

# Halloween On Military Street

## Insane Clown Posse

We measure things by what we are.  
To the maggots in the cheese  
The chesse is the universe.  
To the worms in the corpse  
The corpse is the cosmos.  
How than can we be so cocksure about our world  
Just because of our telescopes, and microscopes,  
And the splitting of the atoms, certainly not  
Science is but a organized system of ignorance.  
There are more thing on heaven and earth than on earth than on heaven than on earth  
What do we know about the beyond?  
Do we know what's behind the beyond?  
I'm afraid some of us hardly know what's beyond the behind.  
Fuck damnit, another Halloween  
People on Military know what this means  
Houses on fire, they're blowin' up cars  
Creatures on the streets, and razor blades in candy barsWent to trick or treat the first house on  
my block  
Spit in my face and gave me a rock  
I tried to give it back and said I'll take nothing instead  
Turned around and walked away and felt the rock peg me in the headWalked to the next house  
directly next door  
And there I found an old lady dead on the floor  
I said excuse me miss, but do you have a treat?  
She lifted her leg and scraped flakes off her dead feetI ran to the next house happy and giddy  
There I seen a fat woman holding up her titty  
I said "Trick or treat" she said "Treat or trick"  
And squeezed on her titty until it fuckin' got too sick  
The next house was set back in the woods  
I was a little frightened but fuck I want the goods  
I knocked on the door, I heard a knock back  
And then I heard "Come in" and yo I'm like, Fuck That!This house belongs to Mrs. Cherryspoon  
She said "Drop your drawers your treat is coming soon"  
I quickly grew a stiffy but kept my eye's shut  
A hand came out the mail shoot and flicked me in the nutsI wobbled to the next house ready for  
the worst  
And chilling in the drive was a long black hearse  
I rung the door-bell and said "Is anybody home?"  
Of course little boy have a sugar coated kidney stoneI walked through the field and to the next  
crib  
It's friendly Mrs. Witherbee in her cooking nib  
I said "How bout some candy?"

She said "How bout instead,  
A nice hot fresh home made loaf of yeast infection bread" My bag's getting heavy so I rest on  
the curb  
And riding on his bike, here comes little Larry Shurd  
I snuck up behind him, and kicked 'im off his seat  
I punched 'im in the neck and power bombed 'im in the street Now my sack of candy has  
doubled in size  
Up to the next house for my scarey prize  
I'm like Trick or Treat, Trick, Treat, Tricky, Dick  
He opened up the door slapped my lips and didn't give me shit Rock through his window and  
ran across the street  
To the big mansion I'm in for a treat  
I dinged on the dong, and here comes the butler  
A big gumpy, tall ass lurch looking mother fucker  
I said "Hello Mister, is there somethin for my sack?"  
He reached into his pocket but I think he hurt his back  
It's taken him an hour, my bag is open ready  
But then he finally dropped it in my sack, a fuckin' penny The next house is abandoned so forget  
it  
But wait a minute I think somebody's livin in it  
I ran up to the porch Trick or Treat you can't hide  
It was a crackhead he crawled in my bag and died The next house was mine, the last on the block  
My mothers sitting on the porch shining up her glock  
I climbed on the roof with my brother Jump Steady. And we yelled,  
HAPPY HALLOWEEN AND CLOWN LOVE TO THE WHOLE CITY! Fuck dammit, another  
Halloween  
People on Military know what this means  
Houses on fire, they're blowin' up cars  
Creatures on the streets, and razor blades in candy bars (4x)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>