

Wagon Wagon

Insane Clown Posse

"If I'm gonna die
I'm going out riding the wagon"

Hear it comes, the horrifying midnight wagon
Saggin, laggin, dead bodies draggin
On a piece of string, they flop around and fling
Now shut your ass up and let the juggla sing
It's the Insane Clown Posse coming threw
Looking for hickies and the prickies and your ass too
Everybody gets a ride on the ghost car
Don't matter who you are, we going straight to hell
And it ain't far, Mr. Nevers
You seem to be the kill joy
So get your ass in fat boy
You can sit up in the front with the Ringmaster
With the Ringading-dingalinga-ping-master
And get your motherfucking wind pipe chopped off
And your funky ass body gets dropped off
In the gutter, the wheels keep rollin
Throwin heads out the back, nugget bowlin from the...

Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin
Are you down with the clown with clown luv, ride the...
Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin
Every dead fuck in the city comes and rides the...
Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin
Nate the Mack, Jump Steady, and Rude Boy ride the...
Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin
Don't miss your chance

The exhaust pipe is tripping out a deli fire
I found an old dead corpse in the trunk next to the spare tire
And it's muffling the sounds
Throw the bitch out and now the funk pounds, yo
Some say it's just a hearse, but it's much worse
It's an old dark bucket with a clown curse
Long, dark, very spooky scary
I drink an old 40 bottle full of bloody mary, why
Cuz I'm Violent J, sick in the nug-bone
I make strange sounds, clowns with frowns
Break it on down, break it up till the break of dawn
Look out your window it's the wagon in your front lawn
Ah, boom, aboockaboomba
We do the dance of the death until you get in the car
Then I pull your tongue out slap you in the face with it
Say the joker did it in the...

Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin
Ladies and gents its your turn, come and ride the...
Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin
If you gotta minute why don't you stop and finna ride the...
Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin
I'm a dead body so you know I love riding in the...
Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin
Now, here's your chance

We don't do drive-by's in the wagon

Instead we just get out and stab your fuckin ass
And there ain't no telling how many clowns inside
Told you seventeen but I lied
Cuz I'm wicked and I'm wild, wicked wild
I caught wild deer, rode it home from Bel Isle
I play the organ like an old mental case
I can freak the cello, like Chris Conley on bass
In the wagon, I throw fingers out the window
And when you roll the window down you can smell Indo
But it ain't mine, it belongs to a stiff over there
Puffin on a Jim Square
Heavy long, rumbling, tumbling
Step into my ride and your ass goes stumbling
Out the back with your neck in a rut
Gotta get home before the sun comes up on my...

Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin
Come down, stand in line, everybody loves to ride the...
Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin
Your momma is a bitch and she swings on my nuts in the...
Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin
If you missed your bus, don't be afriad, come and ride the...
Wagon Wagon, dead bodies draggin
It's your last chance