

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

Visit "[Piggy Pie](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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  
feathes out!  
Walked in the village, and to the piggy's place,  
He opened up his door, and pop 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!)  
40 in hand, I rose from the dead,  
And threw with all my might, I made a big noise in his  
head.  
Since we out west, i had a little fun i pulled his fucking  
tongue out the back of his cranium!  
Three little piggies, to make a piggy pie.  
There's nothing like the sound when you hear a piggy  
die.  
I might choose a gun(no) I might choose an axe(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 respcet  
but if i get a chance im going straight for his neck, he  
walked in the room and everyone 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 wacked on the bucket, made it fuckin' rain pork  
rinds  
Three little piggies, to make a piggy pie.  
There's nothing like the sound when you hear a piggy  
die.  
I might choose a gun(no) I might choose an axe (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 guard, he told me wait,  
I bounced off his head and did a Jackie Chan over the  
gate.  
Cuz this little piggy, must definitely die,  
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 will admit it  
So I'ma take his money sack and stuff his face with 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,  
and took away his dough and watched the devil  
suffocate, cuz I need  
Three little piggies, to make a piggy pie.  
There's nothing like the sound when you hear a piggy  
die.  
I might choose a gun(no) I might choose an axe(yes!)  
The carnival's in town, come and get your piggy  
snacks! (X3)

Visit [lcp \(Insane Clown Posse\)](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.