

Blaze ya Dead Homie "Juggalo Anthem"

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Juggalo Anthem Lyrics (Blaze Ya Dead Homie)

feat. Insane Clown Posse

(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 Louiville
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
F**k a style and a status
Half of y'all hummin' off a half ass deal
And got the nerve to tell a mother f**ker '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 f**k, 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 f**k where you at, or who you wit', or how
you got started
F**k 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 f**k 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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