

Icp

"The Juggla"

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[Violent J]

Well, you know the juggla jumped in the mixer
Been down the road and I broke a few necks
And I'll break a few more, so what's up
Road by me on the corner, I'm a hold my nuts up
Its finna fuck you wit' dat
But if you a sewer skank let me hit dat
Cuz I'm Violent J, ain't even one to fake it
I wanna see some folded up skank bitches naked
I pass out when it gets dark
And woke up naked at the Clark Park
Gotta go, gotta get before I get the wrap
Gotta chopped off head chilling in my lap
Mr. Shrink, Mr. Shrink, I'm sick
Lunatick-tick-tock, it don't quit
It don't quit, it don't quit
Mr. Shrink, I'm sick, a lunaticky-tick
The doctor told me I'm a psycho
So I ate his face like I don't know
Knife to the neck and got some more
The night of the axe, the night of the forty fuck
Bitch, I'm a man you can talk ta
But after you leave I'm a stalk ya
If you're a little kid I'm a take ya
And if you're neck I'm a break ya
If you're an old lady I'm a mug ya
Cuz bitch, you can't fuck with the juggla

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen, he is...the juggla
He'll cut your windpipe, eat your face
And slit your motherfucking heart out
You can see this freak show at the world famous
Carnival of Carnage
Keep juggling, motherfucker!"

[Violent J]

Cuz ya know the juggla will throw ya up fast
And if I drop you that's your ass
I shake and twist, try to keep calm
I might go to hell cuz I'm down with Esham
Gotta rhyme for your Uncle Willy
Then I hit him in the head with a Billy

Willy, Willy, watch your mouth
And fuck the south
Running with a gang of twenty street hoods, yo
What's up bitch, ah, what's up ho?
Sometimes you act like you ain't down
With a psychotic wicked clown
Fucking my friends ain't healthy
Cuz I grab you by the face and fuck you up
And it's like that bitch that's the way it is
I'm allowed to fuck, ho, I'm in show biz
Sets in the hood want me for dead
So I paint my tag on they forehead
Stick your little 'kay by my taggin'
You can fit twenty clowns in a Volkswagon
And we coming straight to your brick house
I'm a huff, and puff, and blow your fuckin' neck loose
And then I might mug ya
Cuz they're will be no fucking with the juggla

"Juggling eyeballs, juggling heads
What you've heard about, what you've read
The juggling wicked clowns will come to your
Birthday party, wedding, and barmitzva
And cut your back off for a small fee
The juggla ain't taking no shorts from nobody"

"Tweedle-dee and tweedle-doh
Let the fucking bass go"

[Violent]

And the juggla make it last
Down with 2 Dope and try n' get trashed
My fellow fucking fellas
Southwest gangster killas
Violent J, the psychopathic
Some might say I'm schitsofrantic
Others think I'm quite the psychic
But somehow the bitches like it
What's up bitch, let me get the shot
Right here and now, butt-naked on the spot
Why am I like this, like that
Why are you like that, like this
The ghetto took my brain and motherfuck I want it back
I'm that nerd in the back of the class
That went psycho and killed your ass
I slash and cut and hack
With a "Kick Me" sign on my back
In my corner is scyne therapy
They take care of me, but don't stare at me
Cuz like I said I'll mug ya
Now run on home and don't fuck with the juggla

"Finally happened, the wicked clown have come to your town
And he's got your daughter by the hand
Showing her a new land
The southwest ghetto zone, where all the jugglas roam
Come one, come all and have the juggla cut your face off
Skip to the lou"

Juggla juggla fuck with the juggla
You can't fuck with the juggla
Tweedle-dee and tweedle-doh
Let the fucking bass go

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