

# Insane Clown Posse, Fearless

I'll go to Alaska, bitch slap a polar bear and take its food  
I'll mow the fucking lawn, on a land mine field like what, boom  
I'll roll a m-80 up in some papers, and smoke that shit up  
I'll share a dirty heroin needle with that dirty bitch Courtney Love  
I'll run around the white house lawn, naked and screaming and busting shots at him  
I'll scratch my back with a chain saw, oh yeah, got it  
I'll walk through Compton alone, in sport Wranglers and a cowboy hat  
I'll head-butt a fucking unicorn, come here bitch  
I'll stand on a stump, and let you trim my toenails with a axe  
I'll sucker punch a gorilla, and then try to run with a banana hanging out my ass  
I'll fucking become pen-pals with the unibomber and let him send me packages  
I'll drive a ice cream truck through Ethiopia talking about free ice cream sandwiches

[Chorus 2x]

What's the matter, what's the matter  
what's the matter, are you scared  
what's the matter, what's the matter  
tell me are you fearless

I'll let Sam Kinison borrow my car, if he was still around  
I'll bungee jump off a crane with only a spaghetti noodle tied on  
I'll clinch my butt cheeks shut, while a ruthless alien tryin' to probe me  
I'll receive an operation on my eyeball, while riding in a dune buggy  
I'll finger fuck a toilet, and French kiss a light socket  
I'll pick up a hooker with a deep voice, "Hi, my name is Jenny, Nah, no I wouldn't"  
I'll take all my clothes off, and run up and bear hug a cactus  
I'll sneak up to slick rick and snatch off his eye patch  
I'll eat a bowl of cluster bombs and spread jellyfish on my toast  
I'll fucking grease my ass up, and sit on top of a flag post  
I'll shoot a game of pool, with the grim reaper and then let him beat me  
I'll meet Jeffrey Dahmer at some kinda of bar let him take me home and eat me

[Chorus 2x]

Whats the matter, what's the matter  
what's the matter, are you scared  
what's the matter, what's the matter  
tell me are you fearless

I'll through gang signs at the booya tribe up and downs like whut  
I'll hunt Michael Jackson's plastic surgeon tell him hey do me up  
I'll put my lips on a 81' novas exhaust pipe and smoke that fucker  
I'll fuck a chick raw with crabs so big red lobsters trying to catch'em  
I'll start a record label and invest everything I got on M.C. Hammer  
I'll wear a pink bikini thong and walk right through the slammer  
I'll take a chrome desert eagle 45 put it to the dome and dump it  
I'll go to a big ass bee hive on a tree, drop my drawers and hump it

[Chorus]

What's the matter, what's the matter  
what's the matter, are you scared  
what's the matter, what's the matter  
tell me are you feared

[repeats until end]