

Piggy Pie (Old School)

Insane Clown Posse

Once upon a time there were three little pigs
Who went out into the big world
To build their homes and seek their fortunes
The first little piggy, his house is made of wood
He lives in a chicken turkey piggy neighborhood
He likes to fuck his sister and drink his moonshine
A typical redneck filthy fuckin' swine
I rode into town with my axe in my holster
Everybody knows about the wicked piggy boaster
The sherrif at the border, he tried to take me out
I drew my axe with the quickness and cut his Adam's apple out
Walked in the village and to the piggy's place
He opened up his door and shot me in the face
It blew me off the porch and blew my head in half
But I'm a Juggalo, so it only made me laugh
Axe in hand, I rose like the dead
And swung with all my might, made a thump noise in his head
Since we out west, I grabbed a shotgun
And blew his fuckin tounge, out the back of his cranium
Three little piggies, to make a piggy pie
There's nothing like a sound, when you hear a piggy die
I might choose a gun, I might choose an axe
The Carnival's in town, come and get your piggy snacks
The second little piggy, his house is made of brick
And this little piggy is a mother fuckin' dick
He lays down his rules and reads you your rights
In that funny lookin' car with the little blinkin' lights
I drive a Volkswagon Bug, seventeen deep
Packed fulla Juggalos, lights out and we creep
To the piggy station and lay on the horn
First piggy out, we blow his lungs out his uniform
Now they in pursuit, like Starski and Hutch
But there's only two of them, the rest are out to lunch
They call up Dunkon Doughnuts to gather up the rest
Twenty five piggies with their bulletproof vests
We lead them on a chase, they bustin' off rounds
But now they all fucked, 'cuz we at the Carney grounds
And they gettin' swallowed by their very on greed
Dark Carnival and wicked clowns, 'cuz we need
Three little piggies, to make a piggy pie
There's nothing like a sound, when you hear a piggy die
I might choose a gun, I might choose an axe
The Carnival's in town, come and get your piggy snacks
Three little piggies, to make a piggy pie
There's nothing like a sound, when you hear a piggy die
I might choose a gun, I might choose an axe
The Carnival's in town, come and get your piggy snacks
The last little piggy, his house is made of gold
He lives in a mansion on his own private road
I started walking down it, the guard he told me wait
I snapped his fuckin' neck in two and slammed his nuts in the gate
'Cuz this little piggy must definitely die

[Incomprehensible] off and toss it in the sky
And then I watch the moon take the form of the devil
And pull it out the sky and beat it with a shovel
People in my city, they fightin' for their meals
He sleeps on a mattress, stuffed with hundred dollar bills
A Richey is the devil, he never will admit it
So I'mma cut his hand off and slap his face wit' it
Opened up his door, he sleeping in his bed
I grabbed a brick of gold and smacked it upside his head
He begged for his life, I told him it's too late
And tied his neck in a knot and watch him suffocate 'cuz I need
Three little piggies, to make a piggy pie
There's nothing like a sound, when you hear a piggy die
I might choose a gun, I might choose an axe
The Carnival's in town, come and get your piggy snacks

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