The Show Must Go On

Insane Clown Posse

Awwwwwwwwww, Shit! Yo, check it out, man, ICP back in the haugh man
Violent-J, man, 2 Dope, man, wicked clownz, man. Ha ha haHey, quick, hurry up, bang
Open your mouth cause here comes my wang
I'm Violent-J, the southwest skitzo
Born in a big top magical-majisto
Dead-body disco. Rappin' to the hoochies
Dirty old fat hoe's come up with a smoochie
Hoochie-coochie, la la la la la
I might pull your tongue out your mouth and try to hang ya
It's a full moon and the riddles are calling
Three more cards and the skies will be falling
But don't take it from me, I'm just a clown
Wicked clown, wicked town
Juggalugagaluga lick it down, man up till my nuts start singing, dancing
Hopping
I'm a keep bringing riddles and tricks and dead body chicks
With the swing of my magical wand
The show must go on'Well, it all began when I was very young. My feelings were so excited about
The carnival
Rides. Everyone was jolly and jittery. I waited for their wackets until well
After dusk. That
Night, while I was sleeping, I was awoken by a glow appearing. And, looking
Out, I saw
Strange men, cursing and filthy, and there were clowns, setting up their dreary
Tent.'I'm 2 dope and I sport tight wranglers
Don't say a word or I'll kick ya in the neck bitch
Everybody 'round, make way for the clown
In New York, in LA, in southwest town
Walked into El Rays, almost got my ass kicked
Rather just chill in the yard in my casket
Call up the hoe's have 'em swing by the tomb
And get a little stinky stank up in this bitch
Killer clowns kicked out the circus
Used to get live let the midget ladies work this
I was a freak show, they called me the pogo
I can make my ballsack bob like a yoyo
'Give it up! Give it up!'
Southwest looney tune, killed another red neck fun
His head a looney dune, gooney boon, gooney goon

I can hear the loons in my head as I sing my wicked song
The show must go on'I've never been afraid of clowns but these clowns were different. There was
Nothing
Funny about these clowns at all. The smiled, they juggled, they laughed, but
Yet something
Was terribly, terribly, wrong. I didn't like these clowns for I could see
Through them, I
Knew what they were really like. I knew that this carnival that had come to my
Village was
An evil, evil thing.'Come see the show, big top show
Walk hand in hand with the dead carnival
Dead carney, carnies, dead juggalos
Walk hand in hand with the dead carnivalYou ask do we gang, do we bang in a gang, mang?
Do we bang-bang? I'm a gang banger, man
I bang in a gang, mang
You can suck my wang, mang
Richie-boy, bitchie-boy, it's a southwest thing
Serial murderer, southwest maniac
Slaughterer, lunatic, highschool brainiac
Straight A school boy, School kid
'Till I went to school and tried to murder everyone, the show must go on'Aged friends are fools, all of them.
Totally unaware of the evilness within
The carnival
Their eyes reflected stairways into hell, their faces covered in blood. I ran
From the
Carnival grounds and yet every road and every path lead me right back to the big
Tent. I
Had to escape from the strongman, the freak shows, and the Ringmaster 'Come see the show, big top show
Walk hand in hand with the dead carnival
Dead carney, carnies, dead juggalos
Walk hand in hand with the dead carnivalCome see the show, big top show
Walk hand in hand with the dead carnival
Dead carney, carnies, dead juggalos
Walk hand in hand with the dead carnivalRrrrrinnnng
'Yello?'
'Speak ta Chicken Neck?'
'Who?'
'Chicken neck.'
'Nobody by that name here.'
'What about Chicken Balls?'
'Nope.'
'What about Chicken fuckin' Gizzard Throat, is he there?'
'Look boy, you got the wrong number.'
ClickRrrrrinnnng
'What the ? Hello?!'

'Speak ta Rednuts?'
'Who?'
'Redballs, Willie Redneck Balls, is he there?'
'Goddamnit!'
ClickRrrrrinnnng
'Lemme git dis! Who in da hell is dis?!'
'Speak ta Fatboy?'
'WHO IN DA HELL IS DIS?!'
'I wanna speak ta Fat Redneck fuckin' Chickenboy! Is he there?'
'Goddamnit!clickFuckin' no good bastards!'
Knock knock knock knock
'Git da damn door!'
'Yeah, I have a delivery for a Mr. Redneck Fatballs.'
'Whut! You goddamn little!'
Machinegun shots and breaking glass
'It's from the wicked clowns '

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