

Icp

"It's Time"

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Listen up
I wanna tell you, tell you something
Listen up
I wanna tell you, listen, listen up
I want you to know we're serious
Listen
Listen up
Listen
From us, to you

For a little grip now, we been rocking your ass
The future ain't scary cause we got the past
Can't nothing ever take away the Gatherings
You can take what's happening now,
not what I'm rapping about
And I remember every Hallowicked to a T
And even Project Born, Marz, Esham, and Myzery
And even though I don't remember your name
from the instore
Swear to God, I couldn't love you anymore
Do you mention the Abyss at Virginia Beach?
And how the stage is so high, Juggalos reach
(Juggalos reach)
And what about the Bronco Bowl in Deep Ellem?
And that crazy ass house club in Houston? (Tell them)
Twenty thousand websites, hotlines, and clubs
Gang bangers, crews, nobody's and scrubs
To every last Juggalette that turned me out
Thank you much, and I hope to see you on the next
route
You know everybody hates on this world of ours
And if you learn one thing from the Joker Cards
Let it be the other shit is six different views
Find Them any way you choose
And we love you

(Chorus)
I guess it's time
That I told you
How great you are
I guess it's time

That I told you
How great you are

They told me to sing it any way I could bring
Hurry up
Pay attention
Stop
Mike P.
1, 2
Stop, stop
Open up your earlobes
ICP
Stop, stop
Rubber game

Listen

Me and Krayzie Bone, we marinade in the flats
Representing Cleveland, and we could press your stats
I rock trees, frog shop
I rock the octave
Nautica and Theo 4 times 10 (Who?)
Every time we play Denver, cars get rolled over
Juggalos get pissed when the show's over
Even cities that I leave, they not letting me in
They let me know if they a Juggalo
through thick and through thin
I like Twiztid
Independent
Free standing
And always down to give a helping hand in
And to everybody else out there, do your thing
Cause it ain't no ducking when the hatchet swings
We try to sing, we try to rap
We try to rock and spit
(CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF THIS WICKED SHIT!)
Even if we foggy and we still ain't clear
In three years later, you'll look back and tip us a beer

(Chorus)

I guess it's time
That I told you
How great you are
I guess it's time
That I told you
How great you are

I wanna tell you I love all the letters ya'll
Got them hung up on the fridge
and all up on the garage wall
What about these Mini-Gatherings we hear?

Ya'll don't be surprised when we waltz up in there
With Vampiro and Sabu flying above
Representing the Juggalos with nothing but love
On TV, they make them try to hide their shit
But real Juggalos always bear the hatchet
And all the fresh titty bars DJ's with mullets
All nuts while we there, but you hate us and know it
Yes, you Fruitie as fuck, and good to go
But don't get excited thinking makes you a Juggalo
Yes, we gather once a year, big top above
We give shit like Big Silva nothing but love
But you gotta be fresh and with open mind
Or your ass get left behind
That's why I love ya'll

(Chorus 2x)

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That I told you
How great you are
I guess it's time
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