Icp (Insane Clown Posse)
"Three Rings"

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~Rrrinnnggg~
"Hello?"
"You have a collect call from 'Fukoff'. Please answer
the following
question 'yes' or 'no'."
"Will you pay for the call?"
"Is this on?
Gather round my wealthy friends,
And endure the horrifying sights
Only your worst nightmares could produce.
Actual human beings of a deformed nature.
Come at once, and come and endulge yourself
In our own twisted amusement of another's misfortune.
Yes, ladies and gentlemen.
Enter our 3 ring show of freaks!"
Ring one, a-dung-a-dung-dung.
My name's Violent J and I staple my tongue
To the desk in school, then I run down the hall.
Scarin the shit outta all of yall bitches!
Which is why you don't invite mine to your party
Just cuz I don't look like everybody.
I guess you're just a bunch of rich boys.
Bitch boys. Scary. Blblbblah!
And what's the big deal about my neck.
Just because now and then I like to let it stretch up
A couple feet to get a better sight.
Is that any reason to scream and run in fright?
No! So, now how ya gon' act?
So what if I got another arm growin' outta my back.
I guess I'm just another freak show thing
And now they got me in the 3 rings.
(chorus):
3 ring. A ding a ding ding. People love to point and
stare.
3 ring. A ding a ding ding. It's the same as everywhere.
(End Chorus)
(chorus)
Ring two! How do ya do? I'm Shaggy 2-dope.
Chicken-faced bitch! (Who?)
You don't try to front hoe.
Try to play me out just cuz I'm runnin wit the side show.
So maybe there's the leg growin out my neck.

But, don't jet baby, huh, not yet.
Popped out the neden like a pound of lead.
Doctor blew his back, rolled and dropped me on my head.
Oh shit! I knew it had to fuck up my circuits.
Cuz, when I was 2, my momma left me at the circus.
Abandoned at the carnival, with the freak shows
Like Bat-boy, Hermaphrodite, and Old Man Crow.
But then I escaped to the ghetto zone.
Started a crew of my own mutha fucka, I'm not alone.
So don't be stickin' your finger in my face stank.
Or your stomach might recieve a shank from the 3 rings. FREAK
(chorus)
(chorus)
"I certainly hope you're enjoying yourselves, here, at our 3 ring
exhibit. But,
to be honest, I
really don't see what's so fuckin' funny about it. These fuckin' people
are
real!"
"Ring 3, The ICP! Look if you want,
But I wouldn't lay a hand on me.
That's how you get fucked up.
We'll squeeze your windpipe's shut."
Yo! I'm a nerd, word. I drink Thunderbird.
Half-snake woman kicked my love to the curb.
She busted in to my tent now I'm fucked.
Had the fat-bearded lady in the buck. Ugh!.
Fuck that. Bitch suck that.
I was born with a wang, but I never had a nutsack.
It's two balls hangin' wit no protection, so,
I move real careful and slow.
You can call me a wierdo, call me a freak.
Call me Don Knotts cuz I'm gettin at it every week. Uh!
So come see the carnival and throw me your change, bitch.
I chill with the 3 rings.
(chorus)
(chorus)
"Well, that's it. I hope you're satisfied. I hope you had a good time,
you fucking heartless
bastards! You saw what you wanted, so grab your fucking kids and that
fat, flop of shit
wife of yours, and get the fuck out of our circus tent!
You cold-hearted
sons of bitches!

You think they looked fucked up? Just wait till I kick your fuckin' lips
in a couple times!
You'll be sittin' up here like a bitch, and we'll be laughin at your
folded ass. They'll call
you Lumpy. After I done puttin knots all over your fuckin forehead. Yeah!
Hey, Hey little
boy! Come here, how'd you like it if I tied your neck in a knot? You
fuckin' little bitch!
Come here, I'll fuckin shove that fuckin' corndog up your ass! Get the fuck outta
here! The show's
fuckin' over. Get the fuck outta here, you fuckin heartless bastards."

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