

# Juggalo Anthem

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

Killas kick the anthem like this  
Juggalos up in this bitch, up in this bitch  
Killas kick the anthem like this  
Juggalos up in this biiiiiitch, blaze

G's up, ridin' from the cradle to the casket  
And beyond, recognize thug shit  
Poundin' out the trunk bitch  
Runnin' wit' a mother fuckin' hatchet  
you haters, you suck dick was a thug, became a G  
B to the L to the A, Z, E, still dead  
Still don't give a fuck (give a fuck)  
Sportin' all black kahkis with the mother fuckin' cuffs up  
Smokin' Hella trees, tryin' to make a couple G's  
So a thug can get back on his feet  
Mean muggin', steady thuggin'  
And I'm tryin' to find the hoodrat's all about fuckin'  
Still looked out  
All my dawgs from the past, dead or smoked out  
Still tryin' to come up on a lick for a phat ass ride  
So I can drop the top, and parlay through the east side

Niggas kick the anthem like this  
Juggalos up in this bitch, up in this bitch!  
Bitches freeze, you ain't a thug or a G or a banga'  
You's a studio gangsta  
You ain't about shit, scared to pull the trigga'  
That's what we call, a real bitch nigga' (bitch nigga')  
Sneekin' through the hood, throwin' up a set  
Hangin' out the window, yellin' idol threats  
Check this out, I'm a check your chin  
Close your mouth, 'fore I put the barrel in  
Dumpin' clips in yo ass is what I'm all about  
Straight G from the clique on a paper route  
Still slappin' off fake bitches with the Louisville  
Beat a nigga' to the pavement, another bitch killed

This is the battle for the planets  
We bring the thunder, givin' half the advantage  
Fuck a style and a status  
Half of y'all hummin' off a half ass deal  
And got the nerve to tell a mother fucker "keep it real"  
We see through y'all fools, like cellophane on the square pack  
You bite our shit, you can keep it, we don't want it back  
We don't give a fuck, east side for life  
And if you ain't got heart, don't expect to have your shit tight  
There ain't no room for the hoe-hearted  
We give a fuck where you at, or who you wit', or how you got started  
Fuck you and everybody in yo clique  
If you don't run wit' a hatchet, or claim the Psychopathic  
I ain't got time, to say no names  
It's only 8 rhymes, no holla', we been in the game  
Besides fuck it, no speakin your name  
You're just a bitch in the game  
And y'all niggas gone' always be the same