

# Wagon Wagon

Insane Clown Posse

"If I'm gonna die  
I'm going out riding the wagon"

Hear it comes, the horrifying midnight wagon  
Saggin, laggin, dead bodies draggin  
On a piece of string, they flop around and fling  
Now shut your ass up and let the juggla sing  
It's the Insane Clown Posse coming threw  
Looking for hickies and the prickies and your ass too  
Everybody gets a ride on the ghost car  
Don't matter who you are, we going straight to hell  
And it ain't far, Mr. Nevers  
You seem to be the kill joy  
So get your ass in fat boy  
You can sit up in the front with the Ringmaster  
With the Ringading-dingalinga-ping-master  
And get your motherfucking wind pipe chopped off  
And your funky ass body gets dropped off  
In the gutter, the wheels keep rollin  
Throwin heads out the back, nugget bowlin from the...

Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin  
Are you down with the clown with clown luv, ride the...  
Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin  
Every dead fuck in the city comes and rides the...  
Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin  
Nate the Mack, Jump Steady, and Rude Boy ride the...  
Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin  
Don't miss your chance

The exhaust pipe is tripping out a deli fire  
I found an old dead corpse in the trunk next to the spare tire  
And it's muffling the sounds  
Throw the bitch out and now the funk pounds, yo  
Some say it's just a hearse, but it's much worse  
It's an old dark bucket with a clown curse  
Long, dark, very spooky scary  
I drink an old 40 bottle full of bloody mary, why  
Cuz I'm Violent J, sick in the nug-bone  
I make strange sounds, clowns with frowns  
Break it on down, break it up till the break of dawn  
Look out your window it's the wagon in your front lawn  
Ah, boom, aboockaboomba  
We do the dance of the death until you get in the car  
Then I pull your tongue out slap you in the face with it  
Say the joker did it in the...

Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin  
Ladies and gents its your turn, come and ride the...  
Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin  
If you gotta minute why don't you stop and finna ride the...  
Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin  
I'm a dead body so you know I love riding in the...  
Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin  
Now, here's your chance

We don't do drive-by's in the wagon

Instead we just get out and stab your fuckin ass  
And there ain't no telling how many clowns inside  
Told you seventeen but I lied  
Cuz I'm wicked and I'm wild, wicked wild  
I caught wild deer, rode it home from Bel Isle  
I play the organ like an old mental case  
I can freak the cello, like Chris Conley on bass  
In the wagon, I throw fingers out the window  
And when you roll the window down you can smell Indo  
But it ain't mine, it belongs to a stiff over there  
Puffin on a Jim Square  
Heavy long, rumbling, tumbling  
Step into my ride and your ass goes stumbling  
Out the back with your neck in a rut  
Gotta get home before the sun comes up on my...

Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin  
Come down, stand in line, everybody loves to ride the...  
Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin  
Your momma is a bitch and she swings on my nuts in the...  
Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin  
If you missed your bus, don't be afriad, come and ride the...  
Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin  
It's your last chance