

# Shooting Stars

Insane Clown Posse

I just wanna thank personal and foremost all the fans,...

Yeah motherfucker!

...for supporting me from day one.  
My label,...

Stay right there!

...God, brothers sisters, family members  
Definitely everybody I see it

I drove all the way from Detroit  
Back seat full of weapons  
If I'd got pulled over they'd be dead in seconds  
Without a hitch, I arrive on the 405  
The Staples Center  
Tonight is the grammys...live  
Don't got no ticket  
but I ain't here to scream and applaud  
I've come to kill Chris Brown and shock this industry crowd  
Fuck 'em dead in his seat  
Blow his guts out of his tux  
He beat the hell out his women  
And they'r still on his nuts  
The fuckin message that is sending  
must have a bloody endin  
Posing at security but he ain't safe from just pretendin  
Bruno Mars on stage, cameras live TV  
That bitch forgive him but still  
He's gotta die to me  
Big record companies, executives VIPs watchin.  
Probably cover up his head hookers  
Big business applaulin  
But the under ground below don't approve  
And so he flex he had his chance on top he fucked up  
Make room for the next  
He stood up to applaud the show put on by Lady Gaga  
Blew a cyanide dart into his throat like "gotcha"!  
He fell back dead, stuck smilin, eyes open as the night went  
They thought he was just dazed happy from all the excitment  
But I killed him

What if I shot a Star out the sky  
A piggy has to have wings Before it can fly

What If I killed him?