Bazooka Joey

Insane Clown Posse

This is a story of a man on the edge
Who all but lost his way until one day he discovered in his palms
A rocket launcher!
Enjoy this tale of a personal rejuvenation, redemption and scrubification
As told by the great Shaggy 2 Dope!
Grand Papi, was a World War II vet
And I found his bazooka set in the basement,
With a bag of mortars
Yeah, bitch, I'm done taking orders,
Dragged it outside and tried it out
Dropped the shell in and fired it out
Across the street to the neighbour's kitchen
And now half of their house's missing
Fuck yeah!
I grabbed the rockets
Beer truck in the scope unlocked it
Blew the wheels off and flipped it twice
I'm realizing with the Zooka Nice
And I'm dancing!
He's dancing
With a God damn bazooka
Bazooka Joey!
Bazooka!
Bazooka Joey!
Bazooka Joey!
I sent a hot one
Right through the doors
And let it mangled in a pile of boards
I swear my shoulder is loving the shot
Fucked up an H&R block
I'm blowing new cop cars into stock yards
Bitch, this is a bazooka
You not hard!
See the swat team hiding in the limousin
It seems they smithereens!
Pull out my hair, screaming and laughing
Get shot at and shooting back in
Terrorizing
Paralyzing

Bazooka Baby
Electrifying!
And I'm dancing!
He's dancing
With a God damn bazooka
Bazooka Joey!
Bazooka!
Bazooka Joey!
Bazooka Joey!

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