

## **Kottonmouth Kings**

### **"Wicket Klownz"**

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When I get to California, when I get there  
(It's on 'Suburban Noize')  
When I get to California  
Hook me up with one of them chicks  
(Psychoathic)  
And when you get to the Mid-West  
I'll hook you up with a juggalette y'all

He's the visual assassin with the mask [unverified] killa  
Seen him drink a lot but I have yet to see him spill a  
drop  
He rap to hip-hop in his heart  
Try and battle Pak, he'll fuckin' tear you're ass apart

I keep my fridge stocked with plenty of Faygo  
My flow connect nice like old school Lego's  
What's up holmes? Just a West-Coast loadie  
My rhyme is nice, slow and stoney

See all these Psycho Bitches gettin' so damn fanatical  
FBI got us all listed down as radicals  
Government officials takin' life long sabbaticals  
Dog Boy Rock the mic and drop something classical

I'm with the kings [unverified] state to state  
Dog Boy [unverified] set the record straight  
Fuck that bullshit that never went down  
So we come as one to fuck up your town

It's the wicket, the wicket, the wicket, wicket klowns  
Blowin' smoke rings with the Kottonmouth Kings  
Comin', throwin' Faygo on your town  
And all types of things

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Suburban Noize Records teamin' up with Psychopathic  
Richter let 'em know who Juggalo I got your back kid  
Kottonmouth Ninjas rocking tunes with ICP  
D-Loc grab the mic and pass me the weed

Kottonmouth Kings and ICP  
We from the West, they from the East  
With a bag of keif and a box of spliffs  
We mast through your city like robotic beasts

See all [unverified] robots followin' the masses  
I watch the world through Faygo fizzin' glasses  
Kings and the klowns droppin' sellouts like acid  
Like cum on your tongue shit is getting kind of drastic

To all unbelievers who think this is a joke  
Grab the Faygo when you start to choke  
In the pit at a show come summertime  
A million Juggalos to blow your fuckin' mind

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True terror is back, you better believe  
Kottonmouth Kings, ICP  
We from the West, they from the East  
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Violent J and Shaggy stepped in the place  
And cleared the room out like nuclear waste  
Nobody likes us but the Kottonmouth Kings  
They smoke buds, I smoke little white things  
I'm a base-head feinding for your change, ah  
And I'm strange

So walk in I'll put you in a torcher rack  
And blew your nut bag around like a hacky sack  
I told you fuck the world and I meant it  
I owe the Government money but I spent it

I bought a hooker and banged her in my truck  
Yo, she probably had syphilis, I give a fuck though  
I'm gonna die, hell, we're all gonna die  
You think the Juggalo give a damn? Bye  
I'm going off like a nuclear time bomb  
Tick tick, boom, motherfucker

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