Pass Me By

Insane Clown Posse

"Does this excite you? Think about it! Does it not stagger the imagination? No builder on earth can concieve any structure to compare to the mansions above. Won't that be something when you go to live in your own mansion? There'll be no concern about paying for it, it's already taken care of. There'll be no worry about veing moved out of it. It will be yours forever."[Shaggy 2 Dope]
I got shot, ah!, the murder was heinous
The bullet went in my eyeball and out my anus
And I was hit, that was it, on the spot
Flash, I woke up in a parking lot
And I'm sittin in a '64 Reinkeys
With Shaggy Dope written on the car keys
I look around I can't believe that it's possible
I'm dead, and I made it to the carnival
I walk in, it's everything I dreamed of
Everybody and they momma got clown luv
Japanese, Lebanese, and Chinese,
Portuguese, and southwest ghetto g's. (woowoo)
Hangin' out with redneck truck drivers
Instead of always givin' each other piledrivers
I see my old homey, he died in a drag
Chillin with two bitches, "What up, Shaggs?"
And he passed me a blunt like a tree trunk
I tried to hit it, but couldn't even fuck with it
And to think, I always been afraid to die
But I ain't never goin back to wonder why.[Chorus (2x)]
We all gonna die, but I'm not gonna fry
Even though most never try
I'm not gonna let this pass me bye, no[Violent J]
I was born, first, they threw me in a shit pile
I dealt with it, and lived there for a while
I got dissed on, pissed on, and beat down
Mutilated, and tossed out a dead clown
Next thing ya know, I'm chillin' at the big top
Free money, and mad bitches non-stop
No water, it's Faygo on tap
I wash my hair, and my face, and my butt-crack with it
'cause I can, 'cause I'm phat paid
I got a five story funhouse with a maid

And she walks around with her titties hanging out
And when I cough, she come and dust my balls off (woowoo)
I'm headed up to the show, I'm gonna see
Jimi Hendrix, Selena, and Eazy E
Elvis tried to open up but got dissed off
We got pissed off, because he sounded like butt
There's no fights, it's a perfect match
Hillbillies in the crowd tryin' to cabbage patch
And to think, I've always been afraid to die
But I ain't never goin back to wonder why.[Chorus (2x)][Violent J]
Did ya ever burn your finger on somethin? hey
Well picture this, your nuts burnin that way
And a roman candle stickin' in your butthole
That's where the greedy skank motherfuckers go[Shaggy 2 Dope]
This is all hell now, we livin' in it
But this bullshit'll be over in a minute
Then it's off to the Faygos and neden hoes
New clothes, and patent leather for your toes (woo-woo)[Violent J]
And while you sit around cryin' for your dead friend
He's chillin' up there, paid, getting mad ends
He's probably there tryin to figure out why you're sad
He's on the beach gettin' fat, you got it bad[Shaggy 2 Dope]
And for those who ain't down for the next man
Who rob from the poor, and snatch all ya can
And any chicken talkin' shit, lemme tell ya something
Hold a lighter to your balls, and you'll see what's coming[Chorus (2x)]"Does this excite you? Think about it!
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in your own mansion? There'll be no concern about paying for it,
it's already taken care of. There'll be no worry about veing moved out
of it. It will be yours forever."[Chorus (10x)]

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