

The Staleness

Insane Clown Posse

Let me see your throat thing there buddy, I'ma chop it, see thy idea is to make you die - (Stop it) I don't know why but your heart beat offends me, I need to cut you off at thy wind pipe desperately, (Like, how about cuttin' your own neck?) - I did, seventeen times, why you think I talk like this? Before I cut my self

THIS WAS MY VOICE

now gimme your neck pipe, you don't have no fuckin' choice (I'm not ready to die) - neither was Easy E, what makes you so fuckin' special you can escape thy wrath (You mean Wraith) - I said Wraith, now shut thy fuck up, and give me your wind pipe so I can cut that mother fucker (Pick somebody else) - I'm pickin' anybody I can find, and you happen to be thy next mother fucker in line (Ok lets do it) - Keep still right there and about, 1, 2, 3 of those mother fuckers I'm outta here

Let me make your pain be gone

I wanna

STAB, STAB, STAB,

It's like

Murdering be giving me a calm

I need ta

YEAH, YEAH, YEAH,

Let me make your pain be gone

I wanna

STAB, STAB, STAB,

It's like

Murdering be giving me a calm

I need ta

(Ah ha... What kind of circus is this?)

How you gonna give me a straight jacket when I'm crooked? Took it and shook it, ripped it and unzipped it and waited for thy nurse guy to bring me my tray, jumped him from behind and turned his head backwards my way, took all his keys and a crate of Methadone, masturbated on myself and leaped out the window, Then I turned around and went right back inside, once i realized I could of grabbed a brang of Formaldehyde. Suddenly another fuckin' guard shot me; I played the whole movie shit off like "You got me". Laid there playin' dead and when he checked my pockets I jabbed my fuckin' thumb knuckle deep in his eye socket. By now there was guards everywehre. I'ms steady cuttin' heads off, surfen' on a wheel chair, and too many bullets finally put my away....

But was it the real Violent J?

Let me make your pain be gone

I wanna

STAB, STAB, STAB,
It's like
Murdering be giving me a calm
I need ta
YEAH, YEAH, YEAH,
Let me make your pain be gone
I wanna
STAB, STAB, STAB,
It's like
Murdering be giving me a calm
I need ta YEAH, YEAH, YEAH
"It kills the pain... it's the only thing that kills the pain,
I'm sorry"

I'm so sorry that I'm so stale... I'm so sorry I'm stale.
But still I gotta murder your face... man I'm sorry I'm stale [
Repeats]