

# Insane Clown Posse, The Smog

&quot;No, you ain't getting none, bitch. This shit costs money. Oh, hey. Hey, kiddies. How are you like the ride thus far?&quot; &quot;Blah.&quot;  
&quot;Excellent. This next one is about that shit that comes out of the sewers and pipes and chokes your neck. It's called the Smog. Ahahahaha!&quot;

The smog is coming...

Aw shit, here it comes, creeping through the cracks  
The nooks, the crannies, hittin' smack  
It's filling up my head, I gotta get it out  
I got me a plan to get the shit out  
Pulled out an ice pick to pick the bitch up  
Smackin it, pushin it in my ear, fuck  
Lord, oh please, what's happenin' to me?  
It's the poisonous air from the smoke stacks, G  
Seeping in my head, fuckin' up my brain  
Driving me crazy, nuts, insane  
Sewer slut, G, greasy slime  
I'm always bucking with father time  
Cuz he's my motherfucking enemy number one  
Try to potcher up my life by fillin 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 gettin' 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, fuck it  
The smog is coming...

Another cloudy, it's raining, but not water  
It's raining oil out the sky, I think I outta  
Make a run but I slipped on an oil slick  
I can't move, I think I broke my fuckin' 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  
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 chilling cuz I'm a goner  
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 it's deadly jaws  
I think I, I think I, I think I shit my drawers  
But it's okay, the smog left me alone  
So I lay and watch the clouds turn into stone  
They 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, what the fuck am I doing on this record?

The smog is here  
The smog is coming...

Thoughts in my head (of a clown)...

Thoughts in my head  
A dead body laying in his house  
For three weeks  
Until his neighbors  
Complain about the smell  
Didn't he have anybody  
To know he was dead  
A serial killer  
Decided to kill himself  
Before he actually killed someone else  
Was that good?

Thoughts in my head  
An ocean of blood  
And with the bombs dropping  
It causes tidal waves  
Tidal waves that paint the town red  
Red  
Everybody's dead

Thoughts in my head  
Of mothers and fathers  
Look at me  
And I can feel the hatred in their eyes  
And it's cold  
Their children  
Are nothing but them in the future  
Except it

Thoughts in my head  
When sitting on her porch  
Bald headed  
From a disease she fought from the air  
The air that we breathe  
The air we breathe is fucked up  
It's fucked up

Thoughts in my head  
All people wanna kill me  
But you can't kill me  
Cuz if you kill me  
I'll be back to kill you  
I will do it again

Thoughts in my head  
A sixteen year-old little fuckin punk  
Sitting in his classroom  
Drawing a gang sign on a folder  
He lives in Birmingham Hills  
What the fuck do you know about love?

Thoughts in my head  
People despise me and hate me  
And they don't know me  
I hate you too  
So it's all good  
It's all good

Thoughts in my head  
This society  
That is so fucked up  
That is so evil  
That if somebody prays  
They get made fun of  
They get laughed at  
But it's not gonna be funny  
They won't be laughing  
When the bombs drop  
And the town is red

Thoughts in my head...