I Want My Shit

Insane Clown Posse

It was like March, April
Fuckin' Libra, fuckin'Taurus, born in 1775
I'm like 300 and somethin' but I'm still alive
I used to hang with the original Billy the Kid
You probably think I'm only playin' but, I didMy daddy's were a 2 headed freak show
Mamma a fortune teller, Ezmerella Zella
Anyway they had sex on a Ouija board
And I was born the next day, Violent JWhen I was 14, I tripped on the train track
And I was crushed right there on the steel rack
I'm out cold, they though it'd fuck me up
I got up and itched my butt, and I'm like, "What?"Everybody tripped and called me the 'Clown Devil Boy'
'Child of the witch heifer', whatever
Tied me up, burned me and threw stones
Had a few scrapes and cuts, Smokey NutsAfter that they started bowin' and shit
Prayin' to me, you know how them primitives get
I said "Get off my dick I ain't a savior"
I'm what ya call a juggalo, and all I want is my flavaFour simple things in this bitch before I die
I wanna rusty axe, I wanna know voodoo
A fat bitch named Bridget and a little sip of Faygo too
'Til I get my shit, in this mothafucka I will never dieSo anyway, fifty years passed, all my homies are old ass fucks
I ain't even got hair on my nuts
I left the village in the search of my ends
I wrestled alligators, battled TerminatorsNothin' ever killed me, nothin' could harm me
I fought in the Civil War, Yankee's army
I walked across enemy lines with a Mac ten
Man they didn't even have that shit back thenHow you just gonna come in my shit and fuck it up?
Well at least make this shit sound real man damn
I walked across enemy lines with a, lantern
Steady takin' cannon balls to the ballsThe war ended, I traveled the country horse back
Until this fool tried to horsejack
He put his gat to my head and blew my face up
It didn't even smear the makeupI took his gun and put a divit in his neck
The sheriff didn't like it, I got indicted
Eighty-seven long years in the state pen
Until they finally forgot why they put me inThey had to let me go, can't hold me on nothin'
On they way out they like
"Yo ain't you like a hundred and somethin'?"
I said, "That's rightAnd I ain't gonna die till I get my shit, mothafucka"

I want a rusty axe, I wanna know voodoo
A fat bitch named Bridget just a little sip or two
'Til I get my shit in this mothafucka I will never dieYeah, I slept under bridges, lived in the valleys
I climbed up mountains, searched the alleys
More years passed and I still ain't died
Now I'm in Detroit on the Southwest SideWell, my homey has an Impala blue '67
Last night we hit the road pushin' one eleven
I stuck my head out the window told 'em floor it the most
And let my nugget ping off a light postHell yeah cuz, hurts a little bit
But then ya get a straight buzz
The world hates me 'cause of shit like this
They always try and kill me but, missI know it's odd 'cause my face is forever painted
When I was born the bitch ass doctor fainted
My tongues a little long I choke people with it
Looks kinda nasty, but chicks dig itAnd I told ya my neck can stretch for miles
I sorta look like somethin' from the X-Files
People wanna see me die more then a little bit
But I'm a juggalo, and as a juggalo I want my shitAnd I ain't gonna die till I get it
I want a rusty axe, I wanna know voodoo
A fat bitch named Bridget, I said "Faygo" fuck Mountain Dew
'Til I get my shit in this mothafucka I will never die, die, die

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