

Twiztid "Raw Deal"

Visit "[Raw Deal](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Why do I call myself a Juggalo?
Cause we be bangin' the Wicked Shit and swimmin' off
in the blood of mosh pits
We misfits are misunderstood
We got chapters of Family off in each and every hood

I'm a Juggalo and you can eat a dick if you're not
And if you stare long enough, you'll get you eyeballs
popped
I'm even worse now since the first curse, I'll cut words
into my leg until it hurts

Why do I call myself a Juggalo, bitch?
Cause we keep that scrub life and fuck that rich shit
And steal that new whip and platinum chain
To give it all to a Juggalo who never had a thing

I'm a Juggalo in the worst way since the first grade, I've
been plottin' my revenge on the world, hey
I can't help it if I'm into weird shit, looking in the mirror
with my closed eating lipstick

Why do I call myself a Juggalo, sucka?
We don't give a motherfuck what you got
(MOTHERFUCKER!)
We don't brown nose or hound dog no weak hos
We stand at the bus stop in yesterday's clothes

I'm a chainsaw smoker with a thirst for blood
And since we're on the subject, can you give me some?
When I was nineteen, I tried to cut out my tongue
And mail it to the Devil so He'd know my voice when I
come

Why do I call myself a Juggalo, you hater?
We don't flip sides over a bitch like Darth Vader
Keep it (East side!), live for the moment and die later
And we (Stay high!) 'til they unplug the respirator

I'ma be a J-U-Double-G-A-L-O
We got a raw deal
But I'ma be a J-U-Double-G-A-L-O

Killin' everybody

Now it don't matter if you're painted or not
Hated a lot, we got a spot here, keepin' it hot
We on some Moms and Pops and givin' ya neck chops
And leavin' the puddle of blood right where your head
drops
You can call the cops, but they ain't comin' round here
We got some Juggalos rinnun' this bitch (So STAY
CLEAR!)

Why do I call myself a Juggalo, punk?
Cause we roll through the hood with politicians in the
trunk
Chicken's in the front seat, straight to the balls
We ain't suckas, we don't do shopping sprees at the
mall
For affection, barely got money for Petro
Bitch, you must have forgot you fuckin' with a Juggalo

You never know until the light goes out
It might go south and might get the barrel in your
mouth

You lame hos know when the Chainsmoker and the
Phatso
Come together, lungs collapse with secondhand smoke

I'ma be a J-U-Double-G-A-L-O
We got a raw deal
But I'ma be a J-U-Double-G-A-L-O
Killin' everybody

I call myself a Juggalo cause my face painted
Y'all go ahead and kill the scene, we'll come back and
recreate it
With half a million motherfuckers lookin' just like us
With contacts and bare face all ready to bust
This ain't no civil war (WE AIN'T CIVILIZED NO MORE!)
We cut throats like fuck it and smilin' at you in court,
bitch
Independent, we gonna stand on our own
And prove to the whole world why we're heir to the
throne

I keep a low profile, but the low profile
Teeth of a crocodile, I bite that ass like a crocodile
Fuck it all now, I'm for the Underground
While all the rest bow down to us while we make the
countdown
Most fly around the sound that I make while those who

relate would rather die than hear it all change
Sounds strange, for sure, but everywhere that I go
I let 'em know that I'm a motherfuckin' Juggalo

I'ma be a J-U-Double-G-A-L-O
We got a raw deal
But I'ma be a J-U-Double-G-A-L-O
U, U , U
I'ma be a J-U-Double-G-A-L-O
We got a raw deal
But I'ma be a J-U-Double-G-A-L-O
J-U-Double-G-A-L-O

Visit [Twiztid](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.