

# Murder Go-Round

## Insane Clown Posse

What can I say man I hit him with the brick  
Killed the little prick him and his chick  
Tried to be slick but you ain't slinky  
You're brinky you're dinky you suck my twinkie  
I don't give a fuck if you call me a clown  
Break it on down it's murder go round  
What'cha dishing out I betcha ya it comes back to ya  
If you're trying to creep I'd hate to say I never knew ya  
Once upon a time in the ghetto zone  
A ten-foot led pipe slapped on my dome  
I'm laying in the street with blood oozing out my head  
Excuse me, motherfucker, was it something I said  
Forks up, forks down, man, forks sideways  
Then he grabbed my finger and he said crime pays  
Swung on his pipe once again for the road  
"Hold up, dawg," UH! this shit gets old  
Now I walk the streets with a shattered skull  
I'm gonna swing my axe to his jaw  
Where the motherfucker at? Where the motherfucker stay?  
How ya gonna fuck with the juggla Jay-ay-ay  
There he sits so I knock on the door  
Pops opened up, pops hit the floor  
Then I chop chop pops twice in his nugget  
Well, he didn't do shit, fuck it  
It's the murder go round

Well, it's me and my mellow mellow roll on Military  
Gangbangers gangbangers, big bang fairy, kinda scary  
Tags up all on the bricks  
Latin Count, X-Men, CFP and all that shit  
We love gangbangers and we hope they love us back  
We just some wicked clowns and it's been like that  
I don't understand why some people in town  
We witness your water still southwest down  
But this motherfucker gonna try and clown me  
But I'm the juggalugalocoro, G  
Took a shot and he missed, 2 Dope in the dust  
"What I ain't got shot, bitch?", so now you must  
Take your ticket for the murder go round  
Can't nobody kill a click-clack clown  
Seen him and his boys smoking blunt in a bucket  
Pulled out the dagger crept up and I stuck it  
Into his head, into his boy's head  
Into his boy's head, his boy's head, his boy's head  
Five dead fucks in the trunk on deliver  
Push that old piece of shit in the river  
The cat and my boys saw five go down  
Can ya get a free ride? (No, not again)  
On the murder go round (No!)

Murder go round, murder go round  
How ya gonna fuck with a wicked clown?

Now I'm in a street gang, fifty-five strong  
Everybody singing that southwest song  
What can go wrong I mean I'm fuckin' in the haugh?  
Popping that shit, I'm gonna bust you in the mouth

Nobody fucks with a jokero juggalo  
I don't give a fuck ya know, bitches I'm a fuck you though  
But you know the shit had to hit the fan  
Some gangbanger shot me, man  
Twice in the forehead, twice in the back  
Twice in the eye and I'm feeling kinda whack  
Stumbling along it's becoming entwined  
Who's the next in line?  
For the murder go round

Murder go round, murder go round  
How ya gonna fuck with a wicked clown?