

Insane Clown Posse, Dead Body Man (Original)

Ladies and gentlemen
I present to you, the Terror Wheel
The most horrifying, terrifying, mystifying ride
Available to the dead
Gather round my dead friends
And witness the bizarre, horrid dictales
As told to you by your favorite
Serial clown slaughterers the ICP
So who will be brave enough to step into this ride?
Just follow the trail of blood into the red tent
There your host, Willaby Rags, will strap you in
And you shall experience, the wheel!
So gather and watch, look and learn
The ways of the Terror Wheel
Oh look, there goes one now
He's walking in, good luck fella
There he goes, they're locking him into the cage
Greetings, I'm Willaby Rags
Prepare for your first stop, the Dead Body Man!
Ahahaha!

Dead bodies, dead bodies all over the street
Fifty-five, sixty-five bodies atleast
I hang with the stiffs till the break of dawn
I'm always finding bodies when I'm mowing the lawn
Drag 'em in the house, throw 'em in the oven
Wicked clown lovin that dead body grubbin
Tastes like chicken finger lickin deep fried
I ate a dead body, but don't tell, I lied
I just ate my first dead body last week
Still got the finger nail caught in my teeth
Before you start yelling and cursin my name
Remember something's wrong with my brain, insane
Second I was born, doctor threw me against the wall
Kicked open the doors and he whipped me down the hall
I'm sliding and I'm bouncing off shit like a hockey puck
And my mother's like "What the fuck?!"
He said I was born of an alien race
Born with a hatchet and a juggalo face
But I'm not a martian, you wouldn't understand
I'm just a dead body man
We got bodies, dead bodies
We got fat ones, skinny ones
Males, females, hermaphrodites
We got somebodies, we got nobodies
Bodies, bodies, bodies, whoo!

[Chorus]

Call me the dead body man (Someone give 'em to me)
Call me the dead body man (Just sell 'em to me)
Call me the dead body man (You can mail 'em to me)
Call me the dead body man (Br-bring 'em to me)
Call me the dead body man (Won't ya give 'em to me)
Call me the dead body man (You can sell 'em to me)
Call me the dead body man (Just mail 'em to me)
Call me the dead body man (Br-bring 'em to me)
Call me the dead body man (You can give 'em to me)
Call me the dead body man (You can sell 'em to me)
Call me the dead body man (Won't ya mail 'em to me)
Call me the dead body man (You can bring 'em to me)
Call me the dead body man, call me the dead body man

Dead bodies, dead bodies in the back of my van
All the little kiddies love the dead body man

I drive through my neighborhood ringing my bell
Some people run cause they don't like the smell
Others line up just as quick as they can
To try and catch a glimpse of the dead body man
It's all good, if you can stand the funk, but uh
Just don't look in the trunk
I drive down Central kickin the bass
Chillin with my freaks and I'm pickin her face
Maggots and bugs like to crawl on her head
Cause my bitch is dead, I'd rather that instead
Of a hoe you can't trust, always diggin a nut
A dead body bitch learn to keep her mouth shut
Riding in the back is my dead body crew
Only they can never think of nothing to do
If you think I'm sick take a look at yourself
You got dead deer heads up on your shelf
On your key chain is a little baby rabbit's hand
I'm just the dead body man
We also collect dead bodies
So, if you know any dead people
Or you yourself are planning on dying soon
We'll be happy to come to your house, and pay cash for it
We appreciate good healthy stiffs for our dinner
Woohoo!

[Chorus]