

## **Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "The Juggla"**

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[Violent J]

Well, you know the juggla jumped in the mixer  
Been down the road and I broke a few necks  
And I'll break a few more, so what's up  
Road by me on the corner, I'm a hold my nuts up  
Its finna fuck you wit' dat  
But if you a sewer skank let me hit dat  
Cuz I'm Violent J, ain't even one to fake it  
I wanna see some folded up skank bitches naked  
I pass out when it gets dark  
And woke up naked at the Clark Park  
Gotta go, gotta get before I get the wrap  
Gotta chopped off head chilling in my lap  
Mr. Shrink, Mr. Shrink, I'm sick  
Lunatick-tick-tock, it don't quit  
It don't quit, it don't quit  
Mr. Shrink, I'm sick, a lunaticky-tick  
The doctor told me I'm a psycho  
So I ate his face like I don't know  
Knife to the neck and got some more  
The night of the axe, the night of the forty fuck  
Bitch, I'm a man you can talk ta  
But after you leave I'm a stalk ya  
If you're a little kid I'm a take ya  
And if you're neck I'm a break ya  
If you're an old lady I'm a mug ya  
Cuz bitch, you can't fuck with the juggla

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen, he is...the juggla  
He'll cut your windpipe, eat your face  
And slit your motherfucking heart out  
You can see this freak show at the world famous  
Carnival of Carnage  
Keep juggling, motherfucker!"

[Violent J]

Cuz ya know the juggla will throw ya up fast  
And if I drop you that's your ass  
I shake and twist, try to keep calm  
I might go to hell cuz I'm down with Esham  
Gotta rhyme for your Uncle Willy  
Then I hit him in the head with a Billy

Willy, Willy, watch your mouth  
And fuck the south  
Running with a gang of twenty street hoods, yo  
What's up bitch, ah, what's up ho?  
Sometimes you act like you ain't down  
With a psychotic wicked clown  
Fucking my friends ain't healthy  
Cuz I grab you by the face and fuck you up  
And it's like that bitch that's the way it is  
I'm allowed to fuck, ho, I'm in show biz  
Sets in the hood want me for dead  
So I paint my tag on they forehead  
Stick your little 'kay by my taggin'  
You can fit twenty clowns in a Volkswagon  
And we coming straight to your brick house  
I'm a huff, and puff, and blow your fuckin' neck loose  
And then I might mug ya  
Cuz they're will be no fucking with the juggla

"Juggling eyeballs, juggling heads  
What you've heard about, what you've read  
The juggling wicked clowns will come to your  
Birthday party, wedding, and barmitzva  
And cut your back off for a small fee  
The juggla ain't taking no shorts from nobody"

"Tweedle-dee and tweedle-doh  
Let the fucking bass go"

[Violent J]  
And the juggla make it last  
Down with 2 Dope and try n' get trashed  
My fellow fucking fellas  
Southwest gangster killas  
Violent J, the psychopathic  
Some might say I'm schitsofrantic  
Others think I'm quite the psychic  
But somehow the bitches like it  
What's up bitch, let me get the shot  
Right here and now, butt-naked on the spot  
Why am I like this, like that  
Why are you like that, like this  
The ghetto took my brain and motherfuck I want it back  
I'm that nerd in the back of the class  
That went psycho and killed your ass  
I slash and cut and hack  
With a "Kick Me" sign on my back  
In my corner is scyne therapy  
They take care of me, but don't stare at me  
Cuz like I said I'll mug ya  
Now run on home and don't fuck with the juggla

"Finally happened, the wicked clown have come to your town  
And he's got your daughter by the hand  
Showing her a new land  
The southwest ghetto zone, where all the jugglas roam  
Come one, come all and have the juggla cut your face off  
Skip to the lou"

Juggla juggla fuck with the juggla  
You can't fuck with the juggla  
Tweedle-dee and tweedle-doh  
Let the fucking bass go

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