Confessions

Insane Clown Posse

Father, I confess for doing
I had a brain, but life had to ruin it
Dissinfected, Disected, Don't Respect It
When you put me in a cage full of animals
Savages and cold blooded canibals
I can't help but come but abouts me
try to run but they found me, surround me
Then they choke ya, and provoke ya
try to smoke ya, turn you into a joka
I tried to rub it off, but its all I know
the only thing I ever knew, so what to do
look at you, a bigot till your growin old
your growin mold, with a soul that's freezin cold
so I confess, but even if I'm all wrong
I'll be down with the clown till I'm dead and goneChorusI confess, this lady had a purse, so I took it
I took it home, opened it, I shook it
she had papers, lipstick and nail polish
credit cards and about 27 dollars
I bought a 5th, drank it and laid there
it seemed like, I could see the purse everywhere
on the light post, by this mail box
I tried to run from it, I ran a couple blocks
but there it was, on the side walk, waitin for me
it tried to lure me to it, I had to fuckin' do it
I picked it up, and stuck my fuckin' hand in it
it was full of rats, and they fuckin' bit it off
father I confess, I'm a criminal
but my worlds too subliminal around me
look at them, all the wicked masses
that's why I'm down with the clown till I'm ashesChorusIts like a circus, a wicked carnival
Everybodys got a tickit, they're lookin
For the freaks, to point and gawk at
Look at yourself, the jokes on you jackChorus
(Repeats Until Song Ends)

Songwriters
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