

Wagon Wagon

Insane Clown Posse

If I'm gonna die. I'm going out riding the wagon.(Violent J)

Here it comes, the horrifying midnight wagon

Sagging

Lagging

Dead bodies dragging

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 through

Looking for the hickies

And the prickies

And your ass, too

Everybody gets a ride in 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 killjoy

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 windpipe chopped off

And your funky ass body gets dropped off

In the gutter, the wheels keep rolling

Throwing heads out the back

Nugget bowling from the...

(Chorus)

Wagon! Wagon! Dead bodies dragging

Are you down with the clown, with clown love, ride the...

Wagon! Wagon! Dead bodies dragging

Every dead fuck in the city comes and rides the...

Wagon! Wagon! Dead bodies dragging

Nate the Mack, Jump Steady, and Rude Boy ride the...

Wagon! Wagon! Dead bodies dragging

Don't miss your chance(Violent J)

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? Cause I'm Violent J, sick in the nugbone
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 to the car
And then I pull your tongue and out slap ya in the face with it
Say the Joker did it

In the...

(Chorus)

Wagon! Wagon! Dead bodies dragging
Ladies and gents its your turn, come and ride the...
Wagon! Wagon! Dead bodies dragging
If you gotta minute why don't you stop on in and ride the...
Wagon! Wagon! Dead bodies dragging
I'm a dead body so you know I love riding in the...
Wagon! Wagon! Dead bodies dragging
Now, here's your chance(Violent J)
We don't do drive-by's in the wagon
Instead we just get out and stab your fucking ass
And it ain't no telling how many clowns inside
Told you seventeen, but I lied
Cause I'm wicked and I'm wild, wicked wild
I caught a wild deer, rode it home from Bell Isle
I play the organ like an old mental case
I can freak the cello, like Chris Kelly on bass
In the wagon, I throw fingers out the window
And when I roll the window down, you can smell indo
But it ain't mine, it belongs to a stiff over there
Puffing 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...(Chorus)
Wagon! Wagon! Dead bodies dragging
Come down, stand in line, everybody loves to ride the...
Wagon! Wagon! Dead bodies dragging
Your mama is a bitch and she swings on my nuts in the...
Wagon! Wagon! Dead bodies dragging
If you missed your bus, don't be afriad,
come and ride the...
Wagon! Wagon! Dead bodies dragging
It's your last chance

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