

Blaze Ya Dead Homie, Juggalo Anthem

(Violent J)

Killas kick the anthem like this
Juggalos up in this bitch, up in this bitch
Killas kick the anthem like this
Juggalos up in this biiiitch, blaze

(Blaze Ya Dead Homie)

G's up, ridin' from the cradle to the casket
And beyond, recognize thug shit
Poundin' out the trunk bitch
Runnin' wit' a mother f**kin' hatchet
you haters, you suck dick was a thug, became a G
B to the L to the A, Z, E, still dead
Still don't give a f**k (give a f**k)
Sportin' all black kahkis with the mother f**kin' cuffs up
Smokin' Hella trees, tryin' to make a couple G's
So a thug can get back on his feet
Mean muggin', steady thuggin'
And I'm tryin' to find the hoodrat's all about f**kin'
Still loked out
All my dawgs from the past, dead or smoked out
Still tryin' to come up on a lick for a phat ass ride
So I can drop the top, and parlay through the east side

Chorus(Monoxide Child)

Niggas kick the anthem like this
Juggalos up in this bitch, up in this bitch! x 4

(Blaze)

Bitches freeze, you aint a thug or a G or a banga'
You's a studio gangsta
You aint about shit, scared to pull the trigga'
That's what we call, a real bitch nigga' (bitch nigga')
Sneekin' through the hood, throwin' up a set
Hangin' out the window, yellin' idol threats
Check this out, I'm a check your chin
Close your mouth, 'fore I put the barrel in
Dumpin' clips in yo ass is what I'm all about
Straight G from the clique on a paper route
Still slappin' off fake bitches with the Louisville
Beat a nigga' to the pavement, another bitch killed

Chorus(Monoxide Child)

(Jamie Madrox)

This is the battle for the planet (booya)
We bring the thunder, getting half the advantage
From the style and the status
Half of y'all coming off a half-ass deal
Then got the nerve to tell a muthaphukka "keep it real"
We seen through y'all fools like a cellphane on the square pack
You buy that shit, you can keep it we don't want it back
We don't give a fuck, east side for life
And if you don't have heart, don't expect to have your shit tight
There ain't no room for the whole-hearted
We give a fuck where you at, who you with or how you got started
Fuck you and everybody in your clique
If you don't run with the hatchet or claim the psychopathic
I ain't got time to say no names
It's only eight rhymes, yo holla
We been in the game
Cuz I fuck even speaking your name
You're just a bitch in the game

And y'all niggaz gonna always be the same