

Piggy Pie (feat. Steve Jones & Legs Diamond)

Insane Clown Posse

Piggie Pie (old school) 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 ax in my holster,
Everybody knows about the wicked piggy roaster.
The sheriff at the border, he tried to take me out,
I drew my ax with the quickness, and cut his adams 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. (Hehe!)
Ax in hand, I rose like the dead,
And swung with all my might,
I made a thump noise in his head.
Since we out west, I grabbed the shot gun,
And blew his fuckin' tongue out the back of his cranium!
Three little piggies, to make a piggy pie.
There's nothing like the squeal when you hear a piggy die.
I might use a gun, (No!)
I might use an ax, (yes!)
The carnivals in town, come and get your piggy snacks!
The second little piggy, his house is made of brick,
And this little piggy is a mutha 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 17 deep
Packed full of juggalo's 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 Starsky and Hutch
But there's only 2 of them the rest are out to lunch
They call up Dunkin Doughnuts to gather up the rest
25 piggy's with a bullet proof vest
We lead 'em on a chase, they bustin' off rounds
but now they all fucked 'cause we at the carney grounds
And they gettin swallowed by their very own greed
Dark Carnival and Wicked Clownz 'cause we need

Three little piggies, to make a piggy pie
There's nothin like the squeal when you hear a piggy die
I might use a gun, (NO!)
I might use an ax, (YES!)
The carnivals in town come and get your piggy snacks (2x)
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 2 and slammed his nuts in the gate!
'cause this little piggy, must definitely die,
I'm a lob his nugget 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 fight for their meals,
He sleeps on a mattress stuffed with hundred dollar bills.
A ritchie is the devil, he never will admit it,
So I'm a cut his hand off and slap his face with it.
Opened up his door, he's 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 watched him suffocate, 'cause I need
Three little piggies, to make a piggy pie
There's nothin like the squeal when you hear a piggy die
I might use a gun, (NO!)
I might use an ax, (YES!)
The carnivals in town come and get your piggy snacks

Songwriters

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