

Icp "My Funhouse"

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[Violent J]

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 sitting next to ya

Get ready for the carnival thrills

Should of cut 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 bucking 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 something

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 until the killer gets your neck cut
like a man"

[Violent J]

Pick a card, any card, any motherfucking card.....A
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, cause he has 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 whipping on your ass ain't funny
And the ride of your life only gets faster
Off to the R-r-r-ringmaster
I take my bobo gun and blow your fucking mouth in
Eh, 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
Cause you're a biggot, that's what you get for it
Now I take your sorry ass and I throw you out
Cause I don't need your dead body stinking up my
funhouse
Funhouse, stinking up my funhaugh!

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