The Smog

Insane Clown Posse

"No, you ain't getting none, bitch. This shit costs money. Oh, hey.
Hey, kiddies. How are you like the ride thus far?" "Blah."
"Excellent. This next one is about that shit that comes out of the
sewers and pipes and chokes your neck. It's called the Smog.
Ahahahaha!"
The smog is coming...
Aw shit, here it comes, creeping through the cracks
The nooks, the crannies, hittin' smack
It's filling up my head, I gotta get it out
I got me a plan to get the shit out
Pulled out an ice pick to pick the bitch up
Smackin it, pushin it in my ear, fuck
Lord, oh please, what's happenin' to me?
It's the poisonous air from the smoke stacks, G
Seaping in my head, fuckin' up my brain
Driving me crazy, nuts, insane
Sewer slut, G, greasy slime
I'm always bucking with father time
Cuz he's my motherfucking enemy number one
Try to potcher up my life by fillin up my lungs
The shit you call air, but I call it death
Cuz it makes me choke and lose my breath
My toes begin to curl, my fingers start to fold
Got drool on my lips and my body's gettin' cold
Don't know what to do, so now I start to panic
But it's too late, I'm dead, the smog got me, fuck it
The smog is coming...
Another cloudy, it's raining, but not water
It's raining oil out the sky, I think I outta
Make a run but I slipped on an oil slick
I can't move, I think I broke my fuckin' neck
It's no surprise, I'm laying there paralyzed
Looking up into the sky helped me realize
About us, the clouds form a devil's face
It must be a mirror image of the human race
Oh shit, here it comes, the deadly smog
I can tell by the howl of the stray dog
The air is calm, the streets are so still
When the smog creeps out the pipes for a kill

Broken neck, I'm chilling cuz I'm a goner
I can see the smog creepin around the corner
I lay still and hope it doesn't notice me
Oh shit shit, fuck fuck, shit, G
Looking up, just to see it's deadly jaws
I think I, I think I, I think I shit my drawers
But it's okay, the smog left me alone
So I lay and watch the clouds turn into stone
They come crashing down over Del Ray
One even landed on your homeboy Violent J
And I'm dead, crushed me in a split second
So if I'm dead, what the fuck am I doing on this record?
The smog is here
The smog is coming...
Thoughts in my head (of a clown)...
Thoughts in my head
A dead body laying in his house
For three weeks
Until his neighbors
Complain about the smell
Didn't he have anybody
To know he was dead
A serial killer
Decided to kill himself
Before he actually killed someone else
Was that good?
Thoughts in my head
An ocean of blood
And with the bombs dropping
It causes tidal waves
Tidal waves that paint the town red
Red
Everybody's dead
Thoughts in my head
Of mothers and fathers
Look at me
And I can feel the hatred in their eyes
And it's cold
Their children
Are nothing but them in the future
Except it
Thoughts in my head
When sitting on her porch
Bald headed
From a disease she fought from the air

The air that we breathe
The air we breathe is fucked up
It's fucked up
Thoughts in my head
All people wanna kill me
But you can't kill me
Cuz if you kill me
I'll be back to kill you
I will do it again
Thoughts in my head
A sixteen year-old little fuckin punk
Sitting in his classroom
Drawing a gang sign on a folder
He lives in Birmingham Hills
What the fuck do you know about love?
Thoughts in my head
People despise me and hate me
And they don't know me
I hate you too
So it's all good
It's all good
Thoughts in my head
This society
That is so fucked up
That is so evil
That if somebody prays
They get made fun of
They get laughed at
But it's not gonna be funny
They won't be laughing
When the bombs drop
And the town is red
Thoughts in my head...

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