

Insane Clown Posse, Piggy Pie

COME AND GET IT! Woo! We got some fresh vittles for your fat chicken-ass to snack on, bitch!

So here, start wit' a slice of this fresh piggy pie, mothafucka!

The first little piggy, his house is made of wood,
He lives in a chicken turkey piggy neighborhood.
He likes to fuck his sister, and drink his moonshine,
A typical redneck filthy fuckin' swine!
I rode into town with my ax in my holster,
Everybody knows about the wicked piggy roaster.
A farmer at the border, he tried to take me out,
I drew my ax with the quickness, and cut his chicken feathers out!
Walked in the village, and to the piggy's place,
He opened up his door, and popped me in the face.
It blew me off the porch, and cracked my head in half,
But I'm a Juggalo, so it only made me laugh. (Hehe!)
Forty in hand, I rose from the dead,
And threw with all my might, I made a ping noise off his head.
Since we out west, I had a little fun,
And pulled his fuckin' tongue out the back of his cranium!

(chors)

Three little piggies, to make a piggy pie.
There's nothing like the sound when you hear a piggy die.
I might use a gun, (No!)
I might use an ax, (yes!)
The carnival's in town, come and get your piggy snacks!

The second little piggy, his house is made of brick,
And this little piggy is a mutha fuckin' dick.
He sits on his bench and gets all the respect,
But if I get a chance, I'm goin' straight for the neck.
He walked in the room, and everybody rose,
Lopped off bucket chillin' underneath my clothes.
First they let the piggy, now you can finally sit,
But what this piggy don't know is he's about to get his neck wet!
Now I see the bailiff, I'm thinkin' what the fuck?
I can smoke this room before his hearing aid will pick it up.
Old-ass man, I let him get away,
That tired mutha fucka, probably die tomorrow anyway.
Here come the piggy, it's time for my case,
His eyes are blood red with a wicked lookin' face.
He saw my joker's smile, and sentenced me a dime,
So I racked on the bucket, made it fuckin' rain pork rhines!

(chors)

Three little piggies, to make a piggy pie.
There's nothing like the sound when you hear a piggy die.
I might use a knife, (No!)
I might use an ax, (yes!)
The carnival's in town, come and get your piggy snacks!(x2)

The last little piggy, his house is made of gold,
He lives in a mansion on his own private road,
I started walking down it, the guardy he told me wait,
I bounced off his head and did a Jackie Chan over the gate!
Cuz this little piggy, must definitely fry,
I'm a lop his nugget off and toss it in the sky.
And then I watch the moon take the form of the devil,
And pull it out the sky, and beat it with a shovel.
People in my city, they fight for they meals,
He sleeps on a mattress stuffed with hundred dollar bills.

A richie is the devil, he never really made it,
So I'm a take his money stack and stuff his face wit' it.
Opened up his door, he's sleeping in his bed,
I grabbed a brick of gold laid it upside his head.
He begged for his life, I told him it's too late,
It took away his dough and watched the devil suffocate, cuz I need

(chors)

Three little piggies, to make a piggy pie.
There's nothing like the sound when you hear a piggy die.
I might use a gun, (No!)
I might use an ax, (yes!)
The carnival's in town, come and get your piggy snacks! (X3)