oh, forget about my tongue
Cuz vato can't breathe without no lungs
I lost both of mine
Now that's an item that I wouldn't mind to find
But forget about dat
Cuz I'm roaming the streets with a splattered back
I'm trying to rap to this freak
But she can see my ribs all in the street
Then the chit-chat went dead
She noticed that I ain't got no head
Shhh, I think I hear my heart
But damn, it got hit by a Smark bus
And landed in Pontiac
So I tell my mellow to send it back
Come on, wined and my back blow up
Look for my guts, look for my guts
I gotta call from Nate the Mack
Says he might of found part of my back
Then bring it on over, ace
I got slabs all over the place

But I'm still chillin'
Even with my blood and guts all over the ceiling

I'm chillin, I'm illin
With my guts all over the ceiling (4x)

You'll never guess what's up
Ahh, I'm down on my luck
Got no head
Said I got no head
Southwest ghetto zone
It done fried my brain

I'm chillin, I'm illin
With my guts all over the ceiling (4x)