

Insane Clown Posse, Joker & The Juggler / Let M

Well you never juggle that junk in the mix
I been down the road and I broke a few necks
And I'll break a few more so what's up?
Road by me, Im gonna hold my nutz up!
It's fine ta f**k you wit dat(wit dat)
I hear some skank let me hit dat(hit dat)
I'm Violent J and I'm one to fake
I wanna see some folded up skank bitches naked!
I pass out when it gets dark
and woke up naked at the Clark Park
Gotta go gotta go before I get the wrap!
Gotta chopped off head chillin' in my lap!
Mister shrink, mister shrink I'm sick
Luna-tic-tic-toc it don't quit
It don't quit, it don't quit
Mister shrink I'm sick, a luna-ticy-tic

The doctor told me I'm a psyc0
So I ate his face like I don't know
Knife to tha neck and I got some mo'
The night of the axe, the night of the .44
Bitch I'm a man you can talk ta'
But after you leave Im'a stalk ya
and if you're a lil' kid Im'a take ya
and if you're a neck Im'a break ya
and if you're an old lady Im'a mug ya
'cause BITCH!, YA CAN'T F**K WITH THE JUGGLA!

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, he is...the juggla
He'll cut your windpipe, eat your face
And slit your motherf**king heart out
You can see this freak show at the world famous Carnival of Carnage
Keep juggling, motherf**ker!

'cause ya know the juggla will throw ya up fast
And if I drop you that's your ass
I shake and twist, try to keep calm
I might go to hell 'cause I'm down with Esham
Gotta rhyme for your Uncle Willy
Then I hit him in the head with a Billy
Willy, Willy, watch your mouth
And f**k the south

Running with a gang of twenty street hoods, yo
What's up bitch, ah, what's up ho?
Sometimes you act like you ain't down
With a psychotic wicked clown
F**king my friends ain't healthy
'cause I grab you by the face and f**k you up
And it's like that bitch that's the way it is
I'm allowed to f**k, ho, I'm in show biz
Sets in the hood want me for dead
So I paint my tag on they forehead
Stick your little 'kay by my taggin'

You can fit twenty clowns in a Volkswagon
And we coming straight to your brick house
I'm a huff, and puff, and blow your f**kin' neck loose
And then I might mug ya
'cause they're will be no f**king with the Juggla!!!

Juggling eyeballs, juggling heads
What you've heard about, what you've read

The juggling wicked clowns will come to your
Birthday party, wedding, and barmitzva
And cut your back off for a small fee
The juggla ain't taking no shorts from nobody

Tweedle-dee and tweedle-doh
Let the f**king bass go

And the juggla make it last
Down with 2 Dope and try n' get trashed
My fellow f**king fellas
Southwest gangster killas
Violent J, the psychopathic
Some might say I'm schitsofrantic
Others think I'm quite the psychic
But somehow the bitches like it

What's up bitch, let me get the shot
Right here and now, butt-naked on the spot
Why am I like this, like that
Why are you like that, like this
The ghetto took my brain and motherf**k I want it back

I'm that nerd in the back of the class
That went psycho and killed your ass
I slash and cut and hack
With a "Kick Me" sign on my back
In my corner is scyne therapy
They take care of me, but don't stare at me
'cause like I said I'll mug ya
Now run on home and don't f**k with the Juggla!!!

Finally happened, the wicked clown have come to your town
And he's got your daughter by the hand
Showing her a new land
The southwest ghetto zone, where all the jugglas roam
Come one, come all and have the juggla cut your face off
Skip to the lou

Juggla juggla f**k with the juggla
You can't f**k with the juggla

Tweedle-dee and tweedle-doh
Let the f**king bass go!