

# 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)