

## Vultures

### Insane Clown Posse

You wait for death to happen, you looked up bloody wrecks  
you con the elderly feeblows out their pension checks  
you kick 'em when they're down, you tell 'em god is coming  
you work the lonely souls, 800 numbers runnin'  
You sell what you reposes, you clean 'em out their nests  
you wait for them to try to rest and yank it out their chest  
You sell them medicine you make them think they need  
you come around the flowers but you's a dirty weed.

Like serpents and snakes, they rattle they bite  
whatever it takes they get what they like  
always stay fake and go where they like  
your money they make it and gone in the night  
and make no mistake, they do got a heart  
it's blacker than coal and hard as a rock  
don't quiver or shake when they take a part  
and break it apart who swim with the sharks.

Pick at the eyes, pick at the brains  
because you're wretchedly sick and deranged.  
Cause you's a vulture a wicked vulture!  
Pick at the heart pick at the soul  
Pick 'em and drag 'em down into your hole  
Cause you's a vulture a wicked vulture!

You cut the fingers off if there's a ring still on 'em  
even if they come in cursed, you still want 'em  
You promised big things is headed for next year  
but then you disappear as soon as the checks clear  
you lash out at the poor and tell 'em to give you more

Sell everything off for the church, sleep on the floor  
you point the juiciest necks out to all the vampires  
but lurking in the dark you might get bit by spiders.

Lizards and bugs, flies and mosquitoes,  
hookers with drugs and dirty ass needles,  
alley way cats, possums and rats,  
killers with gats attack you with bats  
they scums, bums as anything comes and goes  
they mix with tons of hoes, dirty like all of those  
I suppose cause wicked is the way that they chose.

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Go away Doc/ Leave him alone/ When will he die?/ I'll be at home/ Who gets his  
car?/ Who gets the crib?/ Those are his pills?/ I'm poppin' the lid/ I give  
him a week/ What do I get?/ Put me in his will/ He's moving again/ Sign it  
like him/ Cut off that beep/ There go his morphine/ That shit is sweet/ Give  
me a hit!/ The preacher called/ He's tryin' to get paid/ Who's feeding his  
dog?/ Fuck that dog!/ It's beepin again!/ Whoa, that morphine's kickin' in  
/ What about his money?/ He wants the church to have it/ How long til he die

s?/ Let's check his wallet/ Lets pull the plug/ Do you think he can hear?/ He's fuckin' dyin'/ He doesn't care/

Like serpents and snakes, they rattle they bite  
whatever it takes they get what they like  
and they gonna hide, and they gonna run  
but they gonna suffer some carnival fun  
and make no mistake they do got a heart  
it's blacker than coal and hard as a rock  
they gonna visit the carnival clowns  
and they gonna parish We promise you now.

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(2x)