

Insane Clown Posse, Crop Circles

[Shaggy 2 Dope]

The sun rises and sets on time every day of the year
But sporadically the circles appear
Baffling all through the history of known man
Since fuckin with the mystery of stone hedge
Aliens, cults, witches with lawn mowers, mind blowers
Nobody knows what for sure
Bloody nose when I walk in the vicinity
But I can read them and I believe that I need them
Im runnin through a wheat field, chasin a ghost that loves circles
Use it for portals and time holes
And dance backwards, and chant with the crow people
At the crop circle, Ive come to know people
Under moon rays lighten up my new ways ?
They mow them in two days, 100 years from now well pay for that mishap
With another motherfucking hurricane bitch slapped

[Chorus]

The crop circles are talking to me
Circle something, circle something
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Circle something, circle something
Something solely meant just for me
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[Violent J]

This ball of mud that we live on is alive
You try to wipe its mouth, its gonna wipe us out
I lay in a field alone in the middle of the night
Try to get my life right, pray for bright lights
Set flames to the wheat rows during an eclipse
And the spirits will come out, dance, catch you a glimpse
Theyre like artists, connecting the stars in rare fashion
Intricately placed with secrets of white magic
Im running through the moon lit fields
Following a little orb light hoping it might reveal any secret
Its dancing, and I cant catch up
And I almost ran head first into a truck
No compass will work, and Im lookin for answers
Why the sands of my hour glass fall off backwards?
Have I lost you, cause Ive lost me too
But if youre hiding in the crops I will come find you

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[Violent J]

40,000 years ago, the stoning of a young man
His story written in the crops near Spokane
In England the face of a dead woman shown
Etched out a wheat field uniquely woven

[Shaggy 2 Dope]

Hieroglyphics, mathematical genius, predicting the orbital patterns of Venus
In the grass behind your grandpas wood barn

Complex designs drops seconds before dawn

[Violent J]

Dead birds, scattered throughout the patterns of art
No explanation left by the shadows of dark
Batteries drained of they power in seconds
Im layin in the crop circle countin my blessings

[Shaggy 2 Dope]

And my heart, tho?, headaches, and nausea were creeping
And your nose will bleed while youre sleepin

[Violent J]

Dont go near there, dont dare, be ware
Unless your like us, and dont care

[Chorus]

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[Shaggy 2 Dope] Hey baby come on over here and have a seat you know
Im glad I finally got you to the house

[Girl] This is nice

[Shaggy 2 Dope] Yeah, oh damn,
I gotta check this message you know Ive been filln out applications
all around the city you know trying to get a job

[Girl] Dont worry about it baby

[Shaggy 2 Dope] Ill handle this

[Message] What the fucks your problem asshole im fucking brok over here,
I need your fucking money

[Shaggy 2 Dope] Oh, shit

[Girl] Who the fuck was that?