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 yaGet 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 jokerosThat'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-ringmasterI 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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