

# Piggy Pie (Old School)

Insane Clown Posse

Once upon a time there were three little pigs  
Who went out into the big world  
To build their homes and seek their fortunes

The first little piggy, his house is made of wood  
He lives in a chicken turkey piggy neighborhood  
He likes to fuck his sister and drink his moonshine  
A typical redneck filthy fuckin' swine

I rode into town with my axe in my holster  
Everybody knows about the wicked piggy boaster  
The sherrif at the border, he tried to take me out  
I drew my axe with the quickness and cut his Adam's apple out

Walked in the village and to the piggy's place  
He opened up his door and shot me in the face  
It blew me off the porch and blew my head in half  
But I'm a Juggalo, so it only made me laugh

Axe in hand, I rose like the dead  
And swung with all my might, made a thump noise in his head  
Since we out west, I grabbed a shotgun  
And blew his fuckin tounge, out the back of his cranium

Three little piggies, to make a piggy pie  
There's nothing like a sound, when you hear a piggy die  
I might choose a gun, I might choose an axe  
The Carnival's in town, come and get your piggy snacks

The second little piggy, his house is made of brick  
And this little piggy is a mother fuckin' dick  
He lays down his rules and reads you your rights  
In that funny lookin' car with the little blinkin' lights

I drive a Volkswagon Bug, seventeen deep  
Packed fulla Juggalos, lights out and we creep  
To the piggy station and lay on the horn  
First piggy out, we blow his lungs out his uniform

Now they in pursuit, like Starski and Hutch  
But there's only two of them, the rest are out to lunch  
They call up Dunkon Doughnuts to gather up the rest  
Twenty five piggies with their bulletproof vests

We lead them on a chase, they bustin' off rounds  
But now they all fucked, 'cuz we at the Carney grounds  
And they gettin' swallowed by their very on greed  
Dark Carnival and wicked clowns, 'cuz we need

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The last little piggy, his house is made of gold  
He lives in a mansion on his own private road  
I started walking down it, the guard he told me wait  
I snapped his fuckin' neck in two and slammed his nuts in the gate

'Cuz this little piggy must definitely die  
off and toss it in the sky  
And then I watch the moon take the form of the devil  
And pull it out the sky and beat it with a shovel

People in my city, they fightin' for their meals  
He sleeps on a mattress, stuffed with hundred dollar bills  
A Richey is the devil, he never will admit it  
So I'mma cut his hand off and slap his face wit' it

Opened up his door, he sleeping in his bed  
I grabbed a brick of gold and smacked it upside his head  
He begged for his life, I told him it's too late  
And tied his neck in a knot and watch him suffocate 'cuz I need

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