

# The Show Must Go On

## Insane Clown Posse

Awwwwwwwww, Shit! Yo, check it out, man, ICP back in the haugh man  
Violent-J, man, 2 Dope, man, wicked clownz, man. Ha ha ha

Hey, quick, hurry up, bang  
Open your mouth cause here comes my wang  
I'm Violent-J, the southwest skitzo  
Born in a big top magical-majisto  
Dead-body disco. Rappin' to the hoochies  
Dirty old fat hoe's come up with a smoochie  
Hoochie-coochie, la la la la la  
I might pull your tongue out your mouth and try to hang ya  
It's a full moon and the riddles are calling  
Three more cards and the skies will be falling  
But don't take it from me, I'm just a clown  
Wicked clown, wicked town  
Juggalugagaluga lick it down, man up 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. My feelings were so excited about  
The carnival  
Rides. Everyone was jolly and jittery. I waited for their wackets until well  
After dusk. That  
Night, while I was sleeping, I was awoken by a glow appearing. And, looking  
Out, I saw  
Strange men, cursing and filthy, and there were clowns, setting up their dre  
ary  
Tent.'

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  
In New York, in LA, in southwest town  
Walked into El Rays, almost got my ass kicked  
Rather just chill in the yard in my casket  
Call up the hoe's have 'em swing by the tomb  
And get a little stinky stank up in this bitch  
Killer clowns kicked out the circus  
Used to get live let the midget ladies work this  
I was a freak show, they called me the pogo  
I can make my ballsack bob like a yoyo  
'Give it up! Give it up!'  
Southwest looney tune, killed another red neck fun  
His head a looney dune, gooney boon, gooney goon  
I can hear the loons in my head as I sing my wicked song  
The show must go on

'I've never been afraid of clowns but these clowns were different. There was  
Nothing  
Funny about these clowns at all. The smiled, they juggled, they laughed, but  
Yet something  
Was terribly, terribly, wrong. I didn't like these clowns for I could see  
Through them, I  
Knew what they were really like. I knew that this carnival that had come to  
my

Village was  
An evil, evil thing.'

Come see the show, big top show  
Walk hand in hand with the dead carnival  
Dead carney, carnies, dead juggalos  
Walk hand in hand with the dead carnival

You ask do we gang, do we bang in a gang, mang?  
Do we bang-bang? I'm a gang banger, man  
I bang in a gang, mang  
You can suck my wang, mang  
Richie-boy, bitchie-boy, it's a southwest thing  
Serial murderer, southwest maniac  
Slaughterer, lunatic, highschool brainiac  
Straight A school boy, School kid  
'Till I went to school and tried to murder everyone, the show must go on

'Aged friends are fools, all of them. Totally unaware of the evilness within  
The carnival  
Their eyes reflected stairways into hell, their faces covered in blood. I ran  
From the  
Carnival grounds and yet every road and every path lead me right back to the  
big  
Tent. I  
Had to escape from the strongman, the freak shows, and the Ringmaster '

Come see the show, big top show  
Walk hand in hand with the dead carnival  
Dead carney, carnies, dead juggalos  
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Rrrrrinnng  
'Yello?'  
'Speak ta Chicken Neck?'  
'Who?'  
'Chicken neck.'  
'Nobody by that name here.'  
'What about Chicken Balls?'  
'Nope.'  
'What about Chicken fuckin' Gizzard Throat, is he there?'  
'Look boy, you got the wrong number.'  
Click

Rrrrrinnng  
'What the ? Hello?!'  
'Speak ta Rednuts?'  
'Who?'  
'Redballs, Willie Redneck Balls, is he there?'  
'Goddamn it!'  
Click

Rrrrrinnng  
'Lemme git dis! Who in da hell is dis?!'  
'Speak ta Fatboy?'  
'WHO IN DA HELL IS DIS?!'  
'I wanna speak ta Fat Redneck fuckin' Chickenboy! Is he there?'

'Goddamnit!clickFuckin' no good bastards!'  
Knock knock knock knock  
'Git da damn door!'  
'Yeah, I have a delivery for a Mr. Redneck Fatballs.'  
'Whut! You goddamn little!'  
Machinegun shots and breaking glass  
'It's from the wicked clowns '