Insane Clown Posse "Three Rings"

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Hello!

You have a collect call from Cuckoo Please answer the following question, "Yes or no" Will you pay for the call?

Is this on?

Gather around my wealthy friends and enjoy the horrifying sights
Only your worst nightmares could produce
Actual human beings of a deformed nature
Come at once, and come and indulge yourself
In our own twisted amusement of another's misfortune
Yes, Ladies and Gentlemen, enter our three 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 Scaring the shit out of all y'all bitches

Which is why you don't invite mine to your parties Just 'cause I don't look like everybody I guess they're bunch of richboys, bitchboys Scary, bula!

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 gonna act?
So what if I got another arm growing out of my back I guess, I'm just another freak show thing
And now they got me in the three ring

Three ring a ding a ding ding People love to point and stare Three ring a ding a ding ding It's the same as everywhere

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Three ring a ding a ding ding It's the same as everywhere

Ring two, how do you do? I'm Shaggy 2 Dope, chicken-faced bitch, who? You don't try to front ho Try to play me out just 'cause I'm running with the sideshow

Or maybe it's the leg growing out my neck But don't jet baby, heh, not yet I'm popping in like a pound of lead Black 'n' blue, his next roll and drop me on my head

Oh shit, I knew I had to fuck up my circuits 'Coz when I was two my momma left me at the circus Abandoned at the carnival with the freak shows Like bad boys, hermaphrodites and old man crow

But then I escaped to the ghetto zone Started a crew of my own, motherfucker, I'm not alone So don't be stickin' your finger in my face stank Or your stomach might receive a shank from the

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I certainly hope your enjoy yourselves Here at our three ring exhibit But to be honest I really don't see What's so fucking funny about it These fucking people are real!

Ring three, 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 shut

Yo, I'm a nerd word, I drink from the bird Have Snake woman kick my love to the curb She busted into my tent, now I'm fucked Had the fat bearded lady in the buck, uh

Fuck that bitch, suck that

I was born with a wang but I never had a nut sac Just two balls hanging with no protection so I move real careful and slow

You can call me a weirdo, call me a freak
Call me Don Knots 'coz I'm getting on it every week, uh
So come see the carnival and threw me your change,
bitch
I chill with the three rings

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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 look fucked up Just wait till I kick your Fucking lips in a couple times

You'll be sittin' up here like a bitch And we'll laughing at your folded ass They'll call you lumpy after I done put 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 fucking little bitch Come here, I'll shove that fucking corn dog up your ass

Get the fuck out of here Show's fucking over Get the fuck out of here You fucking heartless bastards MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.