

Southwest Voodoo

Insane Clown Posse

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Holy shit, suck on my cock, ah!
Voodoo, runnin' from my magic
Burn your shirt, Shooga-booga ba
Southwest Voodoo's in the haugh
Wicked voodoo, doped up killa
Magic, dark magic, yo
Met this kid named Louie Lou
He thought he could fuck with this voodoo
So I turned his head into a lima bean
And then flicked it off his shoulders, ping
From Mookan House to Shangra La
Egyptian Pharohs, kumpa-ta
Follow me and join us as we pray
To the seventeen moons of Kunga Delray
Walked in the lunchroom chantin' spells
With bamboo bitches and voodoo bells
Got my own food, who wants some?
I got possum nipples and raccoon tongue
A non-believer once started to laugh
So I launched a fireball up his punk-ass
Then everybody heard him squeal
"This voodoo shit's for real!", it just takes
A head from a newt, a wing from a bat
A tongue from a snake, a tail from a rat
A neck from a chicken, an eye from a crow
And a little bitty-little itty drip of faygo
Burn your shirt, Shooga-booga ba
Southwest Voodoo's in the haugh
Wicked voodoo, doped up killa
Magic, dark magic, yo
Burn your shirt, Shooga-booga ba
Southwest Voodoo's in the haugh
Wicked voodoo, doped up killa
Magic, dark magic, yo
Gripped out fauna on a windy night
Ya see voodoo scribblins in the moonlight
Painted all on the city streets
It's the ancient craft of gang-bangin'
Hey! J! What's in the bag?
A shrunken head and shrivled scrotum sac!
Why? Ya think voodoo's fake?
Come to the graveyard, I'll make the dead wake
Raise, raise, shooga-boom ba

Sleep no longer, raise, quick!
Raise, raise, shooga-boom ba,
"Leave us alone, you fuckin' punk bitch!" Well, fuck it, I ain't that good yet
But one day you can bet I'm a freak!
We'll make the whole world dance with the dead
And just like my homey said, it only takes
A head from a newt, a wing from a bat
A tongue from a snake, a tail from a rat
A neck from a chicken, an eye from a crow
And a little itty-bitty little drip of faygo! Burn your shirt, Shooga-booga ba
Southwest Voodoo's in the haugh
Wicked voodoo, doped up killa
Magic, dark magic, yo Burn your shirt, Shooga-booga ba
Southwest Voodoo's in the haugh
Wicked voodoo, doped up killa
Magic, dark magic, yo Voodoo, runnin' from my magic
Voodoo, runnin' from my magic
Voodoo, runnin' from my magic
I'll make a voodoo doll of ya and fling ya nuts! A head from a newt, a wing from a bat
A tongue from a snake, a tail from a rat
A neck from a chicken, an eye from a crow
And a little itty-bitty little drip A head from a newt, a wing from a bat
A tongue from a snake, a tail from a rat
A neck from a chicken, an eye from a crow
And a little itty-bitty little drip of faygo Burn your shirt, Shooga-booga ba
Southwest Voodoo's in the haugh
Wicked voodoo, doped up killa
Magic, dark magic, yo Burn your shirt, Shooga-booga ba
Southwest Voodoo's in the haugh
Wicked voodoo, doped up killa
Magic, dark magic, yo And now, the flying Fritz brothers
Ooo
Ahh
Ohh
Uh! Ah! Ahh!

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