

## **Insane Clown Posse "Thy Unveiling"**

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Carnival of Carnage, The Ringmaster  
The Riddle Box, The Great Milenko  
The Amazing Jeckel Brothers and The Wraith  
Looks like were all out of time brother, everybody's out  
of time  
Fuck it, we gots to tell them

All secrets will now be told, no more hidden  
messengers  
This is it y'all, time's up  
Everything be out, right here  
No need for the reverse talking, the truth

Now, we have been told this carnival shit has touched  
out many lives  
People have fuckin' sworn to us, they too can feel it  
inside  
What is it that draws you in, this magic that compels  
you?  
We've been waiting six fuckin' joker cards to finally tell  
you

The messages and hints were there  
All though most never picked up on them  
We snuck 'em in subliminally with that wicked shit  
around them  
We mentioned more and more of this on every joker's  
card  
The bottom line always the same, you ain't have to look  
hard

We wickedly kick it, inflict it, you get it  
Get with it and dig, we don't preach it flat out  
'Cause some niggas don't wanna get with ya  
They quick to forget ya without the hatchet and gat out

So we rose the hatchet, do or die, now Juggalos  
standing tall  
After all 6 have risen the end of time will consume us  
all  
It ain't got nothing to do with us, it ain't psychopathic  
records

All we're doing is pointing this shit out to you, we in this together

Who's behind the Dark Carnival, that gatherings and the hatchet?

Who's behind Dark Lotus, the circus and everybody at it?

Who invented Juggalos and Juggalette and fuckin' Faygo showers?

What about that feeling you get when bumping our shit

Who's behind these Juggalo powers?

This ain't no fuckin' fan club, it ain't about making a buck

Don't buy our fuckin' action figures bitch, I don't give a fuck

It ain't about Violent J or Shaggy, the Butterfly or Seventeen

When we speak of Shangri-La, what you think we mean?

Truth is we follow god, we've always been behind him

The Carnival is god and may all Juggalos find him

(May the juggalos find him)

May the juggalos find him

(May the juggalos find him)

He's out there, he's out there

We're not sorry if we tricked you

(We don't care what happens now)

We're not sorry if we tricked you

(We swing our hatchet and we're proud)

We're not sorry if we tricked you

(Painted faces in the crowd)

We're not sorry if we tricked you

(The Carnival will carry on)

He's out there

(May the juggalos find him)

He's out there

(May the juggalos find him)

We're not sorry if we tricked you

(The Carnival will carry on)

We're not sorry if we tricked you

(The Carnival will carry on)

We're not sorry if we tricked you

(Painted faces in the crowd)

We're not sorry if we tricked you

(The Carnival will carry on)

Yeah, he's everywhere  
I'm sayin' he's anywhere  
Juggalos, he's out there, yeah, yeah  
Everywhere he's out there

Come see the show, big top show  
Walk in and hang with the dead carnival  
Dead dirty carnies, dead juggalos  
Walk in and hang with the dead carnival  
(He's out there)

Juggla, juggla, fuck with the juggla  
Juggla, juggla, fuck with the juggla  
Juggla, juggla, fuck with the juggla  
Ya can't fuck with the juggla

May the juggalos find him  
(May the Juggalos find him)  
He's out there  
May the Juggalos find him  
(May the Juggalos find him)  
He's out there, he's out there

We all gonna die  
But I'm not gonna fly  
Even though most never try  
I'm not gonna let this pass me by, no

This is our world, this is our world, this is our world  
(So get the fuck out)  
This is our world, this is our world, this is our world  
(So get the fuck out)

We're not sorry if we tricked you  
(We don't care what happens now)  
We're not sorry if we tricked you  
(We swing our hatchets and we're proud)  
We're not sorry if we tricked you  
(Painted faces in the crowd)  
We're not sorry if we tricked you  
(The Carnival will carry on)

Suck my nuts, bitch, fuck you  
Suck my nuts, bitch, fuck you

Inner City Posse, we got the Dog Beats  
ICP, we got the dog beats  
Inner City Posse, we got the Dog Beats  
ICP, we got the dog beats

3 rings, a ding-a-ding-ding

(People love to point and stare)  
3 rings, a ding-a-ding-ding  
(It's the same as everywhere)

Murder go round, murder go round  
How ya gonna fuck wit a wicked clown  
Murder go round, murder go round  
How ya gonna fuck wit a wicked clown

He's out there  
We don't care what happens now  
We swing our hatchets and we're proud  
Painted Faces in the crowd  
The Carnival will carry on  
The Carnival will carry on  
Painted Faces in the crowd  
The Carnival will carry on  
The Carnival will carry on

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, thank you for joining  
us  
We hope you've enjoyed the Wraith's exhibit of  
Shangri-La  
And soon as you die, this will be yours  
Thank you for joining us, thank you byatch  
Always remember to fuck off, thank you  
Fuck off, good bye

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