

# Insane Clown Posse, Rock The Dead

Wake up move to the sky Play the wicked shit and the dead will arrive Space and beyond, mind of an idiot I stole your head stone from your grave rock Conscience and confused See tomorrows dreems on tonights news Fallin through a hole in the sky will I die? And over time of the sight love and lie Slippin in the darkness walkin through my conscience Like an android I remain heartless Underground the mental know me well Bring it through the bright lights in the depths of hell Walkin through the time flux hand in hand with clear mind Thoughts are harmonious like the rythem of wind chimes Peel back the rind and examine the fruit Rotten to the core burried in they best suits Maggots crawlin out they face eyes sunk in they head Throw your fuckin arms off and rock the dead! Wake up move to the sky Play the wicked shit and the dead will arrive (2x) Grab me a mic and rank me one to ten And all we wanna do is ROCK THE DEAD So many thoughts runnin all through my head But the only one thats clear is ROCK THE DEAD It's like AH I can't even take it no mo' Release the stress from my jacket and let me go Ill medicate, got my whole body shakin Thinkin of escapin but they gonna keep on chasin I'm facin off in the world in the planet Nigga hoe, burried alive like bill god damnit It ain't a livin thing it's a no fuck givin thang Bring the pain, and I'ma bleed with tha rain Insane when I leave this bitch I got the whole world screamin out YOU AIN'T SHIT It could be the wrong ones you can bet I know you can't hide your face cuz I'm commin for your neck Get hot, under plot, what you got Shoulda cut your head off, on the spot A whole pile of dead bodies, I'm on top Me and my man rockin the dead like, UH, none stop Wake up move to the sky Play the wicked shit and the dead will arrive (2x) Grab me a mic and rank me one to ten And all we wanna do is ROCK THE DEAD So many thoughts runnin all through my head But the only one thats clear is ROCK THE DEAD (2x) Think about it one hundred years ago it was all diferent people livin on the planet Now they dead, two hundred years ago it was a whole nother posse Now they dead, the dead probably out number the living ten thousand to one One hundred years from now, we'll be dead SO FUCK THAT, I will run with tha motha fuckin dead Got my vision on you point blank range Strange and I'm commin cuz I'm in all black and I'll be rockin with the axe It'll be daylight, then I'm livin Cemetary watchin, grave diggin Sacrafise another victem You can hear me screamin through the trees in the woods Hang myself on a higher branch if I could Gotta get me out, gotta get these pieces of gump outta my head So I did, ROCKIN THE DEAD Some of my best friends are dead If you include Monoxide, Violent J, Shaggy, and Evil Ed Serial killaz from the west and the east And all the dead motha fuckas from here to grave street Fuck it if your missin some limbs and some patches of hair Nod your bald headed throw your nubs in the air I wanna see zombies jump and screem aloud And kill every live motha fucka in tha crowd Wake up move to the sky Play the wicked shit and the dead will arrive (2x) Grab me a mic and rank me one to ten And all we wanna do is ROCK THE DEAD So many thoughts runnin all through my head But the only one thats clear is ROCK THE DEAD (2x)(keep repeating)