

Insane Clown Posse, Radio Stars

Occasionally, the overwhelming temptation to reach the pinnacle of the pop music genre will reduce the most deplorable examples of the underground music scene to change their so called artistic endeavours in an vain attempt to appeal to the public at large.
Behold the metamorphosis

Fuck platinum, platinum just aint good enough
we need more money, more house and cars and stuff
I'm sick of juggalos, I want them other hoes
I want them shitty hoes, you get wit radio and video
we'll do whatever it takes to get some airplay
we'll make that bounce shit, triple our sales and pay
come on shaggy follow my lead
its time to change our shit up to get what we need

??

The pathetic attempts never cease.
The moronic music onslaught continues to insult the intelligence of the savvy consumer
How much more can an audience be asked to endure?

didn't work, ah fuck, what happened
they always told us we sucked at rappin'
well I don't know how to play a guitar
ill play the skin flute be a radio star
I'm sick of keepin it real, and underground
I want the sellout 10million fans radio flavor style
even though we'll be played next summer
show me a radio dick and ill show you a hummer

Joey fell in love with a college girl
she had a back pack and a pony tail
she said her name was lisa but I do not know
she drank cisco lemmonade and cherry jello
I can put my buddy holly glasses on
I can even sing one of his faggot songs
I can wear checkered pants and never smile
whatevers cool for your radio style
joey fell in love with a college

The boorish bumbling baboons have been baffled in their journey to the music business
Each sonnet is more ridiculous than the last.
Their strides toward musical success are little more than a stumble into complete failure.

that was bullshit, what the fuck
you think of something
I'm sittin here trying to write hits
your doing nothing
you wrote the punk shit but that didn't work
it flopped on its ass, at least I tried though
all right, aint no need to be fighting with each other
we need to start talkin about relationships and lovers
can you sing, no, neither can I
to be radio stars we at least gotta try

Girl, I'm gonna let you know on the radio
I want to lick you from head to toe
girl, your perfume, its smellin so sweet
I wanna make love between the sheets
girl, play my song, ??
I'm a radio man, and I know
??
give me one more chance
and ill make you dance
Chorus 5x girl, we'll make radio songs for radio fans we can't go wrong
girl, so you fucked my boy, I don't give a fuck

After years of endless attempts ICP received almost no radio play.
Finally, the 2 dimwitted idiots decided to stay with the wicked shit for life.