

# The Juggla

## Icp (insane Clown Posse)

The Juggla Well, you know the Juggla jumped in the mixer  
    Been down the road and I broke a few necks  
        And I'll break a few more, so what's up?  
Road by me on the corner, I'm a hold my nuts up It's finna fuck you wit dat  
    But if you a sewer skank, let me hit dat  
        'Cuz I'm Violent J, ain't even one to fake it  
I wanna see some folded up skank bitches naked I pass out when it gets dark  
    And woke up naked at the Clark Park  
        Gotta go, gotta get before I get the wrap  
Gotta chopped off head, chilling in my lap Mr. Shrink, Mr. Shrink, I'm sick  
    Lunatick-tick-tock, it don't quit  
        It don't quit, it don't quit  
Mr. Shrink, I'm sick, a lunaticky-tic The doctor told me I'm a psycho  
    So I ate his face like I don't know  
        Knife to the neck and got some more  
The night of the axe, the night of the forty fuck Bitch, I'ma man you can talk ta  
    But after you leave, I'ma stalk ya  
        If you're a little kid, I'ma take ya  
        And if you're neck, I'ma break ya  
        If you're an old lady, I'ma mug ya  
'Cuz bitch, you can't fuck with the Juggla Yes, ladies and gentlemen, he is the Juggla  
    He'll cut your windpipe, eat your face  
        And slit your motherfucking heart out  
        You can see this freak show at the world famous  
Carnival of Carnage, keep juggling, motherfucker 'Cuz ya know the Juggla will throw ya up fast  
    And if I drop you, that's your ass  
        I shake and twist, try to keep calm  
I might go to Hell 'cuz I'm down with Esham Gotta rhyme for your Uncle Willy  
    Then I hit him in the head with a Billy  
        Willy, Willy, watch your mouth  
And fuck the south Running with a gang of twenty street hoods, yo  
    What's up, bitch, ah, what's up, ho?  
        Sometimes you act like you ain't down  
With a psychotic wicked clown Fucking my friends ain't healthy  
    'Cuz I grab you by the face and fuck you up  
        And it's like that bitch, that's the way it is  
I'm allowed to fuck, ho, I'm in show biz Sets in the hood want me for dead  
    So I paint my tag on they forehead  
        Stick your little 'kay by my tagging'

You can fit twenty clowns in a Volkswagen  
And we coming straight to your brick house  
I'ma huff and puff and blow your fucking neck loose  
And then I might mug ya  
'Cuz they're will be no fucking with the Juggla  
Juggling eyeballs, juggling heads  
What you've heard about, what you've read  
The juggling wicked clowns will come  
To your birthday party, wedding and bar mitzvah  
And cut your back off for a small fee  
The Juggla ain't taking no shorts from nobody  
Tweedle-dee and tweedle-doh  
Let the fucking bass go  
And the Juggla make it last  
Down with 2 Dope and try and get trashed  
My fellow fucking fellas  
Southwest gangster killas  
Violent J, the psychopathic  
Some might say I'm schizofrantic  
Others think I'm quite the psychic  
But somehow the bitches like it  
What's up, bitch? Let me get the shot  
Right here and now, butt-naked on the spot  
Why am I like this, like that?  
Why are you like that, like this?  
The ghetto took my brain  
And motherfuck, I want it back  
I'm that nerd in the back of the class  
That went psycho and killed your ass  
I slash and cut and hack  
With a 'Kick me' sign on my back  
In my corner is scyne therapy  
They take care of me but don't stare at me  
'Cuz like I said I'll mug ya  
Now run on home and don't fuck with the Juggla  
Finally happened, the wicked clown has come to your town  
And he's got your daughter by the hand  
Showing her a new land, the southwest ghetto zone  
Where all the Jugglas roam, come one, come all  
And have the Juggla cut your face off, skip to the lou  
Juggla, Juggla, fuck with the Juggla  
You can't fuck with the Juggla  
Tweedle-dee and tweedle-doh  
Let the fucking bass go

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