

The Show Must Go On

Vitamin String Quartet

Awwwwwwwww, Shit! Yo, check it out, man, ICP back in the haugh man

Violent-J, man, 2 Dope, man, wicked clownz, man. Ha ha ha

Hey, quick, hurry up, bang

Open your mouth cause here comes my wang

I'm Violent-J, the southwest skitzo

Born in a big top magical-majisto

Dead-body disco. Rappin' to the hoochies

Dirty old fat hoe's come up with a smoochie

Hoochie-coochie, la la la la la

I might pull your tongue out your mouth and try to hang ya

It's a full moon and the riddles are calling

Three more cards and the skies will be falling

But don't take it from me, I'm just a clown

Wicked clown, wicked town

Juggalugagaluga lick it down, man up till my nuts start singing, dancing

Hopping

I'm a keep bringing riddles and tricks and dead body chicks

With the swing of my magical wand

The show must go on

'Well, it all began when I was very young. My feelings were so excited about

The carnival

Rides. Everyone was jolly and jittery. I waited for their wackets until well

After dusk. That

Night, while I was sleeping, I was awoken by a glow appearing. And, looking

Out, I saw

Strange men, cursing and filthy, and there were clowns, setting up their dreary

Tent.'

I'm 2 dope and I sport tight wranglers

Don't say a word or I'll kick ya in the neck bitch

Everybody 'round, make way for the clown

In New York, in LA, in southwest town

Walked into El Rays, almost got my ass kicked

Rather just chill in the yard in my casket

Call up the hoe's have 'em swing by the tomb

And get a little stinky stank up in this bitch

Killer clowns kicked out the circus

Used to get live let the midget ladies work this

I was a freak show, they called me the pogo

I can make my ballsack bob like a yoyo

'Give it up! Give it up!'
Southwest looney tune, killed another red neck fun
His head a looney dune, gooney boon, gooney goon
I can hear the loons in my head as I sing my wicked song
The show must go on
I've never been afraid of clowns but these clowns were different. There was
Nothing
Funny about these clowns at all. They smiled, they juggled, they laughed, but
Yet something
Was terribly, terribly, wrong. I didn't like these clowns for I could see
Through them, I
Knew what they were really like. I knew that this carnival that had come to my
Village was
An evil, evil thing.'
Come see the show, big top show
Walk hand in hand with the dead carnival
Dead carney, carnies, dead juggalos
Walk hand in hand with the dead carnival
You ask do we gang, do we bang in a gang, mang?
Do we bang-bang? I'm a gang banger, man
I bang in a gang, mang
You can suck my wang, mang
Richie-boy, bitchie-boy, it's a southwest thing
Serial murderer, southwest maniac
Slaughterer, lunatic, highschool brainiac
Straight A school boy, School kid
'Till I went to school and tried to murder everyone, the show must go on
'Aged friends are fools, all of them. Totally unaware of the evilness within
The carnival
Their eyes reflected stairways into hell, their faces covered in blood. I ran
From the
Carnival grounds and yet every road and every path lead me right back to the big
Tent. I
Had to escape from the strongman, the freak shows, and the Ringmaster '
Come see the show, big top show
Walk hand in hand with the dead carnival
Dead carney, carnies, dead juggalos
Walk hand in hand with the dead carnival
Come see the show, big top show
Walk hand in hand with the dead carnival
Dead carney, carnies, dead juggalos
Walk hand in hand with the dead carnival
Rrrrrinnng
'Yello?'
'Speak ta Chicken Neck?'

'Who?'
'Chicken neck.'
'Nobody by that name here.'
'What about Chicken Balls?'
'Nope.'
'What about Chicken fuckin' Gizzard Throat, is he there?'
'Look boy, you got the wrong number.'
Click
Rrrrrinnng
'What the ? Hello?!'
'Speak ta Rednuts?'
'Who?'
'Redballs, Willie Redneck Balls, is he there?'
'Goddamnit!'
Click
Rrrrrinnng
'Lemme git dis! Who in da hell is dis?!'
'Speak ta Fatboy?'
'WHO IN DA HELL IS DIS?!'
'I wanna speak ta Fat Redneck fuckin' Chickenboy! Is he there?'
'Goddamnit!clickFuckin' no good bastards!'
Knock knock knock knock
'Git da damn door!'
'Yeah, I have a delivery for a Mr. Redneck Fatballs.'
'Whut! You goddamn little!'
Machinegun shots and breaking glass
'It's from the wicked clowns '

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