

# 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  
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

(After song ends)

Shit is on

(Speaks in spanish)