

## **Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Piggie Pie"**

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"Come and get it! Woo!  
We got some fresh fills for your fat chicken-ass to  
snack on, bitch!  
So here, start with a slice of this fresh piggy pie,  
motherfucker!"

[Violent J]

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 axe 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  
And 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

[Chorus (1x)]

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!

[Shaggy 2 Dope]

The second little piggy, his house is made of brick  
And this little piggy is a motherfucking 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 motherfucker will 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 to die  
So I ragged on the bucket, made it fuckin' rain pork  
rinds

[Chorus (2x)]

[Violent J]

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 guard 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 fightin for they meals  
He sleeps on a mattress stuffed with hundred dollar  
bills  
How rich he is the devil, he never will admit it  
So I'm a take his money stack and stuff his face with it  
Opened up his door, he's sleeping in his bed  
I grabbed a brick of gold and laid it upside his head  
He begged for his life, I told him it's too late  
And took away his dough and watched the devil  
suffercate  
Cuz I need...

[Chorus (4x)]

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