Vultures

Insane Clown Posse

You wait for death to happen, you looked up bloody wrecks
you con the elderly feeblos up out they pension checks
you kick 'em when theyre down, you tell 'em god is coming
you work the lonely souls, 800 numbers runnin'
You sell what you reposes, you clean 'em out their nests
you wait for them to try to rest and yank it out they chest
You sell them medicine you make them think they need
you come around the flowers but you's a dirty weed.Like serpents and snakes, they rattle they bite
whatever it takes they get what they like
always stay fake and go where they like
your money they make it and gone in the night
and make no mistake, they do got a heart
it's blacker than coal and hard as a rock
dont quiver or shake when they take a part
and break it apart who swim with the sharks.(chorus)
Pick at the eyes, pick at the brains
because youre wretchedly sick and deranged.
Cause you's a vulture a wicked vulture!
Pick at the heart pick at the soul
Pick 'em and drag 'em down into your hole
Cause you's a vulture a wicked vulture!You cut the fingers off if theres a ring still on 'em
even if they come in cursed, you still want 'em
You promised big things is headed for next year
but then you disappear as soon as the checks clear
you lash out at the poor and tell 'em to give you more
Sell everything off for the church, sleep on the floor
you point the juiciest necks out to all the vampires
but lurking in the dark you might get bit by spiders.Lizards and bugs, flies and mosquitoes,
hookers with drugs and dirty ass needles,
alley way cats, possums and rats,
killers with gats attack you with bats
they scums, bums as anything comes and goes
they mix with tons of hoes, dirty like all of those
I suppose cause wicked is the way that they chose.(chorus)(Skit)
Go away Doc/ Leave him alone/ When will he die?/ I'll be at home/ Who gets his car?/ Who gets the crib?/ Those are his pills?/ I'm poppin' the lid/ I give him a week/ What do I get?/ Put me in his will/ He's moving again/ Sign it like him/ Cut off that beep/ There go his morphine/ That shit is sweet/ Give me a hit!/ The preacher called/ He's tryin' to get paid/ Who's feeding his dog?/ Fuck that dog!/ It's beepin again!/ Whoa, that morphine's kickin' in/ What about his money?/ He wants the church to have it/ How long til he dies?/ Let's

check his wallet/ Lets pull the plug/ Do you think he can hear?/ He's fuckin' dyin'/ He doesn't care/Like
serpents and snakes, they rattle they bite
whatever it takes they get what they like
and they gonna hide, and they gonna run
but they gonna suffer some carnival fun
and make no mistake they do got a heart
it's blacker than coal and hard as a rock
they gonna visit the carnival clowns
and they gonna parish We promise you now.(chorus X2)

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