

Men Of Vision

"The Show Must Go On"

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The Show Must Go On

[Violent J]

Ohhhhhhhhhh!

Hey yo, check it out man

ICP's back in the haugh man

Violent J, man

2 Dope, man

Wicked clown, man

Fuck yeah, man

[Violent J]

Hey, quick, hurry up, bang

Open your mouth cuz here comes my wang

I'm Violent J, the southwest skitso

Born in a big top, magical mijisto

Dead body disco, rapping to the hoochies

Dirty old fat hoes come up with a smoochie

Hoochie coochie la la la la

I might pull your tongue out your mouth

And try to hang ya

It's a full moon and the riddle's are calling

Three more cards and the sky's will be falling

But don't take it from me, I'm just a clown

Wicked clown, wicked town, juggalugalocolicky

Down and out till my nuts start singing

Dancing, hopping, I'm a keep bringing

Riddles and tricks and dead body chicks

With the swing of my magical wand

The show must go on!

"Well it all began when I was very young

I was feeling so excited about the carnival's arrival

Everyone was jolly and jittery

I waited for their wagons until well after dusk

That night, while I was sleeping

I was awoken by a cold eerie wind

Looking out, I seen strange men, cursing and filthy

There were clowns setting up the dreary tent"

[Shaggy 2 Dope]

I'm 2 Dope and I sport tight Wranglers
Don't say a word or I'll kick ya in the neck, bitch
Everybody round make way for the clown
Been to New York and L.A., I'm southwest down
Walked into Del Ray's almost got my ass kicked
Rather just chill in the yard in my casket
Call up the hoes, have em swing by the tomb
And get a little sticky stank up in this bitch
Killer clowns kicked out the circus
Used to get live, let the midget lady work this
I was a freak show, they called me the Pogo
I could make my ball sac bob like a yo-yo
Give it up, give it up, southwest looney tune
Killed another redneck, found his head in looney doon
Gooney boon, booney goon, I can hear the loons
In my head as I sing my wicked song
The show must go on!

"I never been afraid of clown
But these clowns were different
There was nothing funny about these clowns but then
They smiled, they juggled, they laughed
But yet something was terribly, terribly wrong
I didn't like these clowns for I could see threw them
I knew what they were really like
I knew that this carnival that had come to my village
Was an evil, evil thing"

[Chorus (1x)]

Come see the show, big top show
Walk in and hang with the dead carnival
Dead carny carnies, dead juggalos
Walk in and hang with the dead carnival

[Violent]]

You ask do we gangbang, do we bang in a gang
Do we bang bang, I'm a gangbanger, man
I bang in a gang, man, you can suck my wang, man
Richie boy, richie boy, it's a southwest thang
Serial murderer, southwest maniac
Slaughterer, lunatic, high school braniac
Straight-A school boy, school kid
Till I went to school and tried to murder everyone
The show must go on!

"My neighbors and friends were fools, all of them
Totally unaware of the evilness within the clowns
Their eyes reflected stairways into hell
Their faces painted with blood
I ran from the carnival clowns
Yet every road and every path

Led me right back to the big tent
I had no excuse from the strong men,
The freak show, and the Ringmaster"

[Chorus (2x)]

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