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 territorys 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 horendously wicked storm. Lighting bolts so powerful they set fire to water. Thunder loud enogh to shatter brick walls. And it's headin' right towards us all. We call this storm The Tempest. Tornados of fire, being chased by enormus tidal wa The tempest. Tearing down forests into feilds reveiling 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 ne dawn. ICP is rollin' over.