

Insane Clown Posse, Hell's Pit - Basehead Attack

So there I was watchin' Sanford & Son, workin' the graveyard shift
At the party store, rollin' a spliff
In behind the glass I see crackheads all night
But tonight the moon is red and shit ain't feelin' so right
My first sighte was a basehead tryin' to break into my car
In plain view too, I ran out with a crowbar
Hammered it across his cranium, he fell over dead
But no blood, only dust, he's a fuckin' basehead
Here comes another one jumpin' out of a tree
But I ain't even have to move, he missed by like 20 feet
He slammed down on the pavement, I quickly started kicking
Beat him with the crowbar till he finally stopped twitching
Looked behind me, seen another zombie in the register
I'm used to shoo'in' em off from beggin' from the customers
But now I gotta reach up under the seat and grab the hand-ax
Whipped it from there and stuck it into his back

THE ATTACK OF THE BASEHEADS!

They on a mission
They always on the hunt for something
They always missin'

THE ATTACK OF THE BASEHEADS!

Every city, every town
They always on the hunt for something
Never to be found

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Goddammit, it's 2 more in the cooler once I'm back in the sto'
Pull my hand-ax out that back and then attack him some mo'
I charged but he busted me in the head with a Pepsi
No effect, I left him shakin' on the floor like epilepsy
With they necks severed, fuckin' zombies for rocks
Another jumped my back and we went thru the glass into the parking lot
He tried to kill me, he told me "Gimmie some change!"
All diggin' in my ear for it and shit...deranged!
I grabbed him by his head and tried to yank it to the left to break his neck
But his head spun all the way around and that was fuckin' it
I was outta there, I seen another comin' out the grave
Zombies, beggin' for change!!
I'm fuckin' swingin' at em, knock they chin off their face
But they still comin' at me, hands out, they wanna base
They must think my white eyeballs are giant crack rocks
I gotta slap em' out they funky ass socks...help me!

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They don't have a brain left behind they empty eyes
They want crack, rocka, coca and they buzzin' like flies
You might pull the arm off em' if you try to shake they hand
Cuz their souls been gone, it's just a shell of a man
Walkin' around lookin' for rock anyway they can get it
Even if you got AIDS, them dirty bitches let you hit it
And you still gettin' something worse than you already got
I seen one catch one in the head, not even know he got shot
It was crack smoke blowing out the side of his head
He put a champagne cork in the hole and that was it
Basehead zombies, millions of em and more
With the steam roller, roll em' over flat on the floor
Their like dead ass bodies walkin' around without the ghost
With no clue where they fuckin' headed but the rock roast
Opportunities were given, they let em' all pass
Now they themselves ain't worth the shit out they ass

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THE ATTACK OF THE BASEHEADS!

They comin' for your goods

Simultaneously

In 50,000 neighborhoods

THE ATTACK OF THE BASEHEADS!

They comin' out the dark

And they comin' for you

They wanna pull out your heart

And smoke it

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