

# 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' hour Must 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' heads 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 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 ticket  
How 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, Gimme 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 drawers  
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 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 life  
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?  
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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