

# Never Had It Made

## Icp (insane Clown Posse)

First I was born young and healthy  
I told my mother one day I'd be wealthy  
Can't forget my first day at school  
Got stabbed in the head with a pencil but it's cool  
Get my education, a job and a family, a good reputation  
And what about grade two?  
Got shot in the neck and the bullet went straight through  
But I'm packing a textbook  
Don't fuck with me 'cuz I'm going to grade three  
Thank God it's lunch in a minute  
Bit into my hot dog with a razor blade in it  
And it cut my tongue off  
But I know how to multiply so what's up, boss  
Finally had to step out  
I dropped out of school when they ripped my neck out  
Who knows where the road led?  
Seen a man with a briefcase and no head  
So I'm like fuck that  
Show me a quarter and an ounce of crack  
And I'm straighter than a fucking light post  
I sold a lot of crack but I bought the most  
Now I'm a base head down on my luck  
Roaming the streets and got hit by a Mack Truck  
And thrown about a block  
But I'm thinking nothing but gimme a rock  
Holding my sign I'll work for crack  
With my old-ass E.T. shirt on my back  
And I'm sleeping in the gutter  
Right next to Jam Town's mother  
I'm eating dead rats in the street  
I keep on checking for my own heart beat  
Now I'm weighing at a buck-o-five  
Twitchy little neck and I'm barely alive  
Got my first taste of life in hell  
I ate a dead, shh, but don't tell  
Excuse me, sir, can you spare some change?  
I'll cut your face off and eat your brains  
You know all about me  
You act like you ain't seen penitentiary

Spitting and cussing and you know I'll piss  
With these iron braces on my fucking wrists  
And I'm heading for the slammer  
Serial killer, all on the camera  
First day, they broke my back  
Next day, they broke my neck  
Third day, they broke my leg  
Fourth day, they broke my head  
Swallowing kept on trucking  
But there'll be no fucking  
That's strictly for the soft  
Seen a freak in a week and my nuts fell off  
So I'm finna escape  
How much shit can one club no take?  
Stop, fool, stop or I'll fire  
Shot me off and I fell in the razor wire  
I'm all tangled up, cut, cut, cut, slit, slit, cut, cut  
You don't love me, I really don't care  
Tie my ass up in the electric chair  
I got no family, I got no friends  
I pray to God that my life ends  
They thought that they had killed me  
They took me to the morgue  
I'm just a little stiff that's all, like a board  
I lay there in my coffin, just chill and wait and chill  
But then I jump out knife swinging all about  
And motherfucking mother, mother, mother, motherfucking kill  
I used to wonder what life's about  
Until it chewed me up and spit me out  
Your ghetto created a psycho nut  
Not just psycho, psycho nut  
Now I'm living in the walls of your house  
And I'll die there and lay and rot like a dead mouse  
I'm packing a sickle I'm on your roof and I'm playing the fiddle  
You want me in a straight jacket  
'Cuz when I see a throat, I'm a hack it  
Where I'm at? What's my name?  
Somehow, somewhere, I got hit by a train  
And it ripped my legs off, uh, nothing but a minor coft  
You can't get me I swing from a tree  
Shouting and cussing and shooting at me  
Everybody's end make two cents  
A branch broke and I fell on a picket fence  
I'm stuck and they're coming to get me  
Rip myself off and I took my lungs with me

I'm stuffing them back in  
Fuck! They won't go back in  
Now my life's gettin' dense  
'Cuz my heart's still beating  
On a wooden fence  
They shoot me up and down  
Thinking, thinking, thinking clown  
Wicked, wicked, wicked clown  
You wanna know all about a wicked clown  
I never had it made

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