

Insane Clown Posse, Intro (The Calm)

[Cows mooing and carnival music plays in the background]

Here we are. This is the calm before the storm. We off the track now. That means we're heading in brand new unknown territories y'all. We into the crop circles, It says time waits for no mutahfuckin' body. After this short calm, a vicious storm will arrive. A horrendously wicked storm. Lighting bolts so powerful they set fire to water. Thunder loud enough to shatter brick walls. And it's headin' right towards us all. We call this storm The Tempest. Tornadoes of fire, being chased by enormous tidal waves. The tempest. Tearing down forests into fields revealing crop circles. The Tempest. Who will be left, Who will still be around in the end. The Tempest. Who will survive long enough to join us for the new dawn. ICP is rollin' over.