

# My Fun House

## Insane Clown Posse

Rich boy's in trouble  
Car broke down on a drive through the ghetto  
All the weird people, you gotta get the fuck out  
Need to use the phone, step into my funhouse  
Hey yo, dope, looks like we got another  
He'd like to go for a ride on the neck cutter  
Straight to the cart for the next spectacular  
Just to know, it's a dead body sittin' next to ya  
Get ready for the carnival thrills  
Should of cut your little faggot ass in the hills  
Boom, through the door into the room, you gotta check it out  
It's where we cut your fingers off and stick 'em in your mouth  
That should show you that you greedy little rich fuck  
If you're bucking with the juggla you're a dead duck  
Eight fingers in your mouth and two sticking out your nose  
Further down the hall, the room with jokeros  
That's where you get by seventeen wicked clowns  
For the seventeen dead bodies never found  
And they jump on your back until your ribs crack  
Toss you in the cart and push you down the deli tracks  
Spinning and twisting, rolling and bumping  
The dead fuck next to ya is trying to tell ya somethin'  
Listen close, you can barely make it out  
"Bitch, you ain't shit in my electric funhouse"  
"Help me, I'm trapped in here, somebody let me out  
Oh my God, ahh"  
"Come here, rich boy  
My head is spinning 360 degrees  
Richie, richie, richie  
Come here"  
"Bitch, fuck you, yeah, know what I'm saying  
Wicked clowns running the funhouse  
Ain't no way to get out until the killer  
Gets your neck cut like a man"  
"Pick a card, any card, any motherfucking card, a joker's card  
Sorry, bitch, the luck of the draw  
Violent J's gonna have to ice your jaw  
Snap, bang, snip, boom  
Send that motherfucker off to the next room  
Crash through the doors on the windy spinny trail  
Through a loop-de-loop and into a big nail  
Straight through his left eye and out the back of his head, is he dead?  
No, 'cuz he has to go to the next phase  
It's the room of giggles because of your ways  
You like to sit and laugh at people when they suffer  
Well, now you sit and watch me laugh when I stick your mother

It's the funhouse, bitch, everything's funny  
You act like whipping on your ass, ain't funny?  
And the ride of your life only gets faster  
Off to the r-r-ringmaster I take my bobo gun and blow your fuckin' mouth in  
Eh, yo, the next room, it's called the chicken pen  
And it's a little tribute to the bigots of the south  
We take a dead chicken, shove it in your mouth  
And we stuff it down your throat with a pitchfork  
'Cuz you're a big gut, that's what you get for it  
Now I take your sorry ass and I throw you out  
'Cuz I don't need your dead body stinkin' up my funhouse  
Funhouse, stinkin' up my funhaugh

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