

Piggy Pie

Insane Clown Posse

Come and get it, woo!
We got some fresh vittles
For your fat chicken-ass to snack on, bitch
So here, start wit' a slice of this fresh piggy pie, mother fuka
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 axe in my holster
Everybody knows about the wicked piggy roaster
A farmer at the border, he tried to take me out
I drew my axe with the quickness, and cut his chicken feathers out
Walked in the village, and to the piggy's place
He opened up his door, and popped me in the face
It blew me off the porch, and cracked my head in half
But I'm a juggalo, so it only made me laugh
Forty in hand, I rose from the dead
And threw with all my might, I made a ping noise off his head
Since we out west, I had a little fun
And pulled his fuckin' tongue out the back of his cranium
Three little piggies, to make a piggy pie
There's nothing like the sound when you hear a piggy die
I might use a knife
(No!)
I might use an axe
(Yes!)
The carnival's 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 sits on his bench and gets all the respect
But if I get a chance, I'm goin' straight for the neck
He walked in the room and everybody rose
Lopped off bucket chillin' underneath my clothes
First they let the piggy, now you can finally sit
But what this piggy don't know is he's about to get his neck wet
Now I see the bailiff, I'm thinkin' what the fuck?
I can smoke this room before his hearing aid will pick it up
Old-ass man, I let him get away
That tired mutha fucka, probably die tomorrow anyway
Here come the piggy, it's time for my case
His eyes are blood red with a wicked lookin' face
He saw my joker's smile, and sentenced me a dime
So I racked on the bucket, made it fuckin' rain pork rhines
Three little piggies, to make a piggy pie
There's nothing like the sound when you hear a piggy die
I might use a knife
(No!)
I might use an axe

(Yes!)

The carnival's in town, come and get your piggy snacks Three little piggies, to make a piggy pie

There's nothing like the sound when you hear a piggy die

I might use a knife

(No!)

I might use an axe

(Yes!)

The carnival's in town, come and get your piggy snacks 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 guardy he told me wait

I bounced off his head and did a Jackie Chan over the gate 'Cuz this little piggy, must definitely fry

I'm a lop 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 richie is the devil, he never really made it

So I'm a take his money stack and stuff his face wit' it Opened up his door, he's sleeping in his bed

I grabbed a brick of gold and laid it upside his head

He begged for his life, I told him it's too late

It took away his dough and watched the devil suffocate 'cuz I need Three little piggies, to make a piggy pie

There's nothing like the sound when you hear a piggy die

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(No!)

I might use an axe

(Yes!)

The carnival's in town, come and get your piggy snacks Three little piggies, to make a piggy pie

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The carnival's in town, come and get your piggy snacks!

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