

Artificial Joy Club

"Juggalo Anthem"

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(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 fuckin' 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 fuck (give a fuck)
Sportin' all black kakhis with the mother fuckin' 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 fuckin'
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)

(Jaime Madrox)

This is the battle for the planets
We bring the thunder, givin' half the advantage
Fuck a style and a status
Half of y'all hummin' off a half ass deal
And got the nerve to tell a mother fucker "keep it real"
We see through y'all fools, like cellophane on the
square pack
You bite our shit, you can keep it, we don't want it back
We don't give a fuck, east side for life
And if you aint got heart, don't expect to have your shit
tight
There aint no room for the hoe-hearted
We give a fuck where you at, or who you wit', or how
you got started
Fuck you and everybody in yo clique
If you don't run wit' a hatchet, or claim the Psychopathic
I aint got time, to say no names
It's only 8 rhymes, no holla', we been in the game
Besides fuck it, no speakin your name
You're just a bitch in the game
And y'all niggas gone' always be the same

Chorus x8

Hammer slide

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