Radio Stars

Insane Clown Posse

{Occasionally, the overwhelming temptation to reach
The pinnacle of the pop music genre, will reduce even
The most deplorable examples of the underground music scene
To attempt to change their so-called artistic endeavors
In a vain attempt to appeal to the public at large
Behold, the metamorphosis}Uh, fuck platinum, platinum just ain't enough
We need more money, more houses and cars and stuff
I'm sick of juggalos, I want them other hoes
I want them shitty hoes, you get with radio and videos
We'll do whatever it takes to get some air play
We'll make that bounce shit, triple our sales and pay
Yeah, come on Shaggy, What? Follow my lead, let's go
It's time we change our shit up to get what we need, come onUh, radio play
Yo! yo! Come on and ride me, ride me
Pull, pull! Come on and hide me, hide me
Cat black, I'm gonna grow one, gold one
Club cat, you want them old ones, old ones
Black, black, look at that lady go, lady go
Look at me, I'm on the radio, radio
Cut, cut, we gonna throw it away, throw it away
Give up, give us the radio play, radio playWhat? hey! what? what? what? hey! what?
What? what? hey
What? hey! what? what? what? hey! what?
What? what? hey
[Incomprehensible]{The pathetic attempts never cease
The moronic musical onslaught continues to insult
The intelligence of the savvy consumer
How much more can an audience be asked to endure?}Didn't work, ah fuck, what happened?
They always told us that we sucked at rapping
Well I don't know how to play a guitar
I'll play the skin flute to be a radio star
I'm sick of keeping it real, and underground
I want the ten millions fans sell out radio flavor sound
Even though we'll be played next summer
Show me a radio dick, and I'll show you a Hummer
Here we go, oh my GodJoey fell in love with a college girl
She had a backpack and a pony tail
She said her name was Lisa but I do not know
She drinks disco lemonade and cherry jello

I can put my Buddy Holly glasses on
I can even sing one of these faggot songs
I can wear checkered pants and never smile
Whatever's cool for your radio dial
Toby fell in love with a college{The borish, bumbling buffoons are baffled in their journey
Through the music business
Each sonnet is more ridiculous than the last
Their strides towards musical success
Are little more than a stumble into complete failure}That was bullshit, what the fuck? You think of something
I'm sitting here trying to write hits, your doing nothing
You wrote the crump shit, but did it work? No
It flopped on its ass, at least I tried though
Alright, ain't no need to be fighting with each other
We need to start talking about relationships and lovers. why?
Can you sing? No, neither can I
If we're gonna be radio stars, we at least gotta tryRemix, uh, remix, clown boy, uh, feel me
Touch me, clown boy, remix, uh
Girl, I gotta let you know, on radio
I wanna lick you from head to toe
Girl, your perfume, it's smelling so sweet
I wanna make love, between the sheetsGirl, play my song, while I'm on the phone long
I'm a radio man, and I know that I can't sing, yes I can
Give me one more chance, and I'll make you dance
Girl, we make radio songs, for radio fans, we can't go wrong
Girl, we make radio songs, for radio fans, we can't go wrong
Girl, we make radio songs, for radio fans, we can't go wrong
Girl, we make radio songs, for radio fans, we can't go wrong
Girl, so you fucked my boy, I don't give a fuck{After years of endless attempts, ICP received almost no radio play
Finally the two dim witted idiots
Decided to stay with the wicked shit for life}

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