

Witching Hour

Insane Clown Posse

You caught me!
But you'll never hand me over to Myzery!
You have to kill me first!

Ahem, we are gathered here today to mourn the loss
Of a punk ass motherfucker
Who thought he was the shit
Turns out, he was the shit, a piece of shit
You see, this young hoolagin wasn't afraid to die
So he put his life on the line
to gain respect in his neighbor hood
Well the only respect he gets now
Is from the maggots and worms that are snacking on his dead ass.

R: Life is over, death devour
Time has come for witching hour
(4x)

Time for your family to dress up in black
Time for your coffin to ride in the back
Time for your enemies to laugh at your death
Time for the vultures to pick at what's left
Time for your homeboy to find a new clique
Time for your girlfriend to suck a new dick
Time for your brothers to fight over your car
Time for the world to forget who the fuck you are

Close your eyes, hold your breath, release the stress
let it out there's nothing left cause you're facing death
If you see God, send my blessings if he's up there
And tell that man how you spent your life here
Bust around the street, deisel smoke from the heat
And you're feeling weak, cause the lead got you going to sleep
It's getting deep, know your peeps? They gone fuck your freak
In between the sheets in they face they drop the leaky leak
You hear some sirens, think about who was firing
See your partner blurry from the spark of the iron
Holding on to faith, wanna survive to retaliate
Here comes the creaper, it's Grim Reaper at your door awaits
Can you feel it? Pumping on your inner spirit,
Got you screaming out for Mommy Dearest
You wanna live, keep on twitching, bluff spitting
Time ticking it's the hour for the witching

R: (4x)

Time for you to lay dead while everybody stares
Time for the Revrend to front like he cares
Time for your body to rot in your tomb
Time for your sister to finally get your room
Time for your picture to fade on the wall
Time for your crew to hang out at the mall
Time for your boys to beat hoes and kick bass
While you sit in the dark, with maggots crawling on your face

Bitches are backstabbers, or your inner friend bank grabbers
Reaching out just to get fatter

Thoughts of your soon-to-be wife and yo phat ride
She's in the back seat, catching it from the backside
You wish you had some rum, feeling numb
Where the noise at? Losing it, where my boys at?
Hallucinate seeing caskets, your son a soon to be bastard
Cause you slipped and got blasted
Visualize in your good times,
Ambulance 59 minutes later, now you're on a respirator
Get on this shit, you're losin consciousness
The man flashing, in your phat ride crashing
Unhappy family and it's costin black roses
Beer on the concrete, worms in your coffin
That's all you get, a lost soul on the trip
Times up, clock ticked, hour to be witched

R: (4x)

Time to sit and cry about the fact that you're gone
Time to say fuck it, Nitro is on
Time for your people to clean out your place
Time for you love to go through your tape case
Time for your mother to feel a little stress
Time for you step-dad to give a fuck less
Time for the world to keep spinning around
Even with you dead in the ground, motherfucker!

Time for your family to dress up in black
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(After song ends)

Shit is on
(Speaks in spanish)