

# Bazooka Joey

Insane Clown Posse

This is a story of a man on the edge  
Who all but lost his way  
Until one day he discovered in his palms  
A rocket launcher!  
Enjoy this tale of a personal rejuvenation, redemption and scrubification  
As told by the great Shaggy 2 Dope!

Grand Papi, was a World War II vet  
And I found his bazooka set in the basement,  
With a bag of mortars  
Yeah, bitch, I'm done taking orders,  
Dragged it outside and tried it out  
Dropped the shell in and fired it out  
Across the street to the neighbour's kitchen  
And now half of they house's missing  
Fuck yeah!  
I grabbed the rockets  
Beer truck in the scope unlocked it  
Blew the wheels off and flipped it twice  
I'm realizing with the Zooka Nice

And I'm dancing!  
He's dancing  
With a God damn bazooka  
Bazooka Joey!  
Bazooka!  
Bazooka Joey!  
Bazooka Joey!

I sent a hot one  
Right through the doors  
And left a mangled in a pile of boards  
I swear my shoulder is loving the shot  
Fucked up the H&R lot  
I'm blowing new cop cars in the stock yards  
Bitch, this is a bazooka  
You not hard!  
See the swat team hiding in the limousin  
It seems they smithereens!  
Pull out my hair, screaming and laughing  
Get shot at and shooting back in  
Terrorizing  
Paralyzing  
Bazooka Baby  
Electrifying!

And I'm dancing!  
He's dancing  
With a God damn bazooka  
Bazooka Joey!  
Bazooka!  
Bazooka Joey!  
Bazooka Joey!