

Who Asked You

Insane Clown Posse

Drank my last cup of dead body stew
Paint my face, creep up and say BOO!
Nobody knows what I'm about
Walk around town with my guts hanging out
Chewin on toes, fuckin dead hoes
Bark at the moon everytime the wind blows
Why do I do the things that I do?
Who are you? Fuck you, and fuck Jerry Lou too
Fucked your mother at the Motel 8
Fingers in her booty, strawberry shake
Daddy walks in and see the sick clown
Moving his butt-cheeks up and down
Nate the Mack and Jump Steady
Rude Boy, Regis, Kathy Lee
I make rap rhymes and make quick bucks
And everybody sucks my nuts, shucks
Fuck Jazzy Jeff, fuck Jack Jones
Fuck Jazzy Jiff Jeff Jimmy Jack Jones
Why do we do the things that we do?
Who the motherfuck asked you, uh?

R: Why do we do the things that we do?
Roses ain't red and violet's ain't blue
Why do we do the things that we do?
Wicked rhymes, wicked times, you too
(2x)

Never had life, always been dead
Gotta metal plate in the back of my head
Lemon drops, lick lollipops
I fuck redneck bitches at truck stops
Clown cutters, much clown luv
Found a body in the bathtub, mmm grub
Fuck the police, fuck Ebin Price
Fuck cop pork chop jiffy pop cops
Grew another head and I had it lopped off
But we still cool, what's up, (what's up, dawg)
Tock-ticky-tock I pack a pig clock
My dingaling swings when I run down the block
No, I don't sing in a rock band
"Gotta smoke, dude, what's up, man"
Fuck John Wayne, fuck Wayne Newton
Fuck two-snooting John Hootin nanny pooping
Why do we do the things that we do?
Now who the fuck asked you, bitch?

R: (7x)