

# Insane Clown Posse, Pass Me By

"Does this excite you? Think about it! Does it not stagger the imagination? No builder on earth can conceive any structure to compare to the mansions above. Won't that be something when you go to live in your own mansion? There'll be no concern about paying for it, it's already taken care of. There'll be no worry about being moved out of it. It will be yours forever."

[Shaggy 2 Dope]

I got shot, ah!, the murder was heinous  
The bullet went in my eyeball and out my anus  
And I was hit, that was it, on the spot  
Flash, I woke up in a parking lot  
And I'm sittin in a '64 Reinkeys  
With Shaggy Dope written on the car keys  
I look around I can't believe that it's possible  
I'm dead, and I made it to the carnival  
I walk in, it's everything I dreamed of  
Everybody and they momma got clown luv  
Japanese, Lebanese, and Chinese,  
Portuguese, and southwest ghetto g's. (woowoo)  
Hangin' out with redneck truck drivers  
Instead of always givin' each other piledrivers  
I see my old homey, he died in a drag  
Chillin with two bitches, "What up, Shaggs?"  
And he passed me a blunt like a tree trunk  
I tried to hit it, but couldn't even fuck with it  
And to think, I always been afraid to die  
But I ain't never goin back to wonder why.

[Chorus (2x)]

We all gonna die, but I'm not gonna fry  
Even though most never try  
I'm not gonna let this pass me bye, no

[Violent J]

I was born, first, they threw me in a shit pile  
I dealt with it, and lived there for a while  
I got dissed on, pissed on, and beat down  
Mutilated, and tossed out a dead clown  
Next thing ya know, I'm chillin' at the big top  
Free money, and mad bitches non-stop  
No water, it's Faygo on tap  
I wash my hair, and my face, and my butt-crack with it  
Cuz I can, cuz I'm phat paid  
I got a five story funhouse with a maid  
And she walks around with her titties hanging out  
And when I cough, she come and dust my balls off (woowoo)  
I'm headed up to the show, I'm gonna see  
Jimi Hendrix, Selena, and Eazy E  
Elvis tried to open up but got dissed off  
We got pissed off, because he sounded like butt  
There's no fights, it's a perfect match  
Hillbillies in the crowd tryin' to cabbage patch  
And to think, I've always been afraid to die  
But I ain't never goin back to wonder why.

[Chorus (2x)]

[Violent J]

Did ya ever burn your finger on somethin? hey  
Well picture this, your nuts burnin that way  
And a roman candle stickin' in your butthole  
That's where the greedy skank motherfuckers go

[Shaggy 2 Dope]

This is all hell now, we livin' in it  
But this bullshit'll be over in a minute  
Then it's off to the Faygos and neden hoes  
New clothes, and patent leather for your toes (woo-woo)

[Violent J]

And while you sit around cryin' for your dead friend  
He's chillin' up there, paid, getting mad ends  
He's probably there tryin to figure out why you're sad  
He's on the beach gettin' fat, you got it bad

[Shaggy 2 Dope]

And for those who ain't down for the next man  
Who rob from the poor, and snatch all ya can  
And any chicken talkin' shit, lemme tell ya something  
Hold a lighter to your balls, and you'll see what's coming

[Chorus (2x)]

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[Chorus (10x)]