

## Twiztid "Raw Deal (The Juggalo Song)"

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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

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