

## King Gordy "Juggalette"

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So how u doin misses juggalette?  
Face painted, lookin all sexy with that hatchet tatted on  
your breast?  
You are my morbid thing, my horrorcore queen,  
My wicked witch of the Midwest; my east coast  
mistress;  
My down south, big breast, juggalette.  
But when i'm out west, I love to rub against your ass.  
You are so gothic, my dick is gettin hard, and I can't  
stop it.  
Baby, you are the hottest!  
You always sing them song's for the juggalos,  
What about us pretty girls in the front row?  
King Gordy you on fire, we can smell smoke!  
Baby I keep the fire just inhale slow!  
Now when we get to the hotel room  
I assume, that we'll be eatin these mushrooms, then  
I'll be fuckin you!  
You say u gotta boyfriend; we'll give him somethin to  
do;  
Stand outside and watch my truck and don't move.

You say I ain't the best; all you do is talk about me,  
I ain't even famous yet, but your girlfriend still gon'  
jock me.  
Your only mad cuz you're a juggalette,  
your bitchin at every song that I sing.  
I am the star, that's why your girl is in my  
car, and she's givin' me  
head.

I have not had this type of love before, after this I shall  
love no more.  
Let her on stage, come on baby, dance with me,  
Wiggle that ass for me; wait in the back for me.  
I'll be on my way to show you something.  
And when the show is over, oh yes, we  
gon' be fuckin,  
My name is Cobain, I don't care if you gotta man,  
Imma rock star. I'm pretty sure your dude will  
understand.  
And if not, security will put your fuckin hands on his ass

so fast,  
He won't have a second chance.  
Now me and you can continue our lil romance.  
This is wicked stock; Let Gordy play in your pants.  
When I live in Colorado, they give head in advance.  
The fabled lovers know all them juggalettes,  
And damn it feels so good. I never felt this happy  
inside.  
I wanna take a juggalette as my bride  
Will you marry me?

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