# How

## Insane Clown Posse

I don't wanna die and burn in hell, I wanna live honourable, and do well,
but how, how do I stay on path, when I see somethin' fucked up I wanna laugh?
How do I honour, my dead beat father, who walked out on two kids, like why bother,
and left my mother with poverty, fuck my dad, I wanna slaughter thee?
Look at this world and all the Gods, how can I not look at all the odds.
Ya got Allah, Buddha, Jehovah, Jah, Give Praise, however you was raised.
How do I not wonder who's right or wrong, how do I keep my believin' strong?
How do I make it to Shangri-La, when the worlds so fucked up, damn its hard?

How do I live a beautiful life, when all of this darkness, has covered my life,
How could this be, you said was a lie, how will I know if I done good in your eyes?

I'm asking how, how can I ignore the hotties, how do I not check their slammin' bodies?
How do I stay Faithful and quit the game when I doubt my wife is doin' the same?
How in the fuck can I not have any, drive a bucket and I want a Bentley?
Live in a trailer and not envy a man who's got a mansion sittin' on land.
Is this a joke, how can anybody, with nothin' see the rich and not be salty,
and what if some psychopath had my son, how can I not just grab my gun.
How can I not have adrenaline buzz, aim and blow a hole where his eyeball was?
I saved my son he's alive and well, but I killed a man am I goin' to hell?

How do I live a beautiful life, when all of this darkness, has covered my life,
How could this be, you said was a lie, how will I know if I done good in your eyes?

How can I actually be a saint, how can I live and be somethin' I ain't?
How do I not steal, when I'm dyin' of hunger, and I end up under?
How do I just turn the other cheek, when I'm disrespected, slapped and beat?
What's wrong with fightin' back and winnin' how come if I'm not a punk I'm sinnin'
How can I pray true and true, when most of what I pray for don't come through,
and what about science and all the facts. How do I keep my faith in tact?
How do I not lie when the truth is painful, embarrassing, harmfull or shameful?
How do I not live afraid of hell and be happily content my soul is well?

How do I live a beautiful life, with all of this darkness, is covered my life,
How could this be, you said was a lie, how will I know if I done good in your eyes,
If I've done good in your eyes, if I look good in your eyes, if I look good in your eyes, if I look good in your eyes.

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