How Many Times?

Insane Clown Posse

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

How many times will I ask myself, why how many times?
How many times will I ask myself, why how many times will I cry?
How many times will I ask myself, why how many times?
How many times will I ask myself, why how many times will I cry?How many times will you honk your horn and say fuck you?
Now what the fuck does that do?
Ya feel better now I didn't let ya pass
How 'bout I stop my car, and beat your fuckin' ass?
How many times will my neighbor beat his wife?
Somewhere in that house there's a butcher knife
Fuckin' drunk, swingin' his fists about
Why don't you wait till he sleeps, and take him out?
How many times will I sit in a hot car?
Traffic jam, been sittin' for a fuckin' hourMust be an accident, I hope nobody died
Finally get there, and the crash is on the other side
The gawkers roll by and creep slow
Hopin' they can see a mangled body show
Some park, and stand there and watch it all
With their kids, they point, and fuckin' stare and just look
I remember one time I was pulled over
Handcuffed, the cop was like, shows over
People watching, hoping that he shoots me
I just wanted to choke their fuckin' headsHow many times will I ask myself, why how many times?
How many times will I ask myself, why how many times will I cry?
How many times will I ask myself, why how many times?
How many times will I ask myself, why how many times will I cry?How many times will I wait in a line
It's three thirty, I fuckin' got here at nine
I'm finally up to the front, can't wait another minute
Why am I here? To pay a fuckin' parking ticket
The lady at the counter acts like a fuckin' bitch
No smiles, no help, you're just a piece of shit
I'm gettin' pissed, calm down, fuck it, forget it

Back to my car, and there it is, another ticketHow many times will a crack head smoke crack
And ask me for some money 'cuz he wants crack
Give him money, again, he's coming back
Walk away, and here's another, Gimmie Crack
How many time will a kid give a dirty look
A little punk ass bitch tryin' to be a crook
I wrote the book, I was out robbin' liquor stores
When you were just a nut stain in your mama's drawersHow many times will I ask myself, why how many times?
How many times will I ask myself, why how many times will I cry?
How many times will I ask myself, why how many times?
How many times will I ask myself, why how many times will I cry?How many times will you steal my car stereo,
It don't even work, ya feel like a bitch, don't ya?
I vacuum all the fuckin' glass off from my seat,
I sit down, and got a piece stuck in my butt cheek
How many times did I walk in, and just sit,
And have to listen, and learn all this bullshit
Learnin' history and science, fuckin' wait
Knowin' that, will that put food on my plate?Yeah, can I walk into McDonald's, into the counter
And tell 'em you can make limestone from gunpowder
Will they give me a cheeseburger if I know that shit?
Fuck no, fuck you, and shut your fuckin' lip
How many times will a judge decide my fate
Who is he? A bitch nothin' great
He takes shits, and fuck his old floppy wife
Plays with his balls and judges my lifeHow many times will I ask myself, why how many times?
How many times will I ask myself, why how many times will I cry?
How many times will I ask myself, why how many times?
How many times will I ask myself, why how many times will I cry?How many times will I ask myself, why how many times?
How many times will I ask myself, why how many times will I cry?
How many times will I ask myself, why how many times?
How many times will I ask myself, why how many times will I cry?{Dawg, I peels cats all day long, mutha fucka
The call me the big wheeler cat peeler, ya know what I'm sayin'?
I run this whole mutha fucka
The whole block, dawg
They call me the king, the big king, king killer big wheeler cat peeler Yeah That's what they call me around this mutha fucka
I run this bitch
I got this bitch locked down I'm a big gang banga, man
I'm a gang banga mutha fucka
See, they ain't think that we was gang bangin'
Out in this neighborhood

But they don't know about me and my clik, dawg
And if you all wanna be down
Shit, we can sit down and talk
Ya know what I'm sayin'}{Bobby, get your ass here right now and finish your homework
Here I come, aw dawg I gotta go man
But look, meet me here tomorrow after school
Oh wait I got year book awright meet me here
Around five-thirty tomorrow, dawg awright guys peace
I hope he doesn't get grounded, dude
Yeah, me too 'cause then we couldn't be gang bangers}

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