

# House Of Mirrors (feat Capital E)

## Insane Clown Posse

"Ladies and gentlemen the house of mirrors  
For just one bet venture through this wonderful exhibit  
See yourself in all the weird shapes and sizes  
You young man would you like to go into the house of mirrors  
Well okay  
Have a good time son  
And good luck finding your way out  
Wait a minute I don't like it in here  
Hey wait a minute let me out of here  
Let there's dead bodies in here  
There's dead bodies in here  
I don't like it in here!!!"Step inside, come my way  
This here is your fatal day  
You have lied, they have cried  
Now your life has been denied  
Look into the big mirror  
Your reflection is so clear  
Devil's head, rotting flesh  
With the snakes inside your chest  
In the mirror you can't hide  
You've been granted Jacob's lide  
Whipping fear, spinning pain  
All you crying is in vain  
You're the beast you never knew  
This reflects the things you do  
Others starving down the block  
Richie's heart is like a rock  
How can I make a law?  
I'm just here to break your jaw  
House of Glass, down and up  
You might get your ass cut  
Mirror of Life, Mirror of Pain  
Death, I wave my magic cain  
Your last words are those of fear  
But they go unheard in the House of Mirrors[Chorus x2]  
Mirror mirror on the wall  
Who's the wickedest of all  
Three blind mice, deepest fear  
Welcome to the House of MirrorsMagic wand, magic mirror

Timeless clock says death is near  
Death is here, death is on  
My king bishop takes your pawn  
You can't break House of Mirrors  
That's bad luck for seven years  
Only in my wicked realm  
Of thee untold, now unfold  
Thinking back, what you do  
Buy a richie home or two  
Even though some down and out  
You keep what you could live without  
You're the beast you never knew  
This reflects the things you do  
Others starving down the block  
Richie's heart is like a rock  
First I grab, then I stab  
Cut you up into a slab  
Grind and twist, flick my wrist  
Toss you in the magic mist  
Look into Halls of Glass  
Every mirror shows the past  
With no love you kick the sin of face  
Now your place is in the House of Mirrors[Chorus x2]Three blind mice, your worst fear  
Look into the deadly mirrorWelcome to the House of Mirrors, Mr. Exec  
You should explain to E why ICP should let you live  
As you look on I see this image in your reflection  
A bigot under cover, showing no affections  
To the ghettos and the hoods  
Just look at you, you think for us, you're too good  
Claiming all you got and you can die tomorrow  
And when that shit happens, there's no pinion, no sorrow  
'Cause you refuse to lift a hand  
And you know it's a blessing to help a brother man stand  
And if I were you I'd fear myself  
Knowing I was selfish and wouldn't let another near my wealth  
You just gotta let em fall  
You Violent J, "what up", bash that head against the wall  
And don't let him run for the door (where you goin, bitch?)  
Make him detour to the sore  
And let's wash away his bigot sins  
While we welcome in some more of his bigot ass friends  
And let them see what they really like  
Hand-high riding the Benz and I'm a clown-riding the bike  
So look closely in the mirror  
You're the beast you never knew, so be the next to volunteer

To live in the hood with the ICP  
Yo, J, throw away the key to the House of Mirrors[Chorus x2]

Songwriters

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