

Insane Clown Posse, Rosemary

[intro]

Let me in this bitch. Let me get some change shit. Man fuck this dress code bitch. i can dance muthafucka. i can daaannncceee.

[verse 1]

i'm on crack, Walkin alleyways downtown, people drop change so i'm checkin the ground behind a nightclub, i can hear the bump outside i hear em' laughin' and drinkin' and dancin' getin' live and i'm lonely, graspin' on my 55 cent, i don't know where my meds went, they been spent and i'm bent don't remember yesterday at all, i'm barkin at the moon as i'm pissin' on the wall, people grippin' new cars checkin' out a few bars, they see me comin' side step a few yards i'm like a bad man, hold out my crusty ass hands scouldin' an imaginary friend scary and i'm blackin' out just about to lose all hope, i was peerin through the window of a nightclub scopin', and there she was everything i planned for on the spotlight on the dance floor gravitatin'

[chorus]

She kept her rythum her feet to the floor she dipped down she did the twirl and she shook it some more she's groovy. She made me happy i tried to refrain I walk off but then i run right back i'm at it again she's callin'

[verse 2]

I ran a few blocks away and broke a bottle, carjacked a mini-van and punched full throttle right back to the spot then i waited to get her, but when she came out, she had a bitch-boy wit' her no problem hit the pipe and follow em' home and my imaginary freind gone have to leave me alone cause this i'm goin' down i feel it pullin me home knowin i'm a wicked clown i gotta throw it down, she pulled in her ass and her fuck ass strolled in, i hit the pipe again and jump out the stolen, jumpin through back yards clumsy and trippin', it don't matter where ya go theres a throat slingin', and the way she danced split flames burnin me alive out here quit playin games i'm on the side of her house lookin in through the back den and there she was with him again dancin'

[chorus x1]

[verse 3]

I walk right in through the front door unlocked, no gun cocked, cinder block, clown paint, i came here to dance boogy, umph ahhh, and maybe tap a little nookie, i'm creepin music bumpin in the back i'm down the hallway hidin' behind the coat rack, and here come the punk bout to get champaigne take the rock and pop em' with the damn thang, hit em' in the back of the head, he dropped the wine but i caught him in time i had to take his life with a steak knife, i washed it off and put it back i'm keepin' the place nice i'm comin bitch you want an olive or somethin' i'm fuckin' straight out the streets but i'm down with some frontin' i wanna tango, but instead i'm still outside the club and it's all in my head.

[chorus x1]