Behind the Paint

Insane Clown Posse

Remember me bitch, 8th grade
Old park skinny ass well-fare raid
Ustler and bruce brothers we was the shit
Dungeons dragons, and bruce lee flicks
Quit school, nobody missed us
Nobody hugged and kissed us only dissed us
And now look at these beautiful model type
High class women takin' my dick in 'emYou don't remember my kind in class
The whigged out freak starin' at your ass
Never had the courage to even say, "Hi"
Only smell your perfume vapors when you walked by
I'm the scrub that never crossed your mind
Now you're flashing your titties at me waitin' in line
And that's fine while you're working your charm
Look beneath the paint bitch it's the scrubs who wonLook at me, look at me
Analyze, what you see?
Look at me, look at me
Analyze, what you see?You used to say, "Ahhh hah!"
Look at him the same pair of pants and that shirt again
An outcast, I knew I had to do something
Figure out a way to make something out of nothin'
Open up shop got what you need
Speakers clothes CD's or bags of weed
But that shit got me nowhere except jail
Me and all my homies to broke to make the bailSo now we're right back to the place we started
Chuckles and laughs the second we turn our backs
Assed out but we was like "Fuck yall"
We got each other and the drop of the homie call
Look at us now bitch holdin' platinum
All up on my dick but I'm the same as back then
Forget the money and fame because
Beneath the paint life's just as it always wasLook at me, look at me
Analyze, what you see?
Look at me, look at me
Analyze, what you see?Look at me
Analyze what you see
Look at me
Analyze what you seeAnother girl, I don't dare to confide
Playing that role it hurts inside

Here I am thinking she wants me
She only wants that killer on her CD
Just when I couldn't feel any worse
Bitch asked me if I could paint my face first
The day I finally get to leave this land
Behind the paint will be the shell of a used up manBehind the paint will be the shell of a used up man
The shell of a used up man, the shell of a used up man
Behind the paint will be the shell of a used up man
Nothing left but the shell of a used up man
Nothing left but the shell of a used up man
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