

# 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