

## Icp

# "My Fun House"

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Rich boy's in trouble  
Car broke down on a drive through the ghetto  
All the weird people, you gotta get the fuck out  
Need to use the phone, step into my funhouse  
Hey yo, dope, looks like we got another  
He'd like to go for a ride on the neck cutter  
Straight to the cart for the next spectacular  
Just to know, it's a dead body sittin next to ya  
Get ready for the carnival thrills  
Should of kept your little faggot ass in the hills  
Boom! through the door into the room, you gotta check  
it out  
It's where we cut your fingers off and stick em in your  
mouth  
That should show you that you greedy little rich fuck  
If you're fucking with the juggla you're a dead duck  
Eight fingers in your mouth and two sticking out your  
nose  
Further down the hall, the room with jokeros  
That's where you get by seventeen wicked clowns  
For the seventeen dead bodies never found  
And they jump on your back until your ribs crack  
Toss you in the cart and push you down the deli tracks  
Spinning and twisting, rolling and bumping  
The dead fuck next to ya is trying to tell ya somethin  
Listen close, you can barely make it out  
"Bitch, you ain't shit in Violent J's funhouse"

"Help me, I'm trapped in here. Somebody let me out.  
Oh my god!!! Aaaaaahhhhhh!!!!!!!"

Come here, rich boy  
My head is spinning 360 degrees  
Richie richie richie  
Come here

Bitch, fuck you, yeah, know what I'm saying  
Wicked clowns running the funhouse  
Ain't no way to get out so just chill and get your neck  
cut like a man

Pick a card, any card, any motherfucking card  
.....The joker's card  
Sorry, bitch, the luck of the draw  
Violent J's gonna have to ice your jaw  
Snap, bang, snip, boom  
Send that motherfucker off to the next room  
Crash through the doors on the windy spinny trail  
Through a loop-de-loop and into a big nail  
Straight through his left eye and out the back of his  
head  
Is he dead?  
No, guess you get to go to the next phase  
It's the room of giggles because of your ways  
You like to sit and laugh at people when they suffer  
Well, now you sit and watch me laugh when I stick your  
mother  
It's the funhouse, bitch, everything's funny  
You act like ripping on your ass ain't funny  
And the ride of your life only gets faster  
All for the R-r-r-ringmaster  
I take my bobo gun and blow your fuckin mouth in  
Hey yo, the next room, it's called the chicken pen  
And it's a little tribute to the bigots of the south  
We take a dead chicken shove it in your mouth  
And we stuff it down your throat with a pitchfork  
Cuz you're a bigot, that's what you get for it  
Now I take your sorry ass and I throw you out  
Cuz I don't need your dead body stinkin up my  
funhouse (blip!)  
Funhouse (blip!), stinkin up my funhaugh!

I got him, I got him, I got him  
Right here, I got him  
Oh, he got away  
Come on, that way, get him  
Little baby's peeing his pants  
Come here little boy  
I got some candy  
Mommy ain't gonna help ya now, you little bitch  
AHAHAHA!  
Yeah, rich-ass, snitch-ass, bitch-ass ho  
You get your motherfucking next chopped in Violent J's  
Fun House  
So don't fuck with the wicked clowns, you punk-ass  
bitch

Come here, little boy  
I have some candy for ya  
I'll crack your head like Humpty Dumpty  
Little boy, come out come out  
Wherever you are

You're father's so funny  
Look at the blood  
I liked him  
I like it  
This little kiddy's getting his necked chopped off  
tonight  
Oh, come here  
Little richie, come here  
Your mommy says for you to come with me  
You're so scared  
Why you shaking, little boy?  
What's the matter, huh?  
Awww, little richie's scared  
Look at the blood  
Awww, he's crying  
BITCH!!!

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