

Insane Clown Posse "Juggalo Island"

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You know whut would be the shit?
If we had our own island. Man

Lets trip in the sun (repeat)

Violent J:

I got my toes in the sand, watchin hoes play volleyball.
It's summer time, and I'm feeling jolly ya'll.
food on the fire, boats in the water and takin time off
from my serial slaughteren.
here for the weekend, me and these friends, sunny
sunshine, and blue skies never end.
Theres a mermaid, wavin me to come in, underwater
on my balls she's hummin.Smokin on a phat one, we
come to have fun, I got my dick in your hotdog
bun.pouring out shots for everybody that's sippin, let's
get loose now, skinny dippin.
Don't hate me cause the speedo I'm wearin, got your
girlfriend stairin.We out here, sky's so clear, ice cold
beer, suntan, topless, BITCH, come over here.

CHORUS:On Juggalo island, We can be one. Let our
nuts hang by the water. On Juggalo island, we can have
fun. We can let go, by the water.

Shaggy:Bang! Pow! Boom!, sunny like high noon, met
some lettes, and they all comin over soon.
Have aluha, I'm getting blew out, come over here if you
ever get threw out.
We gotta place for ya, never will ignore ya, gotta hot
plate and a drink we gunna pour ya.
Corpse on tha grill, plays on the one, two, and around
here the dead have fun too
Stiffs in the water, float and we see you, doing flips in
the air on a sea-do
No cops, unless they pourin out shots, unless ur
helping us smoke these crops.
Surfin on the big one, havin big fun, fuckin with a big
fat one under the sun.
lettin them hang, doing our thang, listen to them up
and down the beach everybody sing.

CHORUS

Violent J:And when the sun goes down, we up all night,
dance of the dead, boogywoogy in the moon light.
Fuck the rules, right? the dead do bite, listen to the
quiji board, we can only do right.
Can't do wrong, fatty in a blue thong, everybody can't
be together with you gone.
Come get with this, wicked ridiculous, This world is
ours everybit of this.
Shaggy:Get you a burger with cheese, enjoy the
breeze, I'm choppin coconuts outta palm trees
And we all in, a free ballin, see me shore side, surfin
on a dolphine.
Grass skirt, dead hola girls, hatchets, and whutever
your fishing hook catches.
We don't leave without you, so lets hang, Boom Pow
Bang, lets do the damn thang.

CHORUS

Let's trip in the sun (repeat)

CHORUS

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