

Insane Clown Posse, How Many Times?

How many times will I ask myself why, how many times?
How many times will I ask myself why, how many times will I cry? (2x)

[Violent J]

How many times will you honk your horn and say fuck you?
Now what the fuck does that do?
Ya feel better now? I didn't let ya pass
How 'bout I stop my car, and beat your fuckin' ass?
How many times will my neighbor beat his wife?
Somewhere in that house there's a butcher knife
Fuckin' drunk, swingin' his fists about
Why don't she wait till he sleeps then take him out
How many times will I sit in a hot car?
Traffic jam, been sittin' for a fuckin' hour
Must be an accident, I hope nobody died
Finally get there, and the crash is on the other side
The gawkers roll and they creep slow
Hoping they can see a mangled body show
Some park, and stand there and watch it all
With their kids, they point, and fuckin stare (and just look)
I remember one time I was pulled over
Handcuffed, the cop was like, show's over
People watching, hoping that he shoots me
I just wanted to choke the fucking head

[Chorus (2x)]

How many times will I ask myself why, how many times?
How many times will I ask myself why, how many times will I cry?

[Violent J]

How many times will I wait in a line?
It's three-thirty, I fuckin' got here at nine
I'm finally up to the front, can't wait another minute
Why am I here? to pay a fucking parking ticket
The lady at the counter acts like a fuckin bitch
No smiles, no help, you're just a piece of shit
I'm gettin' pissed, calm down, fuck it, forget it
Back to my car, and there it is, another ticket
How many times will a crackhead smoke crack
And ask me for some money cuz he wants crack
Give him money, again, he's coming back
Walk away, and here's another, "Gimme some crack"
How many time will a kid give a dirty look?
A little punk-ass bitch tryin to be a crook
I wrote the book, I was out robbin' liquor stores
When you were just a nut stain in your momma's drawers

[Chorus (2x)]

[Violent J]

How many times will you steal my car stereo?
It don't even work, ya feel like a bitch, don't you?
I vacuum all the fuckin' glass off from my seat
I sit down, and got a piece stuck in my butt cheek
How many times did I walk in, and just sit?
And have to listen, and learn all this bullshit
Learnin' history and science, fuckin' wait
Knowin' that, will that put food on my plate?
Yeah, can I walk into McDonald's, up to the counter
And tell 'em you can make limestone from gunpowder
Will they give me a cheeseburger if I know that shit?
Fuck no, fuck you, and shut your fuckin' lip
How many times will a judge decide my fate?
Who is he? A bitch, nothing great

He takes shits, and fucks his old floppy wife
Plays with his balls and judges my life!

[Chorus (5x)]

"And who the fuck is he?
He judges my life"