

The Shaggy Show

Icp (insane Clown Posse)

From southwest Detroit
Deep within Zug Island's industrial waste depository
It's Shaggy time
Hey, how ya' doin' down there? On top, I see ya, alright
Waddup ya'll? Welcome to the show
I'm Shaggy like you don't fuckin' know
This is my sidekick, Fat Pat
He goes hahaha an' all of that, that's' right
Anyway, on my way here, I almost died
This bitch in front of me was like a 105
They worry about drunks an' late night truckers
Old ass bitches tryin' to kill mothafuckers
This lady's got her left blinker on for an hour or more
Then she makes a right into my side door
This comedy shit's gettin' old
The game is to be sold, not to be told
You can feel the excitement right?
Snoop Dogg is with us tonight
Haha, thats what I'm sayin'
On the Shaggy Show, shit we ain't playin'
An' that ain't it, also on the show
Another mothafucker that well, some of ya' know
You see him with me a lot, he's like a brother
Violent J's in this mothafucker
I like that kid, Violent J
"Hey Mike", "What's up?", "How ya' doin' today?"
"Just great, Shaggs", well that's great
Now let's give a hand, to Mike E. Clark
An' that Gangsta Funk Band
We'll be right back with Violent J
Do your homies have money? Are you broke? Yeah
Do bitches look at you like some kind of joke? Straight up
There's nothin' you can do except get your P.H.D.
Playa Haters 'Degree? That's right, aww, hell, yeah
Player Haters' Academy located on Welfarm in Detroit
Offers the finest in Playerhation tactics
Yeah, that's right, such as 'The Bitch Hater'
Hey man, fuck that fine ass bitch or 'The Look Shooker'
Yo, bitch, I might be ugly, at least I ain't got no money

Or 'The Never Ending Shooting Star'
Just 'cuz he got a car, he wanna be drivin' that bitch
Get your P.H.D and join a nation of Playerhation, word up
Okay, my first guest, he's nutty as hell
He just served a half a year in the county jail
Now he's back, for now at least
Hey, Violent J's in this bitch ass piece
Waddup y'all? What's happenin'?
It's been 6 months an' my dick ain't havin' it
If I don't hurry up an' get me some ass
I might bust this nut on your TV glass
Anyway I'm workin' on my brand new shit
A brand new group with my homies, Twiztid
It's called Dark Lotus, should I play some for ya'll?
Yeah, hell, nah
Now I've been hearin' a little of this an' that
About you havin' some kind of a panic attack
Tell us, um, is it true?
An' when you have one, what the fuck do you do?
Well I'll be sittin' there, enjoyin' a coffee
An' then all of a sudden I'm like, "Get off me"
Then I start chokin' out pedestrians
Until they give me my shot of Calafalestrien
But that's all over now, it's all that
I'm a perfectly normal necrophiliac
Just don't test me or pull strings, forget it
I might grab your neck an' do bad things with it
Well on that note, thank you J, for real
What's up with poppin' one of them Selopian pills?
Take your ass back stage now an' relax
Snoop Dogg is comin' up next
Stay right here, we'll be right back
I like my chili hot, as a matter of fact
I like my chili so goddamn hot,
That you can cook a hog's ass in a spoonful
When a workin' man such as myself wants a little hot fixin'
I reach for that bottle of mamma's goddamn hot chili
Smooth tender chunks with chili beans
Filled with mamma's hot bastard bacon bits
And drizzled with just the right amount of thick savory sauce
Drippin' with noodle nuggets and Texas tough onions
Mmm mmm that's hot, goddamn hot
Ask for it by name
Thanks fellas, alright, yo, we're back
My next guest pioneered the sound of rap

He's come a long way from the L.B.C.
Please welcome Snoop D. O. double G.
Look up in the sky, it's a bird, it's a plane
It's the big Dogg, yo, fuckin' wit the insane
Clowns, get down, nigga, I represent the town
Hey, yo, Violent J let's go half on this pound
I stay gangsta lay fine, I drop the bomb
They call me Snoop Dogg an' I can raise your arm
So any dipsy that disagree with me
Step up an' watch your mothafuckin' ass meet defeat
Snoop, now, you got platinum on your wall
Where all the fools starin' scratch their balls
They wanna be like you, they wanna try ta steal your flow
Now, yo, why is that so?
It's like everywhere I look an' everywhere I go
Some bitch ass nigga tryin' to steal my flow
But I don't pay 'em no attention, oh, should I mention
I'm all about the money an' riddin' in cars with suspension
Bouncin', makin' up corners, smokin' dope
Smokin' that weed, hangin' out with my lopes an' folks
Don't give a fuck about nothin' at all
That's why I'm known to the world
As big mothafuckin' Snoop Dogg, nigga
Snoop Dogg, everybody
Now we gotta bring a close to the party
Thanks, Violent J, my lope
An' thank you, Snoop, for that bag of smoke
Join us next time for the show
We'll have that one bitch from 'Letters To Cleo'
That's it for now, I'm out this bitch
Hey, yo, Gangsta Funk, show 'em how ya' got rich

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