

Insane Clown Posse, Smog

The smog is coming
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Aw, shit here it comes creeping through the cracks
The nooks the crannies it hit me smack!
It's filling up my head - I gotta get it out
I got me a plan to get the shit out
Pulled out a ice-pick and picked the bitch up
Smackin' it pushin' it in my ear-fuck!
Lord oh please what's happening to me?-
It's the poisonous air from the smokestacks G
Seeping in my head, fucking up my brain
Driving me crazy, nuts, insane
Sewer, sludgy, greasy slime I'm always bucking with all the time
Cuz he's my motherfucking enemy number 1
Trying to puncture on my life by filling up my lungs
The shit you call air, but I call it death
Cuz it makes me choke and lose my breath
My toes begin to curl, my fingers start to fold
Got drool on my lips and my body's getting cold
Don't know what to do so now I start to panic
But it's too late, I'm dead the smog got me fucked!

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It's another cloudy day, it's raining, but not water
It's raining oil out the sky I think I oughta
Make a run but I slipped on an oil-slick
I can't move, I think I broke my fucking neck
It's no surprise, I'm laying there paralyzed
Looking up into the sky helped me realize about us
The clouds form a Devil's face, it must be a mirror image of the human race
And oh shit, here it comes-the deadly smog
I can tell by the howl of the stray dog
The air is calm, the streets are so still
When the smog creeps out the pipes for a kill
Broken neck, I'm chillin' cuz I'm a gonner
I can see the smog creepin' around the corner
I lay still and hope it doesn't notice me
Oh shit, shit, fuck, fuck, shit G!
Looking up just to see his deadly jaws
I think, I think, I think I shit my draws
But its ok, the smog left me alone
So I lay and watch the clouds turn into stone
And come crashing down over Del Ray
One even landed on your homeboy Violent J
And I'm dead, crushed me in a split second
So if I'm dead then what the fuck I'm doin' on this record?

The smog is here!

The song is coming [8 X's]

What you gonna do?
When it comes for you?

The smog is coming [5 X's]

~Thoughts in my head of a clown~ [in background]
Thoughts in my head

Of a dead body laying in his house for 3 weeks
Untill his neighbors complain about the smell
Didn't he have anybody to know he was dead?
Thoughts in my head
Of a sereal killer in Iowa decided to kill himself
Before he actually killed someone else
Was that good?
Thoughts in my head
Of an ocean of blood
That when the bombs drop and causes tidal waves
Tidal waves that paint the town red
Everybody's dead
Thoughts in my head
Of mothers and fathers who look at me
And I can feel the hatred in their in eyes
And it's cold
And children are nothing but them in the future
Accept it
Thoughts in my head
Of a woman sitting on her porch, bald-headed
Because of a disease she caught from the air
The air that we breathe
The air we breathe is fucked up--lts fucked up!
Thoughts in my head
Of people wanna kill me
But you can't kill me
Cuz if you kill me, I'll be back to kill you
Done it before, do it again
Thoughts in my head
Of a 16 year old little fucking punk
Sitting in his classroom
Drawing a gang sign on a folder
In his Burmingham Hills
Well fuck what you know about love
Thoughts in my head
Of people despise me and hate me and don't know me
I hate you too
So it's all good, it's all good
Thoughts in my head
Of a society that is so fucked up and so evil
That if somebody prays, they get made fun of and laughed at
But it's not gonna be funny
They'll be laughing
When the bombs drop and the town is red

Thoughts in my head of a clown [till fade]