

# Insane Clown Posse, Bury Me Alive

I don't give a fuck right Dead face with the eyes white Intimidate you with my eye sight I try and hide from the average every day we start from static Live with the maggots, masses with the black magic My shits for killers with the twiztid tags on they backs My shits for killers who walk around with an axe My shits for killers that screamin I would rather die Then see you motha fuckas doin MTV live You can keep the main stream light and all the hoes I'm steady cussin in videos for juggalos I'm underground were the dead don't sleep Keep us a secret to the world and watch the posse creep So if you feel me why don't you bury me alive Bury me alive Run with the psychopathic hatchet man Bury me alive, bury me alive Keep it in your clique fuck the outside (2x) Strictly for the juggalos bitch I thought you knew Cuz we sealin up the mainstream ears with Krazy Glue So they can't hear a word we say We stay with the stages voodoo them bitches wouldn't understand it anyway Walk with an axe when the sun falls Talkin through the Oijue board for predictions of the holocaust Give a fuck less about a video or air play We stayin under here and screamin at they head grave This is your shit it was made for you Don't let the radio influence you and tell you what to listen to And everyone at MTV can suck my dick Tellin me we'd be the shit if they labeled up a buzz clip Fuck that, we be beneath the underground We role with the hatchet you can hear the wicked sound In your ear drums, don't let the others get a taste And if they start to bump it then smack 'em in the face And then bury me alive, bury me alive Run with the psychopathic hatchet man Bury me alive, bury me alive Keep it in your clique fuck the outside (2x) With the barial buckshot God damn they ruthless (2x) This ain't no club so their ain't nobody dancin I only fuck with the dead and my motha fuckin chances Chances are, you outta luck when you fuckin with the killers Psychopathic fuck you we be the illest Keepin the realist like everybody else who in that I'm in the back in black chillin with a thirty pack When we attack we have your whole crew show Yo fake hoes know Twiztid wrote the god damn joke And I don't give a fuck perpetraders you can suck my nut Say you want the album but don't know a single cut You a band wagon rider givin juggalo's a bad name We'll fuck you up for that, bitch this ain't no fuckin game Fuck all that shit that they print role Magazines, and toilet paper glorified for the assholes Fuck publication, syndication Music segregation, cuz we run underneath the nation So bury me alive, bury me alive Run with the psychopathic hatchet man Bury me alive, bury me alive Keep it in your clique fuck the outside (2x) With the barial buckshot God damn they ruthless (2x)