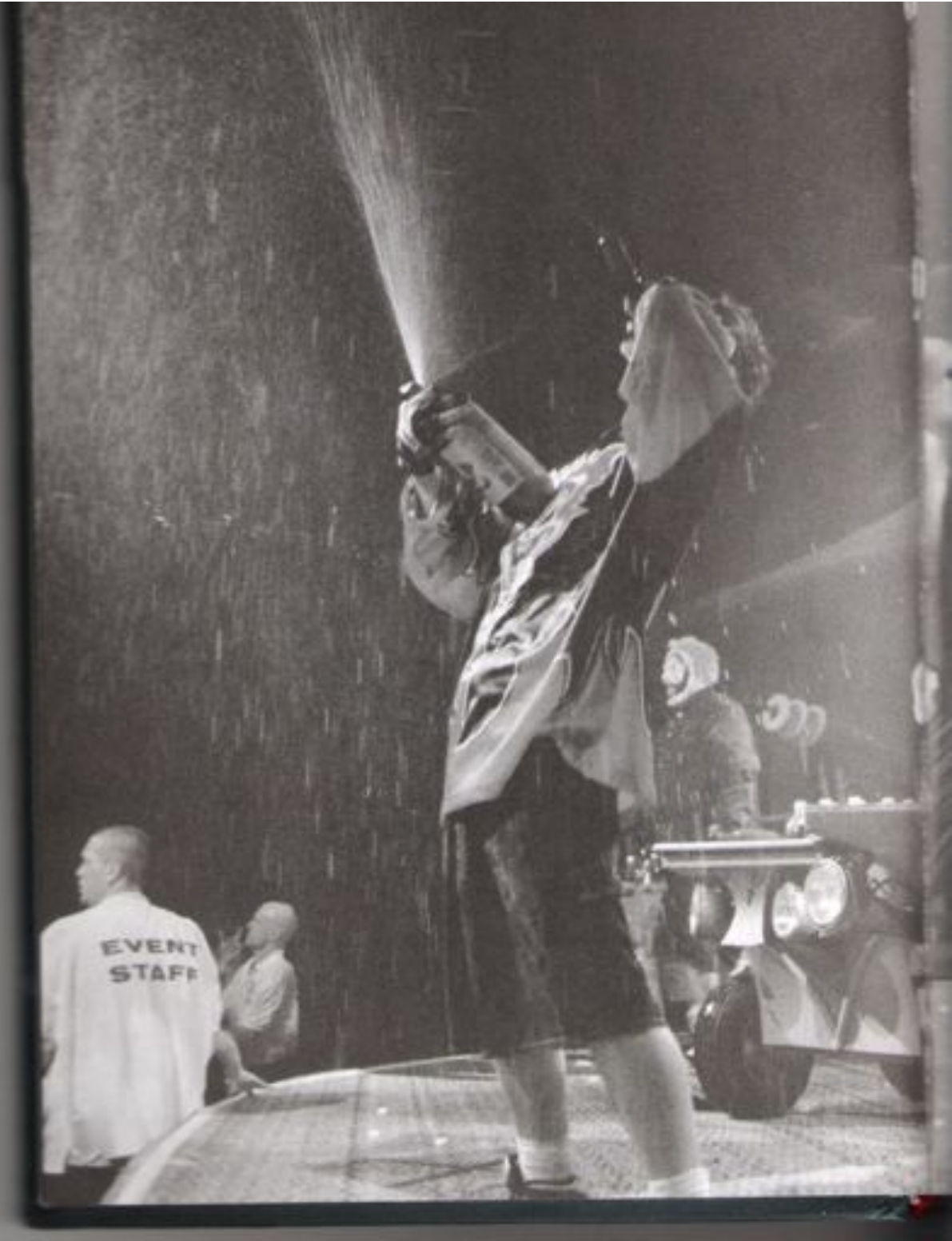
ICP
Behind the Paint
By Violent J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ISBN 0-9741848-0-83 First printing: July 2003

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Dedicated to The Butterfly

FOREWING
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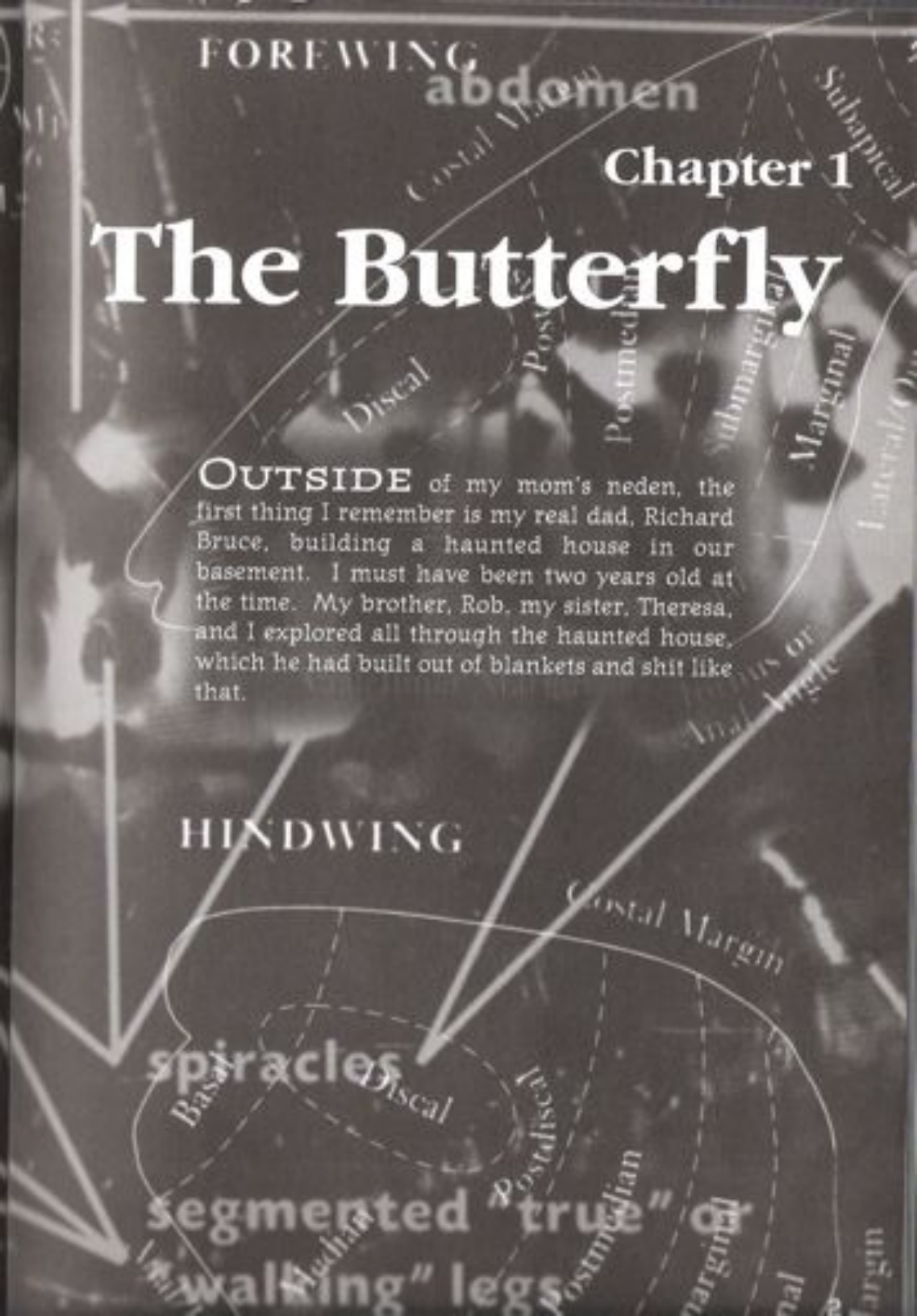
thorax
Discal cell
Discal cell



Chapter 1

The Butterfly

OUTSIDE of my mom's neden, the first thing I remember is my real dad, Richard Bruce, building a haunted house in our basement. I must have been two years old at the time. My brother, Rob, my sister, Theresa, and I explored all through the haunted house, which he had built out of blankets and shit like that.

He recorded this tape of his voice saying, "I'm over here... I'm over here. Find me... I'm over here."

He hid the tape player under some blankets. We crawled around through this haunted house – all dark and scary – until we found the tape, and realized it wasn't really him. To me, that was the shit.

The only other thing I remember about my real dad, Rick, was him throwing a TV set at my mom. She was standing at the bottom of the stairs, and he was at the top. They were arguing. He disappeared from the top of the staircase, came back with a TV set, and threw it at my ma. She had to pull me out of the way as it came crashing down.

The strongest woman alive: my mom.

That is the very last memory I have of my real dad. I can't believe that I actually remember something that happened when I was only two years old, but I do. Them times must have really been major incidents for me to still remember them now.

After that, Rick and my ma, Linda, officially split up. The last thing they did together was to pull all the money out of their joint bank account so they could divide it up and go their separate ways. Going out to drive away, Rick suddenly grabbed all the money from my mom's hands, jumped in his homie's car, and just took off.

That was the last my ma ever seen of him. He never paid for no child support or nothing. My mom was just left assed-out. That's why if I ever meet my real dad again, nowadays, I have no choice but to whip his ass.

Leaving us kids forever never bothered me at all. I was a happy-ass kid without his ass around. Snatching that money from my mom's hands, though, and leaving her to struggle trying to find money to feed us – that calls for an ass kickin' in my book, and this is my fuckin' book. Even if I don't ever see him until he's like eighty, I have no choice but to beat his old ass. I'll fuckin' monkey flip his ass outta his wheelchair.

With my real dad gone, we were mad poor, but we lived in a pretty nice suburb of Detroit called Berkley. It was just off of Eleven Mile Road, which is about three miles north of Detroit, in Oakland County.

My mom worked nights in Birmingham, MI as a church janitor. So while she was gone, we were like stray dogs out there; but I didn't care. I have no complaints. I fuckin' loved all of it. When my ma worked the late shift, that just meant we were allowed out until she got home, which was the bomb diggity.

I hate it when people front, like, "Oh, I was raised so poor; it was horrible as a li'l kid."

That's bullshit in my eyes. I think being broke-ass poor doesn't really affect you until you get to middle school and high school. That's when other kids notice you have shitty clothes on, and you're grippin' a pieced-together bike, in some dirty-ass, $15 Traxx shoes. At the elementary school level of life, though, you don't really give a fuck if you're poor. Nobody does. Nobody notices dumb shit like that. All you really care about is playing, adventure, pretending, and all that fresh-ass little kid shit that comes for free in life.

Theresa and Rob chillin' on a doorstep, with me as a baby inside the house.

DURING the summertime, my mom would drop us off with Mary Wool. I guess Mary was somehow our summer babysitter. I don't know where or how my mom met her; but I remember this lady was a fucking witch. This bitch was straight outta Hell. She was pure evil. Today, as a grown-ass ninja, I look back in awe at what an evil bitch that lady was to us little-ass kids. I'm sure she's still a horrid bitch today, if she's still alive and hasn't fucked off yet. If she *is* alive, I hope her two old-ass, droopy eyeballs that are hangin' off her cheeks are reading this right now, through her dusty-ass, cracked, old lady spectacles, just so I can tell her to eat shit and die, already.

My mom would drop us off over there at eight in the morning when she went to work, and pick us up around six when she got off. Mary's idea of daycare would be to leave us outside all day in this fucking fenced-in, dirty backyard. On the hot days, my brother, sister, and me used to dare each other to go up and ask Mary Wool for a drink of water. If we did, she would just bitch about it. Sometimes she'd fuckin' squirt the hose at us. Like I said, she was a witch.

I don't think my mom really ever knew how bad this lady was. I mean, she knew that Mary Wool was a bitch and all, but I don't think she ever really knew just how bad she was. Even if she did, there was nothing she could really do. My mom was even more broke now, with my dad gone, being a janitor, and raising three kids alone. She didn't have the funds to hire us a Mary Poppins lady, so a Mary Wool had to do.

When I say there wasn't anybody else to watch us, I mean literally there was nobody else to watch us. My mom had no other choice but the Mary Wool hellhole.

My grandma, Delila Grober, couldn't watch over us because she was always ill. She was in and out of an insane asylum for the whole second half of her life. The way my mom explained it, when my grandma was in her twenties, right after she had her kids, things went bad for her. She was really beautiful, and people used to stare at her a lot. She began to become paranoid over it all. Everyone constantly staring at her, and talking about her under their breath. She just went insane from it, flat-out paranoid-schizophrenic, I guess.

My grandmother, chillin' on medication.

She'd come home every weekend, but she'd just be mad doped-up, not saying anything that made any sense. She usually would just sit in this big red chair and smile at us. She died about fifteen

years ago. My mom says that my grandma is now super happy in Heaven, because her soul is finally free from her sick mind and body.

My grandpa, Val Grober, couldn't watch over us back then, either. He was way too busy working his ass off all the time. He constantly worked. He was a great person. From the time his wife got sick and went away until she died, he stayed with her. He never left her for nothing. My grandpa was the fuckin' bomb. He used to teach golf and do landscaping. He worked hard right up until he died, about three years ago. Some consider him a local Detroit-area golfing legend.

The only other family we had were my two uncles. They both were busy living their own separate lives, and neither one had time to watch over us. Now, my mom's two brothers couldn't possibly be any more different from each other.

First, you got my Uncle Larry. He worked his way through college; and has, in my eyes, schooled it in life. He is every bit of what you would call a model citizen: a Good Family Man. He was always known as Rich Uncle Larry to us, because he would always help my mom out with eighty bucks here or a hundred bucks there. He saved our asses many times when I was a kid.

He seemed so rich to us back then. Now that I'm grown, I realize the only reason Uncle Larry seemed so rich to us back then was because he wasn't on welfare like the rest of us. He wasn't really rich at all. He was just chillin'.

Then you got my other uncle, Uncle Steve. He was pretty much the crazy-ass gone wrong. He did an eight-year prison bid for robbing a gang of 7-11s when I was a kid. He was a drug addict with a gat. When he got out after his long eight, he came to live with us for a while on the tether. He was always rippin' off my grandpa, my mom, and just always givin' everybody hell.

He still rips us off. He even ripped me off a few years ago when I gave him two of each of all our CDs, T-shirts, and every other kind of ICP merchandise we had. He said he wanted it all to start his official ICP memorabilia collection. So I gave him a fat-ass box of shit. Two days later a friend of ours from a local record store called us up and said some crackhead older guy was just up there trying to sell him his complete, Two of Everything ICP collection. That bastard, Uncle Steve!

Now that you're familiar with my entire family, hopefully you realize why we were stuck with Mary Wool. There just wasn't anybody else to watch us. My mom knew we hated her, so every time she came home sick from work or something, she'd always come get us from Mary's house with the quickness.

If we complained about Mary Wool, all she'd say was, "There's nothing I can do about it; I don't know who else to get."

She was telling the truth. There really was nobody else.

Rob, Theresa, and I tried to make the best of it in that fenced-in backyard. The only good part was this brown dog from across the street. On some days, he would dig a hole under his fence when he heard us playing, and he would make his way over to us to hang out. Then, at the end of the day, we would return the dog, fill in the hole that he dug, and say goodbye. We would do our best to

Theresa, Rob, and I playing with a dog ...
not the same brown dog from Mary Wool's backyard, though.

hide the dog from Mary witch-ass Wool, because he was the best thing we had going for us over there. We loved him, and that would've been reason enough for her to put a stop to it.

The rest of the time was passed with the help of our imaginations. We'd find an old lawnmower or something, and we'd be like, "Let's turn this into an airplane, you guys! Let's actually build an airplane."

We thought for sure, one-hundred-percent, we could actually do that. You know, dreams that would last a day long. The fact is that children will be children no matter where you put them. We still managed to gain some pretty fresh life-long memories out of that yard.

One time a big June bug landed right there on the dirt in the middle of us. We all sat around and stared at the crusty-ass fuckin' June bug. You know those ones you see stuck to the side of trees? It's one of them things that you only notice when you're a little kid – like anthills and caterpillars. When was the last time you actually saw a caterpillar? Or a crusty-ass June bug shell stuck to the side of a tree? When you're a li'l-ass kid, you notice that stuff, because it's all you got going on, so that shit matters.

This June bug looked like it was about to die, yet it was crawling on the ground. It was old, wicked looking, and crusty like a li'l ugly-ass monster. Then, all of sudden, a split cracked right up its own back. It was crawling out of itself! We were trippin' out!

To any adult, I'm sure we just looked like some kids huddled around playing in the dirt right then, but fuck that; we were witnessing something worth watching that day. Slowly but surely, this beautiful yellow and green fuckin' bug climbed right out of its own old crusty ass, and left nothing but an old dead shell of its former self.

We sat around and watched this whole thing happen. It took hours. I thought that shit was the fuckin' freshest thing I'd ever seen. When it was all over with, the beautiful, yellow and green bug expanded its new, strong wings and flew off, probably to go kill some other bug and eat it. The whole shit was awesome, but soon after that, things were back to normal in that yard.

That bug few off like, "zzzzzzz – c-ya – zzzzzzz – wouldn't wanna be ya – zzzzzzzzzzzzz..."

LET me tell y'all, this Mary Wool lady – there was some bullshit going on in that house. She had two kids, Chris and Ricky Wool, who were right around our age. My brother, Rob, and I hated playing with them. See, they had this fucked-up habit of unzipping their pants and waggling their dicks at us, then chasing us around like that.

We figured they were that way because of their mom. Mary Wool was a heroin addict-looking, skinny bitch, with tattoos on her wrists. Remember, this was twenty years ago, when moms just didn't have tattoos on their wrists and shit like that.

One day when my mom was picking us up, I asked her about Mary's tattoos, "What's that weird writing on Mary Wool's li'l chicken wrist about, Mom?"

"Don't ask questions like that," she said.

After what would wind up happening to us as a result of knowing the Wool family, I kind of wish we had known more about them then, so that I could have killed them all off, and most likely gotten away with it because of my youth.

ATTENTION

Thugz, killaz, and mass murderers...
Everybody sit down in a circle around me.
IT'S SPECIAL EMOTIONAL TIME!!!

In this part of the book, I'm going to talk about two major childhood memories that really don't have anything to do with anything at all. They are just too important not to be included. If you're not interested in listening to me babble about life and emotional shit, just skip past these next few pages. For everybody else, here it goes....

BEFORE my mom met my second dad – that's how I remember my childhood, by what dad I was with at the time – two truly magical things happened that still live with me today. They were both MAJOR events of my childhood, and that's why I want to share them with you.

MAJOR CHILDHOOD MOMENT NUMBER ONE

THE first thing happened when my brother, Rob, and I were running around in my ma's front yard in Berkley. He was six, I was four, and we were chasing one of those colorful, humongous-ass butterflies. Suddenly, my brother started screaming.

"Joe, Joe, I got it!"

Rob had actually caught the Butterfly. I was pretty shocked. So was he. So was the Butterfly, I'll bet. I don't really know how it happened, but I guess he jumped off the porch, and actually cupped it in his hands, midair.

"It's prying my hands open, it's so big!" he yelled. "Get the jar! Get the jar!"

We had a jar with holes poked in the top, which we always kept on our porch, because we'd always catch shit like grasshoppers or praying mantises. Anything fresh.

We put this giant Butterfly in the jar, and we sat there staring at it. Wow. It was mad powerful-looking. We noticed it had fur on its wings and all kinds of colors. It didn't even seem like an insect, it seemed more like a bird. We felt really guilty about having it in our jar, like we caught somebody's dog.

We said to each other, "Look man, we're just gonna have this Butterfly spend one night at our house, and we'll let it go in the morning, because this is way too big and beautiful to keep. Besides, we don't know what it eats, or anything. We have to let it go."

We agreed. Just as soon as we got up the next morning, we'd let it go. That night, it would be our guest. We just wanted to hang out with it for a night.

We poked extra holes in the jar lid and put a screen over it to hook it up more. We had a fan in our bedroom 'cause it was mad hot, and we put the jar right in front of the fan. The Butterfly was our guest, and we wanted it to be extra comfortable.

We tried to sleep, but we kept hearing the Butterfly's wings hitting the glass of the jar, like it was talking to us. It was the shit. We were mad excited.

NEXT morning, all we could hear was the fan. My brother and I looked at each other in horror, then looked back at the jar. The Butterfly was dead.

We were straight-up crushed. Right there, brother, we started fuckin' bawling our eyes out. We felt like we just murdered somebody. Actually, I guess we did. That sucked bad.

So here's what we did: we dug a grave in the space between our house and the one next door. It was already a cemetery of sorts, because this cat across the street was always killing birds and mice and shit. We would find the bodies of these animals, and bury them in that area.

There was this place across the street that sold potato chips in a big metal can, so we got an empty one and made it into the Butterfly's final resting place. We put a little couch in there made out of napkins and Popsicle sticks, and all kinds of other cool shit.

With tears in our eyes, we placed the can in the grave, and filled in the dirt on top of it. We felt so bad, we made a vow right then and there. A vow that we continue to live by today:

"One day, we will make it to heaven, so that we can make sure the Butterfly made it, and so that we can apologize to that Butterfly face-to-face." (If insects are not allowed in heaven, then we would ask to change that policy on the Butterfly's behalf.)

Now if you look on every single ICP album and EP, what does it say in the credits?

"Dedicated to the Butterfly."

It's right on the inside of my left arm: a big tattoo of a Butterfly, also dedicated to the Butterfly. I dedicate every major accomplishment in my life to the Butterfly. I do this to remind myself of our important vow. We must both keep on track all the way through life.

I'll tell you why. Because back then, that day burying that Butterfly, feeling the way we did, my brother and I were like two clean cloths. Unpolluted yet by life. Pure and true. When we made that vow, we were the real, untouched, Joe and Rob Bruce. It was from the heart.

As we go through life, we adapt to what really goes on in this world and what it teaches us. Other people in life teach you things like, "Hey man, don't hang out with girls unless you're trying to fuck them, dude!" or "What are you hangin' out with those black kids for?"

The more you come in contact with other people, the dirtier you get. When you're a child, you go only by your heart, because that's all you know.

As I grew up, I'd remind myself out loud: "I made that vow when I was as pure as could be, before the world got me, when the only thoughts I had were the thoughts that were my own and in my heart. I cannot let the world fuck me up so bad that I lose faith in that vow."

As I write this, I'm fucked-up. I'm very, very dirty from the world. One day, I have to return to that innocent, pure thing I once was, so that when I die I can apologize to the Butterfly. That's what "Dedicated to the Butterfly" means. That's exactly what I intend to do.

Okay, let me just put it to you like this: If I was sitting on a public bus next to an old lady, and I said a cuss word like "fuck" out loud, she'd

probably be offended. She might even make a face, and say something about it.

Well, don't think she didn't spend her life sucking on dicks, being human, and cussing, herself, right? The only difference between her and I is that now, she's returned to that pureness she once had as a child. She's been all the way around the block. She's probably seen it all before, and now she doesn't even want to hear the word "fuck." She wants to be clean again.

There was a time when she was swiggin' booze, fuckin' around, tossing salads, sucking some guy's dick at a dance, and all that. Now she has cleansed herself of that craziness. The old people you and I don't care about, those are the wisest fuckin' people out there! They're the ones who've seen it all. They've tasted both styles of life, and now in their old age, they choose pureness, because they're wise.

What was I talking about? Oh yeah, the Butterfly. I'm almost done. Just listen .... Everything I do that I care about is dedicated to the Butterfly. I take something so filthy, so raunchy, and so devoted to hate and revenge and anger, like my albums, and I stamp "Dedicated to the Butterfly" on them, because that was Joe Bruce who made that vow.

Today's Joe Bruce wouldn't make that vow, but the future Joe Bruce will, and I will become him again, one day in the future. Just don't say "fuck" next to me on a bus when I'm ninety, or you might get my cane upside your melon.

MAJOR CHILDHOOD MOMENT NUMBER TWO

THIS is the other magical thing that happened, just a year after the Butterfly incident. There was this kid in the neighborhood, named Mark Wolinski. He was older, probably ten. He had around a foot on us in height, and he always walked around with a crew of bullies. We were terrified of him. He was a li'l baby thug.

He was a troublemaker, too. He once set a garage on fire and bragged about it. He only got away with it because he was too young to get prosecuted for it, and his parents were so white trash, they didn't give a fuck.

Luckily for my sister, Theresa, she was always off hangin' with her girlfriends at Skate World or something. Rob and I hung out on our block with assholes like Mark. Mark was always beating somebody up, usually my brother and I.

A bunch of times I'd be riding on my bike and he'd stop me, and be like, "Get off your bike."

He'd throw me off my bike and take it. He'd make me chase him around before finally giving it the infamous *ghost ride*. That's when a

bully takes your bike from you, rides it as fast as he can, and hops off it! You then have to sit there and watch your bike race down the block with nobody riding it.

All you can do is watch it smash into something, usually a tree or a car, sometimes a wall of some sort. You just have to hope your bike ain't too badly fucked-up afterwards. Many of my childhood bikes were casualties of *ghost rides*.

Now, my mom hadn't married her second husband yet, and we were still poor as fuck. She was still a janitor, but to make extra money, she started watching this rich family's kids.

When the family went to Boston that summer, they wanted to bring my mom along to watch their kids. It wasn't a vacation or anything, but we were pretty excited about Mom getting to go to Boston.

My ma had never been out of Michigan, so it was a big deal – for her and us. We ran around the neighborhood for months telling everybody, "My ma's going to Boston! My ma's going to Boston!"

So everybody knew my ma's going to Boston. Because of our big little mouths, everybody knew she'd left fifty bucks with me, my brother, and sister to buy food with. That was like millions! We're talking pizza every night, and ice cream, chips and dip, root beer floats, all of that. We bragged about it to everybody that would listen.

Right after my mom left for Boston, my brother and I were in our front yard. Who came around? Mark Wolinski. He walked right up to us.

"Hey, what's up you guys?"

My brother and I were really nervous, because suddenly he was being mad cool. We tried to be cool, too.

"What's up, Mark?" I said, hoping to save my new Huffy from a treacherous *ghost ride*.

"What are you guys doing, man? You, like, wanna go do something?"

We were so nervous and marked-out, we just said, "Sure!"

After a few hours, Mark got an idea. "Hey, ask if I can spend the night!"

"Well, you know, my mom's not here," I said.

"Yeah, I know. Ask your babysitter if I can spend the night. It'll be fun as hell. I heard you guys got chips and dip and everything."

Rob and I were still sort of dazed. We were scared to death. We didn't want Mark Wolinski's fat ass eating all our chips and dip and everything, but we were too scared to tell him no.

So we went in to our babysitter and straight-up lied to her.

"Hey this is Mark Wolinski," I said. "He spends the night all the time. My mom knows him."

Truth is, my ma would have killed me if she knew a delinquent like Mark Wolinksi was spending the night at our house. The next thing we know, Mark was knuckle deep in our French onion dip, spending the night, eating all our pizza, and everything else we bought.

We even had sparklers. It wasn't even near a holiday, but he was having fun with them. He was the only one having any fun. We were still scared of him – almost as scared as we were of my ma finding out he spent the night.

Then something happened that night that changed everything. Actually, it changed everything for the rest of my life.

WE had our blankets set up on the floor at the top of the staircase with all the lights off. We were trying to whisper to each other in the dark, but the babysitter could still hear us, and she was getting pissed.

"Be quiet, you guys!"

"All right," we said, and kept right on talking. We heard her close the door, still pissed, I'm sure.

All of a sudden, a head, a pitch-black head, came up the stairs in the dark. Then shoulders. Totally fucking silent. A black oil figure was walking up the stairs. It was dark in the room, but this figure was pitch black dark. We could make it out as clear as anything.

Now, we should have been pissing root beer floats into our Underoos, but the only way I can explain it is that I wasn't the least bit scared. Neither was my brother, Rob. It was more like 20,000 levels of excitement, just like when you bungee jump! Like when you first hit air like, "Ho-leee shiiit!"

The figure walked up the stairs, right in front of us. My brother and I were screaming, but the most amazing thing was this: Mark Wolinski couldn't see it. He didn't know what the fuck was going on.

"What are you guys looking at?" he asked. "What is it?"

He couldn't see it. The shape continued up to the top of the stairs, walked all the way up, and turned right toward us. Mark Wolinski still didn't see a fucking thing!! My brother and I couldn't make out its face, but we knew it was looking at us.

Clear as day, we knew EXACTLY what it was. It's kind of like we knew who it was right when we first saw His head coming up the stairs! IT WAS GOD! No question, no doubt in my mind. It was God. Fuck you if you don't believe me. We know what we saw that night. G-O-D diggity, himself. The Holy Roller Thunder Bowler, funky fresh in the freaky flesh. GOD, baby.

He turned and raised His arms, then put 'em down, and slowly floated back down the stairs. Just from that one gesture, we knew the shape was saying, "It's all right."

My brother and I were so fucking scared all night, so nervous about Mark Wolinski, it was like God came over us two innocent-ass kids, and was like, "I know you're scared, but it's all right."

After that, I didn't give a fuck about Mark Wolinski.

I was like, "You didn't see it! You can't see it! Ha ha, you couldn't see it!"

I wasn't afraid of anything. I wish you all could see the goose bumps on my arms right now just from writing this. Even though I would have a more involved spiritual encounter, later in life, that was the absolute greatest moment of my life.

A miracle had happened. We'd seen God, and heard Him say so much without even saying a word. Fuck Mark Wolinski. Fuck everything scary. Nothing is scary in the presence of God.

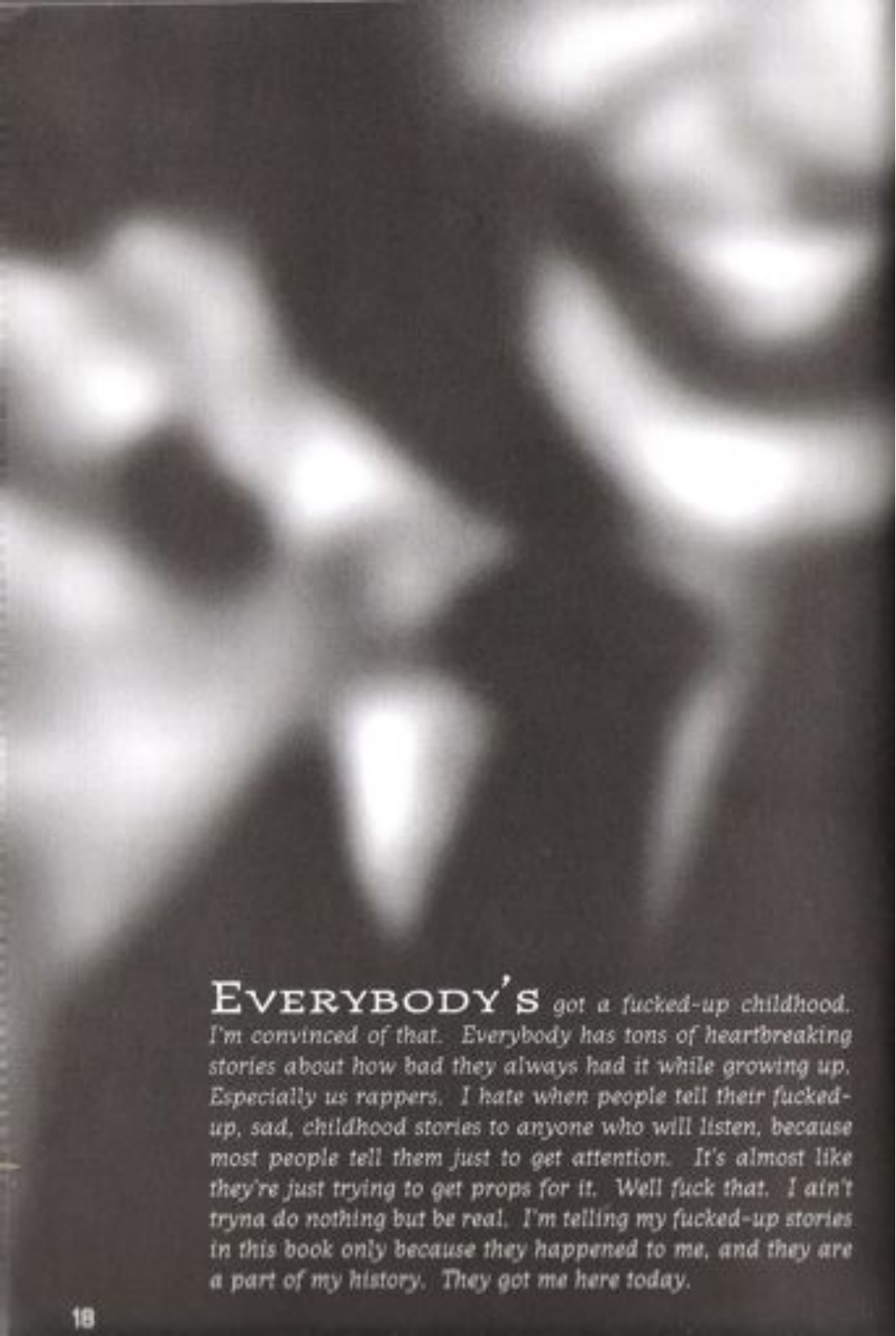
WHEN my mom finally came back from Boston, we ran outside and started hugging her. We wouldn't let her get out of the car. We were all crying and telling her what happened, that we had Mark Wolinski spend the night, but God came over and told us not to be scared.

My mom saw us crying, and she started crying, too. Everybody was crying. The only person not crying was Mark Wolinski, who quickly returned to his old self again.

Within a few days, the same old neighborhood bully dickhead was back in effect. He caught me coming back from the party store a few weeks later, and thanked me for the chips and dip with a good old *ghost ride* for my Huffy.

It was all good. My mom knew we weren't lying. We told our grandpa, too, and everybody else who would listen. We didn't need to hear anybody give us props for what we had seen. Seeing what we had seen was props enough – a lifetime worth of props as far as I'm concerned.

My mom was always religious, and she did work at a church. I was five years old and this kind of shit was already happening to me. First our vow to the Butterfly, then God coming over and telling Rob and I everything's going to be okay, and you wonder why I think the Dark Carnival is so real.



EVERYBODY'S *got a fucked-up childhood. I'm convinced of that. Everybody has tons of heartbreaking stories about how bad they always had it while growing up. Especially us rappers. I hate when people tell their fucked-up, sad, childhood stories to anyone who will listen, because most people tell them just to get attention. It's almost like they're just trying to get props for it. Well fuck that. I ain't tryna do nothing but be real. I'm telling my fucked-up stories in this book only because they happened to me, and they are a part of my history. They got me here today.*

chaPTEr2
life With SAtan

LIFE is like a long-ass road. Not all the places my road has taken me have been the shit; there have been many roadblocks and ambushes along the way so far. When I was probably six years old, my mom finally remarried. I never understood why, but our new stepfather would be a fifty-year-old, rich, but ugly-as-hell bastard by the name of Lester Wool. That's right, he was actually a member of the dreaded Wool family. He was none other than the father of that horrid bitch, Mary Wool. On top of that, he was the grandfather of those two horny li'l rug rats, Chris and Ricky Wool.

Lester met my mom during the second summer that Mary Wool was *taking care* of us. I must admit, at first, he seemed like the only Wool family member who had a heart. It was as if God gave all the love and compassion to Lester Wool, and forgot to give any to the rest of that devilish Wool clique.

He'd come around the backyard and ask his scary daughter, Mary, shit like, "What do you got these kids in this muddy-ass backyard for? What's wrong with you, Mary?"

Then he'd turn to us and be like, "Come on you guys, get in my car," and take us out to a fair or something.

He was steady playing the role of super-fresh. Once a week he would pick us up and take us somewhere fresh like Chuck E. Cheese's or whatever.

I remember he worked for Chrysler, and he seemed well paid. He had a big-ass Chrysler car with power windows, so he must have been rich. My mom was at a really bad point in her life, and Lester played the savior by hooking us up with groceries and all kinds of shit, trying to make us think he was the superhero we needed.

He had conned his way into our lives by acting like he knew how fucked-up the rest of the Wools were. Anybody out there who's ever had a new step dad trying to work his way into the family knows exactly what I'm talking about. Mister Fuckin' Nice Guy – until he gets all the way in....

My mom was thirty; he was fifty. My mom's main interest in him was his money. With it she could provide a decent life for her kids. She was willing to sacrifice her happiness for us, but it would end up to be the worst mistake of her life. Their marriage only lasted two years, but it burned a lifetime of pain into my whole family. You see, little did we know at the time, but Lester Wool was the Devil himself.

The first thing he did was move us all into a new, bigger house in Berkley. Cool enough. I was young back then, so my memory is weak. From what I'm told now, and from what I can recall, myself, this is what started happening once we got into that house.

Lester Wool grew his horns. First, he started sexually abusing my sister, Theresa. I'm told it was bad. Thank God I don't have any details, but I know that he repeatedly molested her time and time again. This was the cause of my sister's many problems to come. All because of Lester Wool.

I don't know exactly what he did with my brother, because to this very day we've never talked about it. Not once. I don't think I could ever handle knowing exactly all the things Lester did to them. I don't care about myself and my problems with Lester, because I feel like I can handle bad things happening to me. When something bad happens to Rob or Theresa, it feels like it hurts me three times as bad.

All I remember Lester the Molester doing to me is grabbing my dick piece.

He'd grab it and look at me with this fucked-up, half-smile on his face, and ask shit like, "You know what this is?"

After sick shit like that, Lester just got worse, and my mom didn't have a clue as to what was happening. She was always away at work, and we were too confused and young to tell her what was going on. We were, after all, children, and we were filled with shock and horror.

One time, I had my friend, Willie, over to spend the night. We were laying up in the living room watching *The Three Stooges*. I guess my mom was either sleeping or not home for whatever reason. That sick bastard, Lester came walking out of the bedroom butt naked with his robe open. He walked right in front of the TV so we could see him. Then he came back from the kitchen and did it again. In fact, he walked naked like that back and forth a few times.

I was speechless. I didn't know what to say to Willie. I never even looked at him. I just pretended I was suddenly asleep. We both just laid there on the floor fake-sleeping for the rest of the night.

The worst memory I have (the worst thing I remember Lester ever doing in that house) was him kicking our dog, Duke. He would just run up and fuckin' kick Duke for nothing at all, and send

him flying across the room – sometimes as soon as my mom left for work. Duke would lie there trying to catch his wind after that. We always thought Duke was going to die every time that faggot, Lester, kicked him. After Duke got kicked, he would have trouble walking for days.

Seeing that was far worse than Lester grabbing my dick. I'd rather that sick fucker grab my dick and rip it off than kick our dog like that. To me, seeing my dog get kicked was the worst thing I have ever seen in my life. We loved our dog, Duke, more than anything in this world, and we tried to stay outside with our dog as much as we could to escape the cruelty of the demon who was our step dad.

We couldn't do anything about Lester's abuse because we really didn't know what the fuck was going on. It was just beyond our understanding, or at least mine.

They say that people who molest their kids were molested themselves. I can't even fathom that: molesting a kid. To this day, I'm a fuckin' 31-year-old man, and I don't have any idea how the fuck he found enjoyment in any of that.

My sister, Theresa, got it from him really bad, for years, and I think my brother, Rob, may have gotten it worse than me. I'll go to my grave before I wanna know what happened to them in detail. As close as we are, we just don't talk about it, and we probably never will.

I was so young that the famous molester technique of him saying, "You better not tell your mom," actually worked.

I never told my mom. My sister, being the oldest, was – thank God – the first one of us to break the stale silence.

BY the time second grade started, I knew that the entire Wool family was fucked in the skulls.

From time to time, Chris and Ricky Wool would come around to our house to see their grandpa, my step dad. By now they'd outgrown waggling their dicks at us; they had moved on to bigger weirdo shit. One day, Chris Wool and I were up in my room after having a snowball fight at the park. We were changing out of our wet cloths when it happened....

"Let's have sex," Chris said.

"What are you talking about?" I asked. At the time, I didn't even really know what *sex* was. I mean, I sort of had an idea, but I always figured that sex involved a chick. I mean, I still figure that, too.

"Listen, Joe, just take your clothes off, and lay down on your stomach," Chris explained.

I always knew there was something wrong with him, but now I knew just how wrong he was. He was already tryna have gay sex with my butt at nine years old. I have no problem with gay people, but having gay sex at nine years old? Come on, man, please; butt holes just aren't ready for that yet. Even at seven years old, myself, I already knew my butt hole would never be ready for that shit. EVER.

"No," I said.

"We don't gotta kiss or nothing like that," he pleaded. "Me and Ricky do this all the time. Just lay down on the bed, and I'll do the rest."

That was it. I freaked out. I ran out of the room, found my brother downstairs, and I told him what Chris Wool had just said. Without a word, Rob walked right up to Chris Wool.

"You have to get out of here, right now."

Rob, being a lot taller, could've easily kicked his ass. That was it. Chris, and his younger brother, Dicky, excuse me, Ricky, left. Thankfully, as fate would have it, that was the last time we ever saw Chris or Ricky Wool again.

I wonder where they are now. They're probably all grown up and married now, terrorizing some innocent family the same way their grandfather, Lester the Molester, did ours.

Now that I'm a grown-ass, old-ass man, things are much different. If I ever run into Lester Wool's tired frame again, I'll kill it. Don't get me wrong, I'll do my best to get away with it, too – I ain't that stupid. A life sentence would suck right about now, but I will flat-out kill his ancient old ass. Believe that. I yelled that ever since I was old enough to know what murder was. My brother, Rob, screams the exact same thing.

We ain't looking for Lester Wool, or trying to track him down or anything, but if fate just has it that we happen to cross paths with Lester Wool again, he's a dead motherfucker. I'd secretly follow him to his home and end his evil life. I'm hoping I'd see him somewhere walking up a staircase or something. Imagine how easy it would be. He's got to be older than Moses by now, so I'd just give him a li'l sweater tuggy tug, and watch him roll down the steps

backwards until finally cracking his head open on the floor. It would look so accidental that nobody would ever suspect anything.

I know Lester Wool is headed to Hell when he dies, anyway. I just wouldn't mind if that process was speeded up. I know he's been on Satan's VIP guest list for years. He's probably got a luxury suite, complete with acid bath water and a king-sized bed of nails waitin' on his ass. Not to mention twenty-four-hour room service offering only Hell's favorite dish to enjoy: fresh, hot, severed human ass with a fork stuck in it.

Back to my story, and how Lester's reign of terror finally ended – in our household, at least.

ONE late afternoon, I was at my friend, Willie's, house (the same Willie who watched *The Naked Nuts Three Stooges Special* with me), when Rob came bursting into his bedroom to get me.

"Joe's gotta come home right now!" Rob explained to his mom.

Willie and I dropped our Legos.

"Wha–? Why, what's going on?" I asked.

Then Rob said the freshest words I'd ever heard: "Mom and Lester are getting a divorce!"

Rob and I ran all the four blocks home so fuckin' happy. We jumped up and down the whole way.

We could hear the crashes coming from our house all the way down the street. When we burst in the front door, my mom was balling her eyes out and throwing dishes at Lester, who was standin' there lookin' like Uncle Fester. As the hell came crashing down on and around him, with shit smashing all on the walls behind him, he just slowly made his way into the bedroom to pack.

My mom didn't stop there, though. Even with him locked in the bedroom she proceeded to break everything he ever bought for the house: the richy-style lamps and pictures, and all that fancy, faggot, Chrysler-money shit he added to our lives. Everything. It was CRAZY AS HELL.

I remember that night like I remember right now. My brother and I were cheering her on. This is the craziest part: we were actually jumping up and down on the couch while all this was happening! My mom could see how happy we were, and it just made her cry more. She knew how much we hated that asshole. She felt so bad about bringing him into our lives, she wanted him

dead! We were so happy, we started grabbing dishes ourselves and throwing them with my mom. Even in her state of panic, she wasn't having that shit, though.

After ten minutes or so, Lester the Molester came out with his suitcases and limped out the door. He jumped into his big-ass, hoe-ass Chrysler, and drove the fuck off. Who knows where he went? Who cares? For all I know, he drove his big-ass, power-window, richy car right back to Hell, where he came from. Ever since then, I've always hated Chryslers.

Here's how it all went down. I guess earlier that day, when my mom came home from work, she found a note written by my sister, Theresa. The note told it all. Everything. My mom was finally hearing the truth about her evil husband for the very first time. The note told in detail of the molesting, the physical abuse, the beatings on our dog and us, the sickness, and all that had been REALLY going on over the last two years. The note also informed my mom that because of all this, my sister had run away. According to the note, she was never coming back.

I don't have any idea what went through my mom's mind during the two hours she was home before Lester got back from work, but I'm guessing it was the longest two hours of her life. My brother came home before Lester did, and he said mom looked like she was in shock. Like the Devil was standing there and had her in a chokehold. He said she was just blank-faced and breathless. I

guess that the second Lester walked into the house that evening, the war began. That's when my brother came and got me.

Lester knew he had been caught. He was busted. The cat was finally out of the fag – I mean bag. My mom finally knew that he was nothing but a faggot-ass, abusive dick-sucker in need of a bullet in his forehead. When Lester Wool walked out that day, we would never see him again. Just like the other Wools, Chris, Ricky, and Mary. That was it. The real nightmare was finally over, but the dream nightmares would, of course, continue for some time.

My mom put us into family counseling to help us with the stress of the abuse that we had endured, and it helped my brother and I to some degree. My sister, however, was affected the worst of all, and her memories were probably to blame for her mental problems as she got older. All my mom did during Theresa's teenage years was chase after her. My mom would find her somewhere and bring her back home. Weeks later she would run away again. Over and over. Theresa eventually got heavy into drugs and all kinds of other crazy shit.

During the time shortly after the divorce, my mom constantly asked my brother and I questions about what that asshole, Lester, had done to us. She was both angry with us and sad that we never told her about any of it. She knew that Lester's terror hadn't affected Rob and I as bad as it fucked up my sister. Theresa straight up went insane from it all. That took up most all of my mom's time. She spent day after day, week after week, and year after year dealing with my fuckin' insane sister.

All this time, Rob and I grew closer and closer. We both sat and watched my mom cry and go crazy from what my sister was putting her through. There are so many stories of my sister's struggle, but all of them are bad, and none are really worth mentioning here.

With the old pig gone, we once again had to move because his income went with him, and we were back to being dirt-ass poor. My mom quickly found a cheap top floor, dirty-ass, rusty roof duplex apartment in Berkley. She had no other choice but to take it.

The only problem was that the crabby landlady didn't allow pets. My mom talked it over with us and ran an ad in the paper to give Duke away, but I still couldn't comprehend what was about to

happen. Then one day, she sent my brother and I to the store for some shit, and when we came back, our dog Duke was being loaded into a van by a lady with a bunch of kids.

Duke seen us coming and started to bark and cry as they put him inside. Rob and I ran as fast as we could, droppin' our shit and everything. As the van drove away, Duke barked at us from the back window of the van. Then the van turned the corner and Duke was out of our lives forever.... Our best friend. It was the worst day of my life, and I was mad at my mom for a long time after that. Even to this day, I haven't fully forgiven her for that one.

My brother, Rob, was hurt even worse than I was. I didn't write anything in this book about how fresh of a dog Duke was, because I didn't think y'all would be interested, but he was by far the freshest dog I have ever known, and I loved him as much as one being can love another.

Later, the neighbors who lived underneath us got a fuckin' li'l faggot-ass poodle dog. Since they were friends with the landlady,

This was our dog, Duke. Duke survived the hell of our second dad, but couldn't survive the hell of poverty. My mom gave Duke away to another family, so that we wouldn't get kicked out of our upper flat, that no longer allowed pets. It was one of the hardest blows I've ever been dealt.

she made an exception to the rules, and let them keep it – even though we had to give Duke away. I ain't gonna lie to you; shortly after that, when our landlady had a heart attack and was in the hospital for a couple weeks, I felt a secret satisfaction. Yeah, I did. It was just her bad karma, I guess.

Our new home was like the fuckin' front lines in the war between my sister and my mom. As for Rob and I, as we got older, all we ever did was explore any forest we could find. My brother was getting more and more into role-playing games like *Dungeons & Dragons, Car Wars, Boot Hill, Gamma World, Toon,* and all them fantasy dice games. As for me, I was loving ninja movies, and just getting into pro wrestling. I guess anything outside of REALITY was fine with us. Because for those years, REALITY more than just sucked at our house.

Theresa continued her endless spree of trouble over the next five years. She was continuously in and out of children's homes, then jails, and then more jails. She was getting caught up with all types of druggy lowlifes who she would just suddenly show up with and drag into our house.

I hate to keep talking about this, but just like this part of the book, the war between my mom and sister went on and on and on. These were absolutely the worst years of my mother's life. I see it like this: Lester Wool was like an atomic bomb. After the explosion was over, life was like living under the black dust cloud, poisoned by all the radiation.

I remember my mom and my sister's violent fights at the house. Punching, hair-pulling, biting, even some good-old dish-throwing. I absolutely hated every second of it. It was fuckin' horrible. I swear to God, I fuckin' hated that shit. I hated my sister for it more than anything.

The older Rob and I got, the easier it was to deal with. Fantasy kept us happy and busy. Rob and I were out on our own; from the time I was nine on, I was mentally gone. I stayed in a fantasyland and I'M STILL THERE. Of course, I had a roof over my head, and there was some food around, sometimes, but we were always gone. Nothing mattered to us, ever, but adventure and being out of the house.

My mom just got so wrapped up in my sister's problems, and working two or three jobs at a time, that she didn't have the time to deal with us much, anyway. That's the truth. She loved all three

of her kids more than life itself, but she could only do what she could do. Besides, Rob and I were okay without her around all the time. We were straight-up good kids. Not nerdy, smart kids with good grades, I just mean, we weren't no fuckin' Mark Wolinskis, ghost riding ninjas' bikes and shit.

I wonder, just what makes an asshole an asshole? Some people are just born to be assholes, I guess. My sister was an asshole enough for all of us in my family. Rob and I were always the good guys – Rob way more than I was, though. Give us a comic book or a D&D game, and we were fuckin' straight.

As God as my witness, I did not say a cuss word ONCE until I was 17 years old. My brother Rob didn't cuss until he was in the army! I really don't know why. We were the kings of words like *frick* instead of "fuck." We would say shit like *mo-fo* instead of "motherfucker." Here, I'll give you some of the anti-cussing vocab that we had mastered back in the day:

"DICK" – *Wang*
"FUCK" – *Frick*
"BITCH" – *Witch*
"FAGGOT" – *Homo*
"SHIT" – *Sheeet*
"CUM" – *Skeet*
"ASSHOLE" – *Wack*

I may have dropped out of school at sixteen, but I didn't cuss until I was 17. By then, I had so much cussing built into me that I would start a cussing career by the time I was nineteen. You'll hear all about that boring dumb shit later.

BESIDES my family having to all move into a Barbie doll toy, upper-flat apartment after my mom got divorced, we were also dirt poor again: a family of three (four when my sister was around) living off a janitor's income. We got ALL our clothes from the rummage sales that were held at the church my mom worked at. They would have these big rummage sales once a year. Because my mom worked there, and they knew we were poor as hell, they let us have first pick every year. Great. We were privileged scrubs.

In elementary school, you know how there's always that one kid who's notoriously a scrub? The kid everybody swears they saw eating his boogers or some shit? Well, check this out, that was me all day and then some. I never ate my boogers or nothing, but I did worse.

When I was in third grade, I had to shit so bad I couldn't hold it, and let's just say my butt hole geyser erupted. I clenched my ass cheeks shut as hard as I could and asked to be excused. I stood up and waddled down the hall to the bathroom.

Just when it all seemed under control, it wasn't. I took my poopy-butt drawers off and wiped my butt clean as fast as I could, but then some older fifth graders came walking in and almost caught me in the act. I left the bathroom with the quickness.

Only problem was I accidentally left my shitty drawers in there on the floor. Pretty soon, everybody in the school knew it. How did they know? I'll tell you how they knew: because my mom had written my full name on the waist band of my underwear. You see, a few months earlier, my brother and I went to a summer camp hosted by the church my mom worked for, and they had everybody write their names on their drawers for camp laundry.

Just my Bruce Brother luck. Not only did all the other kids know I had duned my pants, but they weren't going to let me forget it. Those ruthless fuckers put my shitty drawers on a stick and chased me around the playground with it. Finally the teachers stopped them and threw my drawers in a big plastic bag. They called me into the office and told me that if my mom wanted my shitty underwear back, she could come and pick them up before 5:30 that day, or else in the morning. Awww, thanks.

Rob and I were legendary scrubs in Berkley. We had little to no friends except each other. Bad luck was our six-man tag team partner in grade school.

Remember how in elementary school, all the students would pay a dollar every day for a hot lunch? If you didn't have a dollar that day, it was okay, they would still feed you, but that meant you OWED THEM two dollars the next day. Well, at our school, they would actually announce the names of the kids who owed money for their hot lunches OVER THE P.A. SYSTEM!!! Every fuckin' morning!

Every morning, they would give that day's announcements, and too many times it sounded something like this:

"And lastly... Blah, Blah, and Blah owe money for one hot lunch. Jim Asley and Timmy Beckford owe money for two lunches. These students owe for three lunches. Tim Heckel owes for four lunches, and Robert Bruce and Joseph Bruce... need to stop by the front office this lunch period."

It was like the Billboard charts to me. The higher up the list the better off you were. We were always down at the IN TROUBLE last part, because we owed so fuckin' much all the time. The whole class would turn around and look at me. I fuckin' hated that!

By the end of the week, the only students who would still owe would be, "Robert Bruce... and Joe Bruce."

Why the fuck did they feel the need to announce your fuckin' debts to the whole mother fuckin' school? Think about how cruel that is!

By middle school, we were the brunt of everybody's jokes.

The kids would tease the girls, "If you step on a cracked tile, you gotta kiss one of the Bruce Brothers."

So all the girls would walk down the school halls, jumping and skipping along, steady trying not to step on tiles with cracks.

Remember how I said being poor didn't matter until you got a little older? Well, in middle school it was starting to matter. We had the same pair of shoes all school year, and then we'd come back from summer vacation still wearing them.

The kids weren't cool about any of this shit, either. Even the school itself was heartless. Now, as an adult, when I think about how cruel my middle school was, it makes me want to go up there in a black jacket. I said jacket, not trench coat.

We were so fuckin' poor them years, we'd get food from the church hunger barrels. No lie. They would set up hunger barrels in my very school, and tell the students to bring in canned foods to feed the poor. A week later, church people would bring a box of canned foods right to our house.

Let me tell you something about canned fuckin' foods. People give, but they only give whatever they ain't going to eat, themselves, which really ain't givin' shit. That's what sucks about fuckin' hunger barrels. Anytime somebody donates canned foods they always dig way in the back of their shelves, and give the shit like canned yams or fuckin' creamed rice. That's all there would be in them boxes we'd get at the house.

The second the box would come, every Thursday, my brother and I would attack it, looking for something good like some ravioli or Spaghetti O's or something phat like that. Every box we'd get would just have one or two cans of attackable food, and the rest would be fuckin' peas or corn shit.

Speaking of canned foods, ICP did a canned food drive in 2000 for our Wicked Clowns from Outer Space Tour. If you brought five cans of food, you'd get a free CD.

We said right in the rules, "No bullshit food allowed. No yams and peas or any shit like that. Only the good shit, like Meatball Meteors and Creamy Loopy Lumps with Cheese."

MY mom had promised never to get married again, but she did start dating. One night, she was going out with this guy who drove a big, custom van. Before they left to go out one night, my mom sent him to the party store to get us some pop. He asked me if I wanted to go. I went with him, which turned out to be a major mistake.

Right when we pulled out of the driveway, he turned up the radio piercingly loud. I'm talking crazy-fuckin'-treble-loud. I thought his windows were gonna break. I went into the store and bought my two-liter of Faygo, because it was the cheapest.

On the way back the guy could see I didn't like the music that fuckin' loud, so as I got out of the van, he said, "Hey kid, sorry my tunes were so loud. Do me a favor, don't tell your mom about it, okay?"

My mom got her keys, and asked me how the trip to the store was.

I had to be honest. "Does he have to play the music so loud?" I complained.

I didn't think anything of it. Neither did she. It was no fuckin' big deal at all. Until later that night.... It was really hot in my room, but I finally fell asleep. I must have been tossing and turning all fuckin' night, because my pajamas were completely off me. I guess I was sleeping there naked with my pants lying by my feet.

Suddenly – SLAP!!! A big painful slap woke me up out of a dead sleep. I had no idea what the fuck was happening. I opened my eyes and there was my mom's date standing over me, ready to

bitch-slap me again, hissing at me. You could smell the whisky on this motherfucker.

"I told you to shut the fuck up, and not tell your mom!"

Being single with three kids, and as overweight as my mom was, it was going to be hard for her to find Mr. Right, but this dude was Mr. Wrong and a can of Spam. He straight up slapped the shit out of me, naked. All I remember was trying to pull my pants up, but he kept hittin' me. That fuckin' sucked.

Now, ever since that very night, I never sleep naked. To this day, I refuse to. It's not just because I'm a fat-ass; it's more because you never know what could happen in the middle of the night. If I'm gonna get my ass beat, I want to at least have my pants on.

CHAPTER 3

THE FLOOBS

WE may have been these scrubby losers during middle school and then high school, but we turned it around and made it cool to be a scrub. Of course, it wasn't cool to anybody else, but it was cool to us. We gave us scrubs (and scrubs like us) our own name: "The Floobs." Before there were Juggalos, you see, there were Floobs.

We wore the same old shoes and shitty clothes from rummage sales, but to us, we didn't have to be cool, because we were Floobs! Everybody else had dope-ass bikes – you remember Mongooses and Supergooses? Well, we never had no shit like that. If you had a beat-up Huffy with a banana seat and a steering wheel for handlebars, then you had a Floobmobile. We turned our scrubbiness into something we could be proud of. Not everybody, though, was as proud of it as we were.

Me, steady floobin' and keepin' it real,
with the mullet and the measuring cup of egg nog, way back in the day.

There was a kid named Scott who used to play role-playing games with my brother. He didn't like to be seen with the Flooby Bruce Brothers at school. So one morning after spending the night at our house, he had my mom drop him off two blocks away from school. He didn't want to be seen getting out of my mom's car, let alone with us Bruce Brothers. Years later, after school was long over, and he was in the Army, he apologized for that.

Us, we used to have our mom pull us right up to the fuckin' school doors in her blue rust-bucket. We fuckin' loved it. We gave no fucks at all about none of that flavor.

Everybody would say, "Ha! Look at your ma's car!"

We'd be climbing out in our fresh-ass, hand-me-down, rummage sale Traxx shoes, and be like, "Damn right, man."

Truth is that we had no choice but to wave our scrub flag everywhere we went, because we were scrubs, and that's just the way things were for the Bruce Brothers.

ONE day, my mom and sister were fighting as usual. They started throwing each other down the stairs. The people under us called the landlady, and held the phone up to the ceiling. Our landlady could hear the fighting and all the crazy noise.

The next day, we got a phone call informing us that we were getting kicked out. Who gives a fuck? We hated that apartment, and especially the mean married couple underneath us. The guy was a bodybuilder, and he always yelled at us for doing laundry when he was in the shower. I guess the water would go cold on him or whatever. He also banged on the ceiling with a broom when the TV was too loud.

That fuckin' flat sucked. Just to get to the basement laundry machine, we had to walk out the front door, walk all the way down the driveway and into the back yard, through the snow, and to the back door. We were just happy to have a laundry machine, though.

Right about the same time we were getting kicked out of our flat in Berkley, my mom met another guy. She really liked him. His name was Ron. Ron fell in love with my mom right away. My mom is a warrior of a woman, and she has been to Hell and back. I think Ron respected that. My mom loved Ron as well. You see, Ron has been to Hell and back, too. His life story is a whole other book's worth of adventures. So they were in love, and we were happy for our mom.

Of course, at first, Ron gave us the whole deal of being extra cool and nice by bringing over chips and food and shit, but we always figured he was just wasting his time. We never figured our mom would actually marry again after that last asshole. Ron was way different, though. He dated my mom for a long-ass time without ever talking about marriage.

My mom was in desperate need of help, and Ron was there for her. Bills were stacking up higher and higher, Theresa was still on the loose, and now we were getting booted out on our asses. Things were looking really bad, but Ron really sort of saved us. He helped us out in many ways.

Before long, my mom was asking us if we would consent to her getting married again. I was about eleven at the time. I felt a li'l bit older now, and I figured I could defend myself if things went bad again, so I didn't mind. Plus, all I really ever wanted was my mom to be happy. My brother, Rob, seemed upset at first, but he

too was more concerned about our mom being happy than anything else. My sister, of course was out and about on the streets, and I think my mom just needed a person to help her out through all of this insanity.

We needed to find a new place to live. My mom had just about run out of options. We couldn't afford to stay in Berkley anymore. She and Ron found a house to rent in Oak Park, MI. A lot of people we knew suddenly took pity on us as if we would never return.

Here's how it works, sort of: the entire northern Detroit area is separated by *mile roads*. The higher the number of the mile road, the farther you are from Detroit. Mile roads Five up to Eight are actually in Detroit city limits. From Eight Mile to Ten Mile it's pretty much the bordering trashy suburbs. North of Ten Mile, all the way out until the mile roads end at something like Twenty-Eight Mile Road, are suburban, safe, and friendly, I guess.

Our new house in Oak Park, MI, just off Nine Mile Road might as well have been fuckin' Compton as far as the other kids in Berkley were concerned. All they talked about was how dangerous and deadly it was south of Ten Mile. I have to be honest, y'all. My brother and I really, truthfully didn't care where we lived. Oak Park, Berkley, Moscow – fuckin' whatever. It was all the same to us.

As soon as we moved in, my mom and Ron got married, and right away we got a new dog that we loved, named Lady. As time went on, we learned that Ron was basically a good ninja. He was a li'l bit stale in a few ways, but nothing too bad.

He's a Vietnam Vet, and Rob and I really look up to him for that. He endured a lot of combat, and saw it all over there. That deserves big respect. His only real flaw was that, at home, he would complain about dumb shit all the time. Shit that really didn't matter at all. Dumb shit like our dog, Lady, being on the couch. He didn't like Lady on our furniture. Why the fuck not? Our furniture was poked through with holes, and tore up any fuckin' way.

Ron also didn't like us feeding Lady table food. The whole time growing up with Ron, I must admit I never once listened to him. After a while Lady knew that when she heard Ron coming, it was time to get off the couch. The second Ron was gone or in his room or whatever, she would jump right back up. It was just funny to us.

By the time Ron came into our lives, to be honest, I think I was just finished with the whole dad thing anyway. I pretty much ignored all of his household laws. Nowadays, I respect and love

A young, healthy, Lady Beggis Bones. She was our second dog, and we straight up grew up with her. She lived a long, fresh life, right there with us as long as she could. Eventually them dog years caught up with her. She's now waitin' for us at the gates, chewin' on a pearly bone.

him for staying with my mom, and helping us out so much all them years. He was by far the best dad I ever had.

We weren't leaving behind very much in Berkley. We only had a few so-called friends. My only Berkley homie was named Mike Olsen. He wasn't much of a friend, but nobody was back then. Mike wouldn't talk to me in school very much, but during the weekends and summertime he would come around and hang out. Nobody wanted to be seen hangin' out with the notorious Bruce Boys in Berkley, so I understood.

Just a few days before we moved, Mike Olsen was chillin' at our house while we were packing up all our shit. He had the biggest bunch of Transformer toys that he'd been collecting for years. My brother had this one fresh-ass Transformer that Mike didn't have yet. Every time Mike came over he would just jock the hell out of it. Suddenly Rob shocked us all.

"We're moving, so you may as well take it," he said.

"Whoa, no fuckin' way! Are you serious?" Mike asked.

Rob was cool like that. Mike loved that toy more than Rob did, so he just up and gave it to him. Mike took it with the quickness. We knew it was the last we'd ever see of him.

"My mom ain't gonna let me visit you guys in Oak Park," Mike said. "There's a lot of trouble around there."

CADDYING was how I started to learn just how different being poor and being rich was.

I'd be out caddying for these golfers in the middle of a Tuesday afternoon, and ask them, flat-out, "Are you rich?"

They'd be like, "Ho, ho, ho, no, I'm not rich; I'm just average."

I'd be sitting there at twelve years old, thinking, "Wait a minute. How the fuck can he be average? If he's average, then that's calling me poor. This golfer don't have the right to be calling himself average; he should be claiming himself rich, that fucking bastard.

"He's out here golfing on Tuesday afternoon, at a private country club, in Birmingham, pullin' up in a Cadillac? He's fuckin' rich!!! Let me be the average guy. Homeless people are poor, motherfucker. Shit! Because if he's average, that's calling me poor, and I got a fuckin' roof over my head!"

Rich people don't think before they talk. I use that as my model through life right now.

Now, every time somebody asks if I'm rich, I'm like, "Hell yeah. I'm mad fucking rich."

I'm richer now than them fuckin' golfers were. So I'm super-rich. Yes, I, Joe Bruce, am rich.

Those golfers – God, they were assholes. This one guy, Mr. Santee, used to whip his clubs at us when he'd fuck up a shot. I swear, I ain't making this up. He would actually whip his clubs at me, as if I had anything to do with his shitty golfing. I always got Mr. Santee because none of the other caddies would do it.

Sometimes the golfers would have a cart, and you would have to run behind it after they hit their ball. Those carts went up to 15 miles an hour. The whole while you were runnin' your ass off, the golfers would be sitting there drivin' as they sipped on lemonade, talking about how shitty caddies are these days.

The caddy master would give the good gigs to everybody but me and my brother, and yup, the black kids. Some days we'd sit there on the bench all fucking day and not get a single loop. We'd play

Galaga, the arcade game, because that was the only game they had at the caddy shack. That's why I own Galaga now in my house. I fuckin' still love it.

I could make eighty dollars a week, though, which at the time was a fortune. All I did with that eighty bucks was buy Atari games... and a ninja suit. I'd get home and ninja around the neighborhood all night on my imaginary secret missions. Anything to get me out of reality. My brother was the same way. The reality was, we were still geeks. We were fucked with at school, and fucked with in the caddy shack.

Look at us now as ICP. We're still scrubs. No Grammys, no Hollywood parties, no celebrity appearances, none of that. ICP just doesn't count. Even after selling five million albums, we just don't count. It's in our blood. For eternity, we're gonna be the fucking underdog. No matter what happens.

People always used to say, "You'll never make it, 'cause you wear that stupid clown makeup."

Now they say, "The only reason you made it, is because you wear that stupid clown makeup."

You think people hate us now? God, they hated us then up in that caddy shack! Why? Not because we were poor, but because we were loud. We'd say what was on our minds. Oh, we'd go on our ninja adventures, then show up for work, and tell everybody about them, even if they didn't want to hear it. Those who did listen didn't believe us. Nobody believed us.

"We climbed to the top of a billboard last night...."

"Shut up!"

"We did. It was the shit, you know."

"SHUT UP!"

I kind of got used to being treated like shit, and pretty soon, in true Floob style, I had being treated like shit working for me, instead of against me.

I was broke one day, so I went up to the older caddies, "Man I'm so thirsty. Please let me get a dollar, and I'll pay you back when I get my check."

They all knew I could break-dance, because I'd always be telling them how I could dance like Michael Jackson.

Just to fuck with me, one of them said, "You want some money for free? Let's see you do *the worm*."

The older caddies got all the golfers to circle around me while I did the worm. It was on a black carpet, so my clothes got all dirty. I got the money, though, and I was straight with that. Fuck my clothes.

One caddy, especially, was an extra dick. He'd push us around, and pimp my brother and me all day. Smack our hats off, push us in the back – bullshit like that. He was always surrounded by a crew of his richy-fuck friends.

One night, just like every night, we were sitting on the caddy bench, waiting for my mom to get off work and pick us up. Suddenly, here comes that bully kid coming back from a late loop. Everybody else had gone home, so it was my brother, him, and me. We were gaining courage now in life, 'cause when you get hit enough times, you tend to start hitting back.

This would be the last day he'd ever fuck with us. We got up, grabbed him, and took him in the back of that caddy shack. Nobody was around.

"We should kick your ass right now, bitch," my brother said, and – BAM! He suddenly hit him low in the stomach.

I came across and started punching him in the face, and then we started kicking him when he was on the ground. All our frustration was released by giving a well-deserved beat down. The kid was hurt bad and scared shitless, cowering on the floor in a ball, trying to protect his head.

"Say you're a punk!" my brother screamed in his ear until he said it.

I jumped in.

"Now that you ain't got your boys here, you ain't shit, and if you ever try to fuck with us again, we'll shatter your skull with a putter, bitch!"

Of course, I'm telling the story with cuss words, but believe it or not, we still weren't cussing yet. We were twelve and fourteen with eight-year-olds' mouths.

That was the first heroic move my brother and I ever made, and our whole outlook started to change that day. Instead of taking abuse as a Floob, I vowed I'd start blowing people's grills out.

We were in Oak Park, and nobody knew we were losers there. Not like back in Berkley.

"We got a chance to get out of this," I told Rob. "Let's not be afraid anymore."

MY sister, meanwhile, had a baby, and moved to a city called Taylor, in an area of Detroit known as "down river." The baby was named Angela. That was finally the turning point for my sister. Thank God. At last she was slowing down.

She lived in the Pine Ridge Apartments. They were in the absolute worst section of Taylor. It was totally a crack haven. The dealers would flick lighters when you drove up, meaning they had some product for sale.

My sister lived way in the back of the complex, so when we'd visit, it didn't matter that the streetlights were shot out, everybody would just flip their lighters as my ma drove through. I can't front – that shit was scary as hell.

To make a very long story about my sister short, giving birth to her first daughter, Angie, was the beginning of the end of that five-year wave of hell she put us through. Today, she's got four kids, Angie, Sarah, Daniel, and Amanda, and she lives in a nice town north of Detroit called Clarkston.

She finally got it together... for now, at least. Yet, every year or so, you can expect at least a good month of hell out of her. What a wild ride she went through. Fuck that, I don't wanna talk about her anymore.

OUR way of escaping life had always been, and still was, through non-reality. There was a big, undeveloped plot of land on Greenfield Road between Eleven and Twelve Mile Road (about three miles from our house) that was filled with picker bushes and tall trees. We named it *Picker Forest*.

Nowadays, it's just a freeway, and what little is still left of the forest. Back then, though, I swear to God, it was a whole other world to us; and it was all ours. Sometimes I think God gave us that place. Without it, we would have had no anchor to hold us in place. Picker Forest was our home: Floob headquarters.

With my mom still spending all of her time helping my sister and her baby, it was up to Picker Forest to raise us. There were ghosts and spirits there. One time, we were walking through it, and we found this little yellow house. I had a golf ball in my pocket that I had found earlier. I threw it through the basement window.

The window was already broken out; I just wanted to see how deep it was. PLOP! We heard the ball go in.

All of a sudden, it came back up to the window and stayed there, right in the middle of the window, right in mid-air, floating in the darkness! It was like somebody in all black was down there, had caught it, and was holding it back up to me. We were so scared, we ran like motherfuckers... and we never, ever found that house again.

Another time, we brought a kid with us who'd never been there before. About a half-hour into our trek, though, he started freaking out.

"Holy shit! I been here in another life! I been here in another life!" he said.

Then he turned around and started heading into a part of the forest we'd never been to.

"Follow me, follow me!" he shouted, "I'm gonna take you to a yellow fire hydrant – and you can unscrew the top of it."

We didn't know what the hell he was talking about. The fact was, nobody had ever been there before, but he was having some kind of past life experience! So he led us all the way across the forest to this little dirt road that was a dead end on both sides! Right there was a fucking yellow fire hydrant, just like he said.

You know how you can't normally unscrew them? We grabbed the top, started turning it, and it came off – just like that. Just like he said it would. Unbe-fucking-lievable.

We also found bum camps deep in the forest, and a radio tower that was ringed by a fence that we always feared was electric. One time we saw a wizard on the roof of a house, and he just disappeared in a puff of smoke. We saw lots of crazy things like that. It was a place of magic. We made "Beware" signs on wood boards (using my brother's wood-burning set that he got for Christmas), and nailed them to trees around the outskirts of the forest to warn people of the possible danger.

PICKER Forest became our escape from being geeks in the real world, because nobody judged us there. Nothing showed me what a geek I was more than when I fell in love with this girl, Michelle Harmun, in the seventh grade. I met her one day on the playground when I was trying to break the ice off the bottom of the

slide. She came up and started helping me break the ice. I had game!

I may have failed the second grade, but by now I was smart enough to know this girl had to like me if she came over to help me break ice off a slide.

Fuck, man, I was so into her that I'd put on my snowmobile suit head-to-toe and walk back and forth in front of her house. I made a whole city out of milk cartons, with little windows cut out of paper and everything, and named it after her: Harmun City.

Finally, I got my sister's cassette deck (about the only thing she hadn't sold or given to some asshole), and recorded an hour tape of me pouring my heart out to Michelle about how I felt. I gave it to her in school the next day. That was on a Friday. The weekend that followed was the longest weekend of my life. Man, y'all really REALLY got to believe me; I was TRULY in love with this girl for a long time.

The following Monday she handed me back a different cassette. I couldn't wait to get home and listen to it. I put it in and pushed play, just geeked as hell. Right away, I could hear my tape going in the background, "Hello, Michelle... this is Joe Bruce...", and right after that, the unmistakable sound of girls laughing. Not just laughing, but laughing at me. They were giggling and quoting all the things I had said, busting on me, like I was the joke of their little slumber party.

Then, it happened. Michelle said, "Hey, Joe Bruce, this is what I think of you...."

PFFFFGGHHHTT!

She cut a fuckin' fart. Now, you never hear bitches fart – ever! It's like an unwritten law that they don't fart in front of guys. So for her to fart at me like that really showed me how much she did not give a fuck how I felt.

That shit destroyed me. I was traumatized. That weekend, my brother and I filled our canteens and headed out to Picker Forest, just the two of us. It started pouring rain, and pretty soon there was a river with all this mud. There was a big vine, and we'd swing on it right into this mud river. That took me right out of the Michelle tape slump.

I thought of all the kids in our neighborhood. They could be at the skating rink or the arcade or wherever – but I was here. This was ours: a dark, muddy, forest full of ghosts.

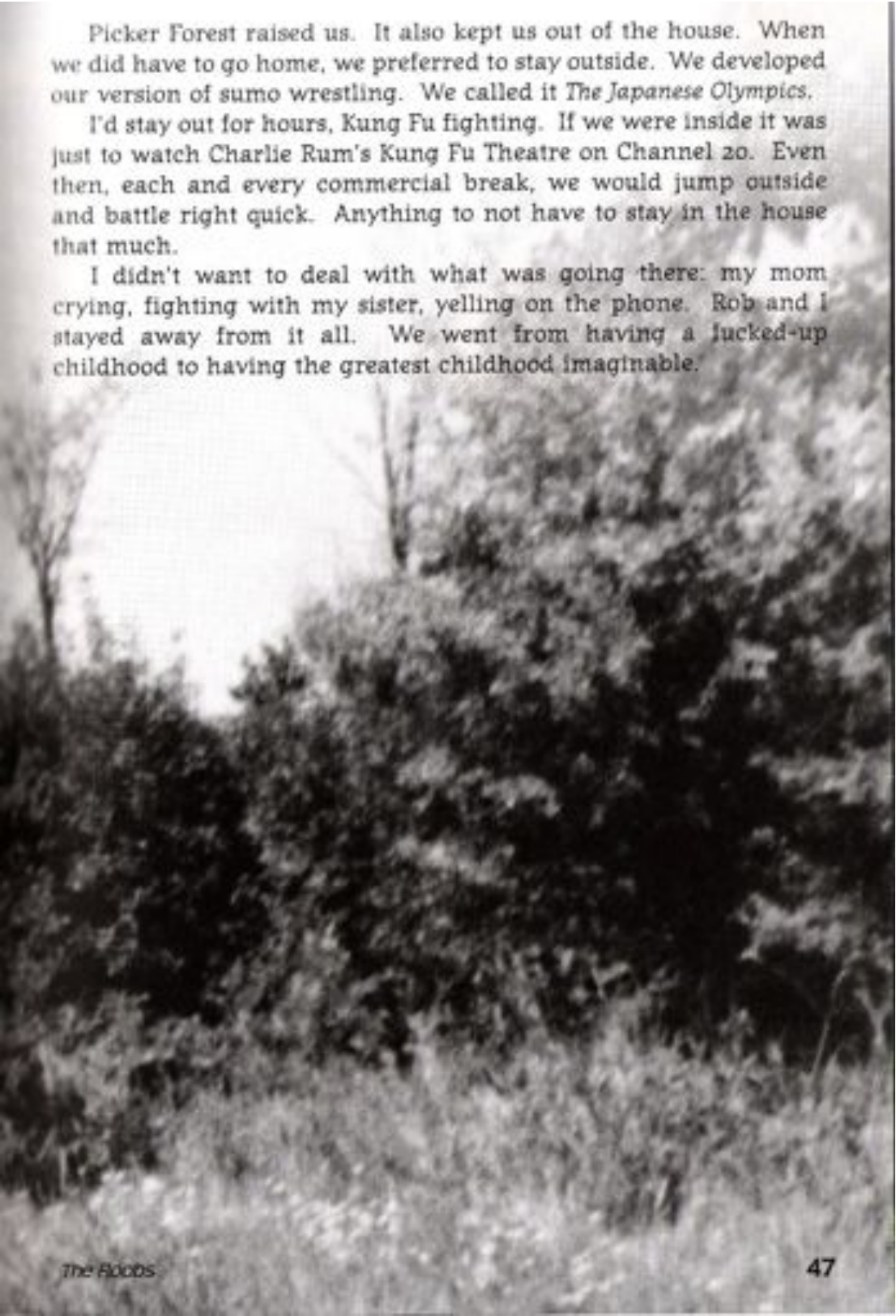
My brother and I walked home, wet and muddy. I realized right then, when I tried to talk to that beautiful girl, when I fucked with the real world, I got burned. That weekend, however, Picker Forest rewarded me. It told me things were going to be okay. The spirits of Picker Forest had our backs, no matter where we were from then on.

I realize now that this was the beginning of the Dark Carnival. I saw too many miracles happen out there in Picker Forest not to believe there wasn't a different kind of power at work in this world. Not the world of everybody else, but our world. The golf ball, the kid who thought he was there in a past life – these were the spirits that came from the Dark Carnival. Only back then, we didn't have a name for it yet. It was there, though. It was with us all along.

Picker Forest raised us. It also kept us out of the house. When we did have to go home, we preferred to stay outside. We developed our version of sumo wrestling. We called it *The Japanese Olympics*.

I'd stay out for hours, Kung Fu fighting. If we were inside it was just to watch Charlie Rum's Kung Fu Theatre on Channel 20. Even then, each and every commercial break, we would jump outside and battle right quick. Anything to not have to stay in the house that much.

I didn't want to deal with what was going there: my mom crying, fighting with my sister, yelling on the phone. Rob and I stayed away from it all. We went from having a fucked-up childhood to having the greatest childhood imaginable.



When the
mocca phone Stand
Kickin' it live with a Faygo
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Master T is on the table,
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This part of the Rhyme is for

JAGGED JOE

CHAPTER 4

J.J. Boys and The Royal Oak Township

SHIT was different in Oak Park. Walking to school one day during the seventh grade, we saw a naked lady run out of a house with her hands tied, screaming that she'd been raped. When I got to school, the police were everywhere asking all the students if they saw anything. Welcome to Oak Park, I guess.

I tried to adapt, but I was still a Floob. Best Junior High was made up of about sixty percent black kids, twenty percent Middle Eastern kids, and twenty percent white kids. There were a lot of tough black kids who would pick on me.

I was trying to be a little less Flooby by wearing these patent leather basketball shoes that my brother had bought me. This one kid would just fuck with me, calling me Captain Patty because of the patent leather, and just generally giving me shit. I figured it wasn't that bad, because this dickhead kid picked on everybody.

He'd always come up behind me in the hallway, knock my books out of my hands, then kick them down the hallway, and laugh about it with his boys. Every day! My rage was building until I decided I was going to do something about it. One day, I was walking down the hall and saw him coming up behind me.

I thought, "Shit, here he comes again."

Then I saw that the principal, Dr. Safiyeh, was coming the other way, so I figured the dickhead wouldn't try anything and would be relaxed. Then, as soon as Dr. Safiyeh walked past us – BAM! I spun around and punched him as hard as I could, right in his chest. He folded up on the floor in pain, dropping the book in his hand. The girl he was walking with got this surprised look on her face as I kicked his book down the hall.

Then I turned back around and continued walking, surprised that I had the courage to do what I just did. I looked back and saw ninjas just stepping over him as they walked. We both tried to avoid each other after that for the rest of the school year, which was just fine with me.

I never forgot that. I've tried to mimic that a lot in my life, that element of surprise, where you pull something off, but you do it in broad daylight. Kind of like when a venue tells us to only throw fifty bottles of Faygo and we wind up emptying the fucking truck for that gig. Surprise, bitch!

GETTING picked on sucked enough, but on top of that I didn't know anybody in the whole school. I thought I recognized this one kid from my school in Berkley, so I went up to him.

"Did you go to school in Berkley last year?" I asked.

"Yeah."

"What's your name?"

"John Utsler."

"What's up? I'm Joe Bruce."

"You know anybody at this school?" he asked.

"No, I don't know anybody."

We both didn't know anybody in Oak Park. Right then I started hanging out with John and his little brother, Joey, who was two years younger than us, and who, of course, would eventually become the one and only Shaggy 2 Dope. Joey and John lived in Ferndale, but they used their dad's address in Oak Park so they could go to Oak Park schools.

Long before we started rapping, we formed our first backyard and living room wrestling federation: the TTW (Tag Team Wrestling). This was in 1986, so all you biters and haters who think ICP are on backyard wrestling's dick, just know we were doing that shit back when those *Jackass* marks were crying because Wham! broke up.

We decided we'd build a wrestling ring at John and Joey's ma's house, in the backyard. We built it out of four big-ass railroad logs that we got from the nearby train tracks, and carried all the way back to John and Joey's in Ferndale. We pounded them into the ground with sledgehammers. It took weeks, no lie. It rained a lot, so the ground softened up, but still, it was a hell of an undertaking for junior high kids.

Oh, but we weren't done yet. Then we wrapped garden hose around the logs for the ropes. You could climb the ropes and everything. We were mad proud of what we made.

Joey and John, their old school friend, Jamie, and I, now had this bomb-ass TTW ring set up. I'd walk the three miles to it every day, like, "Yo, I get to wrestle."

We said, "no black kids allowed," because they were just too tough. Now, we weren't being racist at all; we just didn't want to get killed. Bottom line was, we thought the black kids were just too ruthless for our young, stupid asses.

There was one kid in particular, named Dion McCray, who was the most ruthless, heartless, scandalous motherfucker I've ever known in my life. He walked down the hall with his pants sagging, and people would just move out of his way. He was a ruthless killer in the eyes of everybody at school.

One day, this fat white girl said something to him, and he punched her so hard her eye swelled shut. Dion bragged about it, like "I'll punch that bitch again." A shop teacher overheard him, and got so mad that he attacked Dion himself, and got fired for it. Dion was a true ghetto thug all day.

So when we said, "no black kids," we didn't mean it in any racist way. It was just that we thought the toughest kids were all black, and they would just kick our ass all the time. Until we met Lacy.

The Township:

IN school, John and I used to wrestle each other on these gym mats every day during gym class, and this black kid named Lacy always watched us.

He came up to us one day and asked, "How do you guys know how to wrestle so good?"

We told him we had our own ring and everything. He asked if he could wrestle with us, and I said, "No, because you're black."

He laughed. He knew what I meant. The black kids ran the school; everybody else was just pimped on. We started to wrestle Lacy every day in that gym class, though, and we started hanging out.

That's how I got introduced to the Township: Royal Oak Township. It was this really poor area that bordered Detroit. The Township is just like Detroit's version of Compton.

Hanging out with Lacy in the Township was my first experience with a bad neighborhood. I met this one kid named Snoopy, who was a little bit older than us and crazy as hell. He amazed me. He once shot himself in the arm with a rifle, accidentally, then poured rock salt in it while we watched!!

The Township was full of characters like that. Lacy, Snoopy, and I grew tight as fuck. The Township even had its own language. *Neden*, for instance, was a Township term for pussy. So now you finally know what the fuck I was talking about in the first sentence of this book.

As new as all of this was to me, it was also kind of familiar. The Township kids were on welfare, and got food from the hunger barrel; it felt like a whole neighborhood of Bruce Brothers. No lie.

Still, it was always "white boy" this and "white boy" that. I took the bus there every day trying to gain acceptance. I loved the Township 'cause it was always exciting, even if there was bad shit going down.

One day I brought my dog Lady down to the Township when Lacy and them had their pit bulls out. When I got there, it was just in time to see that one kid's dog had locked its jaws on the head of

another kid's dog. It shook that fucking dog so hard, its whole body was flying through the air. I turned around and took Lady right back home. Fuck all that. The Township was even a bad neighborhood for dogs, I guess.

When I came back later that day, something happened that would haunt me for the rest of my life. Lacy and Snoopy were walking their pits. We got to this big open field, and they let the dogs go.

The dogs ran off into some bushes. Then we heard the sound of fighting. The dogs had found a nest of stray puppies and killed them all. By the time we got there, they were chewing on the puppies' heads. It was the worst crunching sound I'd ever heard. I started crying inside, but Lacy kept punching me.

"Get it together, dog," he said.

Every once in awhile, nowadays, I'll hear my dog chewing on a bone or something, and it'll remind me of that same sound. That horrible sound of them dogs' jaws scraping on them puppies' heads. I fuckin' hated Lacy and Snoopy's dogs after that. They always kept them in their back yards, and I used to feel sorry for them, but after that I didn't care. Leave 'em tied up in the back – they fuckin' deserve it.

EVENTUALLY, we talked Lacy's mom into letting us build a ring in their backyard, too. Now we'd have two rings we could wrestle back and forth from, like we were on tour every night. This time, however, we didn't have the same patience to pound them logs in all day, so Lacy's ring turned out kind of shitty.

One day while we were building it, I suddenly felt a ruthless-ass sharp pain in my leg. This kid had thrown a brick all the way over the top of Lacy's house and into the back yard, where it nailed me in the fuckin' leg. It tore a big-ass chunk outta my calf. Shit like that happened to me all the time.

See, in the Township, you never knew exactly what to expect, but you always expected trouble. Like one morning, Lacy wasn't around, so I went over to Snoopy's house.

He greeted me with, "Don't move."

He was on his roof with a rifle. Despite what he said, I knew I'd better move. I jumped behind this abandoned blue van that was always in their driveway.

Snoopy started yelling, "I'm gonna shoot you, I swear to God! Come out of there – I'm gonna shoot you in the leg!"

"Why, dog?! What the fuck did I do?!" I yelled from behind the van.

"'Cause I'm crazy!"

I knew he was. I'd seen him shoot himself in the arm, and then pour rock salt in the hole, remember? Shit, he was crazy. There was no question he was going to shoot me in the leg or arm or something, just to do it. He knew I'd never ever turn him in for it. I was way too hard on his nuts.

I looked in the van and saw there was a pile of carpet, all wet and moldy. I opened the back doors, picked up that pile of shit, as soggy and heavy as it was, put it over me, and ran.

KACK!!! KACK!!!

Snoopy fucking shot at me. Twice. I felt the bullets go into the pile of shit I was carrying, like these little tugs. They didn't hit me, though. I didn't stop to find out how close they came. I just ran all the way home, smelling like that moldy-ass carpet shit.

That was the Township, though. Some days I'm having fun; other days I'm getting shot at, and somebody else is having the fun.

STILL, I took that shit from them. I didn't have any anger. Just like how I was molested as a kid, but it never rained on my brain... yet. Taking shit was just a part of life. It's always been that way. I never knew any different. The truth is, I wasn't hanging out in the Township because them kids were crazy, but because their families were as broke as mine.

My brother stayed in touch with his crew in Berkley, and was always playing *Dungeons & Dragons* with them. He spent a lot of time with them role-playing ninjas. I could never understand the role-playing manuals, so I just hung out in the Township, or wrestled with John, Lacy, and Joey.

Rob playing Dungeons and Dragons.

As much as I thought I was down with the Township, I soon realized I was still a bitch to them. One day, I went over to this kid Arnell's house.

When I walked in the door, I was greeted with, "All right, hold up."

He stuck a gun in my mouth. In fact, there were three kids pointing their guns at me, pushing me against the door.

"Can you get a car?" one of them asked.

Great. They wanted me to help them do a drive-by shooting. My mom would always let my brother drive her car: this big yellow bucket. I called up Rob to see if he could get it.

"Bring over mom's car; we're gonna do a drive-by shooting."

I don't know why, but my brother was down. I think we were both hungry to prove ourselves as thugs or something. I really don't know what the fuck we were thinking.

Anyway, he came over in my mom's car, and we rolled through the Township. Our tactic was to drive by this kid's house four or five times, real slow.

On the sixth pass, Arnell said, "Okay, stop," and he, Snoopy, and the other kid got out.

KACK!!! KACK!!! KACK!!!

They just started shooting this house up. Their guns were like everything from new guns to these taped-up pieces of shit that miraculously didn't blow up in their hands. Afterwards, we dropped them back off at Arnell's house – which was actually just a block away from the shooting!

We drove back to our house feeling all cool, but we were so fucking stupid. If we'd been caught, I'd still be in jail today. Think about that. Nobody died (nobody was home, as it turned out), but looking back, I realize they just used these stupid, dumb-ass, wannabe gangster kids for their car. God, when my mom reads this, she's gonna have a heart attack.

AT this point, I was fifteen and leading a double life. I'd wrestle with John and Joey with our backyard TTW during the weekends in Ferndale. During the week, I'd take the bus home from school to the Township. After the drive-by, though, I wanted to avoid the Township for a minute.

By now, the thing John, Joey, and I were getting heavily into, besides wrestling, was rap. UTFO, Geto Boys, Beastie Boys. Run DMC's *Tougher than Leather* was out by now. It started to really change us. 1988's *NWA and the Posse* record changed my life forever.

Back in Berkley, all the kids listened to was Poison and hair metal. I had been listening to Michael Jackson's *Bad*, and learned to dance like him. We even had a wack-ass little break-dance crew like everybody did. My name was *Footwork*.

Now in Oak Park, only the black kids (and us) were into rap. I remember sitting in John's room listening to UTFO's "Roxanne, Roxanne" over and over again. Rap music, like Picker Forest, seemed like it was just our thing.

I started dressing the part, too. My brother was working at a restaurant by now, and I'd talk him into buying us fresh clothes like Kangol track suits and my patent leather shoes. We would hit up the rummage sale looking for Adidas shit. Old or new – it didn't matter. I'd be wearing fuzzy-ass, old man golf shorts just because they had an Adidas logo on them.

It's hard to imagine now, 'cause it's been different for so long, but back in the day, if you were white, you fucking were white: fucking tight-ass jeans, feathered hair – like my sister used to dress. Me, I'd walk down the hallway of Best Junior High in my Adidas sweats with gold stripes, big-ass fake gold chains from the flea market, and an old-ass Kangol hat Snoopy's dad gave me. For the first time in our lives we were attempting to not be scrubs, to actually adapt to a certain style. Even if we were the only white kids doing that, it was still a style.

WE were starting to act the part, too. Mike D. from the Beastie Boys was wearing that VW medallion on *License to Ill*, and snatching hood ornaments was becoming mad popular.

"Look! I got a Cadillac. I got a BMW! I got a fucking Mercedes!"

Walk down the street with a pair of pliers, pull it out, your boy snaps it, and POP, it'd be yours! Nobody stole more hood emblems than Joey. That was his life. That was all he did, night after night after night.

He had four suitcases full of these hood ornaments, so we took them up to this flea market, because we heard they'd buy them from us. They didn't buy shit – not one of 'em. So we had hood ornaments lying all over Joey's room, everywhere. There was a shed in the back of John and Joey's house where we used to have a clubhouse. We had hood emblems hanging on the walls everywhere.

We were tagging, too, as the Krylon Boys. Graffiti was also popular in the hood, so we jumped on that as well. We didn't hit abandoned buildings, though. We'd spray paint the underpass of I-696 and I-75: the busiest freeway intersection in Detroit. My tag name was Faygo Joe, because I always had a Faygo in my hand.

The Beastie Boys used to talk about White Castle a lot; Run DMC talked about Adidas. We had Faygo. Faygo runs deep in ICP lore,

and I've explained it a million times; but you can't have the story of ICP without the Faygo story.

Faygo was, and is, the ghetto pop of Detroit. Pop's a regional thing. Not *soda*, but *pop*. That's what it's called in Detroit. Anyway, Faygo's cheap as hell, and it's available in all these crazy-ass flavors: Moon Mist, Red Pop, Rock 'n' Rye, etc. So it kind of fit our whole Floob thing. You could take six empty bottles back up to the store, and get a new two-liter of Faygo for fifty-nine cents. We'd wrestle in the backyard; it'd be hot as hell, so we'd always have Faygo sittin' around in the shade. It was our thing.

Joey went to another school because he was younger than John and I. Joey knew this kid from his school named Jay. Jay had a cousin who was this banana-nosed kid from Hazel Park (the trashy city right next to Ferndale) named Scratchmaster T. He was a weirdo. He'd smoke banana peels and shit like that to get high; but he had a rap studio. Um, okay, a four-track tape recorder.

We decided to start a rap crew called the JJ Boys, because all of our names started with "J": Joe, John, Joey, and sometimes Joey's homey, Jay. We recorded our first JJ Boys track on Scratchmaster T's four track, called "Party at the Top of the Hill":

We're the JJ Boys on the microphone stand
Kickin' it live with a Faygo in our hand
Master T is on the table, not working in the stable
And on his Adidas jacket is the Faygo label

This part of the rhyme is for Jagged Joe (that was my rap name)
Known to the crew as the leader of the show
All my girlie friends chase me down the hall
I don't smoke dope or drink alcohol!

This part of the rhyme is for Kangol Joe (Joey's part)
When I'm on the mike I steal the show
Kangol on my head, Adidas on my feet
Gold around my neck so that I look like Mr. T

This next part is for Master J (John's part)
I rock all night 'cause I sleep all day
I'm always drinkin' Faygo and that's a fact
And if you got beef, better change your act

A future generation of critics and marked-out record industry weasels would have something to hate on: our rap careers had just begun.

LACY fuckin' loved the cassette when I played it for him at school; everybody loved it. By now Lacy and his boys from the Township had their own rap crew. They called themselves the Wrecking Crew, which of course was stupid, 'cause there were 50,000 other Wrecking Crews out there. Everybody called their rap group the fuckin' Wrecking Crew. Then again, back in the day, our break-dance crew was called the Electric Boogaloo Crew, so go figure.

NAW wrestling in my mom's back yard. This match was me vs. Lacy, in other words, Darrel "Dropkick" Daniels vs. the Jailbird Man.

Anyway, we were all friends, but in the hallway at school, Lacy and his boys would be like, "JJ Boys ain't shit," and we'd be like "Fuck the Wrecking Crew!" Actually, I still didn't cuss yet, so I'd say "Frick the frickin' Wrecking Crew." No lie.

There was a talent show coming up at the Township Recreation Center, and Lacy was like, "You guys gotta sign up; you gotta sign up." I was like, "No, I ain't interested; I ain't down with no talent show."

God, was I fucking stupid. That was a major fuck-up. The talent show was actually sold-out when I got there. I gave five bucks to

Me wearing a fresh T-shirt mask, and choking the shit out of Joey during a NAW match in his basement.

this fat guy sitting by the door, and he let me sneak in. When I walked in, this place had more energy than I had ever seen in my life. A little girl would sing and hit a high note, and the whole place would just blow up, with people jumping out of their seats screaming, just like *Showtime at The Apollo*. The entire crowd was all black people, and they had that place electrified.

Then Lacy and his crew got up there, with these red and blue lights shining on them. They were all wearing red hoodies and red denim pants. This fat kid, Pat Kelly, started beat-boxing, and Lacy started rapping, and that whole place just erupted in cheers. It was so fucking hype. I had never been to a concert in my life. This shit was blowing my mind.

I called John and Joey that night and screamed, "Man, we blew it not doing that show!"

That was the end of the JJ Boys, at least as far as I was concerned. We had missed our one big chance.

We were more into wrestling anyway. We changed the name of the TTW to the NAW National All-Star Wrestling, although everybody thought it meant Neighborhood All-Star Wrestling. The

big difference was that we were letting Lacy and the other black kids from the Township wrestle now. Plus it wasn't all tag teams anymore. It was all kinds of matches now.

Our answer to Lacy and his Wrecking Crew's talent show was to host our own NAW Wrestling Extravaganza." We saved up all our money and put up flyers all over the neighborhood: "Come to the NAW's Wrestling Extravaganza! My mom and John and Joey's mom actually were behind us one hundred percent. We offered, "Free Hot Dogs, and Free Faygo." My mom even knew a guy named Mick who had a bar band, and he agreed to play at our Wrestling Extravaganza. It was NAW's Wrestlemania.

Backyard wrestling at its finest. Joey (as the Rhino) is dropping an elbow on another NAW wrestler.

So night of the show, we had fifty people in Joey's ma's backyard eating hot dogs and watching us eighth graders wrestle in this big ring – with real posts and everything. Joey was the White Tiger, our masked world champion, and he also wrestled as the Rhino, without a mask. I wrestled as Darryl "Dropkick" Daniels. John was known as Terrible, and he wore a hockey mask. Lacy was the Jailbird Man. He wore black and white stripes, like a referee spandex suit. He was the one who was all aerial and everything. Snoopy and Arnell wrestled as a tag-team called the Destroyers. That night, during Wrestling Extravaganza, the Jailbird Man won the belt against the White Tiger. It was awesome.

All while this bar band full of older guys played, like, Bob Seger tunes. To me, this was just as hype as the talent show. The police even came twice and told us to keep it down.

The only thing that sucked was that I told the band we'd give them a hundred bucks, and I actually had the money, too. Then I somehow fuckin' lost it. I swear to God. I felt so bad. They were like, "It's all right, just pay us a buck, so we can tell people we got paid to perform," thinking I never had the money to begin with.

That sucked badly.

"Man you don't understand; I'm so fucking sorry."

I was so hyped on wrestling after that. Then John and Joey got a VCR at their house! Man, that was it. Fuck JJ Boys, fuck rapping, fuck all of that shit. We had a VCR. That meant wrestling on tape anytime we wanted. We went fucking ballistic on that. God, we were so stale. Everything was getting stale. Even The Township.

ONE Sunday morning, I was mad bored. John and Joey were up in Northern Michigan visiting their aunt, so with nothing to do, I decided to go back down to the Township. Lacy wasn't home, but Snoopy, that crazy fucker, was leaning against a brand new car.

"You like my car?" he asked.

"Where'd you get it?" I asked.

"I stole it."

The car had a front license plate on it that read Sweet Baby Blue.

"Dang dog," I said. "Don't you think you should take that Sweet Baby Blue plate off? Don't you think it just makes the car all the more recognizable?"

Man, Snoop couldn't have given a fuck less.

"No, we're just gonna joyride it for a while. Come on, let's go."

I jumped in the stolen car with him, and we went on our Sunday fucking drive with the screwdriver hanging out of the ignition.

It was pretty fun until we passed a cop in a speed trap. Then we got scared. We rolled up to this vacant lot in the ghetto, and these guys Snoop knew came up to us. Next thing I know, they're destroying the car, and we're getting a ride back to Snoopy's house in some kid's bucket. I decided right then that I had better not hang out in the Township anymore. My exit was right around the corner.

We got back to Snoopy's house, and he called this girl to have her come over. He was older than me, and he had already dropped out of high school, so he was way ahead of us with the ladies.

This girl was beautiful, a hot-ass black chick, like super-hot to me. They started to hook up, with me right there in the room. He started tongue-kissing her. He kept saying, "Hey Joe, look."

I could see their tongues slobbering and everything. I was freaking out. Then he turned to me.

"Hey Joe, you want some of this?" he asked.

I was a virgin like a motherfucker. Just a lot of jacking off and a lot of looking at the hotties at this point. So naturally, I was like, "Uh, yeah!"

Notice he asked me before her. Now remember, Snoopy was crazy, so no matter how much I tried to think about getting some of that neden right then, I was fully prepared for Snoopy to flip this shit on me at any minute

"Oh, so you wanna hit my girl? You come in my motherfucking house, and your punk ass thinks your gonna get some of—"

Instead, he asked her, "Will you let my boy hit it?"

"Okay," she said.

Fucccckkk!! Stop playing! Snoop left the room and shut the door. The girl laid down next to me and started rubbing on my dick through my pants. But I was like, "No, Snoopy was just kidding; he's gonna come busting in here and kick my ass if I touch you."

"No he's not; no he's not," she insisted.

Right. Just like I thought he wouldn't shoot me, and by the way, I love having to make a flak vest out of stank-ass wet carpets. Fuck this.

I chickened out and hopped up, just me and my pickle, and got out of the bedroom right quick. I'll never know if I really could have fucked that girl or not. The thought of Snoopy beating my half-naked ass was just too scary to find out. I'll never know. Wow, that would've been the shit, though.

Just when I think shit can't get any weirder in one day, who's sitting there in Snoop's living room? Mr. Ruthless from school himself: Dion McCray!!!

I think he was selling Snoop some weed or something. They were watching a porno. Now, I'd never seen one, so I was trying to be all cool while out of the corner of my eye all I see is what looks like snails wrestling on the Nature Channel.

All of a sudden, Dion turned to me. "Walk me home, Joe. I only live three blocks away. Walk me home."

"What for, man?" I asked.

"Just walk me home, bitch. Safety in numbers, you know," he kindly replied.

It didn't make sense.

"I ain't safe in this neighborhood," I said. "What the frick am I gonna do to help you? I gotta walk back without you! Who's gonna walk me home?"

Dion didn't give a fuck.

"Walk me home, nigga, and shut the fuck up," he repeated.

I quickly put on my tired-ass Adidas shoes. We left Snoop's and started walking. I sort of knew where he lived, because the Township was all project-style houses. Dion took a shortcut through a vacant lot, and went behind this abandoned house. I was terrified. I knew something was up. Then he stopped and turned around and looked at me....

Now before I tell you all this, I want you guys to know something. Memories like the one I'm about to tell you can haunt you for a lifetime. I realize that everybody out there has horrible memories of their own. I'm not alone on this. I think it's best for people to tell other ninjas about their horrible memories, because in time, that horrible memory of yours might turn into a funny story, and that makes it much easier to deal with.

For example, let's say you hired a hooker to suck your dick. She sucked it, and then you found out your hooker was really a dude in a wig. Wouldn't you rather tell ninjas about it than keep it locked inside of your mind?! Imagine having to hold in a secret like that all your life. I'd rather tell ninjas about it and turn the whole thing into a funny joke about my past, rather than live my whole life keeping a secret that I once let another man blow me. Take it from me, if I would have kept memories like the one I'm about to tell you about inside my head this whole time, I might have beat them two Columbine kids to the step, if you know what I mean.

Okay, back to my story. It's me and Dion behind an abandoned house in the middle of the night in the Township. Uh-oh.

"Are you scared of me?" Dion asked.

"Scared of fighting you? Yeah," I said, not quite knowing what he was getting at. "Yeah, I'm scared of you, I guess."

Then he picked up a brick and unzipped his pants.

"I want you to suck my dick," he said, all calm and straightforward. "If you don't, I'm gonna kill you with this brick. If you tell anybody about it afterwards, I'm gonna kill you then."

He was dead serious. Wow. He was not playing at all. He was determined to have me suck his dick. Now, let me tell you all something. He would've had to break that brick into particles over my head and shoot me in the face seventeen times before I would even look at his fuckin' dick.

So it's just me and gay-ass Dion McCray with a fucking brick and his hard dick. *Aww hell no....*

I can't lie. I started crying like a li'l bitch, just thinking, "What am I gonna do now?"

I looked over, and there was a log. So I started to get on my knees like I was gonna suck his dick. Then I grabbed the log and - WOOMPH! I threw it at him.

I pretty much missed hitting him completely, but I didn't stick around to see what he'd do now. I wish this story had some big-ass fresh ending to it, but I gotta tell the truth. I ran. Like a weak li'l pansy-ass.

I ran past Snoopy's house, and all the way fucking home. I told my brother, John, Lacy, and Joey about it, but I never did tell anybody else because I didn't want Dion to hunt me down. Now I'll tell anybody and they mama about it.

At that point, I was like, "Fuck the Township."

I only went back to pick up Lacy every now and then. Dion was in a boy's home or jail by now, anyway, most likely gettin' his dick sucked all he wants.

The ring we'd built in Lacy's backyard eventually got all torn up. There were no ropes on it or anything, but some of the kids in the neighborhood still used it for street boxing matches from time to time. One time, we were back there watching some ninjas box each other, and there with all his boys was the motherfucker who threw that brick at my leg when we were building the ring that first day.

He started fuckin' with me again. This time, I could see it coming, though. He wanted to box me.

He went around the ring putting his gloves on, announcing to everybody, "I'm boxing Joe! I'm boxing the white boy!"

John and Joey were there, so I felt like I had some extra karma. I needed all the help I could get.

I put the boxing gloves on and got in there with him. I thought I was about to get my ass beat.

At first, I wouldn't throw any punches.

BAM! BAM! I did my best to block the two right crosses.

BAM! He landed a left hook to the side of my head.

All of a sudden, I couldn't hear the cheering so loud anymore. All I could hear was his shit-talking, as he threw blows at me. I saw John and Joey, and I could tell from the looks on their faces that I was getting my ass beat.

Then, just looking at him with his smirky "fuck you" look and all his boys cheering him on, it pissed me off mad hard. I thought about how my brother and I had talked about how we're not going to be scrubs anymore, and how we're going to start blowing people's grills out. This kid had a nice grill, too. It was just begging to be blown out.

I came out throwing punches, and - POW! - I lit him the fuck up and knocked him the fuck out. The whole backyard erupted. I was just as stunned as everyone else.

The way people were around there, I thought that motherfucker would have ran home and got a gun when he came to. Instead, he just got up really slow, took off his gloves, and said, "You won."

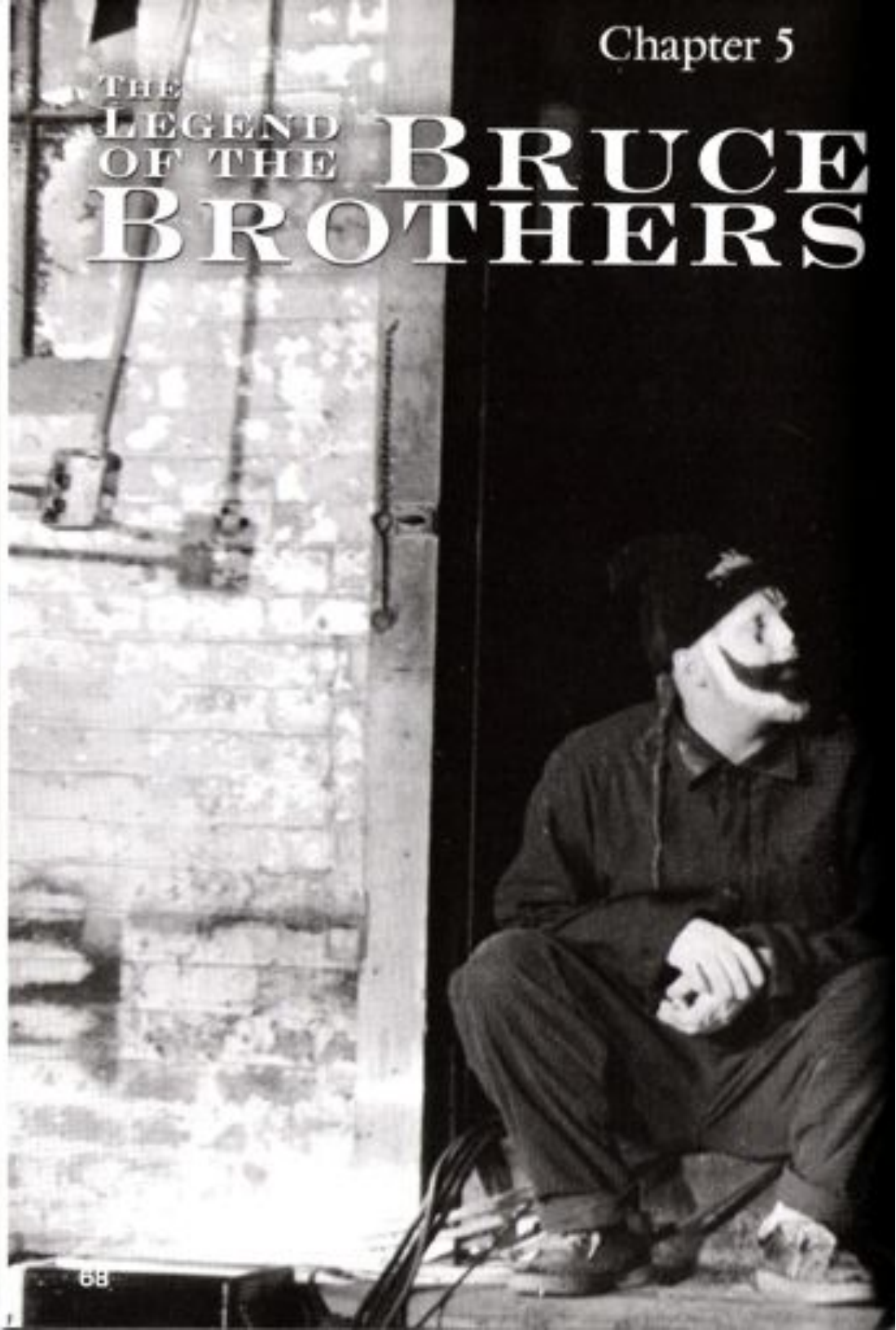
That new, fresh Bruce Brother karma shit worked. I was pretty much done with the Township after that. Snoopy was pretty much just done, period.

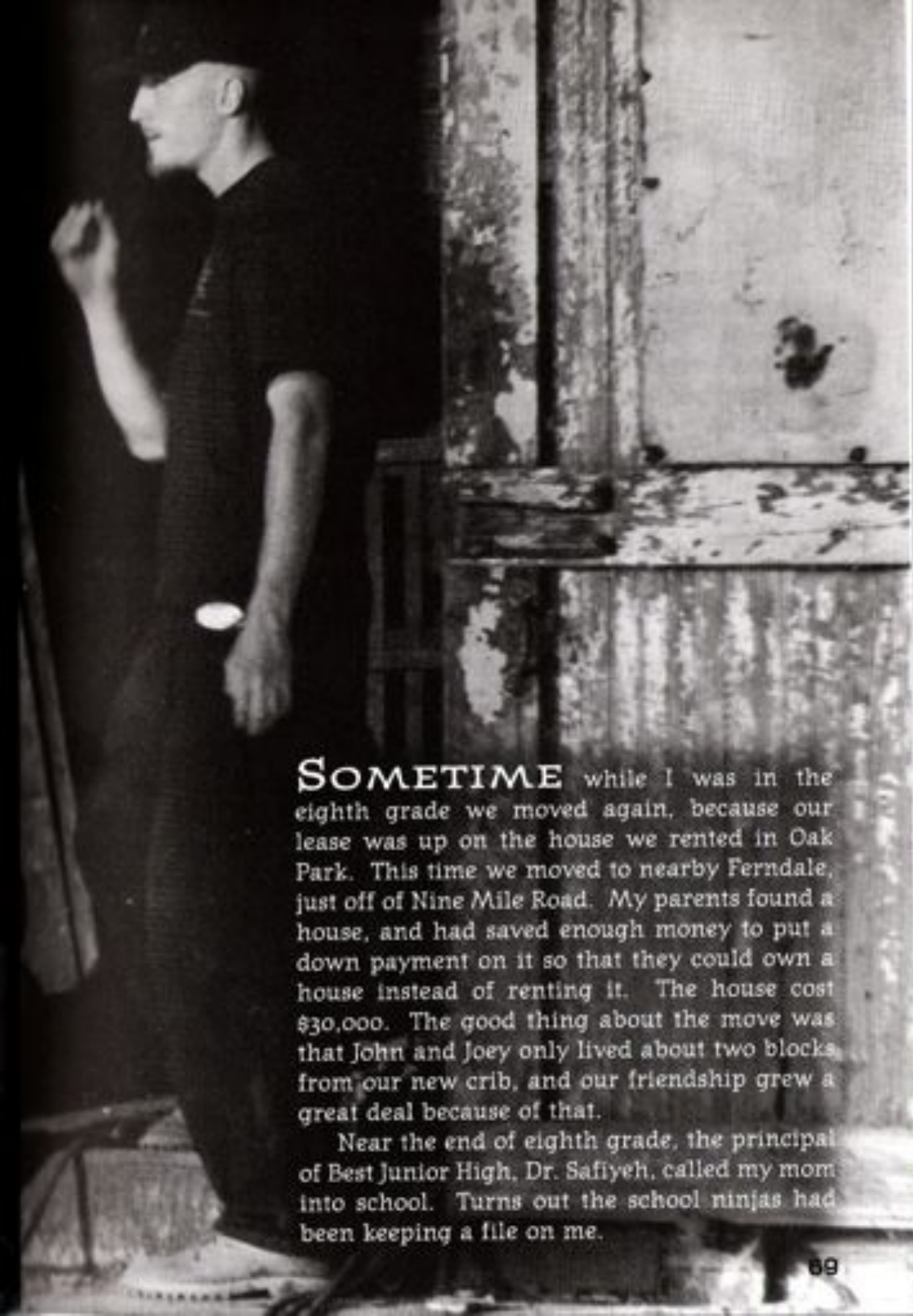
I got the call from Lacy a few weeks later. Snoopy had been arrested. This time, he wasn't coming home. Apparently, he had shot some lady a bunch of times and took her car, but she didn't die. He was still sentenced to twenty-five years for car jacking and attempted murder. It didn't surprise me.

Later, I heard that Pat Kelly, the funny-ass beatboxer from Lacy's rap group, the Wrecking Crew, caught a murder rap. He somehow beat it on a technicality, but then he caught another murder rap! He wasn't so lucky the second time. Even today, as I continue on through my life, I always hear about somebody who that I knew from my Township days either getting shot to death or catching a murder case. It fuckin' sucks.

Chapter 5

The Legend of the Bruce Brothers





SOMETIME while I was in the eighth grade we moved again, because our lease was up on the house we rented in Oak Park. This time we moved to nearby Ferndale, just off of Nine Mile Road. My parents found a house, and had saved enough money to put a down payment on it so that they could own a house instead of renting it. The house cost $30,000. The good thing about the move was that John and Joey only lived about two blocks from our new crib, and our friendship grew a great deal because of that.

Near the end of eighth grade, the principal of Best Junior High, Dr. Safiyeh, called my mom into school. Turns out the school ninjas had been keeping a file on me.

"Your son hangs out with all the black students, you know. He takes the bus every day into the Township, and that's not a very nice place," he told her, like my mom was supposed to be shocked.

My mom didn't say shit.

Dr. Safiyeh continued. "We think he has a problem," he said. "Look at these drawings."

Somehow had all these drawings I'd done, mostly on tests and assignments I'd neglected to fill out. They were mostly drawings of ninjas cutting people up, or people getting shot up.

My mom knew those drawings were nothing compared to the drawings I had at home on the fridge. She had my back. By the time she left that day, Dr. Safiyeh had a new neden hole.

"You think just because he's creative he's crazy?!!! What are you calling me in here for? To tell me about how my son hangs out with black kids??!!!! Is there something wrong with that?"

Dr. Safiyeh was a little bit nicer to me after that, but by then I didn't give a fuck. I was done hanging out in the Township anyway; my focus was wrestling and being a ninja, and not taking shit from anybody, anymore.

I was sitting in the locker-room after gym class, and all the cool kids were wearing Bermuda shorts. Remember them? Those Hawaiian-looking shorts with flowers and jungle shit all over them? As much of a Floob as I was, if I'd worn those back in the day, I'd be laughed right out of school.

So I opened my big mouth, "You look like fucking Magnum PI, wearing that shit."

The other kids were going to let it pass. After all, those days I was dressing scrubby again. I was done with the Adidas suits and the rapping, for a while anyway.

This kid, Kobe, the super-tough, king jock of the school, decided to put me in my place, anyway.

As he laced up his spanky-new Reeboks, he looked at his boys and told me off.

"Why don't you shut up, Joe Bruce. Dickhead."

I wasn't about shutting up anymore - dickhead.

"Fuck you, man," I said.

The truth is, at this point in my life, I still wasn't cussing yet. No matter what I write in this book about the things I said to people back then, just remember the truth is I didn't start cussing until I was almost eighteen. Sometimes when I'm remembering things I said back then, I forget that.

Anyway, I walked over, and – BAM! I blew his mouth out right there in the locker-room. Why sit there and talk shit to each other, right? I mean, if it's going down, then it's going down. End of story. Why let him have a chance at first blow? I blew his shit right the fuck out before he had a chance to even respond. I've been the same way ever since. If it's going down, I'm the first at it.

Then I walked right to the principal's office, something I'd end up doing many times in the eighth grade. See, I started getting into fights all the time. Like I said, all I cared about was wrestling and ninjas. I sure didn't care about school or the people in it. In fact, yo, I have never gone through a single day of my life caring about school. For as far back as I can ever remember school never ever meant shit to me. I don't have any children yet, but if I ever do it's going to be hard for me to tell them to stay in school. I better have a wife to tell 'em that shit, because I still hate school. I gives no fuck if they slap a teacher's face off.

I was such a ninja, I'd sit in the back of class, and the teacher would only pass back four assignments for the row I was in, because I was in the fifth seat. They knew I wouldn't bother doing them, so they didn't even bother giving me an assignment.

Some teachers even put crayons and paper on my desk every day, treating me like a li'l retarded kid.

AT the end of the year, Dr. Safiyeh decided it was time for Round Two of Your Son's Going Nowhere, so he called me and my mom in to his office again.

"Your son got straight Es in the seventh grade, and he got straight Es in the eighth grade. Now, he's too old to be in our school again for another year. So I'm gonna put him in the ninth grade, but – hold on."

Dr. Safiyeh grabbed the phone, and dialed a number.

"Yes, is this the high school? Let me speak to the counselor," he said. Right away, I knew his entire phone call was fake, because number one, there's like nine counselors in the high school, and number two, it was like 7:00 PM, and what would counselors still be doing at the school? Ol' Doc Saf was on a roll.

"Counselor, it's Dr. Safiyeh over here at Best Junior. You got a pen? I want you to write this down. I've got a student here: Joseph Bruce. He's gonna be coming there to the high school next year. First semester, on his first report card, if he gets anything other than an A, B, or C, if he gets one D, or one E, you send him right back to my school. You got it?"

Wow. This guy sat there and put on a fake conversation in front of me and my mom for about two minutes. Dr. Safiyeh was a fucking crazy old man if you ask me. Even my mom was laughing at that crazy shit.

So BAM, I'm in the ninth grade of Ferndale High, living proof you can't fail middle school, because you'd be too old – you'd be fucking driving in eighth grade!

My first report card, of course, was straight Ds and Es. You know the phrase, "In elementary school they carry you. In middle school they drag you. In high school they drop you"? Well, I got dropped. Like acid on Jimmy Hendrix's tongue. Joe Bruce lasted in the ninth grade all of about six months.

During those six months, though, I was the epitome of greatness. I was a fuckin' awesome student, in my eyes, at least. Fuckin' AWESOME. I put on a pair of sweatpants, first day of the school year, and wore them for the entire six months. I made it a goal of mine. I bet my brother and John and Joey that I could do it.

"I'm gonna wear these same blue sweatpants every single day all year."

I did it, too, 'til I dropped out. I've always believed it's important to set goals in life. How fresh was I?

Years later, my friend, Nate the Mack, was at a party, and some girl was showing pictures of her and her friends from back in her high school days. In one of the pictures you could see me in the background sleeping on a desk. I thought that was so fresh.

In her photos this girl and her perfect-ass, girly, cherry-pop friends were all up on the latest and greatest school activities. Making friends and just being happy and great high school

students: all-around active people. Yet there was me in the background, knocked the fuck out. Drooling on my desk. Complete with my uncut and matted-up hair. Little did any of them people know, or even care for that matter, but what I was really doing was learning that whole time. I was steady learning how to dream; that's how I look at it. Yeah, I was asleep, dreaming; dreaming about what bigger and better things were yet to come.

I was late to class every fucking day. The only money I had was food stamps; so for lunch, I had to walk way far away so nobody would see me spending food stamps. I'd walk to this party store that was at least a mile and a half away, and when I came back I was always late. I just didn't give a fuck. I never did one assignment in high school; I just gave absolutely no fucks.

One day a real high school counselor called me down to his office to voice his concern.

"I just want to know what happened," he said. "At the beginning of the year you were getting mostly As and Bs and Cs on your tests, and now you're down to Ds and Es. What is happening, Joe?"

I was like, "Huh? I was getting As and Bs?"

"Yeah, you were doing great."

I sat there talking to this guy for about twenty minutes before he figured out that he was looking at Joe *Bryce's* record.

He realized his mistake, and pulled up my sheet.

"Oh, you're Joe *Bruce*," he said. Then he looked at my grades. "Get out of here."

I remember this one kid named Noel. (What a lame-ass fuckin' name. If your name is Noel, man, I feel sorry for you, ninja, because that has to fuckin' suck.) Noel was this kid that I knew from around the neighborhood, and at school he couldn't seem to decide what kind of crew he wanted to be in. One day, he'd want to be a preppy-ass, richy kid, and the next day, he was trying to be a thug.

Well, on this one ultra-rare school day of Friday, Noel was in a strange phase. He was in an ultra-rare *wanting to be a nobody scrub like me* phase! Out of nowhere, he was talking to me at school, and he invited me to his house.

He said that he had stolen a pistol from his grandpa. He needed to get rid of it, fast. I must have looked like the shady type who could use a pistol, because he told me if I came over after school, he'd let me have it.

I was down. I went right over there after school. Within seconds, he came out with the gun, and started cocking and loading it to show me how it worked.

I kept saying, "Yeah, yeah, I know all that already."

This kid, Noel, was insistent on showing me his pistol-handling skills. Finally – BOOM! It went off in his hands. I jumped up off the couch to check myself for bullet holes. I was skinny back then, which helped make me less of a target, I guess. I didn't have any bullet holes, but poor Noel did. He had shot himself right through his hand and finger somehow.

I wasn't sure what happened at first, but once he started screaming and crying like a baby bitch-ass, running around the house and holding up his bloody-ass hand, it was apparent. I was outti. Fuck waiting for the cops. I called 911 for the whining crybaby, and then I bolted out of the house.

Eventually, the cops caught up with me, but only to question me about Noel's stupidity. They said that at first he tried to blame it all on me, but then after a few of their questions, he gave up. They told me they couldn't believe what a bitch he was. I told them exactly what had happened, and how he was just trying to show off and shot himself. I naturally left out the part about how he was going to give me the gun, afterwards. You know, sometimes too much info can be a bad thing.

Well, after that weekend, things at school were much worse for the notoriously dirty Joe Bruce. Once Noel returned to school, he quickly re-entered his *Noel wanting to be a preppy* phase again, and he blamed the whole thing on me. He told all his homies at school that he was just showing me a gun that his grandpa owned, and then I asked if I could have it. Once Noel told me that I couldn't have it, I apparently got pissed-off and shot him in the hand. Of course, the cops never bought it, but the whole fuckin' dumb-ass school was quick to.

I didn't care. I liked the extra attention, because people began to look at me as a threat to their safety. I would have beat Noel's ass just for lying about me like that, but instead I just figured being named *NOEL* was punishment enough for him.

To pass the time in school, we started playing this game we called *Bloods and Crips*. John, Joey, and I would be the Bloods, and

my brother and some other homies would be the Crips. You'd have to use a cap gun to shoot the other guys.

I'd come to school draped in straight-up Bloods shit: red bandanna, headband, red flannel. Just straight up draped, of course also strapped-down with cap guns and shit.

The kids at school were just like, "What the fuck are they doing?"

I didn't give a fuck. One day, I snuck up on Nate the Mack (who was a Crip) and jumped his ass right in the hallway. We teetered for a minute, then – KKKSSSSCCCHHH!!!! We busted through a giant window near the lobby. The fucking security guards were too busy selling weed to the kids to see who did it, or come after us. We got away with it, clean.

We even took our war out on the streets. Sometimes my brother and I would join sides. We'd pull up on Joey's lawn in our car, and burst in the door. With his mom there and everything, we'd drag him out front, and give him the beat-down.

One time, we were playing in downtown Royal Oak, one of the few Northern Detroit suburbs with a lot of shopping and shit, where people are actually walking around. We had a big crew of, like, fifteen ninjas. We were beating each other with garbage cans and shit, and chasing each other through the streets.

Someone must have seen us, and thought it was for real, because they called the cops. Luckily, one of us saw them a ways off, creeping down the street. There were about ten cop cars with their lights off, trying to sneak up on us. We bolted out of there, and got away, clean.

I felt like a badass. I'd been through the Township, so now I was acting like I grew up in the fucking ghetto. NWA's Straight Outta Compton was out, with them rapping about how they're driving around in buckets. I thought that was the shit, because I'd only ever been in fucking buckets. My suburban wannabe gangsterism was in full effect, and our old pal, Mike Olsen, was about to wind up right in our line of cap-gun fire.

MY brother, Rob, still had all his Dungeons & Dragons friends in our old city of Berkley, but he hardly knew anybody in Oak Park. We Bruce Brothers never went to proms, dances, get-togethers or anything even half of being socially cool. My brother did once get invited to a real, actual house party. Once upon a time there was a

party in Warren, MI, which is just about four miles east of Ferndale. Some old school, long time D&D homies of Rob knew somebody, and somehow they got invited to come to the party.

When he got there, he found the girl whose house it was, on the front porch, crying.

My brother, being the honorable, sensitive type, asked her, "What's the matter?"

"This is my house, and I just heard these guys from Warren are gonna come over. I just know they're gonna start some shit, because they always do. They're gonna destroy the house, and I'm gonna get in so much trouble."

My brother was such a good guy, with super honor, that he was like, "I won't let it happen, I promise."

That's the crazy part. No lie, I would have been like, "Damn, sucks to be you, then. Hope I'm out by the time they get here."

Not Rob. My brother is like a straight up movie character of honor. Not just to try to tap the poor girl's neden, either, but honestly just to help her. The one lone Bruce Brother was ready to protect this girl's house, just like High Noon or something.

Well, the bad guys get there, and who do you think it is? None other than Mike Olsen, my old homie. The very same kid Rob gave his giant Transformer to before we moved to Oak Park. I guess Mike had moved out of Berkley as well, because he was now claimin' Warren. Mike was with a few of his new, lame ass, Warren jock drinking buddies.

My brother walked up to give him a dap on the front lawn, and tried to make nice right away.

"Hey, Mike, 'sup man?! You still got that flavor I gave you back in the day?"

Too late. Mike Olsen had already reached full puberty, and turned into a dickhead over only a few years time.

"Fuck you and your toys," Mike said, like a straight up open blew-out asshole.

Rob couldn't believe it. "What the fuck's your problem, Mike?"

Mike puffed out his feeble birdy chest as he and his 15-plus homies walked up on and around Rob.

"Fuck you, man," Mike said. "You wanna do something?!!!"

BLAAAM!! STARS AND A GIANT FLASH OF RUTHLESS PAIN SUDDENLY ENVELOPED MIKE OLSEN'S FACE, SENDING HIM INTO COMPLETE UNCONSIOUSNESS.

My brother socked Mike Olsen so hard it knocked Grandpa Olsen's dentures out. Mike's nose was broken into particles. (They tried to put it back together, later, but now it looks like Michael Jackson's.)

Right afterwards, my fresh-ass brother, Rob, took off across the street. Mike's boys all chased after him. Rob tried to outrun them as they hopped fences through backyards after him, all the while looking for a weapon to use against them, like a shovel. He would've done it easily but – WHAP! My brother hit some chicken wire fence and flipped over. Who would've ever guessed it, but my old pal Mike's homies beat the shit out of my brother right then and there.

My brother was just about to go into the Army at this point, but even so, he wasn't okay with letting it go. Neither was I. The Bruce Brothers were bent on revenge. Not just any Bruce Brothers, but the new and improved Ghettoized Bruce Brothers!

"We gotta fuck Mike Olsen up, dog. He had no reason to beat you down," I said.

We knew a kid in Warren who quickly found out and showed us where Mike Olsen lived.

So the very next night, me, Lacy, Nate, John, Joey, and my brother surrounded Mike Olsen's house at two in the freaky morning. Each one of us had two big, giant rocks in our hands. My brother gave the order.

"On the count of three," he whispered. "One... two... three!"

KKKSSSSCCCHHH!!!!!!

Every window of that kid's house exploded!!! Can you imagine being in the house with your whole family, and every window breaks at the same time?

Oh, we weren't done with Mike. We then systematically hit up his homies' houses over the next month or so. We made it our only priority. Revenge on anybody who was with him that night was our goal. We did damn good, too.

Our Warren, MI, nerdy source who went to school with those boys fed us all the info. It was so easy for him to find out where his classmates lived just by following them home and shit. I personally think that our spy hook up (another one of Rob's D&D homies) loved doing his spy work for us.

Thanks to him, we went back to Warren four times later and fucking did it all over again! Mike Olsen's main homie caught the

same style attack Mike got first, then the others. One by one. I felt like Dirty Larry. It was so easy. At 4:00 AM nobody suspects a fuckin' thing. We were in and outta them yards in about 15 seconds; it was almost no risk at all to us.

Them fools had no idea where this was coming from. So what? We knew. They were feeling the wrath of some kept-in Bruce Brother scrubbiness exploding back on their asses. Even if they never knew who was causing it, the fact is, they were in pain and hurting because of us. He had no idea beating my brother would lead to this terrorism! We hit five houses, total. Each one got hit badly. We did them in hard.

Soon, I came up with the ultimate plan for an insane attack that nobody would ever forget. I planned to straight-up rush him and beat him down right in his own fuckin' high school. It was going down. That was the only place I knew I could catch him and pummel his face physically, myself.

Joey, Nate, Lacy, Rob, and I worked it all out. First, we put on our black hooded sweatshirts and went out to Warren High School. Then we called the school, and I acted like I was Mike Olsen's older brother. I told the lady that I needed to get Mike's medication to him, because he forgot it that morning. I told them it was very necessary that I see him and give it to him.

They bought it and gave me his whole school schedule. It told me exactly what classroom he would be in, at the time we got there. We walked right in the school, and found his room. We all waited down the hall as we sent Nate to his classroom. The plan was to have Nate knock on the door and tell the teacher that Mike Olsen was needed at the principal's office. We would then catch him and beat him down in the hallway.

Nate was on his way to the room when he was suddenly stopped by some kind of fuckin' hall monitor lady asking him if he had a hall pass. I got super-mad because this was starting to fuck things up for our plan. Plus, a couple of teachers were coming down the hall behind us.

"FUCK IT, COME ON!" We ran up to his classroom and tried to open the door, but it was locked.

Joey and I kicked it in. The whole class just stopped and looked, which made it easier for us to locate our target victim. There he was, Mike Olsen, just chillin' way in the back of the room. Fuck, why does he have to be way in the fuckin' back? Fuck it. I couldn't

reach him right away, but with the help of my crazy-ass crew, we fought our way back to his ass.

The whole time, I was screaming, "I'm gonna fuck you up, Mike! Bring that shit, bitch! Don't hide!"

By this time, everyone was out in the hallways, and people were pouring out of other rooms. The whole school was disrupted. We jetted like roaches. We all ran out of the school, and we actually got away clean.

To this day, I have absolutely no idea why the cops didn't just come and pick me up at home later that night. Nothing happened. No cops ever said shit to us about it! We never had any warrants, or warnings, or anything issued.

Back on the streets, Mike Olsen, and his feeble family finally knew who had been raining hell on them as of late. Plus rumors began to spread to levels never seen before about the Bruce Brothers. People from his class were saying they had seen me with a gun, and that I had come to kill Mike. People were talking about us like we were cold-blooded killers. Maybe the cops knew, only they just couldn't prove a fuckin' thing! Maybe they'll take me in now!

After that, we laid low for a few months before unleashing more bottled anger on Mike and the poor Olsens. They had a family boat in a back shed type thing, and a nice RV for camping trips. That's all I'll say. They HAD a boat and an RV.

For two years – UNDERSTAND THAT – for two long, solid years, we destroyed this kid's whole life.

We started driving around his neighborhood just rolling up on anyone who looked like they might be down with Mike's crew.

We'd ask, "Hey, what's up, man? You know who Mike Olsen is?"

If they did, they would get beat the fuck down, right there on the spot. Then there finally came the day where it really ended for Mike, leaving him a scared wreck, and ending our campaign of terror on him. Rollin' by his house in our car, we saw him actually walking home by himself.

He was totally surprised as I jumped out the car, grabbed him from behind, spun him around and gave him a DDT (that's a wrestling move where you headlock an opponent, and drop straight back so their head impacts with the ground first) right on the concrete sidewalk. He never even saw who it was. Next thing he knew he was in the hospital, all busted up. I could have killed him.

We fucking destroyed that kid, man. I think most of the childhood anger that I had was taken out on Mike Olsen. The Olsens even moved again. This time out to Troy, MI, but we just followed right along with our acts of sheer terror. Looking back at what we did, I can't believe what we put his family through, but fuck it. So what. Bad things happen to us all. Bottom line, better his than mine.

BACK in school, I was continuing my long goodbye to the Ferndale educational system. Mother fuckin' fuck school. I'm 31 years old, today, screamin' *fuck school*. It wasn't for me, after 8th grade.

I had a class on the third floor that had a whole encyclopedia set right by the window. I didn't even realize what I was doing, but I started throwing encyclopedias out the window, not even thinking about it. I was half-asleep the whole time.

Finally, this teacher from the second floor came up and bitched out my teacher.

"Do you know what's going on here? My whole class is seeing books fly by the window!"

All of a sudden everybody was looking at me and what was left of the encyclopedia set. I stated my case.

"Man, I didn't even realize what I was doing. I'm sorry."

I was fucking out of it. The teacher wasn't going to let me off that easy. This was the same teacher who had been putting crayons and paper on my desk back in middle school. He was this older-looking, smiley black dude with jheri-curls.

When I started high school that year, so did he. It was like he followed me. I always hated this fucker, just like he hated me. He sat me in front of the whole fucking class.

"This kid right here is gonna be nothing," he said. Then he turned to me, like the way a talk show host turns to a guest, like he don't give a fuck who he's talking to, he just likes being on TV, or in front of the class.

"You're never gonna do anything, Mr. Bruce, are you? You'll come to school your whole life, and you'll never do one thing here, will you? You know what? I'll bet that you like that, don't you, Mr. Bruce?"

"That's right," I said, being the fresh guest on this dick's little talk show.

He was going crazy with it, tearing me up in front of the class. I think this was his final revenge on me and the other worthless students he had to deal with. He stood me up there in front of the class and continued to drill me.

"Everybody look at this kid. This is Joe. Joe is happy with himself even though he is gonna mean nothing at all to the world. He will be a nothing. He'll never be anything in this world."

To me, I was the freshest kid there. I loved that fresh moment in the spotlight. I loved his little speech about how my whole life will be just as worthless as a grain of salt. I loved always, ALWAYS being the underdog. It was my whole motto as a true Floob, a scrub, a Juggal-. Not yet.

"He doesn't care to do his work. He doesn't want to do his work, therefore nothing ever gets done, and it's gonna result just like his life: nothing will get done."

"Thank you," I said. "That's right. I'm the bomb."

I knew I was gone at that point. I thought of knocking the teacher out for trying to bury me in front of the entire room, but he looked pretty old. I probably would have turned his chin into shredded wheat. Fuck it. I walked out of the classroom, walked out of the school, and never came back. I quit. Just like my brother and sister before me. I quit, I quit, I quit. Fuck school.

When I got home, I told my ma. She wasn't surprised. She knew it was coming. She wasn't exactly having it, though.

"If you quit school, you can't live here," she said.

MONSTERS & ADVENTURES

TIME out y'all. Listen. Remember when I was telling you guys about the magic that my brother, Rob, and I experienced in Picker Forest? Well just like I told you then, that shit changed our lives forever. Not one day has ever gone by since then that we haven't thought about the fact that there is more to life than the naked eye can see. Even in my gangster mode of life, I've always been fascinated with the Beyond. Just knowing that there is a Beyond has made us always search for it, and to this very day we continue our quest. No matter what I'm doing in my life, whether it's rapping, wrestling, thugging, rich or poor, I'll always keep exploring the Beyond until ALL of my questions are answered, which means I'll be exploring forever.

So far, in life I've been lucky enough to actually witness some unexplainable shit. Some I already told you about, and some shit I didn't. I just wanna take a time-out to tell you guys about some more of this crazy shit. If you ain't interested in this, then just skip on by these pages and jump right back to the regular story. I would've just slipped these two short li'l ditties into the regular chapters, but they don't really fit into the storyline we've been going by. So I just wanted to throw these in as a freestanding little bit of flavor. The bottom line is both these li'l stories I'm about to tell you are without a doubt, part of WHO WE ARE, so I put them in my book.

THE first story I got for y'all is... The Road. As I was growing up in Berkley and Oak Park, kids would always talk about this crazy road up in the northern part of Michigan. Man, the stories were

straight out of a suburban legend. People said everything from an insane asylum to a slaughterhouse full of mass murders was all on this wooded dark road. All kinds of crazy shit the stories made this one nine-mile stretch of dirt road out in the boonies completely terrifying.

They said nobody had ever driven all the way down it without having to turn back around. They said there were hard to see, chest high razor wires strung up through the woods to catch trespassers. It was also rumored that if any lunatics escaped from the insane asylum, the caretakers would set the woods on fire all around them to trap them in. The stories of this road were totally out of control, and yet no one could tell you exactly where it was. We heard these terrifying stories about The Road all our lives, and we wanted to see for ourselves if it would live up to the hype.

Right before Rob went into the Army, we found out by accident where it was, and we organized the ultimate adventure. We were not only going to make it all the way down The Road, but we are gonna walk down it... on Devil's Night.

Devil's Night is pretty much just a regional Detroit thing, I guess. It's a crazy celebration of violence and evil, that has been around as long as I can remember. Every year on Oct 30th, the night before Halloween, people just burn down abandoned houses and buildings, and commit crazy illegal acts of terror all around the city. I always assumed it was a nationwide thing, but once I started touring I learned it wasn't.

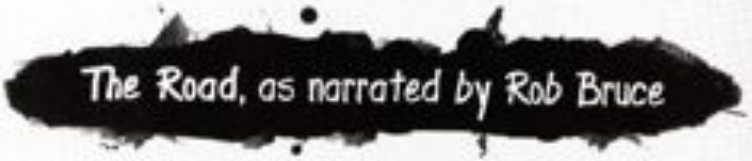
We trained for a month by going out to the train tracks on Nine Mile in Ferndale every night. We'd run down the tracks at the trains, trying not to trip, then jump out of the way at the last minute. Or sometimes we'd lay on the gravel in-between two tracks as two giant trains went by in opposite directions. It was the scariest thing I can remember doing.

For the mission, we rounded up eight of the greatest adventurers we knew – some we hadn't seen since grade school. We had Joey, Nate the Mack, Don, and a couple other kids. All of these kids were geeks, losers, and nerds in school, just like us.

A couple were people my brother knew from playing all them role-playing games over the years. These ninjas weren't invited to any Halloween parties or anything, so they were all down to do it. They were king adventurers in their own world, just like us.

October 30th, Devil's Night, we put on our best camouflage ninja hook-ups. I even painted my face like a warrior of some sort. My brother drove us all out there in my mom's car. It was going down, and believe me when I say that The Road lived up to its name, but it turned out far different than we could have ever imagined.

In the days that followed our great adventure, my brother, Rob, wrote a journal completely documenting everything that happened on that night. So for now, I'm going to hand the typewriter over to Rob. He'll explain the adventure, with the help of his fresh journal. Plus, nobody can explain the magic of The Road better than Rob, anyway. That night was all his idea, and it was our greatest adventure so far.



THE Road was a place that, throughout the years, had gained a reputation of almost mythical proportions. As a small child people told stories of a road that was cursed, and anyone who drove all the way down it would never be seen again. They said that this road had an insane asylum on it, and that the crazies would always escape, and kill anyone foolish enough to stick around. One time, supposedly, a guy pretended his car broke down on The Road to scare his girlfriend. Shortly after, he was dragged from his car and horribly mutilated by escaped lunatics. Rumors, rumors, rumors. Yet nobody could tell me exactly where it was. Why? Because places like The Road just don't exist. Yet as a naïve child, I was determined to find and survive it.

As I got older, the stories of The Road began to fade. At 17 years of age I had all but forgotten about the childhood fright stories, until one day around early October, my friend Matt Hampton came up to me at school all excited about something.

"Rob, man, you're not going to believe this shit! Last night we were driving around, and we happened upon this dirt road that was scary as fuck. It went on for about eight miles and had a graveyard and an insane

asylum on it, and nothing else but woods! You gotta see this fucking place to know what I'm talking about, 'cause the whole place is evil as fuck!"

The old stories flooded back to me, and I could see in Matt's eyes that he was totally serious. Later that night we drove out there to check it out. There were four of us in that car riding right along with our fifth partner: fear. The infamous Road had been found.

Matt drove, and as we rounded a sharp bend on a two-lane road we were on, there was suddenly an entrance to a road, The Road, and it had a real name: Drainer Road. Soon we were on its dirt surface the width of which was barely wide enough for two cars to pass one another. Dark woods pressed in from both sides, and the trees made a natural canopy that blocked out all moonlight, and gave the effect that we were driving in a tunnel.

There were a few houses near the mouth of the road, and sure enough a cemetery across from them with scattered gravestones all cluttered and jagged; it was an ancient and forgotten place with a rusted iron fence surrounding it. One of the houses must have belonged to the caretaker, and as we drove by we looked in the windows. A light shown from one, and we could see a man sitting up straight on a bed, looking at something in the room.

We stopped the car and watched this man, who sat perfectly still and unblinking for about 15 minutes. We started tripping that he wouldn't move, and then it got really creepy. I told Matt to honk the horn, which he did, and still the man did not move, we got the fuck out of there because it was too weird. The whole place had a blanket of evil about it that is very hard to describe.

The Road was always curving this way or that, so that you could never see what was around the corner until you were right up on it. As soon as the houses disappeared we rounded a bend, and there in the middle of the road was a man, carrying a sack, standing with his back to us. I nearly screamed like a little bitch as he slowly turned to us and waved us forward. He was about 40, with dusty-looking clothes, a scraggly beard, and dirty teeth. We also noticed his brown pickup truck parked halfway in the woods further up.

I rolled down the passenger window to talk to him but I only got out a, "What's u- " when he interrupted me.

"You all haven't seeeen my cat, have you?" he asked, in a kind of slurred speech.

Not like he was drunk, more like he was mentally impaired.

"Naww, man. What's it look like?" I asked.

He looked at me with this deadpan gaze and totally ignored my question.

"I already strung one of them bitches up in them trees. He died real slow. Kinda funny. The other one got away – fuckin' cat. I hear 'im, but I can't see in this dark."

As he was talking he pointed to some trees behind him, and my eyes focused on a brown cat that had a rope tied around his neck and was hanging from one of the trees. I realized then that I was talking to a full-on lunatic.

"Cool man," was all I could say, as I entered a half-state of shock from what I was looking at.

When I said that, the man got a look of joy over his face like he was happy that I understood.

"I'm gonna get my shotgun, and get that other one. Don't go nowhere. Let me get my shotgun, and we will get 'im together."

He started to head for his truck, and I noticed that in the back there was indeed what could very well have been a shotgun leaning up against the window.

"Aw, hell no," I thought to myself.

I turned to Matt, and said, "Let's get out of here! Go, man!"

Matt hit the gas, and we started to spit up dirt and slide a little. The man saw us coming and raced for his car. He opened the door as we passed him. As we rounded a curve in the road I saw him standing in the road with his shotgun. In the darkness he looked like a black silhouette with no features.

After that we were not fucking around, so we traveled the rest of the way without slowing down. We passed the gates to the insane asylum and then a few more miles down The Road I was looking to the left side when I noticed a building between the trees silhouetted against the night sky. I told Matt to stop, and we backed up to take a look at it.

It was a massive, tall stone building with huge windows and a large pointed roof that was about 200 feet off The Road. The building resembled a church of some kind, but yet no cross was visible. It was very hard to make out any details in the darkness, but it was without a doubt a place of secrecy and evil.

The woods near this "church" were cut away in a 100-foot circle around the building, and there wasn't one light visible. I would never have noticed the place had it not been for a break in the trees. We then continued on until finally the road emptied out into some back roads.

I told my brother, Joe, all about what we had seen as soon as I got home. That night we decided that we would embark on the greatest mission that we would ever go on: to walk the entire road on Devil's Night, Oct 30th at midnight, and to check out the evil-looking church.

My long-time homie, Nate the Mack (holding the shirt), and his homie from the Army.

We began by analyzing all of our friends to see who was worthy of such an adventure, because we didn't want to take just anyone. We decided on the following warriors (that's what we called them) besides me and my brother: Joey Utsler, Steve Linholm, Don Lictal, Jim Symington, and Nate Williams (AKA Nate the Mack). At the time, they were the best warriors we could find. Everyone chose one weapon to bring with them. These ranged from a moose bone to a bow and arrow.

At school The Road was all we talked about to each other, and to anyone who would listen. Some people wanted to join us on our quest, some asked questions, but two kids came up to me and claimed they had actually been there before. I talked to these guys for about two hours one day, and the similarities where too much to be denied. For one, they knew the true name of the road and on top of that they described the cemetery and the evil church in some detail.

They said that the church was actually a monk monastery, and that the monks patrolled The Road because they don't like to be disturbed by outsiders. They went on to say that the monks carry guns and shoot rock

salt at anyone who comes near their sacred monastery and property. Those who patrol The Road all took a vow of silence, and communicate by a series of coded whistles.

According to these two kids, they were down there joyriding when they noticed the monastery. So they parked their truck along side the road and started heading toward it when they heard the whistling, followed by the sound of glass breaking from the direction of their truck. When they got back there was a whole group of monks standing around their truck, some carrying shotguns, and they had just smashed in all the windows. According to the two kids telling me all of this, the monks then shot them with a rock salt blast and beat the shit out of them. This story only served to hype us more about what was ahead.

DEVIL'S Night. October 30th. The city of Detroit was on fire from arsonists everywhere. Derelict buildings blazed as seven ninjas in one car rode away from the smoking ruins, with camouflaged faces and dark clothes. We were on a mission that was far more dangerous than torching a building, because our mission involved life or death.

We had a hard time finding the entrance, but once there, we parked the car on a side trail and camouflaged it with foliage. Everyone took their weapons, stepped out on The Road, and breathed in the adrenaline rush. I realized then how alive I was at that moment.

I live my life now trying to achieve natural rushes like the one I experienced as I stood at the mouth of that road, about to step into the unknown. I took the front, and we discussed a no noise and light policy, so that we could use stealth to our advantage.

We walked out upon the dark road, and heard for the first time all the strange noises coming from the woods to either side. As we approached the cemetery and the houses that were nestled toward the beginning of The Road, we could tell shit was about to go down. We could feel that the night itself was disturbed by a great evil.

The houses were off to the side, and silent except for a CB that was chattering from someone's garage. We thought perhaps that the guy who owned the CB was a lookout for anyone causing mischief in the cemetery. Out of the few houses, we saw one that had a light on, and it was the same one that I saw the man sitting on his bed in.

We crept through the woods, and chose a spot where we could look inside. Sure enough, the man yet again was sitting in the same spot. My skin began to crawl as I noticed he wasn't moving. We sat silently, watching, as the chill wind blew the branches high above us, and the trees creaked as they slowly swayed.

Suddenly, he turned toward the window, never changing the expression on his face, and slowly got off his bed. Looking straight out of the window, right towards us, he began to smile. We sat watching his smile as the CB chatter echoed softly through the night. Our blood went cold as he then closed the curtains on the window.

"Let's go!" I yelled. "We need to hide in the cemetery in case he saw us, so we can see if any cops come!"

We ran through the cemetery gates, and headed deep inside, but still in view of The Road. We hid behind various tombstones and watched.

"He couldn't have seen us; it's impossible," said Steve. "He was in a lit room looking out into darkness, and we were hidden. Let's just get out of here."

"Just chill," I said. "We're going to wait to make sure; now just shut up and wait."

Shortly after, the light from the house went off. We were laying next to graves and I felt very near to death, almost like I was getting a pull from the afterlife. I couldn't get that man's sinister smile out of my mind, and I knew something was very wrong.

There was no going back now. It was far too late for that, because I refused to fail; I knew my brother felt the same way. Behind us was a giant tomb with double doors leading in, and everything was crumbling and old. We waited for about fifteen more minutes. Once we were sure the coast was clear, we quickly left the graveyard and headed down The Road.

The next thing we came to was what looked like an old long infantry barrack building with a curved roof made of steel. There was a barbed wire fence that ran around it, and a house that was across this fenced in field; the last of the four houses on The Road before it turned into dense woods.

We decided to check out the building, because there was a big opening on both ends but it was completely dark inside. I hopped the fence, and made my way toward it, when suddenly I noticed a big dark form begin

to move very close to me. In the darkness its size seemed monstrous, and as my eyes focused, I saw two small horns on top of its huge head.

"Bull!" I yelled, as I leaped back over the fence, nearly knocking over some of my friends.

It was only a cow. My dumb-ass had never even seen a live cow before, and I had no idea they could have little horns on top of their heads, too. After I climbed back over the fence I started to cautiously enter the long, dark structure. Inside, it was packed wall to wall with big fat cows – about a hundred of them. I got an idea, and went back to the group.

"Listen, you guys, before we really begin this adventure, we need to see if you are really down, by passing a test of bravery. We all have to enter that building, and in the dark, walk through those cows, and make it to the other side."

My brother backed me all the way, and really liked my idea. Now I don't know if any of you reading this book live on a farm, milking cows and shit, but to some straight up city ninjas, walking through a building packed with a hundred cows in the dark is a scary-ass fuckin' thing! They're big, they smell, and they make strange guttural breathing noises that lead you to believe that they are mad, and about to attack you.

I entered first, then my brother, then the rest. The ground was muddy (and probably shitty). I actually had to squeeze between beasts who were moving around and battering me like a rag doll. These large animals were getting all worked up over our presence, and it was scary as hell because you couldn't see anything besides the other side's big opened doors.

I finally pushed my way through all the stank breath and big bellies of those cows to the other side. As we went through, all the cows where just as scared of us as we were of them so they all started moving out of the structure and into the fenced-in field, mooing all the time.

"I hope some crazy fuckin' farmer doesn't come out here, and try to shoot one of us," said Joe.

"Let's get out of here," I said, and started running back toward The Road, as everyone followed.

WHAM! I ran smack dab into the barbwire fence and fell on my back. I started to bleed from a spot just above my nose, where I caught it the worst. Nate the Mack tried to climb a haystack, and when he got to the top he disappeared, having fallen through a weak spot. We collected ourselves, and managed to make it back to The Road.

After all that some people wanted to go back, big time, because of my injury, for one, and two, they where starting to get scared. Joe looked at me, and asked if I was okay.

I said, "Hell yeah! I'm not turning back even if I have to walk The Road alone!"

Joe turned to the group and gave a speech, "Now is not the time to be weak with it, 'cause our adventure has just begun. Sure The Road has shown us that it has some bones. What did you think? That we would come out here and see nothing and face no challenges? Is that what any of us really wanted? Of course there is danger. That is what makes it an adventure!

"If you want to be a feeble-ass, then turn back, go home, crawl into your diapers, and think of what it might be like to be a real warrior one day! If you're a warrior, here and now, and you have what it takes, then join me and my brother for what lies ahead!"

We then turned and began walking again. Sure enough, not one person turned back – how could they? Joe has always been a master of motivational speeches.

WE walked for a couple miles, nearing the mid-point of The Road, when we noticed a fence running along the left side. On this fence were No Trespassing signs posted every ten feet or so. The fence was very tall, and on the other side was the strangest thing. Placed periodically throughout the woods, about 50ft from each other, were streetlights, but no streets, just woods.

Unlike the first time I drove down the road, this time they were all on, illuminating the woods in a bath of light that cast crazy shadows across the woodland floor. The tress swayed in the wind that was blowing, and the woods in the fenced-in area went back as far as we could see.

"This must be the insane asylum fence," said Nate.

"Maybe they have it lit up when some of their crazy people escape, so it's easier to find them in the woods," I said.

I thought that must be it. Why else would they have lights in the middle of the woods?

We kept walking down the road, looking at the lights on the other side of the fence, when we noticed a man standing there right underneath one of the lights. It scared the living hell out of me. He was a white guy, about

fifty-years-old, balding on top, and he was picking up leaves from the forest floor with one hand and putting them in his other hand.

He looked very sad, and did not notice us. Man, it was 3:00 AM! We all stopped walking, and watched for awhile.

The wildest one of our crew, Don, went up to the fence and yelled, "Hey!"

The man sadly and slowly looked up, saw us, dropped his leaves to the ground, and began to walk backwards into the woods, looking at us all the way. It was so strange to see that man in the middle of the woods like that, in the wee hours of the morning, picking up leaves. I was gripping my staff (the weapon I brought) so tight, because something about this road was just not right.

We were mad at Don 'cause we wanted to see what the man was doing, and he scared him off. We kept walking past the entrance to the insane asylum and kept going. We went on for another mile in the darkness of the road.

The wind was blowing colder as the night sunk in deep, and the woods seemed to be reaching for us on both sides. Every now and then, you would hear an animal scurrying in the woods, but nothing could prepare us for what we were about to hear. It was a sound that would totally verify the story of those two kids who claimed they had been here before.

We heard whistling!

We stopped moving, hardly breathing as we listened. The sound of short repeating whistles was coming from somewhere close by, followed by another similar response from far away, and then another just as far but from a different part of the woods. The whistles echoed like ghostly sounds from a void of terror all around us. We were surrounded.

"It's just like those kids said! They're actually whistlin'! Get your weapons ready; we may have to fight our way through!" I said, as we all stood back-to-back in the middle of The Road, straining to see anything in the darkened woods all around us.

We were listening, but we could barely hear above our own heartbeats. I was convinced at that time that what was out in those woods was not human. Hearing those whistles had the same impact on me as if I had been tied to some train tracks and was hearing the whistle of an oncoming train.

I held my staff like it would soon save my life. When the whistling stopped we started forward again... slowly. My eyes were searching the

wood line looking for danger. We traveled quite a ways, hearing nothing else, when off to the left we could suddenly see the top of the monk monastery in the darkness.

We went into the woods on a direct line towards it, and as we got closer we could see dim light filtering through the woods, emanating from its structure, and casting an eerie glow in the deep woods. We stopped at the wood line, looking across the field where this huge structure rested.

There were two barbed wire fences that encircled and protected the building, but by far its most effective protection was its horrifying look. It was made of stone, with spikes near the top that jutted out, and also small carvings of what looked like straight up demons. Vines crawled across the walls in wild criss-cross patterns, blanketing it in a living mass of vegetation.

One huge ornate window dominated the wall facing us. Inside, countless burning candles could be seen. This window had a church-like look about it, even though it had no stained glass. The roof seemed to go up forever, which must have been like forty feet, and ended in a series of sharp points, piercing up to the sky in a random pattern, no doubt laid out by a mad architect.

As we looked, we noticed movement in the main window. There, in a dim light cast by hundreds of candles, was a monk holding a candle. He was wearing a full length brown robe, with a hood covering his head. He was facing a white man with black hair, who was plainly dressed, standing with his hands pressed together in front of him, and his head bowed as if he were praying.

It looked like some kind of initiation ceremony, but it was mad weird, because it was about four in the morning. The monk took liquid from a bowl, and poured it over the man's head, then put his arm around him. They walked out of sight, with the "initiate" keeping his head bowed.

My adrenaline was flowing like never before.

I said, "All right, ninjas; this is it. We have to at least touch the building to succeed in the mission. I will go down first to make sure everything is safe. You guys watch my back, and if you see anything, yell to warn me."

I low-crawled all the way down to the building. Sliding on my stomach wasn't hard, because the ground sloped downward toward the monastery. When I got close enough, the walls of the building seemed to loom above me, shooting straight up into the night sky. My heart raced

as I passed by a smaller stone building, wondering if anyone might be inside.

The stories of the monks beating down those kids at school were running through my head, and the feeling of evil was very strong there. I felt like I was standing at the gates of Hell as I touched the building, and ran all the way back up the slope.

As soon as I got back, everyone else went down, all at once. I watched as they ran back and forth around the base of the building, looking into windows and stuff. When they got back they were all excited about what they had seen, and everyone was talking. Steve said he saw a large naked man sitting in a room writing a letter. Don, Nate, and Joe said they saw two naked men walking together down a polished stone hallway.

What the fuck is this place? That was all I could think as we started to walk back through the woods toward The Road. As we reached it everyone was talking at once, while Joe and I were up front looking out for danger. Everyone was all excited, but my brother and I could almost feel the danger.

We were about 500 feet from the monastery when we heard straight-up rifle reports coming from the woods to the left side of us. The bullets where whizzing around us, and there were multiple rifles firing at once.

My blood ran cold as I turned and yelled, "Ruuuun!!! We're being fired on!!!"

Joe and I started to run straight down the road as fast as humanly possible. We heard the popping of the rifles, and the clacking of bullets hitting trees all around us.

Our whole party was spread-out in a line across The Road. I was worried that someone behind us might get hit, and even more so that my brother might be, so I never lost sight of him. We were running for our very lives.

Up ahead in the darkness I noticed a small path that ran across the road. As I ran across it, I instinctively looked to the left to see if I could figure out where the firing was coming from. The sight I saw will be forever locked in my mind until I die.

The left path led about thirty feet down, and opened into a large clearing. There were about seven pickup trucks parked in a circle on the outskirts of this clearing. Standing in the middle of these cars were about 15 monks, in their brown robes, some with their hoods up, and others with

them down. In most of their hands were rifles or shotguns, and as I looked, they were aiming them dead at me and shooting.

I don't know if you have ever been shot at in your life, but believe me when I say it is a terrifying thing, especially when you have nothing to shoot back with. I saw the whole thing in slow motion, and then – BLAM! I heard a shotgun blast. Steve yelled out in pain as he ran past the intersection. He fell to the ground. I turned to help him, but Don and Nate were already picking him up, and we all kept running. He was hit from a shotgun blast of rock salt.

He was in a lot of agony, but we found out later that he was fortunately mostly unharmed. It just left bruises in several places. We all started cursing into the night air.

"I'll kill you, motherfuckers! Bitch-ass fuckers – I'll kill you!"

It was perhaps the first time that Joe or I truly swore, ever. We went down the road about another 1,000 feet, and as we did the sound of gunfire slowed, then stopped. We were so angry and full of adrenaline that we did not stop yelling our threats into darkness.

We were all out of breath when Joey yelled, "Car!"

"Everyone to the right!" I yelled, and everyone jumped to the right of The Road.

We got deep into the woods, and all lay down behind cover. I looked over, and there, standing up as brave as could be was Don, with his dad's bow and arrow. He was breathing hard, but standing like he could give a fuck less.

Don has always amazed me with his bravery. He was just this little 5'6" Hawaiian Ninja, but in school he would stand up to the biggest person, even if he had to jump up to sock him in his jaw. The first of a fleet of pickups rolled by, each with two or three monks and gun racks chillin' in the back windows. They were rolling kinda slowly, but not really like they were looking for us.

"Wait for the last truck," I told Don, as I watched him aiming with the arrow.

As the trucks rolled past, their headlights sent crazy shadows through the woods. The last truck was lagging behind a good ways. Don stepped toward The Road as it approached. We all got up, and pressed forward from our hiding spots, with new courage inspired by Don.

The truck was moving along at a slow but steady pace, rolling right past us, with two monks inside. They didn't notice us standing there at all.

Don released his arrow at almost point blank range into the passenger window – smash! It was one of the freshest things I have ever seen anyone do.

The window shattered, and the arrow embedded itself into the side of the passenger seat, somehow missing both of the monks. I could see the driver's hands up in the air in panic as they rolled past. They didn't make it very far. The car coasted into the left side of the road, plowing right into some heavy bushes. It then kind of made a hard swerve to the right, embedding itself into the right side of The Road, and grinding to a halt on a tall bank on that side.

Now, I want to explain something. We were all filled with a bloodlust at this point. We ran toward that truck, cursing, holding weapons, and threatening to kill those inside, like a mob. I have never felt this way ever in my life again, but I was a complete and total animal: unafraid and flowing with an unnatural adrenaline that was fueling me to kill.

As we ran, both monks jumped out of their doors, dropped their rifles, and started to run like hell. Joe came across first at the driver, and kind of jump-kicked him square in the back as he ran. That was the last I saw of their fight, because I was after the other one, who was already disappearing up the right side bank and into the woods.

I only ran about five feet into the darkened woods when a branch raked my face and poked one of my eyes, causing me to run into some thick bushes. Blinded and hurt, I did not continue. I heard my friends running through the woods, with threats of death ringing out after both of the monks. The snapping of many branches echoed in the night, and I heard people's ghostly far away voices calling for Joe, Joey, Nate, Steve, Don. It was complete and utter madness.

Today, thinking back on it, I am so glad that branch caught my face, because I was by far the fastest runner of us all. When later I joined the Army, I would even go on special trips to run marathons for my base because I was one of their top three runners. I have always loved to run, but at that moment my running ability would have been a curse, because if I would have caught that monk, I would have EASILY killed him without hesitation. I think the others would have done the same, and our lives would be very different now. Thankfully, they both somehow got away.

Joe told me they almost got the one. They chased him for about a quarter mile through the heavy woods, but he got away. He told me the whole time they could hear him moving, but they never got him.

Everyone started to beat on the left behind pickup truck with what we had. Eventually, we managed to free it, and we pushed it down The Road to where Joey found a spot where the side of the road banked sharply down. We pushed that bitch down that embankment.

It pitched as it coasted down and tipped over onto its side, finally nailing a tree hard, and spinning to a stop. The leaves that were left on the tree that it nailed could be seen floating down in the darkness. We all stood looking down at the carnage, holding our weapons in hand; we were warriors who had survived The Road. My childhood dream had come to pass. We walked until we came to a crossroad, and finally called our friends back home to come pick us up.

When we got back to our car, we found that is was surprisingly untouched. All we found was a note that simply read, "If we would have found you, we would have killed you."

DON, Jim, and Steve live only in my memory now, for that was the last time we would ever hang together. Soon thereafter, I joined the Army, and everything changed. Joe, Joey, and Nate, on the other hand, became my partners in this struggle we call life. I have no doubt that if the need arises I can call on them once again to pick up their weapons for another epic quest, and they would do so without hesitation.

All of us changed that night on The Road, and would from then on listen a little more closely to stories of strange happenings in this world. Even today, Joe is still fascinated by the horror of monks, which is why I believe he uses them so much for dramatic effect on stage.

To go to The Road now would be a let-down. The magic is gone. Times have changed, and more houses dominate the entrance. Summer houses and shacks can now be seen along the length of it, and though they look eerie at night, they only pollute the onetime virgin wilderness.

The monastery still stands, but has been renovated a great deal. Those secret strange monks who inhabited it before are gone, and the new monks have an official looking sign out in front of their driveway leading right to the monastery. They don't even wear robes. Also, a church of some kind has been erected nearby.

The cemetery is still there, but everything else is gone. The last time I was there I found the intersection where the monks were firing at us. I went down the path to the right, away from the clearing. There, around

a sharp bend in the road, was a large pit the width of the path, dug straight into the ground, about six feet deep.

I thought for a moment about why that pit was there, and it occurred to me that the old school monks had dug it as a trap for undesirable cars traveling down that path. If a car going over 15mph rounded that bend in the road they would've had no time to react, and would have fallen straight in. That pit was a remnant of an old war that a secret society of monks used to wage against humanity, and all who would try to disturb them. They are probably elsewhere now, at an even more remote location, wandering their hallways as naked and fruity as they want to be, and patrolling their land with rifles and rock salt filled shotguns.

No matter how it changes, The Road for all of us, will always be the nightmare it was on that day before Halloween all those years ago: the greatest adventure of our lives.

End Narration by Rob Bruce

THIS next adventure story isn't as dramatic, but it's more terrifying for me, personally. This happened about two years after "The Road." Now, like I said before, and I have to say again, a day doesn't go by that I don't think about this Beyond shit. Especially... "The Monster."

Only I witnessed it, and only I know that it was real. Other people might believe me, but you really would have to see it to fully believe it. I fuckin' saw it, and I'll never ever forget it. Please don't think I'm crazy by telling you this shit. The chances are, lots of people have probably seen something like this during their lifetime, but only I am stupid enough to run around telling people about it. Anyway, here it goes.

The Monster

THERE was this big hill about three blocks away from my mom's house in Ferndale. Everybody sledded down it in the wintertime. It was next to a wooded park behind an elementary school.

I had just gotten out of jail, and I was living at my mom's house again. I was on a super workout kick, because I wanted to quit gang bangin' and be a wrestler. I was wrestling here and there at the time, so I was constantly trying to stay in shape.

I was in this weird phase where I'd be comfortable in bed, and something in my head would tell me, *"Get out of bed right now, and run to the top of that hill, because you never know when your house is gonna catch on fire, and you're gonna have to come right out of a dead sleep and save your kids!!!"*

It seemed like it was warning me that when you're most comfortable, you have to be the most prepared. Just like when I was a li'l kid, and that guy my mom was seeing decked my ass when I was sleeping naked. I should've been ready for anything.

My brother was in the Army, so I was thinking, he's probably got to go through shit like this every night; why shouldn't I? So listening to that voice, getting out of bed, and running down a few blocks and up that hill was like my own version of basic training. Night after night I would just be about to sleep, thinking how comfortable I was in my bed right then, and – BOOM!

That fuckin' voice would creep in once again, *"Joe, if you're the shit, if you really want to train to be a true warrior, run up that hill."*

I would jump up, run out of the house with my dog Lady, run down the block, turn the corner, run down that block, and all the way up that fucking hill, and yell, "Ultimate Warrior!"

(NOTE TO ALL: Believe me, yelling "Ultimate Warrior" had absolutely nothing to do with the wrestler, Ultimate Warrior; it was just something I felt. Think of that term, ULTIMATE WARRIOR; it just means power! I loved yelling that.)

I'd get to the top of that hill, night after fuckin' night, spread my arms, and scream as loud as I could, "Ultimate Warrior!!!"

The craziest part was it would always be around three thirty in the morning when I did this! Then, I'd turn around, run back home, and go to bed in peace. It was a weird thing. Maybe it was my own current insanity, in its own young age, torturing me.

One night, my first girlfriend, Karen, was over my house watching *The Arsenio Hall Show*. I walked her to her car. It was one of those nights where you look up and see the clouds whipping by super fast. I said goodnight, but for some reason I was worried about something. I watched her car drive all the way down the street and turn onto the main road. That was the first time I ever did that, but the whole fuckin' night seemed eerie, so I felt like I should have. Then I went back upstairs, and got in my warm bed.

I was arguing with myself, like, "Man, you've ran out of this house every night this week. There's no reason for you to do it tonight on this extra cold, scary-ass stale night. You've proven yourself 1,000 times already."

That fuckin' voice in my head, however, was like, *"Joe, if you do it this night, you don't have to do it for a whole week; you'll have schooled it harder than anybody if you do. Just do it tonight and you're the best."*

I called my dog, Lady, and we were out the fucking door. God, I wonder what happened to that part of me? Now I'm just a lazy fuckin' bum. Wow.

It was about 3:30 AM, and here I was running as fast as I could with my dog at my side. I trucked down the block, around the corner, and all the way up that fuckin' hill. Once again, for the 20th night in a row, I raised my arms apart, turned around, and yelled, "Ultimate Warrior!!!" as loud as I possibly could.

This night was on some whole other shit. Right in the middle of "Ultimate W–" a giant gust of freezing cold wind blew me back. My eyes filled with water from the coldness. Something, either the wind or the cold, was holding me back. I filled with chills just like I am now writing this.

I had to conquer it. I raised my arms again, and yelled, "Ultimate Warrior!!!" as loud as possible.

Then to super-school it, I grabbed my fuckin' dog, got behind her, raised her paws up facing the wind, and yelled it again. My dog thought I was loony.

I was scared, though. Something was wrong. That wind had slapped me too hard for it to be natural. I ran down the hill, and

halfway down the block, then stopped to catch my breath, winded as fuck. I finally felt safe.

Besides my dog and I, there was something else there. I could sense it. I turned around, and looked towards the end of the block, through a patch of trees, under a streetlight. At first, I thought it was a giant branch falling, or something, but this shape kept moving. It was just walking through the patch of woods.

Then it stopped, as if it noticed me. We stood there, both motionless, looking right at each other with only a city block between us. It was only a second-long stare-down, but it felt like an hour of pure terror on my end. Booyaa! It took off through the trees, right at me!!!

Now just listen, y'all. I call it a monster because it wasn't a dog or person, or anything like that; it was a fuckin' monster. Its legs were straight, and they got wide at the bottom, where its feet would have been. Like bell-bottom pants. Its arms were long as hell, and they hung all they way down to its knees. It wasn't a fresh-ass, Hollywood-looking monster or anything, but it was a "gonna fuck me up" monster, nonetheless.

It ran out under the light completely, and I could see it was taller than the stop sign next to it. Running with its long arms swinging, with each step it looked like he cleared about ten feet of ground.

Now, "God Bless America!" as Joey would say. I was fuckin' gone. I was outti like a bullet. I turned around, and I guarantee I beat any record set by a man, any record Carl Lewis or Ben Johnson or Robert the Bruce ever set.

I was running so fucking fast I remember my toes were just straight up skipping off the cement; they were barely touching ground. My first thought was to run up on people's doors, and start banging.

Then I thought, "No, I'll be dead; what are they gonna do for me?"

Before I knew it, I had run around the corner to my block, and my dog wasn't anywhere to be found. I didn't care about my life at this point. My dog meant more than anything to me. I was willing to die. I stopped running, and turned around, frantically yelling, "LAAAAAAAAAADDDYYYYYYYY!!!"

A half-second later, she came flying around the corner, like she'd seen it, too. She was running faster and yelping louder than

me. With my dog safe, I wanted to live again. I wasn't willing to die anymore. Fuck that. I was back to running at light speed again.

I got in my house, and lay down behind the couch, underneath the window. I was so fucking scared. I was gonna scream for my mom to wake up but once again, what's my fuckin' mom gonna do? Shoo the monster away with a broom? I just lay there holding my dog under the window, getting ready to die.

I didn't want to move out of fear it was outside and it would see me moving in the house and therefore know where I was. I slowly low-crawled, Army-style, and reached up, knocking the phone off the wall. I called Nate the Mack.

"Get the fuck over here right now."

Five minutes later, Nate pulled up on my grass with the sawed-off shotgun he found in a crack house after a police raid.

I jumped in his car and told him, "Go, go, go, go!"

He didn't know what was going on at all. He thought my phone call was about some gang shit again. He went to his house, and I stayed awake another 40-somethin' hours in a row after that. No lie, y'all.

THE story here isn't about what I actually saw, or what happened to me, because 999 people out of 1,000 are not gonna believe me (I can just hear *Maximum Magazine* now), so let me just try to explain what it was I saw. My brother Rob had two explanations, which both made the most sense.

No. 1: This explanation is the one that I believe explains what happened. I know what I saw, and I know that it was from the Beyond. It was pure magic. Here goes the believer's explanation:

Because Michigan is so famous for being old Indian territory, that hill I kept running up might have been an ancient Indian burial ground of some kind. So by me running up there every night, and screaming the words "Ultimate Warrior," and meaning it from the heart, I might have unknowingly challenged some kind of warrior spirit. By me doing this night after night after night, perhaps it finally had enough, and came to do battle with me. Once it saw me run like a feeble, little bitch-ass, though, it realized I was only a weak-ass human, so it left me alone.

No. 2: This is the more logical explanation, for you haters. I hate this one, because this is the explanation that everybody just chooses to go with, because it's so much more likely and believable:

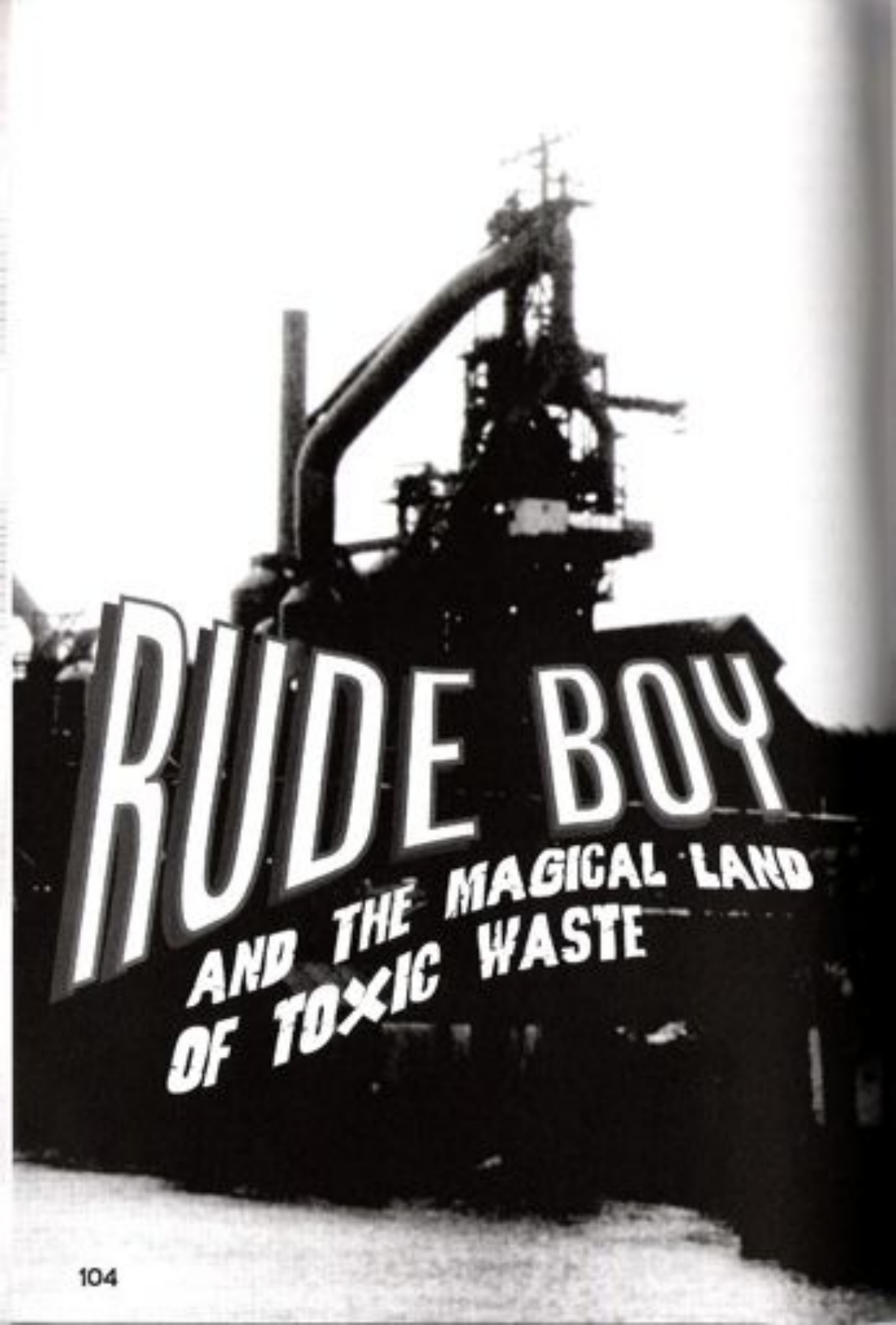
The people who lived near that hill probably got woken up by me yelling that "Ultimate Warrior" shit every fuckin' night. Maybe they got pissed off about it. So, maybe some guys decided to get back at me by making a giant monster costume to scare me with.

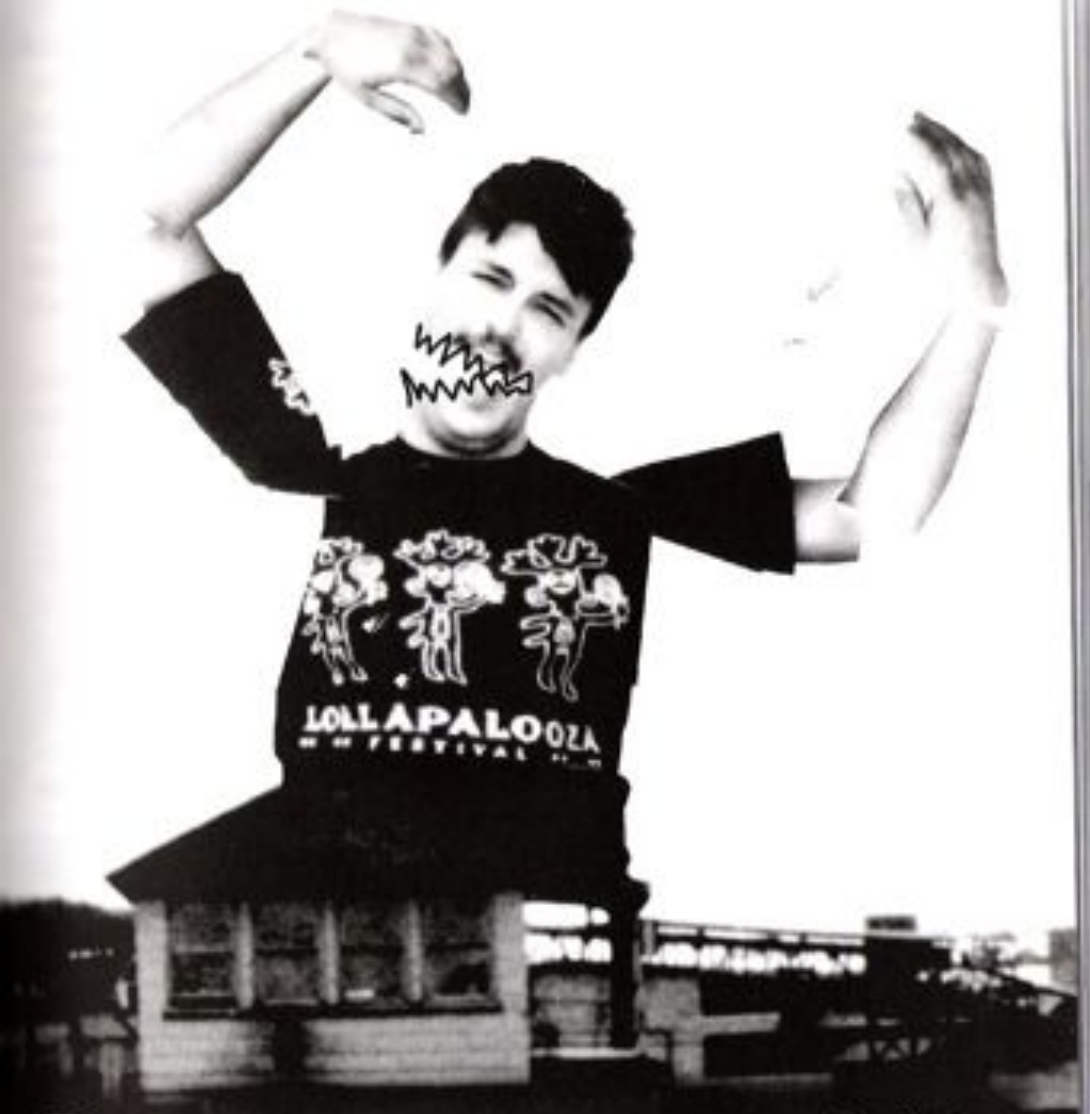
Maybe the people making the costume had great skills, and major monster-making effects in their basement. So I guess maybe then they decided to go ahead and spend $10,000 or $20,000 on the gag, and really do it up.

The monster I saw, somehow stood taller than a stop sign, and ran faster than a car, to chase me down. Yet, most people would just rather say it was a joke that somebody played on me. Hey, if that's the case, then that was a damn good fuckin' joke. DAMN GOOD.

When something like that happens to you, then you realize how much more there is to life than what meets the human eye, and how insignificant everything is. When something from out of this world chases you like that, you realize how much more there is really going on here.

Pretty much every time I'm depressed about something, like a record flopping, or something, I think about that, and I realize how small my problems really are, and what I'm going to have to face when I die. Then the adventure is REALLY on.


RUDE BOY
AND THE MAGICAL LAND
OF TOXIC WASTE



DURING our late teens, Joey and I used to take the bus downtown whenever a wrestling show came around. We'd hang out behind Joe Louis and Cobo Arenas, and get autographs from the wrestlers – and usually ninja our way in the back door. We never paid for a ticket, not once that I can recall. Between the WWF and WCW shows every two weeks, we'd be downtown a lot.

Besides us, there was always this other kid out there getting autographs, too. His name was Rudy, but he always wanted people to address him as Rude Boy. Nobody ever would, though. To us he was always just Rudy, the chubby Mexican autograph kid from downtown.

Joey and I would be wrestling around behind the arena, and Rudy would just jump in, even though we didn't even know him. Pretty soon, he'd be telling stories about the wrestlers he met, and we told him our stories. Before long, our friendship had grown past getting autographs together.

Long before Rudy was our Psychopathic homie-at-arms for life, he was the person who introduced us to Detroit. Rudy's dad even worked at Tiger Stadium, so he had the hook-up for free baseball games.

Sometimes we would get together, dress ourselves up like bums, and take the bus downtown via Woodward Ave. to beg for spare change all day. We just wanted to see what it was like to be a real homeless person. Shit, we'd make about seventeen bucks a day; just enough for a bus ride home, and a pizza that night.

Them days were the shit. You wouldn't believe how scared them people were of us. Some people would even set the money on the ground so they wouldn't have to hand it to us. Sometimes we would get into fake fights with each other over the money they would give us. People would start running and screaming!

That shit was a hella fresh experience. Little did we know back then, however, that ninety-nine percent of the other homeless people downtown are fakes, too! Go figure.

Within no time at all, Rudy was wrestling in the NAW with us. His wrestling name was, yup, you guessed it: Rude Boy. His mom never had a car, so we'd have to talk my mom into driving all the way to his house to get him.

Rude Boy lived in River Rouge, a poor-ass area of Downriver, near where my sister used to live. It was a journey from where we lived. My brother and I tried to walk there once. We left at nine in the morning and didn't get there until midnight. According to the mile reader thing in my mom's car, it was a 30 fuckin' mile walk. It was far as fuck. The next day, we couldn't even move off the couch.

It was on these trips to pick up Rudy that we first experienced Southwest Detroit and Delray. When you're driving down the I-75 freeway, south from Downtown, the road goes right up on a bridge over all of Delray. From up there, Delray looks like Gotham City. Factory smoke always fills the sky with a steady gray cloud; huge pipes shoot out fire all the time. Buildings are black from smoke. Seeing all this for the first time was incredible to us.

At this point, John had a steady girlfriend, so he was kind of a sap. Because of her, he wasn't hardly around that much. Little did

he know, or care for that matter, but his woman was known as a neighborhood slut, back in the Oak Park / Ferndale area. The more he was with her, the more Joey, Nate the Mack, and myself would be hangin' downtown with Rudy.

One night, out behind the arena, we met this wrestler from way back in the day named Al Costello, who was once one of the Fabulous Kangaroo Brothers, back when it was called Big Time Wrestling.

He was working as a security guard at this old empty building downtown. Rudy and I would go visit him to talk, and hear all his old wrestling stories about Bobo Brazil and the original Sheik. All

he did was sit there behind a desk at the front door, so he loved it when we'd come and talk to him. The man was cool as fuck. Even though he was just a security guard to the people in that building, he was an absolute superstar to us. Talking with him was amazing. R.I.P., Al Costello.

Rudy, chillin' at an empty-ass wrestling show.

SOON Rudy and I became such good friends, that by the time I dropped out, he let me come live with his family in River Rouge. Rudy introduced me to a neighborhood that was not like the Township, that was not like Oak Park or Ferndale, or anywhere I had ever been.

Rudy wasn't showing anything off; he didn't even know that he was educating me. He just showed me Southwest Detroit; the only place in the world that ever felt like home. In Southwest Detroit and River Rouge, that whole area, there was never one race that ran the neighborhood or the schools or anything. It was utterly race free. On every block, you had Hispanic kids, white kids, black kids, and Asian kids. Everybody was poor, on welfare, and dropped out of school. It wasn't an issue. It was home the first time I walked the streets.

A guy would be going out with a girl, and be like, "Come on, let me buy you something to eat at the store."

Then he'd pay for it with food stamps, right in front of the hot chick! She didn't mind, because she was on food stamps, too; her

whole family was on food stamps. Every-fucking-body was on food stamps. I was blown away. I didn't have to hide shit about me anymore.

I'd walk around flashing a fat-ass knot of food stamps, like, "Whut, bitch? Who's hungry up in here?!?!"

Rudy showed Joey and I this one park, where at night you can sit on these benches and look at the Detroit River. Then, out of nowhere, the whole sky would light up yellow! It would all of a sudden be like daytime, then it would fade out back to dark again, all within about forty-five seconds.

The park was next to a giant steel factory. When they'd pour these giant tubs of hot, melted, glowing steel in the factory, the whole fuckin' sky would light up for blocks and blocks, bright as day! I thought about how great it would be to live there. You're in your bedroom, and you go to sleep, and your whole room lights up like daylight four or five times a night.

RUDY and his two cousins, Juanito and Andrew, also introduced us to the infamous Clark Park. That was the hot spot. Cars would line up in the summertime and just bump sounds. No one particular gang really ran Clark Park, it was just cars lined up and down, all from different sets. Everybody was trying to holler at the hoodrat hoes walking around.

"So gangs are what's big around here?" I asked.

Rudy laughed, "Man, all it is is gangs here, bro."

As we drove around, I noticed all the gang members were about my age, barely old enough to drive. They would all live in the same house, with no parents or anything. They would spray paint their gang's name right on the fucking front of the house: X Men, Young Guns, or Latin Counts.

You'd drive by, and there'd be like 15 kids hanging out on the porch, drinking 40s. Out of those 15 kids, three would be white, three would be black, three would be Hispanic, three would be Asian, Indian kids, everything. Every one of them was poor, dressed poor, looked poor – just like my ass.

I thought, man, this is the only fucking place I fit in. I could go up and talk to a girl here with nothing to be ashamed of. As much as I felt like I fit in around Southwest, I still felt like Rudy and his family maybe thought I was some richy kid or something, because I was from the Northern suburbs.

Rudy had this little kid around his parent's house who he always said was his li'l brother. Only the li'l kid's name was Rudy, too. Of course, he was really Rudy's son, but Rudy didn't want me to know that. He didn't know how I'd react. That fuckin' sucked. After a little while, though, all that finally wore off. Soon enough, we were like brothers from the same family.

The first time I took Rudy and his cousins to my mom's house, we passed a Laundromat that had a big-ass, fancy neon sign. They were stunned.

"Damn, that's a Laundromat?" Juanito asked. "Look's like a fucking dance club!"

Man, that shit hurt me. Think about it. I spent my whole life being pointed at and being the poorest kid, the scrubbiest kid, the step-on-a-cracked-tile-you-have-to-kiss-the-Bruce-Brother kid, and all of a sudden, I was being looked at as this kid who had all these rich kid benefits. I hated that. I FUCKIN' HATED THAT!

I knew even Rudy's cousins had truly accepted me, when one day that summer, we were at this big street fair. It was at the Holy Redeemer Church, a huge landmark in Southwest Detroit. I was sixteen and I had a car: a '72 brown Volare. It was fucked-up. My mom gave it to me so that I would find a job.

I had other plans for it. I quickly turned it into a wannabe thug ride. I spray-painted 187 on the doors, and I even had thick-ass lug nuts and giant bolts stashed all over the car, in case we had to throw shit at somebody, along with a ton of other weapons, like bats and pipes.

Anyhow, we were walking around this big street fair, eating corn dogs and shit, when a big-ass fight suddenly broke out. Rudy and his cousins jumped in my car, along with a couple of other kids they knew from the 'hood.

We thought everybody was going to come back with guns, so we got the hell out of there. Trouble was, I didn't know the neighborhood that well yet.

"Which way should I go?" I asked.

"You're not from here??!!" one of the kids yelled, still excited from the fight.

"No," I answered, "I'm from Ferndale. Where the fuck should I turn?"

The kid started to fuck with me, "Man, you ain't from Southwest? Man, you ain't shit, then. Bitch, you need to let me drive. You're a fuckin' nerd, man."

BAM! Rudy blew his grill out, right there.

I was like, "Whoa! Huh?"

I stopped the car. Within two seconds, Rudy and his cousins had dragged the kid out of the car and were kickin' the shit out of his face, right there at the corner. Shit, I even threw it in park, jumped out, and punted a few field goals off the kid's chin right quick. From then on, I knew I was family. I was their homie, not just some kid. Once I was a homie, I wanted to be a gangster. The Inner City Posse was born.

WHAT was Inner City Posse? It was really just Rudy, Joey, John, Lacy, Nate the Mack, myself, and all our new Southwest connections, but we were definitely thuggin'. Only half of us were actually from the Inner City! We didn't live in Southwest, but we claimed it as our own.

Me and some old school Inner City Posse gangsta homies. We snapped this one downtown at the Mexican Festival in Hart Plaza.

Nate the Mack with me in the backseat.

The truth was we were all losers so far in our lives, and the whole gang thing kind of gave us an excuse to be losers. At least we were cool losers. Like all them ninjas sitting on their porch with their gang's name on their house. They seemed like they had a job. They were gangstas. They wanted everybody to know it. They had a role to fill in life. They were part of the scene. Inner City Posse was our own attempt to be part of a scene. We wanted to matter for the first time in our lives.

We did horrible things. The shit I did in the Township was like nursery school compared to the straight-up criminal shit we were getting into. There were these hookers who used to hang out in front of this motorcycle club called the Iron Coffins, and we'd call 'em over like we were going to pick them up.

Right when they'd lean over into the window, we'd whip bricks at their faces like, "Bitch, get the hell out of here!"

We would leave them lying bloody in the street. I can't believe we actually did that shit, now. Then we'd go back to Birmingham, our old stomping grounds from our caddying days. Only now we really were stomping.

My mom still worked at that big church in Birmingham as a janitor. On her days off she worked in Birmingham, cleaning people's houses for extra money. I fuckin' hated that. She never gave me her work numbers, because she knew I wanted to kill the people she worked for. I couldn't deal with the idea of MY MOTHER cleaning some other family's house for money. Plus I had this new Southwest Detroit gangsta mentality that was only adding fuel to the fire that had already been with me for years.

I HATED THE RICH. We'd drive around Birmingham and just beat the shit out of rich kids. We'd all duck down and pull up to some kid.

He'd be like, "What are you looking at?"

We'd just hop out and beat him the fuck down. As sad as this sounds, we beat down many, many, people for nothing at all. I was out of control with no desire to regain it.

Bad timing had much to do with my dramatic turn in life. My brother, Rob, was the only reason I ever cared about anything. He always made it all make sense. He always made me want to be a better ninja. He is what made being a Floob so special. He was the reason that being poor was something to be proud of for us.

Everybody in the world dissed and looked down upon the Bruce Brothers, but with Rob as one half, I was happy as hell to be the other. Time crept up, though, and stole my brother from underneath me. Suddenly, he was in the Army, and I think that's what really sent me off the deep end.

As I mentioned before, with my mom having so much trouble raising my sister, Rob and I basically raised each other. Only now Rob was gone. He was always my anchor; without him, I was lost. There was no more Bruce Brothers and no more Floobs to hide behind every time life seemed shitty. It was just me and the streets around me in Oak Park, Ferndale, and Southwest. Just me and the streets.

I was alone and pissed off for the first time in my life. Not about Rob being gone – I was happy for him. Him being gone just opened a lot of bad windows and doors in my life. I wasn't blind to the bad shit anymore. I could see it all, and I had to deal with it all alone.

For the first time, I was pissed about the bad breaks my family always got. I hated that my mom had to work so hard all the time, yet I was mad AT my mom for leaving us with Mary Wool back in the day. I questioned everything now, instead of always just blowing everything off. I started to cuss. Why not cuss? Everybody else does, right? Rob doesn't, but there is no more Rob around to make it cool not to cuss.

I fell off hard, with no net. I was mad at everything. I never got into drugs, but that's just because my friends weren't into them. I was lost enough to try anything. I didn't care enough not to do drugs. I had no choice but to trade my brother, and all of our special Bruce Brother honor, in for a stale life of trying to be a badass. I was trying to catch up for all the years of blowing it all off.

Months after leaving for the Army, my brother sent us this super-ruthless mace. It was like Army-issued tear gas or something. We'd spray people with that, just to see them rolling around, grabbing their faces as we took off.

All we did was beat up rich people, or anybody with a mouth. Sometimes the fights were with other crews who thought they were

hard. We would rush them with all the weapons in my car, and leave them broken and bloody. During this one fight, I remember hitting this guy with a heavy crowbar, hearing the bone snap in his arm, and then beating him into unconsciousness.

Another time, I was driving on the freeway by myself, when a carload full of drunk teenagers pulled up beside me and started flipping me off. I might have pissed them off with my careless driving, but without hesitation I turned the wheel of my car hard and slammed into them, knocking them completely off the highway and down a ditch where their car knocked down a sign and flipped over. I never found out how badly they were hurt, and at the time I could care less.

We were all criminals now. I wasn't much of a thief at all, but Joey and his brother, John, had it down. They'd go to a bookstore, steal a hardcover book, then take it to another store and return it. They'd take CDs, Nintendos, speakers, anything, and then return it all. That would go on right until dinnertime. Then we'd steal food.

BOTTOM line was, we were seeing benefits from being a gang, straight-up. At the same time, these were our most impressionable years, and not much of anything positive was going on. Maybe this has something to do with why I'm such an asshole now. Who really knows?

One very good and very positive thing did happen back then, however that I will never, ever forget. I got my very first shot of some actual neden. Yup. I lost my virginity. While most American boys lose their virginity at around fourteen or fifteen years old, it took a scrub like me until I was seventeen.

We met these girls at a party store in Ferndale. They lived about five miles away in the neighboring suburb of Hazel Park. It was rough hanging out with those hoes over in Hazel Park back then, because we had lots of enemies around there. Anyhoot, we met these bitches, and I started kickin' it with one named Rhonda. All three of them looked like skinny-ass, dropped-out, trailer park hoodrats, which meant they were beauty queens to us.

I liked Rhonda, and she liked me. She always would tell me that my friends were all full of shit, and my forehead wasn't really that big. I really wanted to fuck her, bad. I thought I was going to. I could've sworn it was in the bag, but no, no, and fuckin' no. Every night.

After about two weeks of phone calls and hangin' out with these skanks, I finally gave up. I called Rhonda and told her that I was breaking up with her. I explained that the reason was that she still hadn't let me fuck her, even though it had been two fuckin' weeks. She was upset, but I needed some ass, so I didn't care. I never even had any neden yet, and I was sick of always hearing about how fresh it was from all my boys, and from Joey, who was only fifteen, and already fuckin' mad skanks. So that was it. I was done with Rhonda.

About three days later, Rudy's phone was ringing. It was for me. It was Rhonda, and she was drunk as hell.

"You guys should come overrrr."

She was so drunk; she could barely keep the phone next to her mouth. I got so geeked, I could barely talk. Rudy, Joey, John, and I drove my shit-brown Volare right over there. We barely got in the door when li'l Boone's Farm breath led me into the bedroom and got right on top of me.

I was speechless. This was my first time, and I didn't even have to do anything at all. She was doing it all. She even took down my sweats and pulled my dick out. She topped me off with a quick li'l meat wash, and then hopped right up and pushed my dick into her.

You have to remember, this never happened to me, ever. When we weren't throwing bricks at them or macing them, sometimes we'd have hookers suck our dicks in the car. That was paid for. This chick-wanting-to-fuck-ME thing was brand-new.

She just pushed my dick up in her like I'd wined and dined her, and sung Lionel Richie songs to her all night, and that was it. I was fucking her, and my boys were running through the house stealing everything that wasn't nailed down. Ah, young love. That was it. I can't front. She fucked me better than ninety percent of the skins I've had since then. She was the whip. I wish I knew how to get a hold of her today. I wouldn't mind some more of that Hazel Park Wonder. Wow. That night changed my life forever.

AFTER spending more and more time in Southwest and Downriver, we actually started to forget about wrestling completely. We were just thugging. Inner City Posse was our daily job.

We did the gang thing; if people wanted to join, we'd beat 'em down. Real gangs sold drugs or guns; we were just terrorizing people. We'd spray paint ICP all over Ferndale, Oak Park, and of course, Southwest and Delray. That was about it. Even then, being

somewhat fake gangsters, we still had our share of these little gangster turf wars.

Like I mentioned before, Hazel Park was one of our war zones. There was this crew in Hazel Park called the HPs, which stood for Hazel Parks. We warred with them for years. We'd smash up their cars with rocks, just completely stupid shit, while listening to NWA and the Geto Boys, and taking it way too seriously. We'd drive around bumping this tape by a Detroit rapper called Awesome Dre, because his music was the shit.

Of course, after a while, the gang shit started to catch up with us. Each one of us. All that thugging was messing up our karma, see. John just about quit the gang because of his girlfriend. He was with this Crystal bitch just about 24/7. Rudy got a serious job, and he was gone at work all the time. That made me living with him (on and off at my convenience) a major nuisance to his family.

Pretty soon it seemed like I was the lone ICP member still around – and the HPs knew it. They knew they couldn't find me, but they did know where I used to live: my mom's house. One night at about 11:30, my mom was off at my sister's house when it happened. The HPs came over to my mom's, and smashed all the windows out of her car and the fuckin' house.

That fuckin' really, REALLY, sucked. I didn't have any fuckin' money, and my mom sure as fuck didn't have any loot to fix the shit. We had no choice but to turn to my rich uncle, Larry, to help bail us out once again. I thought of how bad that night must've scared my dog, Lady, who was home alone when it happened. That thought alone made me want to put a bullet in them kids' heads.

My life was closing in. Joey was chillin' with his bitch, and stealing with his homies, Nate and them, every day possible. Just about everybody was gone. My solution to the problem was a shitty one. I had no other choice. I had to skate out of town. I called my brother, Rob, and told him I needed to escape. Within about a week, I was on a Greyhound bus for a three-day ride down south to North Carolina.

Rob set me up with a place to stay. Since he lived in the Army barracks, he hooked me up to live with some old Elvis-lookin' guy who he kind of knew from the Army. A hundred bucks a month in rent, and I got the back room of the guy and his wife's trailer home in a poor-ass city called Bonnie Doone, just outside of Fort Bragg.

My brother fronted the first month's rent for me, but then it was on my ass to come up with it. Bonnie Doone, North Carolina was now my home sweet home. Damn.

My bedroom was like over a hundred degrees at all times. I had two things in my room: a small radio with an Awesome Dre and Tony Toni Tone tape, and a Nintendo with one game. In Detroit, I'd mace hookers and drive away; now all I did was watch from my bedroom window as they got picked up and dropped off. Boonie Doone was every bit the Dirty South, man.

I tried to hang out with my brother when he got off every afternoon, but that wasn't always possible. He would go out on field missions for weeks at a time, so then it was just me, bored off my ass, in that trailer. I remember looking at this Clint Black poster hanging on the wall in my room. it was about the only thing in that room. I asked the Elvis guy, who owned the trailer, if I could take it down.

"No, why don't you go ahead and leave it up," he said.

Wow. That was North Carolina. My brother and I soon found out this guy was a bigot, too. Him and his li'l sixteen-year-old fat wife. He started saying racist things here and there just to test us. In fact, many people in North Carolina were bigots. Racism at this level was straight-up new to me. With my brother around me again, though, things were easy to just blow off and forget about. So I did.

Before too long, I started to adapt to Fort Bragg, and I even started to hustle again. I buzzed my hair and wore my brother's old Army fatigues so I could eat in the mess hall for free. I'd eat, work out, and sometimes sleep in the barracks with my brother and his friends. I just walked around all of Fort Bragg pretending I was a soldier.

I hated it in North Carolina. The whole fuckin' time it was hell. I figured that if I just got a job and made a few friends it would start to be okay. I never did.

As the stale time went by, I was more and more amazed and shocked by how racist the people were. The rednecks in Bonnie Doone would talk shit to me just because of the shoes I was wearing. They hated anything close to black style. They fuckin' were crazy evil. EVIL, Y'ALL. It hurt knowing that all that terrible shit on TV about the South is actually still true in some parts.

I was straight-up in one of those parts. Everywhere you looked, REBLE FLAGS. EVERYWHERE! My brother and two of his homies

explained all the racism to me. My brother's friends in the Army were all black, but they took Rob in right away. Rob even had a black girlfriend, and they were MAJORLY in love with each other. Rob's friends told us horrible stories about the racism they had dealt with since moving to the south. All this hatred and racist evil was crushing my brain. I was in shock that nobody ever said or did anything about it in the Army. After a few months, I started to feel way worse about my surroundings than I did back in Detroit.

Everyday, broke as hell, I would wake up and walk up and down Bragg Blvd. looking for a job. I went into this McDonald's, and while I was applying, I heard this customer yelling through the drive-thru intercom at this female employee.

I thought, "Man, there ain't no chance in hell I could handle that. I'd have told the guy to go fuck himself."

Then the manager of this McDonald's told me that, to get a job, I would need to get a letter of recommendation from the other McDonald's I had worked at. Problem was, I only worked at that other McDonald's in Oak Park for about three days. Then I remembered that I'd told the manager off when I quit that job. I handed the application back to him and just walked out. I couldn't even get a job at McDonald's in fuckin' Boonie Doone, North Carolina.

Maybe Michigan wasn't so bad after all, even with all them gangs after me. I needed out of the racist hellhole I was in. I'm not saying that all of North Carolina is a racist hellhole. In fact, I now know that it's not. Back then, though, where I was at was indeed a redneck hellhole, and I needed outti.

ANYTHING would be better than Boonie Doone, and that 100-degree trailer room. I had no way to get home, though. Worse than that, I really didn't know where I would go once I got home.

My brother gave me his last sixty bucks, and I headed for home. Walking. Well, that wasn't the original plan, but that's pretty much how things ended up. I originally planned to hitchhike home, but much to my surprise, most people just passed my ass up, and I ended up walking for miles and miles.

As I was walking along the side of the freeway, I kept seeing these yellow and white trucks pass me by. Soon I recognized them. They were from a giant trucking company right in Delray, Michigan, on Jefferson Ave., called Yellow Trucking Corporation.

I figured if I could just get on one of those trucks, I'd be okay. I bet them trucks were going all the way back to Delray in Detroit. That would be the shit. Unfortunately, yellow truck after yellow truck just passed me right the fuck by.

Hitchhiking sucked dick. That shit ain't easy unless you're a half-naked chick. For us scrubby lookin' thugs, it ain't easy, man. First of all, you walk in the fuckin' sun, which is over a hundred degrees, all day long, and then at night you walk as long as you can until you finally pass out on the side of the road. That's when you enjoy a horrible night of laying in the dirt and bushes, getting ate up by every insect there is.

Walking along the freeway at night was extra scary for me, because I couldn't get this one horrible vision out of my head. I kept thinking that somebody is going to ride up behind me, doing eighty, and suddenly whip a bottle or something out his window, busting the back of my head open with it. You know, some crazy fuckin' drunk redneck, just taking me out in the middle of nowhere, for no reason at all. That shit happens every day, why not to me, or you? Don't hitchhike, ninjas, unless you're a hot chick with fat tits. Then it should be perfectly safe for you. Yeah, right.

I was out of money by the time I hit Raleigh. This was a big-ass college town. I slept on the steps of the college there.

I remember walking around in the dorms thinking, "If I just had game, I could kick it with one of these bitches. She'd put me up, and let me fuck her after she cooked me dinner."

I had no game. I didn't have shit. Those were the worst days of my life. Homeless in Raleigh, North Carolina. Finally, I called my brother. He came and picked me up, and took me all the way back to Boonie Doone. I was too sick and worn-out to continue on anymore.

By this time, my brother had more money to spare, so he bought me a bus ticket for home. Once again I headed out of Boonie Doone, North Carolina. This time for good. The very next time this city would ever see my face, it would be from a crowd's perspective, and after paying fifteen bucks for a ticket. Whooop! Whoooop!

INTELLIGENCE
60
60

BACK in Detroit, I moved in with my mom in Ferndale. I was seventeen. I promised to get a job, and I did. She was cool with me staying there, for now. She knew that I was at least trying to get my shit together.

I got a job as a telemarketer. It was some bullshit lie where I'd say I was from a veteran or firefighter's organization to try to get people to donate money to this fake cause. At least if I had a job, my mom would let me live at home, so I was cool with it.

The whole setup was illegal. It was run by these two evil businessmen. They rented the top floor of this big-ass office building, which they used as their main base of operation. The whole floor was made up of tiny cubicles full of working kids like me. Kids who were willing to lie and bullshit just to make old people contribute some money. That's all they had working for them was stupid young kids. When I look at that business now, it's incredible to me what they were pulling off.

One day at work, I made a call from my list, and I started talking to this one girl. Sick of giving the same pitch all the time, I just said fuck it.

I told her, "Hey I'm supposed to tell you that I'm a Vietnam veteran and all this other bullshit, but fuck all that. If you don't mind, let's just kick it. You sound about the same age as I am, so what's up?"

The chick was cool as hell. We started kickin' it every day. Next thing I know, I was going out with the chick. Her name was Missy Orlando. She lived way the fuck out in this city called Milford. Her neighborhood was all made up of doctors and richies and shit. So to her, as far as she knew, my friends and I were some straight-up ghetto thugs from the slums of Hell. We loved their perception of us. We played it off to her and her friends to the fullest.

See, out in suburbs like Milford, the Inner City Posse were these feared gangsters. You best believe we'd put on the whole charade when we went out there. Weapons, knives, whatever we had, we brought it out there, straight-up. We lived it up, fo' sheezy.

This girl, Lisa, was a friend of Missy's, through the first (and last) party we ever went to out there. Now, she was in love with this kid named Paul. Paul was fucking her friend in another room of her own house, so she just went batty and started breaking dishes and shit. That's all we needed.

We said, "Hell yeah!"

We started breaking them, too. The girl finally passed out, but we were just getting started. We punched holes in the walls. All the walls. I found a BB gun and shot her Nintendo up. Her brother had an autographed picture of the Three Stooges. We ripped it in

half. God only knows why we did that. I even shot it up with the BB gun. I fuckin' loved the fuckin' Three Stooges, but I was a reckless gangsta.

Then the girl woke back up and started drinking some more! She got super drunk, and started walking around the house butt naked saying, "Please, please fuck me."

None of us would. She was too out of it. We just kept breaking shit. Mirrors, windows, little glass collectibles, everything you could ever imagine. Then we left back to Detroit.

Weeks later, we heard that our destruction had cost the girl her freedom. She wound up going to juvie and then to an insane asylum. We hated rich people, anyway.

Another night, I was supposed to go out there to a high school dance with Missy, the girl I'd met on the phone. She called and told me she wasn't going, and that she was just going to stay home instead. I knew she was lying, so we rolled out to the dance. Sure enough, there she was, all up on some richy kid. They were slow dancing and all in love.

I was on it, though. I walked right out on the dance floor and iced the kid's jaw. I even picked him back up off the floor and checked his chin three or four more times. Then my boys applied the boots to his ass and we left. The cool thing was the whole school watched us do it, and not one kid or teacher tried to stop us. We were just too scary for their richy asses.

I was pissed; plus I had my gangster image to uphold. So I started calling her up and threatening her from my telemarketing job.

She'd answer, and I'd be like, "Fuck you bitch; I'm gonna kill you!!!"

I didn't think much of it; after all, we were these feared gangsters. What did she expect? It all caught up with me one night when Joey, John, and I were out stealing car stereos. See, by now even I was stealing car stereos. It was so easy, even I was down.

Anyway, we spread out around this neighborhood. I saw this lady get out of her car and go into a house. I ran up, and sure enough, she'd left the car unlocked. I hopped in and started pulling her radio out. Not a minute later, she came back out and opened the door. She looked right at me sitting in her car, screamed, and ran back into the house.

I thought, "Shit, it'll take at least five minutes for the cops to get here, so I might as well finish."

God, I was so stupid. Within minutes I saw cop lights down the street. I was wearing a tracksuit at the time, so my smooth tactic was to pretend like I was jogging. I ran by the squad car to see who they'd picked up, and of course, it was Joey and John.

Then the cop looked at me like, "Where the fuck are you going?"

"Jogging, officer," I said.

I even motioned past the car while I ran in place, like I had a cooler full of Gatorade I had to get to or some shit.

"Sure you wouldn't like to ride in the car with rest of your boys?" he asked.

"But I don't know them, offic–"

"Get the fuck over here!" he yelled.

WHEN we got to the station, John and Joey were too young to be held, so they got out with the quickness. I got booked. Turns out I had a warrant out for my arrest for all those threatening phone calls I'd made to Missy in Milford.

I had a lousy $100 bond, but I sat there for a week because nobody had any money. Brother, I learned the hard way, it's a lot easier to be a gangster hard-ass in Milford than in Oakland County Jail.

I got the shit beat out of me in the bullpen right away. I was wearing my Sergio Valente tracksuit, and this big black guy came up to me.

"Gimme your jacket."

"Where are you gonna go with my jacket? I don't think we're getting out of here anytime soon–"

Wrong answer. BAM!! He just beat the shit out of me. My big mouth had gotten me into trouble again, and it wasn't about to stop.

The next week, I went before the judge.

"Did you threaten to kill this young lady?" he asked.

"Damn right – I said I was going to kill her. Fuck that bit– "

BAM!! Right back to jail again.

This time, I sat for two weeks on a lousy $200 bond that nobody came to pay. This time it wasn't a bullpen. I was upstairs in the real jail.

I remember that first night hearing the doors shutting, one by one, on the floor above me. It was the most horrific sound I'd ever heard in my life.

SSHHHHHIINGK! SSHHHHIINGK!

We were fed at four in the morning. I woke up from the commotion of everybody eating and talking, but my plate was already empty.

I turned to my cellmate and said, "Somebody stole my food."

I quickly realized that since we were locked all night in a cell together, I was basically saying, "Motherfucker, you stole my food!"

"Your food's right here," he said, and – BAM!! He hit the shit out of me. That was twice.

After two weeks like that, I got out. I wound up getting probation with the stipulation that I never go back to the city of Milford. So what was the first thing I did when I got out? I went to Milford. I didn't know what probation or a restraining order was. I was only seventeen, and this was really the first time I was caught up with the law. I just didn't get it.

I saw Missy's car in a K-Mart parking lot, and I waited for her and her new boyfriend to come out. The only blue light special I got was the one on top of the cop car that brought me right the fuck back to OCJ.

I got ninety days, and spent Christmas and New Year's Day in jail. It sucked. It was worse than a trailer in North Carolina, worse than sleeping on the highway, worse than growing up as a scrub.

Over those three months, that's when everything for me changed. The only ones who came to visit me in jail were my mom and Joey. Nobody else. No Nate, no John, no Lacy, no fuckin' body. They all had jobs and shit going on. I was still playing gangsta and doing time over it. Believe it or not, I mostly passed the time by writing raps. I hadn't written any in so long I just said fuck it, and started writing them to pass the stale time.

That was the last of the gangbanging for me. I'd been in the thuggery shit for three years. I wasn't lucky like Joey and Nate. I was getting caught, they weren't. I was just a seventeen-year-old kid with nothing better to do but break laws and jaws. After the short stretch in jail, I was like fuck all that. My mom knew I was serious about getting my shit together, so she still let me stay with her at her house.

I was making my rounds, and visiting what homies and people I knew. Rudy knew I didn't have shit going on when I got out, so he called me one day.

"Joe, I got my own wrestling thing going on. I'm passing out flyers, and I'm helping promote for this wrestler dude named Malcolm Monroe. You gotta come down to the wrestling show and wrestle. This guy, Malcolm, wants us! It's gonna be the shit!"

Now, later, when Joey and I started doing rap, it wasn't like Rudy could hand us money to pour into it, 'cause any job Rudy had, he had to take care of his kids. The wrestling thing was our thing, going way back to our days downtown, going to visit Al Costello. So to involve me in his wrestling promotion, that was his way of contributing.

I told Rudy hell yeah I'd do the show. We spent the next month walking up and down West Vernor Avenue in Southwest Detroit, hangin' and passing out flyers for Malcolm's big wrestling show, and working out in Joey's mom's garage to get in shape.

The night of the show, Rudy introduced me to the promoter, Malcolm Monroe.

"Malcolm, hey, this is Joe Bruce. Joe also trained with me down at the Chris Adams Wrestling School in Texas." (That was, by the way, was a straight-up lie.)

"Oh, shit!" I thought.

We knew how to wrestle, though, and we thought the promoter would just put us against each other. We had our little routines and moves down. It seemed perfect. Seemed.

We soon found out, being a local promoter, he was a businessman, and a snaky one. He didn't care where we said we trained, he just wanted to make sure Rudy and I put out the flyers and collected the ticket money. Turned out he didn't even want us to wrestle.

Then three of the scheduled wrestlers didn't show up. BOOM! Malcolm had no choice but to put Rudy and I on the card. My first real match ever! Next thing we knew, we were in the dressing room with the original Bobo Brazil (God rest his soul) and the original Sheik, both of them older than dirt. No lie, y'all. The Sheik looked a little better than Bobo, but both needed not to be there. Both could barely walk, but they were so broke, they had no choice but to come wrestle for the $300 Malcolm was paying them. That and,

of course, the fact that once you get it in you, you just can't stop wanting to get back in that ring. That was especially for them.

Bobo and the Sheik used to sell out Cobo Arena week after week. Together, they had all of the all-time greatest feuds in wrestling history! Neither the Sheik or Bobo, I think, ever wanted to just let that go. Even if it meant coming back to fight each other one last time in front of only 150 people at a Mexican lunch hall.

These guys were the legends Al Costello told us stories about!

When we saw them in the dressing room, I turned to Rudy and said, "Holy shit. There they are, sitting right there!"

Rudy was just as geeked as me, Mexican lunch hall or not. That was the fuckin' Sheik and Bobo about to get it on one last time, and me and fuckin' Rudy were booked on the SAME SHOW!!!!!!!!!!!!

I have been to thousands of local, independent wrestling shows in Michigan, and I had sense enough to know that ninety percent of the rest of the dressing room consisted of nothing but bums. Other than a few good faces, and these two other young guys sitting in there, it was basically garbage.

The two other young guys knew this too, and I think they had focused on me and Rudy, as well. Within minutes, we were all sitting in our corner talking with each other. One kid was named Rob Van Damme. The other was Sabu. This night was also Rob Van Damme's very first match ever. Only he wasn't nervous at all. He couldn't be. I don't think he was allowed to be. The Sheik was watching him. You see the Sheik had trained both Rob Van Damme and Sabu. Sabu was actually the Sheik's nephew. When the Sheik wasn't eyeballing his students, they were both laid-back and cool as fuck. Just the fact that the Sheik had trained Rob and Sabu made Rudy and I hop right on their nuts. They were cool as hell.

I wrestled as Corporal Darryl Daniels that night, to show my support for the troops in Desert Storm. The truth was, I didn't have any wrestling clothes. My brother had sent me some of his Army gear, so I had the boots and the camouflage pants and everything.

Even though I was still a skinny kid with a mullet, who weighed about a buck twenty, I marched in the ring and yelled, "Salute the Corporal, for Desert Storm!"

I sold the hell out of it. Turns out I was wrestling a guy named "Irish" Mickey Doyle. He was one of the only wrestlers besides the Sheik and Bobo who I had any respect for. I had been a fan of his for years, from going to every local wrestling show around

Corporal Darrel Daniels. This was one of the wrestling promo pictures that was my girlfriend, Karen, took of me up in my bedroom.

Michigan. Mickey was cool as hell, and at least he could actually MOVE! He was fast and athletic as hell.

When we squared off, he recognized me right away. "Aren't you that kid who got my autograph a bunch of times?"

"Yeah," I answered.

My mouth was dry from being so fucking nervous. Mickey was cool, though.

"Get something on me, kid – do something," he said.

I wouldn't hit him.

He'd throw me into the ropes and whisper, "Reverse it!"

I wouldn't. I'd just go into the ropes, and he'd clothesline me, you know. I was scared to hit him back.

"Get some heat, kid," he said.

He wanted me to have a comeback and start beating him around, at least to make the match a little less stale and one-sided. I was just too scared. I made up for it by taking good bumps. *Taking a bump*, in wrestling speak, means flying and flopping around dramatically, yet believably, when you're getting your ass beat.

For example, if somebody clotheslines you, you do a flip and make it look like it hurt really bad. I did that great. I took great bumps. I could make any jobber look great.

Trouble was, that's about all I could do. The truth was, having not really attended the Chris Adams Wrestling School, I didn't know how to do any technical shit. So when he said "reverse it," I wouldn't do anything. So he beat the shit out of me, and that was the match. Afterwards, he rushed up to me in the dressing room.

"Good match, kid, but you didn't get nothing in, man."

"I can't... hear," I said. "I got a hearing problem. I couldn't hear you telling me what to do."

Such a stale lie! You know what, though? I'll carry that lie with me for the rest of my life. In the summer of 2000, when we booked Mickey Doyle for JCW (that's our own wrestling league, which you'll hear all about later), Mickey was like, "How's your hearing?"

I had to answer.

"Oh," I said, "it's still really fucked up."

I thought I sucked in the match. Al Snow, who today is a very famous wrestler in the WWF, came up to me afterwards and wanted

This is a photo of my very first professional wrestling match, in Azteca Hall, in Southwest Detroit. Irish Mickey Doyle was my opponent, Rude Boy was my manager, and my homie, Huck, was the ref. To this day I'm still cool with all three ninjas.

to book me for two more shows that he was putting on in Ohio. I was so fuckin' happy. I was proud of myself for the first time in a while. Al Snow also booked Rob Van Damme and Sabu, as well. My mind was switching over once again. From gangsta thug, back to wrestling, just like in middle school. Now I was a wrestler, and that's all that mattered to me: wrestling.

I started hangin' out with Rob Van Damme as much as I could, but it was hard because he lived in Battle Creek, Michigan, and that was far as fuck. I would head out there and train with him in his barn as much as possible.

I started to send out these little promo packages to all the independent wrestling promoters in the country. I told them all I would come to wrestle for free. Nobody booked me, but I was getting a lot of local bookings in Michigan and Ohio. I even did a two ring Battle Royal in Lima, Ohio, and that shit was fun as hell. I wasn't making even a single, tiny, little piece of a penny, though.

The independent wrestling world was nothing like I had expected. I ran into it full steam ahead, and it was a big, fat, giant letdown. God, I remember those days all too clearly. All them years of backyard wrestling. I dreamed about how wonderful it was going to be once I was old enough to do it for real. It was all just a big fuckin' letdown.

First of all, every wrestler was dirt-poor. Nobody had any money at all. They all had day jobs. They were all fuckin' sloppy and out of shape, and most of all, they were all dicks to me.

Yes, I was green, inexperienced, small, and I sucked. Looking back at it now, though, I have to wonder. Who the hell were those guys to fuck with me? This wasn't the WWF or WCW! This was just independent wrestling! All these guys never made it! At least I was just a kid, eighteen, maybe nineteen, but that's it. These fuckin' bums were all pushing forty, and not one of them was successful in wrestling. They all missed the boat. I was on my way up. I was paying my dues. These fuckin' jobbers were all stuck wrestling in high school gyms and VFW Halls for the rest of their lives.

I think now that the only reason they were all dicks to me is because I was the only one in that dressing room who had a chance at the big time! Just like with Rob Van Damme. He was hated backstage, too. Not Sabu, though. Just being the nephew of the Sheik, not to mention his talent, made Sabu respected as fuck. As for

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vs

"Modest" Mickey DOYLE

Mid-West Championship

Sweet Daddy

Malcolm MONROE

vs

"CRUSHER" CLINE

—Tag Team Match—

Mohammad Saad "Machine Gun" Kelly

vs

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I saved this card flyer because this was the very first time my wrestling name (Corp. Daniels) was ever advertised on a wrestling show. Notice Sabu was also on the show, as well as Rob Van Dam, but he only made the "Plus One Other Great Bout" part of the flyer. Al Snow was also there. These were the good old days when none of us ninjas had a name yet.

Me vs. my homie, Irish Mickey Doyle. This was a fresh-ass match. Joey, Mike E. Clark, Rich Muret, and Kid Rock were there in the crowd, watching me bleed my ass off.

all the rest of the dressing room, man, what a bunch of fuckin' assholes.

Even Joey wouldn't come hang out backstage with me. He hated the atmosphere of it all. He would rather watch it from the stands. I hated it backstage, too. All them shitty nobodies dissin' on me all the time. I'm going to be honest with you all. I started to lose interest in wrestling as quick as I gained it. I didn't have the heart to take all the BS like Rob Van Damme did. I would just get too pissed off, while he had the ability to just say fuck it, and always blow it off.

What the fuck? I was lost. Wrestling is what I always told everybody I wanted to do, but now I was questioning myself. Then again, most people question themselves at that age, right?

ON the streets, I was really getting into rap music again. I was trying my hardest to not end up back in jail, but I still loved to rap

about thuggin'. When I was in jail, I had actually written my first rap in about five years. I called it "Somethin' to Say." It was a big rip-off from our local hero, Awesome Dre's, style, but I didn't care. I just wrote it to show my boys.

John had recently gotten a job at a Primo's, a pizza place. He was always telling us about this kid he knew who rapped super fresh. I told John that my rap, "Somethin' to Say," schooled anybody's shit, but I was just bullshittin'. My shit was weak, and I knew it. Besides, I still thought I wanted to be a wrestler my whole life.

One day, I went up to see John at work, and I met the rapper kid face to face. He was cool. His name was Dale, but his rap name was D-Lyrical. Everybody was outside smoking, because business was so dead, and John told Dale to rap for me. Everybody stood around, and Dale rapped his ass off. He was fresh, but his raps were all positive and educational-type shit. I hated that style. I always loved the gangsta shit. You know, that *fuck* this and *bitch* that style.

Then John told me to bust "Somethin' to Say" for everybody. I was scared as hell. I wasn't much of a rapper at all, but so what? I did it anyway. I busted my rap, because I really didn't care what they thought. My rap was full of cussing and violence, and all kinds of gangsta shit.

MUCH to my surprise, everybody standing around loved it! They all told me I was the shit. I'm not talking about just John and Joey, I mean all the ninjas who worked at Primo's who I didn't even know; they all liked my rap! I felt super good after that. I started to take my rapping a little bit more seriously.

When I wasn't on some long-ass drive out to Butt Whiff Indiana to wrestle, or working some bootleg-ass job, I was writing more raps. I really liked rapping. It kept me in the house. It gave me something to do. I really wanted to hear how I sounded, and also to send my brother a tape of me rapping.

So, check out this method I used to record myself. I took two tape players and turned them to face each other. I hit record on one, and play on the other. As the one tape player played the beat, I stuck my head in-between both radios and rapped. The recording tape player caught both the beat coming out of the other radio and my voice rapping. I did a whole album like that. I used rap instrumentals from Geto Boys, Kwame, 3rd Base, Compton's Most

Wanted, The Lifers Group, and anybody else who put an instrumental version on the B-sides of their cassette singles.

Now I had my own album on cassette. It was absolutely horrible sounding. I called it *Enter the Ghetto Zone*. I rapped as Violent J, my street name in the Inner City Posse.

Man, I made as many dubs of that piece of shit album as possible. I sent five copies to my brother, who was still in the Army, only I think he had other things on his mind at that time. Rob was sitting with the other 65,000 troops in Saudi Arabia, ready for war.

When Desert Shield went down, I tried my hardest to get in the Army, but no chance. My crime record was too fat. They wouldn't even let me peel potatoes. To me, my brother was, and still is, everything I always wished I could have been.

So I just continued on wrestling stale independent shows, writing shitty raps, and working shitty jobs.

I am going to list just some of the different jobs that I had from fourteen until twenty years old. I had some of these jobs before jail, some after jail. In fact, I worked stupid jobs on and off all the way until the release of *Beverly Kills 50187*. (We'll get to that later). In this book, I haven't really mentioned the many places I've worked at yet, mostly because not one of these places ever meant anything to me. Just to clear it up, here are SOME of the places I have worked at throughout my life:

McDonald's, Wendy's, Burger King, Meijer, Foodland, a record store, Frank's Nursery & Crafts, Papa John's, a hardware store, Target, Bonny Bread Company, a bowling alley, Joe Louis Arena, an Army surplus store, and a video store.

Some of the jobs I have done include: dishwashing (at three different places), caddying, landscaping, being a security guard, window selling, box folding, being a bus boy, auto parts delivering, pizza delivering (at two different places), being a gas station attendant, pizza cooking, car washing (three different places), movie ushering, being a janitor, paper delivering, vacuum repairing, telemarketing, ushering, bar bouncing, candy selling, hi-lo driving, being a shipping clerk, thieving, and of course, pot slanging.

My interest in rapping was growing, because everyone at least acted like they dug my shitty album. Even John and Joey said they wanted to make one with me. So we did. We rapped basically the same shitty way, and we made another stale album of music you

could barely make out. This album we called *Ghetto Territory*. Man, we fuckin' sucked. We'd run up to Kinko's and make copies of the cassette cover (which was usually a drawing of ICP written on a brick wall or something), and we'd start dubbing away.

Then one day, John came home from work, and dropped a bomb on us. He told us that D-Lyrical kid just got a karaoke machine! John explained how it worked. One tape plays the music and the other cassette deck records; all you have to do is hold the mike and rap! Wow.

Now, seeing how at this point most of us were on some type of probation and all, we definitely were not trying to fuck up. So stealing a karaoke machine was out of the question. Much to my surprise, John and Joey both didn't seem too interested in rapping with D-Lyrical, but I was. Anything to have access to that fresh-ass, $200 karaoke machine.

Boom! I called up stale Dale AKA D-Lyrical. I started frontin' like we were old pals or something. I asked him if he was into the idea of doing a little record together or something. I knew I hated his pussy-ass rap style, and that we wouldn't last more than four or five songs together, but I just wanted to hear myself on a more professional level. At the time, the karaoke machine was as professional as you could get! I started to walk over to DL's house every day I could, and we made some songs together.

We named our mini-album *Intelligence and Violence*, because all my rhymes were super-violent, and his were intelligent, or whatever. That was Violent J; I was killing everybody and everything. D-Lyrical was the intelligent guy, with mad-boring lyrics like, "I got more rhymes than a pocket dictionary."

I hated recording at Dale's house. I didn't even like him that much. Fuck, the truth is, I didn't even really know the kid at all. Every day, when we were done rapping, the second my copy was dubbed, I was outta there!

Every time I'd start doing my verse, his mom would come down and make us stop.

"Does it have to have that much cussing? My son's verses don't have any swearing," she'd say. "Why do yours have that much cussing? We can hear you throughout my whole house."

That bitch. I fuckin' wanted to shoot 'em both, and take the fuckin' karaoke machine home.

When I finally got my own karaoke machine, that was the end of D-Lyrical and his mom; but not the end of those tapes. If you look on the Internet you can still find the stuff I recorded with DL, though God knows why you would want to.

Besides focusing on music, I also had my first girlfriend, Karen. I met her at the video store where she worked. She was an assistant manager, so that meant free videos, and we could raid the snacks. She was the first girl I had a lot of sex with, but it was really generic sex. No doggy-style, no nothing, just straight-up humping. That's all I knew how to do; that's all she knew how to do. Such sweet young lust. We even humped in her video store after hours – twice!

Even cooler than the regular neden I was getting, was that Karen bought me my own karaoke machine. From that point, it was on. I had been sending my brother in Saudi Arabia tapes of me rapping, as well as fresh shit by other Detroit artists. Guys like Awesome Dre and Merciless Amir are long forgotten, but to me, they were the shit.

Karen had some money, and I fuckin' drained her of every dime. I hate myself for it now, and I swear to God I wish I could find her for two reasons: First, to pay her back, and second, to fuck her correctly.

Anyway, with Karen's help and loot, I collected any and every single bit of Detroit rap. I would go from record store to record store all over the inner city and just ask for local shit. I had it all. K-Stone, AWOL, Detroit's Most Wanted, Smiley, Rap Mafia, Papa J Smooth, Kaos & Maestro, and all that fresh shit. Karen was the bomb for helping me back then. I still love her.

Pretty soon, I was trying to sell my own tapes to ninjas on the streets. At the time I never said that rap was what I wanted to do for a living. I still was kidding myself by saying that I was going to wrestle forever. I just found it really cool making tapes. People would make dubs of my tapes and give them to somebody else, and on and on. People were actually digging my shit.

Here's the freshest part: Rudy was selling them all over Southwest Detroit for a dollar apiece. People were actually buying my shit. John and Joey jumped right back in the game once they heard the pure, fresh quality of the karaoke machine Karen had bought me. We were getting ready to make the big record together. We decided to call it... *Bassment Cuts*.

We needed money to buy some instrumentals to rap over; Karen and everybody else were completely tapped out. This karaoke album we were making was our passion, though, so we had no choice but to resort to old school tactics.

John, Joey, and I followed this pizza delivery lady, because she had kicker speakers sticking out of the back of her Jeep. When she got out of the car and went up to the front door to deliver the pizza, I ran right up and started yanking the kickers from the Jeep. They were bolted on, though. As I yanked them back and forth, the lady came back and started screaming. I must have had extra karma since I was stealing for my music, because I got away clean, and sold them to this kid for sixty bucks.

As you may remember me mentioning before, everybody used to make fun of me because I had a big forehead, so I wrote a song, called "Go Forehead"

"Go forehead! Go forehead!"

John made a song, called "Ghetto Style," and Joey made a song, called "Violent Crimes of the ICP."

Before long the record was done, but not every song we made was used. We set up our plan. We would see how many of these we could actually sell on the streets.

At this point, like many young musicians anxious to promote themselves, we discovered that Kinko's had a COLOR copy machine, so that meant color tape covers!!! Pretty soon we had our own little dubbed-tape and color-copy operation going.

Karen would buy the blank tapes, and pay for the covers. Then we'd drive out to Rudy's in her Cavalier, before she had to go to work, and drop off thirty cassettes. Then I'd drop Karen off at the video store, drive all the way back to Southwest, and – BAM! – Rudy would have thirty bucks! It sounds so fuckin' retarded and simple, but it was fresh as hell to us. It's like when people open a restaurant, and they put that first dollar bill they make on the wall. It's just a fucking buck, but when you're just starting out, everything you do is like an event.

I would try to sell the tapes in Ferndale and Oak Park, but nobody really would buy them. Rudy and his cousins were selling them big in Southwest, so we called the label Rude Time Records. I started claiming Southwest as my home turf in all my raps, because that's where everybody was buying them, and that's where

everybody already knew the name ICP. Rudy didn't have a phone at the time, so we put my number down.

We told my mom, "If anybody calls for Rudy, say, 'Can I take a message? He's not in right now.'"

We went into mass production. This meant Rudy was making his own copies at his house, I was making my own at my house, and John and Joey were making their own, too. By now, we even had this kid named Fat Ronnie making his own.

Inner City Posse's name was larger than ever. The only problem was that all the real gangsters in Southwest knew that we really weren't much of a gang. Even so, ICP was making noise, and they got jealous about it.

Pretty soon, Rudy's family's house in River Rouge started catching hell, with gangs driving by and throwing shit. He and his girlfriend and their kid wanted to get outta there before any kind of real bullshit went down. They moved to this old-ass, Polish neighborhood in Detroit called Hamtramck.

They were straight, and it was back to business as usual. However, I started getting the bone again. I was catching even more hell at my mom's house from all that old HP shit coming up again, so I convinced Karen to rent us an apartment in Detroit. I wouldn't show anybody where I lived, because I didn't want any more dumb shit. I just wanted to rap. Oh yeah, and wrestle, I guess.

Everybody was making copies of the tape and selling them everywhere. We were still spray-painting ICP everywhere. So the player-hating started right quick.

Next thing we knew, we were hearing, "ICP is a bunch of fucking pussies from River Rouge," "They're a bunch of pussies from Southwest," "They're a bunch of pussies from Oak Park."

Then we started hearing we were a bunch of pussies from Clawson, from Sterling Heights, Port Huron – everybody started coming up with their own rumors.

Our notoriety, or should I say, fake notoriety, spread. People realized we weren't really a real gang, just rappers talking about being in one.

So everybody who had been in the ICP gang was like, "Fuck this shit; I'm out of the group."

Everybody bailed on us, because if they stuck around, they got beat. Gangs were wanting to see if we were really as tough as we claimed, and the truth was, we weren't.

Mostly, though, it was player-haters saying, "Damn, they're making a lot of noise off of these cheap-ass tapes that basically suck."

MY brother finally wrote me back from Saudi Arabia right before Desert Storm started.

"Everybody's bumping your shit, in Saudi Arabia, dog!" he wrote. "Plus, one of my role-playing homies owns a record store with his brother. Alex Abbiss is his name. Remember Alex? He owns a record store with his brother. He'll sell your tapes. You should take your shit to him over on Gratiot in Roseville."

Our jaws dropped.

"Holy shit. Somehow our shit's really gonna be in a record store!"

Now, of course, we weren't making any money at this point. All we were doing really was driving my girlfriend deeper and deeper into debt, paying for all the color Kinko's copies up the ass.

I promised her, "Once I make it, I'll pay you back; once I make it...."

Until then, I had to try to find another job. Joey and John's mom was a hairdresser out in this suburb called Troy, so she got us jobs at a brand-new Papa John's pizzeria that had just opened out there. Joey quit the second day to go back to thieving (his preferred means of income whenever it was truly necessary). We were mad pissed at him because we needed the money, and because we had to keep right on working there.

One of the things we had to do at Papa John's was take turns putting on this fresh-ass pizza slice costume, so we could stand out in traffic trying to get customers. It was part of the job, and it was to pay for our rap career. No matter how hard I tried, I was still a thug – even as a pizza slice.

Every fucking day, I'd be out there trying to make the best of it, waving to little kids, saying, "Hey, come get some pizza!!!"

All the time, older kids would drive by, and be like, "Fuck off!"

I'd be like, "Fuck you, bitch. I'll fuck your richy-ass up!!!"

I'd turn into this enraged pizza slice, chasing them through traffic.

Of course, I looked lame as hell picking fights as a pizza slice, but I figured if I pushed the crust part of the costume down and popped my head out of the hole, they'd see I wasn't playing. The kids would just laugh at me and take off. Then I'd have to run back, and get back on my big plate, hoping that the owner of the store didn't see me.

I sealed my fate as the thug-minded pizza slice when I took some rhinestones and super glued them to my teeth so it looked like I had diamonds in my grill. Now I was this pizza slice with iced-out teeth running up and down Big Beaver Road picking fights.

The manager, however, wasn't having it. "You gotta take those rhinestones off your teeth, son."

"I ain't taking nothing off my teeth."

BOOM! I got fired from that job right quick. Time to try to sell some tapes to this Alex guy.

WE took about twenty copies of *Bassment Cuts* up to Alex at his store, Hot Hits, which was on the East Side. Alex was a fucking snake, right off the bat. He put the tape in.

"This is you rapping?"

"Yep," I said. "Uh, hey, you know my brother–?"

Silence.

"Yeah, I remember you. You're Rob's little brother."

Silence.

I couldn't tell if he liked or hated it, so I flat-out asked him, "Alex, can you sell these at your store?"

He didn't give a fuck. He kept listening to the tape, looking at us.

Finally he said, "Gimme 'em. I'll sell 'em each for five bucks. I'll take three and give you two."

"Okay," we said, like it wasn't anything.

Really we were like, "Holy shit! We're about to get two dollars a pop!"

We were so fresh. Alex, boy, Alex could sell those things. He would push those motherfucking tapes off to anybody – little-ass kids, anybody.

"This is the dopest shit, ever," he'd say.

Some kid would ask, "You got the new Young MC?"

"Fuck Young MC; this is the shit right here."

People were buying it: his line and the tapes.

A few weeks later I got a call at my mom's.

"Yo, is this ICP?"

I paused for the longest, and said slowly, "No, this is Rude Time Records."

"Well, can I talk to ICP?"

"No, they're, uh, not here," I said.

"Well," he said, "just tell 'em I said they're fresh as hell," and he hung up.

I was like, "WHOAAA!!! Some fucking fan just called!"

That night when I picked Karen up from work, we took a drive to Rudy's so I could do some bragging about that call.

It was around Christmas, and I was working at Frank's Nursery and Crafts, just for the season. To show you how much love we had for each other, on Christmas Eve I went by work and fucking stole a tree, mad ornaments, mad Christmas lights, even a Santa Claus suit and everything. I put it all behind the dumpster out back.

After work, I grabbed it all, and we went over to Rudy's house to set that stolen tree up. I walked in the house dressed as Santa Claus, and we gave Rudy's kids a fucking real Christmas. That shit felt good, y'all.

That's why I say ICP today may seem like two people on stage, but you gotta understand that from the very start, it was many more people. It was Rudy, it was my brother, it was everybody. Even the stolen Santa suit.

ALEX'S store was in Roseville, Michigan. Before we went up there, none of us had ever heard of Roseville. BOOM – we gave Alex twenty tapes.

He called us up about four days later, "I only got one left; I need more."

We had sold nineteen tapes out of Alex's store in four days, because Alex was pawning the bitches off like they were the shit. Nineteen people bought 'em.

So then for the first time in my life, for the first time ever, I sat down with Joey and John, and I laid out my master plan.

"Let's try to do rapping for real. Let's try to make it," I said.

Right away, John wasn't havin' it.

"Do you know how many fucking rappers there are from every city? Not just twenty, man, there's like twenty thousand rappers!"

I thought about it for a minute, and the fact was, he was right.

When I'd hand out our basement tapes, everybody was like, "Oh, my cousin raps, my brother raps, my cousin's brother raps."

There were rappers everywhere. When I'd gotten that call from Alex, though – "I got one more left. Come pick up your money and drop off more tapes" – it changed my life, man.

"Listen, Alex has money," I continued. "Let's ask Alex to be our manager, and let's try to do ICP for real. We all got jobs (except Joey, of course). Let's put all of our money in, and let's do it!"

I pitched a long-ass spiel about how I KNEW we could make it. Joey and John were down.

We called Alex up, and asked, "When do you have a day off? We wanna have a big meeting with you."

He was just like, "All right, whatever."

He had no idea what we were planning. Right before we left to go to Alex's house, we were over at John and Joey's. Joey had a red marker and a napkin.

"What do you want to call our record company? We have to release it on something," he said.

He was right. We at least knew that much. I collected all the local rappers' tapes in Detroit, and besides the rapper's name and album title, there would be his label name, too, which was always pretty stale. Like MC Dope would be on MC Dope Records, and that's lame as fuck. We wanted to sound like we had a real record deal.

We started talking about this crazy-ass paperboy in Joey's neighborhood. This kid had hair like Big Bird, and he was fuckin' nuts, always kicking over garbage cans, and crashing his bike into cars so he could roll across the hoods. So we were gonna call our record label Mad Paperboy Records.

The other idea we came up with was Psychopathic Records. Joey drew two logos on that napkin. One of them was this character with Big Bird hair, a stack of papers in one hand, and a newspaper in the other hand. For the Psychopathic logo, Joey just drew the same character, only without any papers, and carrying a hatchet instead of a newspaper.

We got over to Alex's house, which was actually Alex's mom's house, and went down to the basement. There was no kind of room for us to sit, so I just sort of paced around while I gave him my two-hour-long sales pitch. I was scared as fuck the whole time. To this very day, I cannot recall ever wanting something so bad in my life.

"Alex, we want you to manage us, and we want you to invest some money. We know you got some money, and we swear to God we'll sign whatever you want us to sign. We swear to God the first person we pay back when we come out with this will be you."

He was sort of stunned. I kept right on talking.

"Alex, you sold those fucking tapes on shitty little Maxell cassettes for five bucks. You sold nineteen of 'em. Rudy sold God knows how many – seventy-five, eighty – in Southwest. I sold twenty myself. Fat Ronnie sold fifteen. Dog, we can fucking do this; we can do a real EP at a real studio."

Alex wasn't saying anything. He had both his arms on the table, just listening. Joey and John were sitting at the other table, while I

walked around doing the whole speech. I kept on going, outlining our plan right there in that dinky little basement.

"I think we can do it for real in a real studio, so let's do it!" I said. "Alex, we need $2,000. We're asking you if we can borrow $2,000. We know you run that record store with your brother, and you're the only one we know who can do it. You sold those tapes that fast, and you're already in the music business; you know what people wanna buy. Let's start a record company."

Alex just looked at us like we were a bunch of criminals, which, up to that point, we sort of were. He knew what I was saying, though, was straight from the heart.

"I'll do it," he said. He was down. "You guys don't have to sign anything; I know you're gonna pay me back when we get the money."

So BOOM – that night, we showed him our two ideas and Psychopathic Records it was.

I went back home to Karen. John and Joey went back to their house. That night was the beginning of the rest of our lives. When I decided that this was what I wanted to do, it was the new dawn of everything. It was never an option to fail.

When we were doing the JJ Boys, if you asked me "What do you want to be? Do you want to be a rapper?" I'd have said, "No."

I always said, "No."

During *Intelligence and Violence*, I said, "No."

Even with *Bassment Cuts*, I said, "No, there's too many rappers out there; I want to be a wrestler."

When Alex sold all those tapes at his store for five bucks to complete strangers who weren't friends of mine, and weren't friends of Rudy's, and weren't friends of Rudy's little brother, or Fat Ronnie, just complete strangers, and then when that kid called me, all that stuff together, from that moment on I had something. I had a purpose. I wasn't making fucking basement tapes anymore. I didn't want to be a wrestler. I didn't want to be anything. I had worked like fifty jobs and none of them worked out for me. All of a sudden, I had something to do for a living. I was a fuckin' rapper.

Failure was not an option.

Every fucking day, I come out of my tour bus, and some ninja's asking me questions.

"Did you ever think you'd be this big?"

Yeah, I knew I would.

I.C.P.

We're now gonna take a little break in the story to cover a very important subject, know as thieving or plucking. Who better to learn from than the master of tactics himself: Shaggy 2 Dope?! So written in his own words, in three different sections placed throughout this book, is his own thief tactic handbook that he likes to call...

THE SHAGGY 2 DOPE

VOLUME 1 - NINJAS IN ACTION

GUIDE TO CRIME

Nate the Mack and I could never hold down jobs. It was just too wack working, know what I'm sayin'? First time I ever stole, I got caught. I was at a Crowley's Department Store, and I did the oldest tactic in the book. I brought fucking two pairs of shorts into the dressing room, and I came out with one. For some odd fuckin' reason, I have no idea why to this day, I had an eight-inch knife in the inside pocket of my jacket, with no cover on it or nothing. So when they busted me they found it, and they were all like fearing for their lives and shit. Like I was gonna fucking stab them or something. That wasn't the case. Because I was only 14 or something, my mom had to come pick me up from jail, and that was it. Nowadays, I'd have cut everybody in half.

We wouldn't just steal shit to steal – actually we would – but mainly we'd steal shit to get paid off it. Damn, there's so many fuckin' tactics to stealing.

The Book Tactic

That was the easiest fucking thing, ever. Nobody steals books from fucking B. Dalton and places like that. The whole trick is, if you get too greedy and you try going to malls and stealing in the bookstores, you'll get caught every time. Mall security's too thick. If you go to the stores in the mall parking lots, or the freestanding bookstores, those are the fucking easiest targets in the world.

You can get paid stealing fuckin' books, especially if you don't like to work like I didn't, you know? It's so easy, it's impossible to get fuckin' caught. It's always some old fuckin' lady or some fuckin' high school kid working behind the counter, or some fucking feeble-ass lady who ain't gonna do shit anyway. She ain't gonna chase you. She's just gonna scream her old-ass head off.

The best time to do it is in the winter, because that way you got a big-ass jacket on. You go in there, you find the biggest fattest fuckin' book you can find. Open it up to the inside page, the last page, whatever. It's got the price in it - how much the book costs. So you look for like a $300 ninja book; one of those big ninja fuckin' fat-ass ones. Not like this book, though. Make sure it ain't a book about some stupid band or whatever, because those books ain't worth shit. Find one of them $400 books about ancient quasars, and how to defuse them, or something.

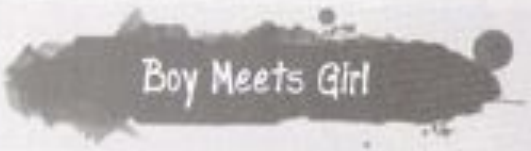
Wear some loose pants, stick the fuckin' fat book down the front of your fuckin' pants, and suck your stomach in as hard as you can, so you can't even tell it's in there. Your shirt and jacket should just go straight down over it. To hold it there, if your belt ain't doing the job, grab a handful of change and just cup your arm over, and hold it on. When you walk out, you just act like you're counting your change.

When you're in the car on the way to the used book store to fuckin' sell it, you just crinkle up a couple of the pages. You know, just throw it on the floor a couple times, because if it looks too new they won't buy it. The truth is they know you just fuckin' stole it.

You know, they're thinking, "What the fuck is a 14-year-old, thug kid doing with the fuckin' *Phreastoric Equations* limited edition, hardcover?"

Even though they pretty much already know you plucked it an hour ago, you still gotta rough it up a little bit. You fuckin' bring a $300 book into a bookstore, you get like $50 for it, which is the shit. Yeah they're

gonna sell it for like $200, but so what. Fifty bones is straight as hell. We used to get super paid off books, but then, you know, everything gets played out after a while.



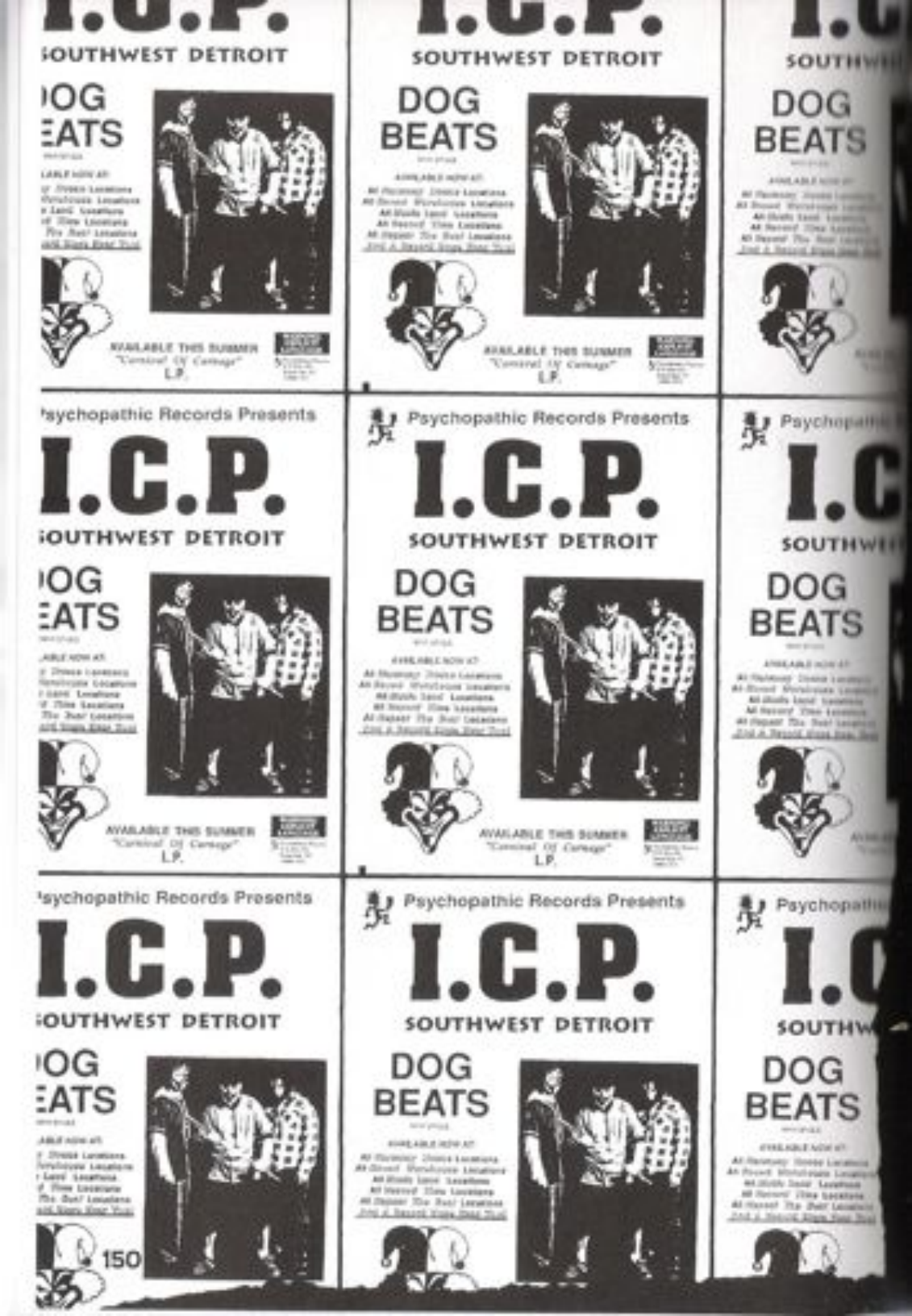
I'm sure this tactic is probably used by many a young thug today, because it's very, very fucking easy and effective. Your homie meets a girl somewhere. He gives her a fake name from the start. Now, when you're younger, of course you're not allowed over to the girl's house unless her mom's gone for the night. So on a good night, or a good skipping school day when her mom and dad are at work, you bring your whole fucking crew over.

When you're in her bedroom fucking her, or whatever, your road dogs just fuckin' loot the joint. Man, you just fuckin' take everything. Put the VCRs outside the fuckin' windows. You gotta keep the TVs and shit there, because she'll notice them gone right away, but the VCRs, take those, mad easy. Go in her parents' room; steal all their jewelry, fuckin' whatever of value.

We'd even steal shit out of their cupboards: cookies and fuckin' chocolate milk and shit, you know, frozen pizzas, anything. We would just strip the whole fucking house. Once you get the chick in her room, you got to rap to her for a while before you start fuckin' right? At least like ten or fifteen minutes, which gives your homies plenty of time to load the car full of shit, you know? Plus, sometimes the bitch would be so drunk by the time she came out of the room, or whatever, she wouldn't even notice, anyway.

This is so fresh. We were at this bitch's house pulling that tactic once, and we ordered a pizza. When the guy got there, we paid for the pizza with a necklace that we stole out of the bitch's mom's room! Pretty fucking fresh, huh?

Come on, that's easy. You just walk in, five people deep, grab some cases, and run out. Make sure it's a suburban store, though. Them inner city stores will bust rounds at your ass.


I.C.P.
SOUTHWEST DETROIT
DOG BEATS
AVAILABLE THIS SUMMER
"Carnival Of Carnage"
L.P.
Psychopathic Records Presents
150

Chapter 8
Paying Dues

WE booked our first real studio time at this place called Miller Midi Productions. Forty-five bucks an hour. That price sounded absolutely, fuckin' insane to me. I remember the first time I heard forty-five bucks an hour, I thought that better come with a pickle buff and a free fuckin' dinner.

We went in there, though. It was me, Joey, Alex, Rudy, and Lacy. The whole fucking army went there just to book the studio. It was so quiet in there, you could hefar a pin drop. Then this guy came out, this long-haired composer dude with John Lennon glasses, looking like he played in a symphony. He was super-skinny, super-frail, and super-quiet.

"How are you guys doin'?" he asked. "I'm Chuck Miller. Looking to record some music?"

He looked like a music guy, he sounded like a music guy. We quickly renamed him Snake Miller. We all just looked around the studio, the first recording studio we ever stepped foot in.

We were just like, "WOW!"

The walls were covered in foam, and keyboards were everywhere.

Alex was like, "Uhhhhh...."

He was just as overwhelmed as us. He had to assume his new management role, though. I started to talk, but Alex stepped in front of me.

"Uh, yeah," he began, trying to use this deep voice, "We're interested in reserving some studio equipment time."

He didn't know what the fuck he was saying, but I loved him for it, because he was trying.

"Okay," Chuck said, "what kind of music do you do?"

"Well, basically," Alex began slowly, "we do a blend of hip hop and rap–" [what's the fuckin' difference?] "–but we're really open to anything."

"So you're looking for 808 drum beats?" Chuck asked.

Alex had no idea what he meant.

"What would the cost of that be?"

Like an 808 beat is going to cost more than a 707, or some shit.

"No, I'm saying that's the kind of stuff you're.... Here, let me play you some examples."

Chuck knew he had some suckers on his hands, so he took us all into the studio room and played us a tape. It was none other than one of Joey and I's favorite local rap songs: Merciless Amir's "A Day Without a Rhyme."

"Merciless Amir recorded here?!" I asked.

We were fucking ecstatic. I don't think Chuck Miller even remembered who the fuck Merciless Amir was. When you're young and green, everything is so much more exciting. In our eyes, Merciless Amir was like a multi-platinum superstar. If he recorded at Miller Midi Productions – woo-hooo, boy!!!

Alex reserved three hours at the fuckin' forty-five bucks an hour, and put the big-ass $135 down. We felt the ground shake when Alex put the money on the counter. Snake Miller was unimpressed.

"How many songs do you think we'll be able to get done with this?" Alex asked.

This was the absolutely most naïve question you could ask. Some bands take weeks just to get a drum to sound right, so Chuck

knew we didn't know a damn thing about recording. At least he answered honestly.

"I don't know. We might just get the music set up."

Alex wasn't really assured by that.

"Look," I told him, "let's just wait until we have a session; then we'll know how much each hour's worth."

As we'd soon learn, they weren't that fucking much. Out in the parking lot, all of us being naïve nerds, we were tripping out because Merciless Amir recorded there.

I was like, "Dog, we're giving him a shout on our song: 'What's up to Merciless Amir!!!'"

Joey said, "Yeah, it's like now we're part of Merciless Amir's crew!"

We were geeked as hell. On our very first day officially recording as ICP, John, Joey, me, and Alex all filed into the cramped control room behind Chuck Miller's Star Trek-sized console. We were thinking it was going to be a free-for-all. We had been coming up with all these ideas for songs the whole week. We were high as hell to be there, when all of a sudden Joey leaned back in the chair – CRREEAKK!!

Chuck Miller spun around in his little chair, and yelled, "HEY! Stop squeaking!"

We were like, whoa! After that, we were just mad silent and mad scared. We sat in there just like it was school detention. Meanwhile, old Snake was finding us drum sounds... one... by... one. No breakbeat records, no instrumental records, just singular drum sounds. (I just want you to know that almost absolutely NO rap albums are ever made by sampling each separate drum sound, one by one.)

Kack, kack, kack, kack....

He tapped the snare drum sounds out on his keyboard.

"Tell me when you like something," he said, and kept kacking.

Kuck, kuck, kuck, kuck....

Like I could tell the fucking difference between a *kack* and a fuckin' *kuck*.

"That one!" I said.

What did I fucking know? I just knew this was costing us a fucking fortune to hear kack, kuck, kack, and get yelled at for squeaking chairs.

"That one?" he asked.

Inner City Posse: gangsta style.

.....Kack

"You sure that's the one? You sure you don't like..."

Kuck

"Nope. We like the first one."

Kack

"OKAY, then. Let's move on now," he said. "Well, then, do you want some claps?"

"Yeah, sure.... Uh, what's a clap?" I asked.

"Well, here, let's find some claps, then. I'll load them up." He turned around in his chair, adjusting his little spectacles. "Now, are you looking for a high-pitched clap or a low-pitched clap?"

Dog, I fucking wanted to fucking rap. I didn't have a fucking clue what he was talking about. Every sound, I mean anything, he'd take another twenty minutes to load up all the samples on his keyboard.

Then he'd turn around with his little spectacles, and say, "Well, let's find some sounds, then...."

Meanwhile, Alex was out cold. Everyone else was just snoring. Our recording session had turned into just me and this guy *finding some sounds*.

Kack, kuck, snap, clap (low pitch, of course)

It wasn't as clear to us then, but looking back on all this now, I clearly realize Chuck "The Snake" Miller was sticking a nine-foot dick with John Lennon spectacles on it right up our ass. When we left that first three-hour session, all I had was a tape with Boom-boom-ssshhh-kack / Boom-boom-ssshhh-kack on it for five minutes.

That was what our $135 got us. Oh, but they were crystal clear sounding kacks and snaps, at least. (ICP fans/Juggalos out there, let this be known: those singular drum sounds we spent hours and hours getting one by one would eventually become the music for the very first song we ever did in a real studio. It became none other than the song "Ghetto Zone.")

RECORDING this way wound up taking every dime Alex had. By the time we finished our four songs, after about eighty hours of Chuck helping us *find some sounds*, we still needed a thousand dollars to press them up on cassette. Despite going so much over budget, Alex loved the record, and somehow, he came up with the extra grand. Alex had heart from that very first day in his basement.

We named for the four-song EP, *Dog Beats*, and we wanted to do a full-color cover. I kept having these crazy dreams of a clown running around through Delray. I remember telling Joey and John about it in their basement. I took this as a sign. For our cover, I wanted a colorful clown swinging on a rope or something, placed in the middle of a dingy-ass ghetto. Rudy showed us this perfect place, downriver in Delray, where there was a rope hanging from a tree with all these factories behind it. We called a friend of ours named Don, because he had a little bit of muscle, and we paid him to look like a crazy clown.

How he got that little bit of muscle, I have no idea, because Don was the poorest person we'd ever known. His dad would make him sweep the parking lot of Little Caesar's, and they'd give him free Crazy Bread. He'd take it home, and the fucking cats would run up his leg. I never saw anything like it in my fucking life. Twenty cats

in that fucking house would run up his legs, and just fight and rip the Crazy Bread out of his hand!

One time, on the way to Don's house, John was eating a ham sandwich. He had a little piece of crust with ham left when we got there, so he just threw it on the sidewalk. Brother, Don and his dog, Thumper, looked at each other like that little ham crust was a gold medal, and bolted for it. Thumper beat Don to it by half a millisecond, so Don started wrestling Thumper, trying to get it out of his mouth. They were both hungry as fuck.

This is our old school homie, Don. He was a clown for our first attempt to shoot the cover of the *Dog Beats* Maxi Single.

Don was cool as fuck, and I still love that kid to this day. I've lost touch with him over the years, but man, that kid was responsible for a lot of good times when we were young. I hope he's doing okay.

We added Don to the group back then as a mascot kind of guy. We figured the group would work like this: John, Joey, and I would rap, and Don would be our Flavor Flav guy. He'd be a clown, and run around and do flips, 'cause Don could do frontward handsprings and cartwheels, and shit like that. He could move. How do you think he got the sandwich crust away from that damn dog?

So we shot the cover of *Dog Beats* with Don hanging off a rope in Delray, and the factories behind him. The idea was to put our logo on it, which was a jester holding the ICP letters like a puppeteer. We also needed to make a flyer to promote the record. We didn't want a cheap flyer like all the other local bands in Detroit; we wanted a professional flyer with real typesetting. Mind you, this was WAY before we had truly discovered the power of Kinko's, beyond just copy machines. So Alex got out the old phone book, and found us a graphic artist guy in Royal Oak.

We brought him this picture of us chillin'. In the shot, I was standing there with a stick. Why? Because we needed a prop. Joey was on one side of me, and he had the Kid Rock high top fade thing from back then, looking like he was ten years old. On my other side was John. He didn't look anything like a rapper at all, more like Dylan from 90210. That was always a problem with us. Joey and I always told him to get fuckin' more radical looking somehow, but I guess he loved his lame girlfriend too much to fuck up his pretty looks.

So we went to the artist guy in Royal Oak with our idea: in big, bold letters, it would read, "ICP," with "Southwest Detroit" right under it. Simple enough.

"So you want 'ICP' to be bigger than 'Southwest Detroit?'"

"Yeah, we want it to say 'ICP,' and then in small letters underneath it, 'Southwest Detroit.'"

"Well, you know there's going to be an enlargement fee, then."

"An enlargement fee?"

"Yeah, I have to charge you fifty cents each time it's bigger than the standard type."

"Oh, okay, whatever."

Then, we told him we wanted the Explicit Lyrics warning box to be a black box with white writing. You guessed it.

He asked, "Are you willing to pay the ten dollar color-reverse fee?"

Every other fucking thing we wanted, he charged these fees. Now, anybody who knows anything about computer graphics, or whatever, knows all that shit is just a click of a fucking button. I can't even believe how bad he fucked us. He and Chuck Miller must have been high-fiving each other from the killing they made off us. Fuckin' devils – we'll see them in heezy for sheezy.

Psychopathic Records Presents

I.C.P.

SOUTHWEST DETROIT

DOG BEATS

MAXI SINGLE

AVAILABLE THIS SUMMER
"Carnival Of Carnage"
L.P.

WARNING: EXPLICIT LANGUAGE

Psychopathic Records
P.O. Box 532
Royal Oak, MI
48068-0532

Our very first flyer, ever. We we're fuckin' snaked half to death by the graphic arts guy who put this together for us.

This flyer was made before we ever knew what Kinko's was.

We just didn't know any better, and frankly, we were so fucking into it, we wouldn't have let that shit stop us any damn way. We even drove Alex's beat-up Cadillac all the way down to Cincinnati to make sure the *Dog Beats* cover was printed perfectly by the cassette manufactures. We weren't done yet. Oh, no.

I know I may be boring you, and you may be thinking, "Jesus, how dumb could these ninjas be?"

We're the motherfucking millionaires now from all this shit, 'cause it paid off. So listen, already. I refuse just to talk about the happy parts of ICP. Instead, I'd rather dump it all on you: the good, the bad, and even the stale struggles we went through.

We had to get the flyers and posters printed up to advertise, and of course we were fuckin' broke. We went back to Kinko's, in fact, every Kinko's in the Detroit area. Only this time we stole copy keys, so we could make as many copies as we wanted. When they caught on to us stealing the copy keys, we stole the machine that you reset the keys on.

When they caught onto that, we started going out with fat, ugly bitches who worked at Kinko's just for the free flyers and other hook-ups. The fattest, ugliest chicks, too. If it was your turn, you had to go and kick it with her so she would give you free posters, because those cost a lot to enlarge. I wound up going out with ugly bitches who worked at Kinko's in cities I never heard of. It was kind of just like Joey's *Boy Meets Girl* theft tactic, only free flyers were the score.

When we had the cassettes done, the flyers printed, and those ugly bitches waved goodbye to us as we dropped their fat asses back off at Kinko's, we had to get *Dog Beats* out to the world. We drove to every single city within a 100 mile radius of Detroit, and went into the Denny's or whatever the fuck local restaurant was there. Then we stole the local phone book, so we could write down a list of every record store nearby that could possibly sell *Dog Beats*.

We weren't just gonna come out with a tape like all the other local rap tapes I had collected. We weren't just going to be available at the same few stores as other local rappers. We were going to be available everywhere. Every-fucking-where, in every fuckin' store possible.

I still wonder what the fuck these other local bands were thinking. Why do they always put their CDs and shit in only one or two stores? Do they really think that's all it's going to take to

make it? What the hell is that about? From day one, we wanted our shit out EVERYWHERE!

We didn't know what a distributor was; we just knew about consignment from our experience with Alex's store, where the store sells your tapes for you and takes a cut. You can then come to collect the loot, and drop off more product.

We knew that eventually our first release was gonna be available everywhere we could possibly get it. Everybody was going to know about it. We flyered all over. You have to understand, this is before street teams or all those other promotion tactics that we use nowadays.

We flyered everywhere. I mean, we covered the city. Hours and hours and hours. We went to all the local clubs like St. Andrew's Hall, the Shelter, Todd's, the Ritz, to bowling alleys, movie theaters, everything. When Rudy got on the bus, he'd even tape 'em to the seats. We were everywhere, hitting the same places over and over again.

TIME OUT:

Let me just say something. Anybody in any kind of up-and-coming band should fuckin' seriously take note at this point. If you ever wondered how we made it, it was simple. We never even considered failing. This is very important to me, because looking back, I noticed that I failed to really stress a very important point. The point is this: On that night in Alex's basement, when we all first agreed to do this whole rap thing for real, I don't know how or why, but failure was NOT an option.

From that night on, our lives changed 180 degrees. It's almost like you're a thug lost in your day-to-day thug life when suddenly you catch the Holy Ghost. Everything changes. Nothing at all is the same. That's what happened to us. From day one, we were completely obsessed with succeeding. Nothing would stop us.

We came bursting through the gates of the local band scene, and strictly through hard, hard, HARD, HARD-ASS work, we surpassed all of them lazy fucks within just days. It was like finally busting a nut after twenty years of jackin' off. I finally had a purpose now. I was sure of this. No doubts at all. I never once doubted us. NOT ONE TIME.

Failure was NEVER an option for any of us. I can't stress that enough. People, just know this: words alone could never explain the magical drive we had in our hearts from the day we left Alex's basement until now. It's pure and powerful magic.

DON, the clown guy, was poor; you heard about that. Way back in the eighth grade he introduced me to the Dail brothers: Billy, Chucky, and Dougie. They were poor as hell, too. The whole family delivered newspapers to make ends meet. They are to this day one of the strongest and most loving families I have ever seen. I didn't know them very much back in the day. I just knew Billy and his brothers liked to wrestle and all that. I always thought they were cool ninjas, but I never thought anything much beyond that.

Today, Billy Bill is a Don at Psychopathic Records. Back then, he was just a cool-ass ninja who we really started hanging with right around the *Dog Beats* era. Billy knew all the neighborhoods really well from the massive paper route he did every night. He knew where mad record stores were at.

Billy, for some unknown reason, suddenly decided to join us in our effort to make it in music. He worked his ass off for us, with no pay at all. Billy was helping us chase our own dream. That's just the kind of ninja Billy is, though.

To understand Billy, you would have to know his father, Willis (God rest his soul). Willis raised a family that somehow consisted of all people who care, and are completely willing to BUST ass just for a friend. That has been Billy's way for as long as I have known him. It's the same way with Billy's two younger brothers, Chucky and Dougie. All three helped plant the seeds of Psychopathic, and I'm talkin' YEARS before any money, girls, tours, shows, or anything fun was anywhere in sight.

One day, Billy and I were out *promoting*. (That's what we called it: *promoting*. I'd say one-third of my life has been spent promoting.) Anyway, Billy and I were driving through Southwest Detroit promoting, by just handing out cassettes for free, and I had Billy pull up to this black kid walking down the street.

"Hey man, do you listen to rap music?" I asked.

He stopped and just stared at me like I was going to mug him or something.

"No," he answered nervously.

"Oh, all right," I said, still determined. "Well, in case you know somebody who does, give 'em this tape."

I threw a tape out on the grass next to him, and we drove away.

POP!!! POP!!! POP!!! KRRRAAASSSHHH!!!

Billy's back window blew out. We ducked down, then looked back. The kid had pulled out a gat and was shooting at us!!!

POP!!! POP!!

He put two bullet holes in the back of Billy's car before we could get away. Two white kids pulling up to a black kid walking down the street in Detroit, asking, "Do you like rap music?" – I guess he figured we were trying to fuck with him.

We didn't care. We weren't even thinking about lame shit like that. We'd take the bump. Brother, flyering in Detroit, there were plenty more bumps to be taken.

One time I was flyering Harpos, which is this heavy metal club in one of the worst neighborhoods in Detroit. A singer from a local rock band had even been killed outside the club during a car jacking a few weeks earlier, but there were still shows there. So while Karen waited, terrified, in her fresh Cavalier, I hit up every car in the parking lot with a "*Dog Beats* available at–" flyer. Then this big security guard came up to me.

"Hey, you can't put flyers in this parking lot, unless they're for a show that's happening here," he said.

"Oh, all right, I'm sorry."

I was cool about it. He wasn't.

"Go back, and take 'em off all the cars," he said.

So I went back and took every flyer off every car. As I was leaving to get back in Karen's car, the guard called me over.

"Let me see what you got there, anyway."

I walked over there.

"I'm in ICP; we're a rap group –"

BOOM! Out of nowhere, he blew my fucking grill out and broke my nose. My nose is still fucked up from the blast. Look in any photo of me; you can see it's crooked. I have no idea why that guy punched me in the fucking face so fucking hard.

All I remember was my eyes watering up as I fell to the ground. Before I lost consciousness, I started feeling the ground around me for a bottle, or anything to stab his ass. When I woke up, Karen was screaming and crying–trying to drag me back into the car.

Remember I told you about that kid in Oak Park who I punched in the chest even though the principal was close by? It's that element of surprise. Getting knocked out, out of nowhere by this guy, made me believe in that element of ruthless surprise even more. I would have never guessed that was coming. Even today, I think it was just another lesson the Beyond was trying to teach me: be ready for sporadic insanity from other people at all times.

AS I stated before, we wanted *Dog Beats* to be available EVERYWHERE. People wouldn't expect a local rap group to have their shit sold, like, in the bootleg tape counter of gas stations. We'd just give the gas stations our tape and let them keep the money, just so it would be available there. We'd drive up and down Gratiot Avenue on the East Side and Telegraph Road on the West Side handing out tapes. They didn't have to like it, they just had to know who we were. Just remember the name ICP.

We even went to the most ruthless, run-down ghetto stores in Detroit, places where it's half a chicken store and half a record store. All they'd sell was bootleg tapes in one of those spindle things that turned. We would put our shit in there. We never even expected to be paid, which was good, because you can best believe not one of those ghetto stores ever paid us for our shit. So if they're reading this, I want my twenty bucks, and let me get an order of them barbecue wings with that.

You may be thinking we went a little overboard. Let me tell you, from the start from *Dog Beats* on, we were better than any local band out there. Of course, it was Detroit, and there wasn't much coming out at the time. Even though, we were trying harder, putting our shit in more stores than any band. We'd give our shit away by the megaton truckloads, just to get it out. After we sold our first thousand tapes, we took the money we made and ordered another thousand. We didn't keep one penny to ourselves. Every fucking dime went back into it. It was fucking unreal.

Now I know that there have to be some up-and-coming rappers or band members out there reading this and thinking, "Yeah, all that promoting sounds familiar, we do the same thing."

Well, no you don't. You wish you did the same thing. Fuck you. Each one of us, from Billy to John to Joey to Alex to me promoted twenty-six times harder than your whole band has ever worked,

combined. Believe that. I could fill up 250 books, just like this one with nothing but tales and stories about the endless promoting we did during those early years of ICP. Holidays, birthdays, sleepless weeks and months. On and on and on for years. So take your li'l stickers and flyers and suck my dick.

I was proud as fuck to promote. I was a fan of Inner City Posse. I even sent a bunch of *Dog Beats* cassettes to my wrestling homies Rob Van Damme and Sabu. Sabu was off wrestling in Japan with his uncle, and doing other serious wrestling shit, so we never really kept in touch at all.

Rob Van Damme and I were down still. He was wrestling down south with a promotion, called the USWA, I think. He was steady climbing the wrestling ladder, and I had suddenly switched tracks. I thought he might start to look at me as another one of them bums in the dressing room with no heart for anything. Nope, he LOVED IT! He was one of the main people who were actually down with the music, and not just because he was my boy, trying to be cool!

He would tell me, "Joe, man, you have a shot at something big! Fuck wrestling – it just might not be right for you! This rapping shit, man – this fuckin' tape is good as hell!"

I already knew that, though. I knew wrestling wasn't for me, rapping was. If I was ever going to sell a million copies, I would probably have to promote it to 10 million people, so LET'S GET STARTED!!!!

ALEX had gotten a call at the record store from this kid up in Big Rapids, Michigan, who was putting on a show at a college there.

"Yeah, we wanna book ICP for this concert. It's like we're having this jam in one of the college dorms, and you know, just come on down, bring your tape. We'll just pop your tape in, and you rap right over it, you know?"

We were in fucking disbelief. We were so fucking happy. A concert in Big Rapids! Nobody had ever heard of Big Rapids. It didn't matter.

We were like, "YES!"

There was another local rapper on the bill, called Triplex, whose tapes I collected, so we were geeked. As luck, or more to the point, Michigan weather, would have it, the day of the show there was a

blizzard. Bro, a fucking glacier on the highway wouldn't have stopped us. We got in Alex's old Caddy and started driving.

The heat was broken, and our feet were frozen together like one big block of ice. It was snowing so hard, we couldn't see the road. This was just as well, because a tire fell off a truck, and smashed Alex's windshield. Boom-BOOM-KKSSCCHH! We refused to stop.

"Fuck that; we got a concert to do," I said.

The window was cracked open, and it was blowing snow and whistling cold air in on our faces, but we didn't stop. Finally the road got so bad that the car kept spinning out of control. We stopped at a rest area until the snow let up a little.

I asked this truck driver, "How close are we to Big Rapids?"

He went over to the You Are Here map.

"Detroit is here; you are here," [about four inches apart] "and Big Rapids is here." Another foot to go. Wow.

We stood there looking at Alex's cracked windshield, or at least what we could see of it through the snow. Alex, John, Joey, Rudy, Billy, Don, and I staring into the blizzard. We got back into that Caddy and decided to keep going.

"Right now, people are piling into this concert!" I said as we fishtailed back onto the highway.

I could see it: this huge college dorm arena with thousands of kids screaming, "I-C-P! I-C-P!"

We couldn't let them down! Of course we had to keep going! Finally it stopped snowing. We were alone on the road. Everybody else, I guess, had the good sense to stay home. It was so cold the penguins had passed out.

We had no idea how long it took us to get there, but we made it. Somehow, we found the fucking college. We flagged down a kid.

"Where's the concert at?"

"What are you talking about?" he asked.

Alex looked at our directions, "Hall C. Hall C – that's where it's supposed to be."

"Where's Hall C at?" I asked.

He led us to a door. We got out of that Caddy. All seven of us, bounded up to that door, and charged in.

"Hello Big Rapids!!"

To our surprise, we found ourselves in a room with no stage, no concert lights, no anything. Just about thirty people listening to the radio, and standing around, talking.

"Where's Triplex?" I asked.

"Oh, he never showed," some kid said. "Uh, you guys are the only ones who showed."

"Well, do you have any microphones?"

"No."

"Is there a dressing room or something?"

"No."

It didn't matter. We used the bathroom. Don put on all the face paint, the wig, and had the shiny cane and everything. We put on our hoods. Alex went out to the non-stage to announce us.

"All right, listen everybody," he said, turning the radio off. "All you guys stand right here, and pretend there's a line right here. This is where they're gonna perform."

He looked like a damn mime outlining our imaginary stage. Then he hit play on the cassette deck, and the intro to *Dog Beats* started rolling.

"They got Uzis. They got shotguns. They got explosives. They got everything."

We burst out of the bathroom in our hoods. Don started doing his flips and handstands, and we started rapping.

All we saw were thirty pairs of blank eyes looking at us like, "What the hell is going on?"

Nobody even nodded. We did "Ghetto Zone," we did "Wizard of the Hood," and then we... just stopped.

"We're Inner City Posse, y'all! Peace!!"

Cricket-cricket, cricket-cricket. Nobody applauded, nobody said anything. It was dead. Cricket-cricket, cricket-cricket. Then somebody turned the radio back on and that was it.

Don was in the bathroom wiping his makeup off, and we were just in there depressed out of our minds. Don broke the silence.

"Dog, I felt so stupid doing cartwheels and shit, and you guys are just rapping... I ain't doing this anymore, man."

We couldn't blame him. All of a sudden, the kid who booked us came into the bathroom and introduced himself.

"You guys are ICP??!!"

"Yeah."

"Man, the show was like three hours ago!"

"You said it was Hall C," Alex said.

"No, no, we were in Auditorium C. You guys fucked up."

"Well," I said, trying to save face, "we just did a couple songs out there."

He looked at us, then took a step into the hall. It was fully lit up. Thirty kids were listening to the radio. There were no bands, not even a DJ. It was like a study hall. Whatever the hell that is.

"You did songs out there?" he asked. The kid started laughing. "Oh, man, the show was at ten o'clock in the auditorium; it was off the hook!! Now it's like two in the morning, man. You guys played out there.... What did you guys do in there?"

"We just played our tape, you know, uh, and we just rapped... along... with... it."

By now, the kid was doubled over laughing, just busting on us. "That's the fuckin' cafeteria, man! Them people are just chillin'; them ain't concert goers, those are just students!" he explained.

I wanted to kill him. We drove through that blizzard, we survived bouncing tires and whiteouts, even the You Are Here map. I was pissed. Alex knew it.

"Look, we came all this way–"

The kid just stopped him.

"I ain't even gonna front, bro. I forgot you guys were coming. So here's forty bucks for gas money."

In the middle of the night, we climbed back in Alex's Cadillac, and drove all the way back through the fucking snow. Nobody said anything. We got home at about eleven the next morning. That was our first concert. I hate college.

Yo, let me just say this once again. That may have been it for Don, but as for the rest of us, that wasn't even close to slowing us down. Karma was still at an all-time high.

ON the home front we weren't having much luck, either. There was this radio show on Saturday nights on 96.3 FM. The hosts were Reggie Hotmix and Ron P. They had this contest called *Who's the Wildest, Livest Kid in Detroit*? Whoever won their stupid late-night radio contest got to come down to the station. So I was calling that motherfucker, religiously, trying to get through. Finally, they answered.

"Woooo! What's up, ninjas! My name is J, and I'm so live you can see me hangin' outta your speakers right now!"

Reggie asked me, "How far are you from the station?"

I told him, "Look out the window. You see down Grand Boulevard? You see that white house on the left? See me waving in the window? That's me – I'm right there!"

I was just saying whatever to sound funny, but they were having it.

"All right, come on down; you're definitely the livest kid."

So I snatched my *Dog Beats* tape, and raced down to the station (in Karen's Cavalier) at three in the morning.

Of course, I was such a hound dog, the first thing out of my mouth was, "Please play my tape. Please play my tape."

"Oh, you're a rapper, too, huh? Well let's get you on the air and talk about how you're the livest kid in Detroit, first, okay bro?"

As soon as we were live on the air, the first thing out of my mouth was, "Get ready, y'all, Ron P. and Reggie Hotmix are gonna premiere ICP's song 'Dog Beats.'"

That's all I could say. They just stared at me, pissed off. At the commercial break, they promptly had me kicked out of the station. After that, we'd call Reggie and Ron all night long about playing our tape. Finally, after months, they played "Dog Beats" at three in the morning, right when the show was going off the air, probably just to get us to stop bugging them.

I remember it so clearly. We were all sitting in the dark up in Joey's bedroom, waiting and listening for hours. Every song that came on and wasn't ours, hurt more and more. Finally, they played two minutes of "Dog Beats." Man, we thought we had a platinum hit at that point.

I remember I was mad about one thing, though. The volume of "Dog Beats" was so much lower than the other songs they were playing. What could we do? *Dog Beats* was only on cassette.

WE moved on to a more professional angle. Alex went to WJLB, which was, and still is, the one of the biggest rap and R&B station in the country, if not the biggest. Alex made an appointment with the programming director at the time, Captain Chris McClellan. He met Alex in the lobby, very cordially.

"Come on in my office. Sure, come on." He closed the door. "What can I do for you, Alex?"

Alex started his pitch. "I got these guys. They're from Detroit, they're local, they're the shit, and this is their single, man. This is *Dog Beats*."

He gave it to him on a thick vinyl record that we had pressed up especially for him.

"All right, let's listen to it together," the radio guy said. He picked up on the P-Funk sample right away. "Oh, George Clinton, cool, cool.... Wow, oh wow... this ain't bad. Hey, do you, uh, have a photo of these guys or anything?"

Alex pulled out the *Dog Beats* flyer with me and the stick, and Joey with the high top fade, and handed it to him. His face froze. "Oh, they're white kids? Oh. Okay. Well, we'll call you, we'll call you."

That was it – BOOM – door behind him. We just had to read just our radio goals, we thought. Maybe instead of getting our music to people who could put it on the radio, we should get it to people who were on the radio.

ONE night, we heard Reggie and Ron hyping their show.

"Yeah, we got Esham coming down to the studio."

Now Esham was like a superstar to us. He rapped about Satanic shit and had, like, two full albums out. He was just the most evil, pure Detroit rapper there was, and he was selling thousands and thousands of albums all on his own. He got paid at it. To us Esham was larger than life, untouchable; almost even more than the stars on MTV and radio.

The weirdest thing about Esham, though, was that even though I collected all the Detroit rap I could ever find, by the time I had even heard of and finally discovered Esham, he already had two full length albums and three EPs out. I had somehow missed him all that time, and never even knew he existed.

So Joey and I raced down to the station to try to meet Esham and his crew. We ran up to Esham and his manager in the lobby, and just hopped right on their dicks.

"You guys built an empire, man. You guys are everywhere!" I said.

"Empire...." Esham's manager, James (who was also his brother), said, "Yeah, I like that word."

"We're comin' up, man, look out for us," I said.

"Yeah, do your thang, man. Good luck, homie," Esham said. "You got a tape or something?"

I gave them *Dog Beats*.

"Well, we need to get up to the station," James said.

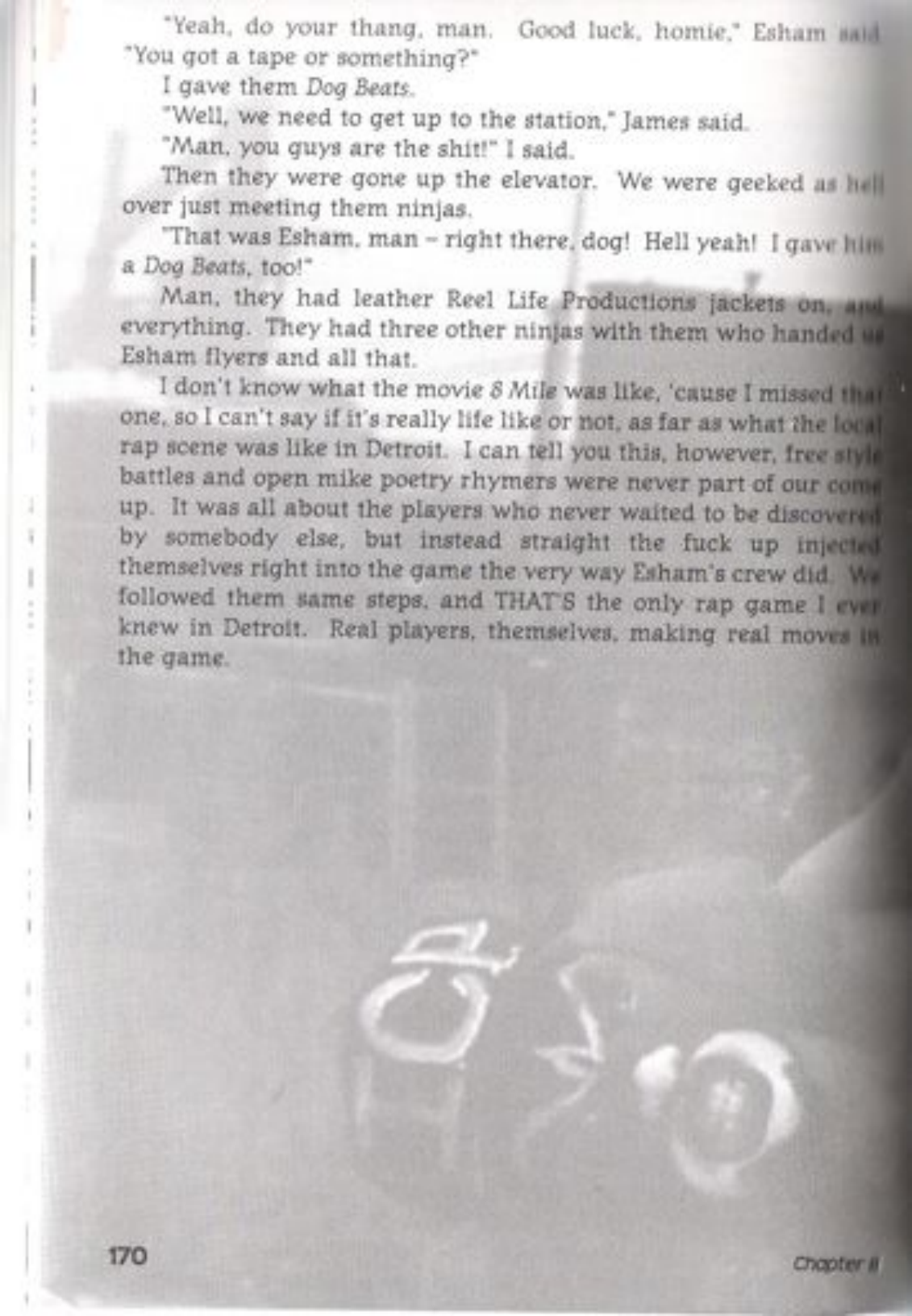
"Man, you guys are the shit!" I said.

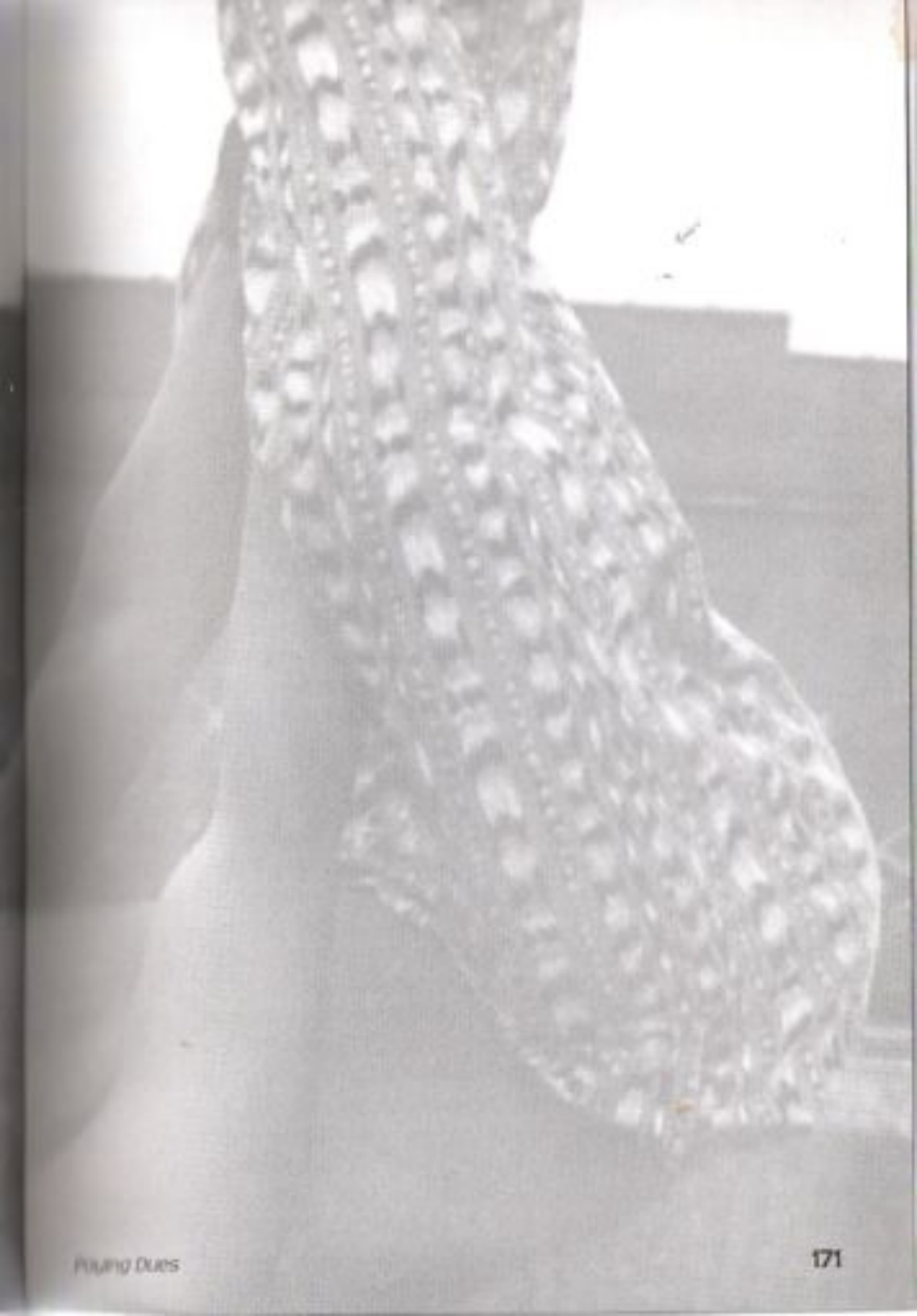
Then they were gone up the elevator. We were geeked as hell over just meeting them ninjas.

"That was Esham, man – right there, dog! Hell yeah! I gave him a *Dog Beats*, too!"

Man, they had leather Reel Life Productions jackets on, and everything. They had three other ninjas with them who handed us Esham flyers and all that.

I don't know what the movie *8 Mile* was like, 'cause I missed that one, so I can't say if it's really life like or not, as far as what the local rap scene was like in Detroit. I can tell you this, however, free style battles and open mike poetry rhymers were never part of our come up. It was all about the players who never waited to be discovered by somebody else, but instead straight the fuck up injected themselves right into the game the very way Esham's crew did. We followed them same steps, and THAT'S the only rap game I ever knew in Detroit. Real players, themselves, making real moves in the game.





CHAPTER 9
THE CARNIVAL

WHEN *Dog Beats* came out, sometimes we'd hide up in this storage room at Alex's store, Hot Hits Records, and listen to Alex try to pawn our tapes to people. There was a nail hole in the wall, so we'd take turns watching Alex in action.

Kids would come in and ask, "You got the new EPMD?"

"Fuck EPMD, man," Alex would snap back. "You gotta check out this ICP."

"IC-who?"

"ICP's *Dog Beats*. It's so fresh, man."

"Naah, I wanna get that new EPMD."

"I'm telling you...."

Alex just wouldn't let them go until they bought *Dog Beats*. The truth was, *Dog Beats* wasn't selling everywhere like we had hoped. We'd given away more than we sold, all together. We needed another plan.

We called our twenty-fifth meeting in Alex's mom's basement, that same earwig-infested basement in the ghetto-ass part of Oak Park, right near where we used to live.

Up until that night, all the meetings in Alex's basement were only about shit like, "Where are you gonna promote?" and "You got Karen's car 'til when?" and "All right, Alex has his own car, so you guys go way out to Toledo, and promote out there. I gotta be back to pick Karen up from work at 9 o'clock, *blah, blah, blah....*"

This meeting was different. This was a BIG meeting of the minds. We started out talking about the Detroit music scene. At this point, we had never even tried to focus on the whole country. All we were focused on was the local scene, because that's where we were, and also because that's all we could handle at that point.

There were only two major local rappers making any noise in Detroit at this time. One was Kid Rock, who had his first album out, called *Grits Sandwiches for Breakfast*. I had it in my collection, but I never really liked it, because it wasn't a local release that he'd put out himself, like all the other local rap tapes I had.

Kid Rock's album, *Shit Sandwiches*, was a major national release. Plus, I wasn't much of a fan, because I'd always thought he rapped kinda weak. I never liked that faggy sounding, bouncy whining rap style, that so many white rappers like the Beasties or Fred Durst often use. It sounds to me like it should be called The Weakling Cry Baby Style.

Kid Rock's record was getting old, and he was starting to lose his local fame. Basically, he was starting to fall off, so to speak. 1990 was more or less his big year, locally, I think. He was definitely a local star, though, and he was on top of the world by far, compared to us.

Then there was the other Detroit big name rapper, Esham. Esham the Unholy. He was the wicked-ass, satanic sounding rapper who had everybody talking about him and his lyrics. EVERYBODY. The stores, the fans, other rappers, everybody talked about Esham, himself, more than they did his music, because the shit he said in his raps was so inconceivable.

Esham was doing something pretty much brand fuckin' new in rap. He called his style Acid Rap. He was spitting what I call horror rap. Hardly anybody in Michigan had ever heard anything like that before, when Esham first came out, except us.

We respected, and jocked the fuck out of Esham, but we knew where he got his acid rap idea from. Esham heard the whole horror/insanity in rap idea from a couple of relatively unknown Geto Boys songs. They were the source for his horror/wicked shit

inspiration. Sure, the Geto Boys dabbled and played with the horror element, but Esham MADE IT HIS OWN. He named it acid rap AKA the wicked shit. He gave it a life and a style. He dropped it solidly, in pretty much his every song.

Geto Boys were the first to do horror rap, as far as I know. Even so, Esham never stole nothing. I'm sure it was a tough lyric here and a cuss word there in certain old school rap songs that gave NWA and ICE T their ideas for gangsta rap. It's how music fuckin' works.

He was the greatest shit ever, to me. People, including me, were scared of Esham's tapes. I was scared to even touch them, and I'll tell you why. There were three things about Esham back then that seemed to bring the whole idea of him being *crazy for real* to life. Three things even the Geto Boys never had. Three things seemed to set him off for real. I believe the following are the three secret ingredients to what made Esham's crazy raps seem so believable to people.

Esham on the cover of the "Homey Don't Play" CD.

No. 1: HE WAS ALONE

He was a lone MC, and not with a posse or a crew of some type. He never gave shout outs, or any special thanks, on his tapes or in his music. Back then, every other local rapper knew some other local rapper, and gave each other shouts on their tapes. Rappers even used to put out tapes, together. One side featured this MC, and the other side featured that MC, just to save money on pressing tapes.

Not Esham. He had albums out, full color, with nobody on them bitches, even in the credits. He never really had any other voices at all in his music, either. It was always just him, alone, on everything. Plus, he made all his music, and engineered all his music, alone, by himself, at his own studio. People didn't even know where he recorded.

The simple fact that he seemed so by himself in the game made it that much more believable that maybe he really was a satanic killer rapper. Satanic killers don't have pals, do they? Well I guess they could, but not the scary ones, at least.

No. 2: HIS INDEPENDENCE

Everybody knew who Esham was, and we all had his shit, yet he wasn't on a major record label. In fact, he put all his shit out by himself. It was him and his brother, and whoever else they had in their mysterious Reel Life Productions workshop, located someplace in the city. This also made it all seem more believable, because what kind of major record label would ever want to do a business deal with an insane satanic rapper? None, right? Exactly. Thus explaining why Esham did everything himself. He pressed up CDs, put them in the stores – all of that. Just seeing his devilish looking, self-owned record company logo made it all that much more believable to people, especially me.

No. 3: THAT OTHER

Esham must have known that in order to shock people in rap you couldn't just be another gangsta anymore. That's already been

done a 1,000 times already. You can't fuck a hottie's neden from upside down on an album anymore, either, because that, too, has been done a million times. Even that UNHOLINESS has been fucked with in rock-and-roll many times. Never in rap, however. NEVER, EVER IN RAP. He went for the gusto. He added that untouchable, unfuckwithable element that nobody ever wants to even talk about. Not even the badest of the bad guys wanna be down with what Esham was talking about: the Devil. Not in reverse, not coded, not anything, but flat fuckin' out in plain English. He even called himself The Unholy. Not all Horror, though, is about that shit.

To the best of my knowledge, back in 1987, the original Geto Boys were the first ever to kick the wicked shit with a song called "Assassins." They were the ABSOLUTE first ever to do horror rap with rhymes like these:

"My father was a priest, cold-blooded he's dead / Hypocrite, I caught him bastin' so I shot him in the head / Poured on the holy water 'Bless the dead' is what I said / Then I heard the demon screamin' as his body bled"

After that, The Geto Boys patented horror rap again with their second album, *Grip It – On That Other Level*. With horror-core songs like "Mind of a Lunatic," "Trigga Happy Nigga," and many more way back in 1990. Nonetheless, Esham took that style and really stretched it out into a whole new Detroit thing. We were fuckin' hip to that, and down with it. We looked up to him like a giant.

WE talked in Alex's mom's basement.

"Look at LA, for example. First came NWA, and then came Compton's Most Wanted, Above The Law, W.C. & the Maad Circle, and then everything else in gangsta rap, right? All these rappers are doing gangsta rap in LA. Gangsta rap is known worldwide as LA's style of rap! Well, what is Detroit's rap known for? The Unholy Esham. Then you got redneck-ass Kid Rock. This is some crazy-ass cartoon SHIT!

"Maybe the reason nobody's buying *Dog Beats* is because we're just doing some of that same old gangsta rap, like everybody else. Man, we ain't from fuckin' LA. Why don't we just get brave, and add to this crazy Detroit sound?

"Like Esham, let's do what we're about: the wicked shit. Let's make Detroit the home of the true horror shit. Only, fuck that

shit, we ain't gotta rap about no Devil shit. We'll discover our own shit!"

More moons had gone by....

"Let's add our own sick humor, too. Let's create something brand-new! Look at Detroit's music scene! It's crazy – you got a redneck kid from Twenty-Eight Mile Road and a devilish 666 rapper. This is fuckin' music for the mad! Let's tap into our creative side! Let's dig deep, and find what pisses us off! Let's keep it real, y'all!

"According to most people, we ain't the shit! We're scrubs! We are and always have been broke as fuck, and we know it! We ain't tough gangstas. We've been getting fucked off! Our whole lives we have been the scrubs, so we might as well rep that some way!

"Let's rap about the shit that makes us wanna become serial killers, just to let it all out! You know, let's dig deep inside and pull out the stupid shit that makes us who we are, and let's rap about it. Let's put our biggest fears and angers on tape!"

Everybody can relate to their own dark side, no matter where you're from. Everybody was down. Then we all agreed the gangsta-ass name, Inner City Posse, didn't really fit where we were headed. All the real members of the ICP gang upped and quit after *Dog Beats* made a few little waves, anyway.

Joey and I both agreed to keep the ICP part. We felt we needed to still rep the letters I-C-P to let everybody out there always know that Inner City Posse's last two members never left and died out. We still are ICP, BITCH.

"How about Ice Cold Pimps, Inner City Players, Inner City Psychos, Insane Crazy Psychos?"

We went through anything you can think of. Then I remembered the dream I kept having about the clown running around in Delray. I would still have those dreams every now and then, and this clown was becoming almost something real to me. In some dreams, he would be trying to talk to me, but I would only see his mouth moving with no sound coming out. Sometimes I would chase after the clown, but he was always too quick to catch. Then the name for ICP kind of popped into my head. As I was having these thoughts, an excitement began to build inside me.

"I have it! Listen," I said, "I got that Detroit shit! Everybody liked our clown guy, right? Plus, our shit is going to have tons of our own twisted humor mixed in, right? CLOWNS! We're scrubby-ass killer clowns!"

Then it hit me all at once – BOOM!

"Let's all paint our faces like clowns, and be the Insane Clown Posse: clowns who murder and kill people who deserve to be murdered or killed!

WHOOOOSH!

Boom! *Insane Clown Posse came about just like that. We have not exaggerated about anything, and we have fed you absolutely no lies. I wish the story was more interesting up until here, but that's it. That is the truth. That is exactly who I am...*
That is where I came from...
That is how I was raised...
That is how we got started in music...
That is how we came up with our name...
and that is how we came up with our style of rap.
Just like that, y'all. Plain and simple, until now.

THE NIGHT OF THE CARNIVAL'S ARRIVAL

THAT night, after our meeting, I went back to my apartment, excited as fuck about the whole thing. Karen was already asleep. I was just laying there listening to The Electrifying Mojo, with the volume down low, trying to fall asleep. Instead, however, I was thinking of all the possibilities of our new name and image. Suddenly, I felt a creepy sensation come over me. It even made me jump up and look out the window at first.

It's hard to explain, but it felt as if there was someone else there with me. It was as if there might've been a cop car outside, coming to pick me up to take me to jail, or a posse of my enemies might've been out there, circling my house. I felt like trouble was riding up on me, but it wasn't. I didn't have any reason to feel like I couldn't relax, but I couldn't at all.

I listened as Karen breathed in and out. I stared intently through the open bedroom door, out into the dark hallway that led

to my living room. I almost expected to see something, because the strange feeling seemed to be coming from there.

Suddenly, a dark shadow walked into view. I was so scared, I could hardly move or breathe, and I knew what it was right away. It was the clown from my dreams. Even though I couldn't make out any of its features, its outline, down to its jester hat, was exactly the same. Its form was as if it were made from some kind of jet black substance. I wanted to scream and jump out of my apartment window. If I could only have moved, I probably would have done just that.

I can still remember exactly how I felt back then, as if it were happening to me now as I write this. I am not sure what happened next, but I think I must have passed out. That moment is still lost to me. The next thing I realized, in my mind I was at a carnival of some kind, but not really, because I couldn't hear or feel anything.

This carnival was massive, and everything was way larger than life. There were roller coaster tracks that went so high they disappeared into the clouds. There was a house of mirrors that must have been twenty stories tall. This carnival was completely surrounding me on all sides, and it was twisted and strange as fuck. Standing not ten feet away was the clown who I had seen many times in my dreams, but this time he looked all too real as he sat staring back at me.

He had white and black clown makeup on in a strange pattern. He wore a blue and pink jester's hat, and clown suit with big clown shoes and white gloves. He held in his left hand a deck of giant playing cards. Each one was a joker's card, like what you might see in a normal deck of cards.

He began dropping them one at a time to the ground, while staring at me. As he did, I felt a dread that began to overcome me. As each card dropped, the feeling became worse for me. The horror intensified once I noticed he was almost out of cards to drop.

"What happens, then," I thought?

He was talking to me, but I could not hear one word he said. I could tell he was saying something very fuckin' crazy. I could feel his words more than I could hear them. Suddenly, just before he dropped the last card, I found myself shooting upwards, high above everything. I was looking down on the massive carnival as I flew up higher and higher, so high I could see the carnival was headed to a town.

Then suddenly all I could see slowly faded, got blurry, and then went black. Even though all I could see was blackness, I didn't exactly wake up just then. I still was out, and I couldn't see nothing. I could, however, suddenly hear shit, now. It started off low, then it got louder and louder. Then loud as fuck. All I could hear was screams and sounds of chaos, people dying and bizarre laughter. It got mega loud as fuck, but I saw nothing!

Suddenly, I woke up crazy trippin' out because my arm or something must've hit the radio switch between stations and the volume way the fuck up. All I heard was hell on volume ten. It was so dark in my room that I couldn't find the switch to cut the shit off, so I just yanked the plug out. The fuckin' thing had batteries in it, though, and it kept going. Finally, I fuckin' found the switch and cut it off.

Karen was like, "WHAT THE FUCK?"

I was like, "shut up and go back to bed."

Holy fuck, y'all. That was a fuckin' dream and 5/8s. I had to take a shower after that bad boy. I was scared to go back to bed for a minute. I basically spent the rest of the night sowing my wig back on to my head, because that crazy dream experience flipped my fuckin' wig clean off my dome, and changed my life forever.

Sitting there, I was thinking about that wild-ass place that clown took me, and putting together what he was probably saying to me. Was it just a stupid dream? I don't know, homie, you tell me. Could this have only been a crystal clear dream that was so powerful, that it alone would eventually somehow lead to the actual creation of all of this, us, and all that is the Juggalo World of Wicked Clowns?

BECAUSE of my vision, and what happened over the next couple of days, I began to realize that either I was chosen for a grand purpose in this world, or I had gone completely insane. Even now, I am not sure which one it is. Most people during the course of their lives never see monsters chasing them down a street, an image of God in their own home, or visions from a Dark Carnival, but I had seen them all. I hold such a sincere belief in that vision, that I would never be the same again.

The strangest thing that happened to me after that vision was that suddenly ideas and images would pop into my head with ease,

as if there was an energy or beings who where channeling through me and feeding me this information. It became all too clear to me what my purpose in life was. For me, the Dark Carnival in my vision is something real and something that is coming. Maybe it won't look exactly like it did in my vision, but something out there is coming, and it is going to consume all those whose souls are not pure. Everybody knows that shit, dummy.

I have always been interested in Nostradamus and other great foreseers of the future. I learned as much as I could about them. During this search for answers, I found the one chilling conclusion that they all seemed to share: this world is ending. If it doesn't end for all of us at once, it will sure as hell end for us one by one. Either way you put it, the world is gonna end for all of us. TIME WILL COMSUME US ALL. With my new understanding, this is how I began to feel, as well.

I believe in God, and I feel that the vision I had was His will. It is because of this belief that I feel that, through our music, we can reach out to people who are in need of help, people whose souls are being corrupted beyond return from the evils of this world. I believe that our music, with its apparently violent and extreme outwardly appearance, has the power to attract and draw in people who are lost from God. Then they can hear its deeper, truer purpose: that you should strive to enter Shangri-La (Heaven), and not become lost in Hell's Pit.

You could look at our music as fighting fire with fire. Those who never dig below the surface of the music of ICP will probably judge it as a violent and evil thing. Those of us who have dug deeper, however, realize that there is a message that pertains to trying to save the human soul.

We ain't no kind of magical fuckin' chosen prophets; we know that. I'd say, though, that we truly have within us a great concern for people, well most people, anyway. This motivates me to do what I do. If nothing else, I am on this planet trying to do the best I can, and I believe I am doing something positive that is helping people. At the least, it is providing entertainment, but at the grandest, holding up a mirror that might help some people to get on a more righteous path, so that they won't spend eternity burning in Hell.

People hate me for many different reasons, some of them justified. I have and still continue to be a troubled man who makes

mistakes. There are even people reading this right now who are probably hating me for everything I have just said.

Fuck hate. It is true I might have to get people's attention through hate, but I am a good person at heart, and I am only trying to do good as a man. I believe in what I am doing. It is my life's work. I am far from what most might consider a man of God, but I do not believe in all of the traditional Biblical beliefs as to what is considered a sin.

Anyway, back to the story.

THERE was no more brainstorming, no more thinking of anything. It was all clear to me as to how we would structure the future career of ICP. It was like a floodgate had opened, and I was suddenly enlightened to exactly what we were gonna do: Six Joker's Cards (inspired by my vision) for each of six albums, each one with a clown face on the cover.

Each clown face would be a prophet of the newly arrived and named Dark Carnival. Each, in effect, would be holding up a mirror to people, to show them something wicked about themselves, so they could change. After all six prophets showed up, then it would be time for the Dark Carnival to surface on the mortal Earth, like the Apocalypse. In what form will it surface? We'll all have to wait to see. That sounded like a good plan to me. Whatever you say, spirit ninjas.

I feel there is magic in ICP's music that goes way beyond my creative abilities, and is brought about by the powers of the Beyond. Other rap groups were putting out singles. We were releasing the end of the world on an installment fuckin' plan. The Dark Carnival dropped the ideas onto our heads like bags of sand backstage at the opera. You just have to experience real, good, magic to understand the feeling.

Now, I know it sounds hokey, and believe me, we've taken shit for even mentioning the Dark Carnival in interviews. You have to understand, though, I wasn't into clowns or any of that shit growing up. I never even said the word *clown* in the storyline of this book until my dream of the clown in Delray. I've never had shit to do with clowns, carnivals, or any of that circus shit.

My brother was the one who was into role-playing fantasy worlds. I couldn't read a book long enough to stay focused on what

it said. This thing just hit us. It hit us the same way people on late night TV describe how they were hit by the Holy Ghost.

Me, Joey, Alex, Billy, all of us, we were all hit by this fucking holy ghost that was the Dark Carnival. From then on, we would be delivering its messages. It just was laid out before us without ever really searching for it. Pure magic, y'all.

It had just shown up, scary as fuck style, and said, "We're gonna do it like this, and don't worry, I got ya back. Everything is gonna be okay."

Wow, man. WOW, and I ain't talking about Women of Wrestling! Why us? I dunno. Why through music? I dunno. Why the vision? I dunno. I don't have any of your answers. Your guess is as good as mine. I can't explain a fuckin' factual thing about it. I just know it's here and it's real.

Now let me ask you, do you think I'm smart enough to come up with something like that on my own? I am a fucking dumb-ass. I never got past ninth grade, remember? Now, however, I've shown hundreds of thousands of people the same magic, and they too feel it! Juggalos are everywhere! Can't you see that is magic?

Look at how lame I am. Look how untalented we are, yet we have hundreds of thousands who follow the magic? Why? 'Cause it's real. 'Cause it IS magic. They hear it in our music; it calls out to them. If you don't hear the magic in our music, if you can't hear it calling for you through the messages, then don't worry. It will reach you in some other way. IT WILL REACH YOU.

All I know is that Juggalos can feel the magic, just like I did that night during my vision. You gonna tell me the Dark Carnival isn't real? Brother, I hope everybody finds their own version of the Dark Carnival in their own lives. 'Cause it's done me well. The thing is, I can't even really take credit for it. See, the way I look at it, we were chosen to deliver it, that's all.

Honestly, I mean, look at me. I've bought houses for my family, I run a company where anybody who works for me can have what I have. All that yet I still eat a pack of Nyquils and gobble Vicodin like tic-tacs to go to sleep. I have to take panic attack medication. The Dark Carnival ain't about making me happy. Shit, I spend my whole life learning how to be happy with no money, now I'm rich? What is this, a fucking joke? That's why I can honestly say I think the Dark Carnival is God, I really do. I realized that He has to speak

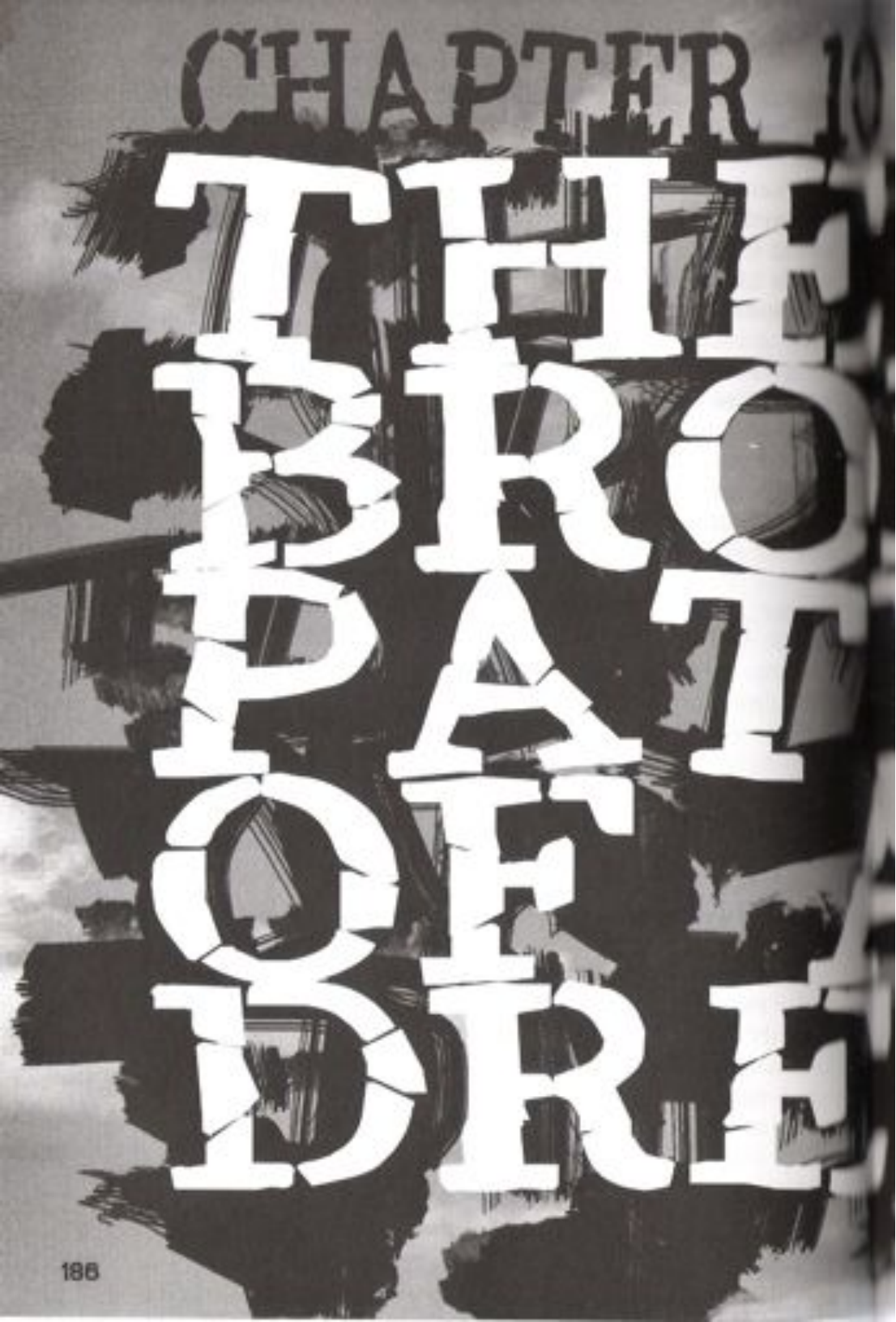
in a language that today's world will understand and listen to. To give 'em a fair shake.

Rich people making it to heaven is like fitting a camel through the eye of a needle, but going to Hell is as easy as walking through a gate a mile wide.

There's something damn close to that in the Bible, right? Well Joey and I just put that shit our own way in our music. Now, what would influence me to do that? I've hated people pretty much my whole life. It would have to be a higher power, because it sure as shit wasn't me. I say it's God watching over me, watching over my shit.

Every once in a while, like one out of a hundred, some kid will write, "You know, your song, 'Rebel Flag,' really showed me what racists my parents are, and I don't want to be like that. I just want to say thanks for making a song about it."

After nineteen years on this planet, I finally knew what to do with my life.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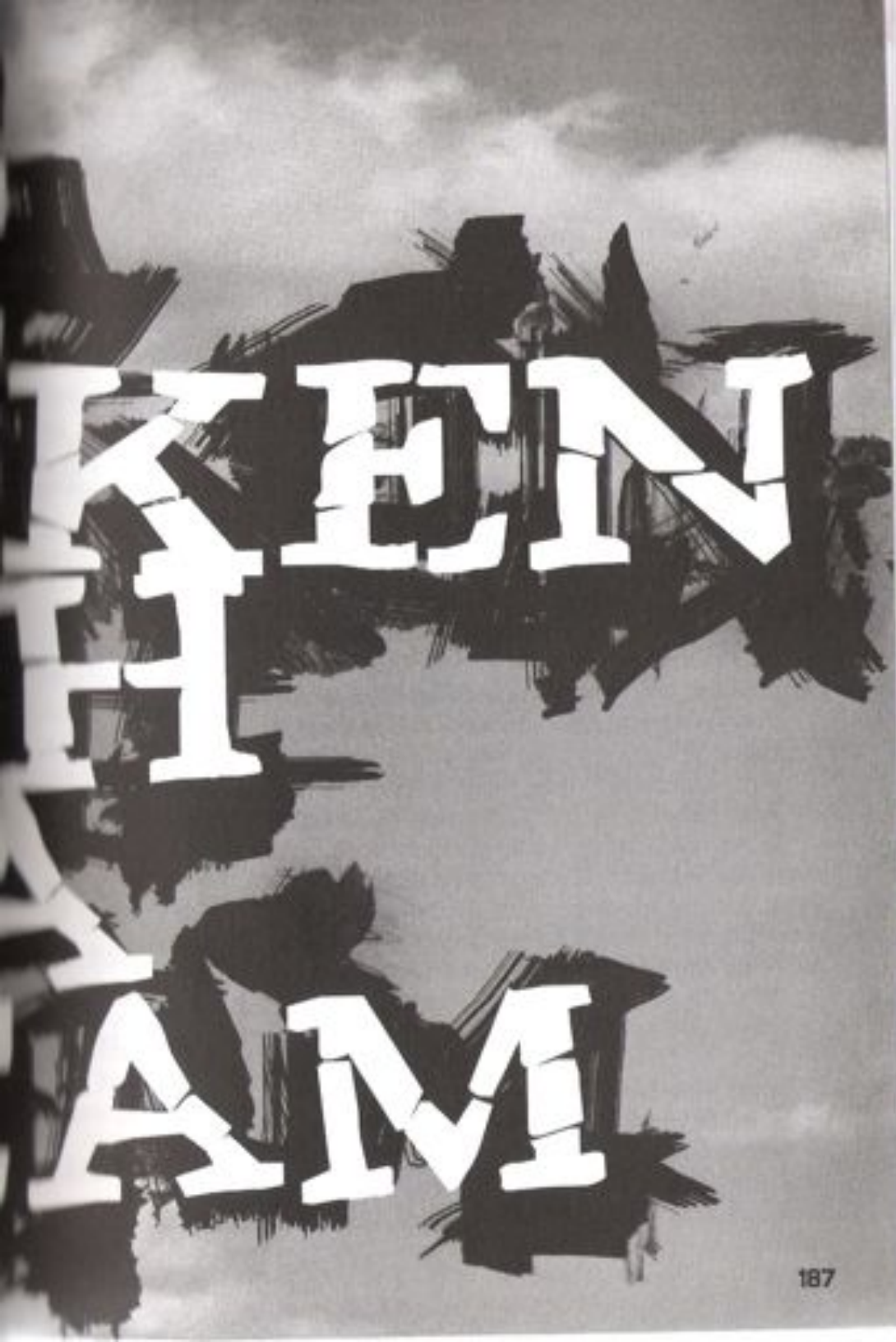
THE BROTHERHOOD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SHIT only hurt half as bad now. When I was hungry, I was only half as hungry. If I was bored for three hours, it only seemed like an hour and a half. With the Dark Carnival spirits hangin around, things just seemed better than before. Our karma felt super-high. My brother even sent us a fuckin' hard-ass earned $700 from the Army to help us with studio bills.

We understood the work that had to be done. We knew we wouldn't be getting any big breaks. We knew we weren't gonna have a big radio hit. There wasn't some rapper who we were going to meet in an elevator, or something that was going to come along, put us on tour and make us famous.

We knew we were going to have to do this alone, and the whole planet would be working against us. It was like, if we're gonna get a million fans, that means we're gonna have to hand out a thousand million flyers, because only one in a hundred are gonna even bother to read what the fuckin' flyer says.

We said, "Let's do it."

We started with *Carnival of Carnage*. Alex made his first managerial move after $6,000 with Chuck Miller produced only three songs: "Redneck Hoe," "Psychopathic," and "Fuck Your Rebel Flag." The money my brother sent helped "Night of the Axe" get off the ground, but Alex knew we needed to make a move.

"Joe, let's try to find another studio," he said.

"What?!!"

Joey, John, and I were shook as fuck.

"Alex, what if we can't find nobody as good as Chuck?" I asked.

To prove my point, I got the phonebook out and found this place called the Tempermill, right in Ferndale. We knew Ferndale up and down, but we never knew of any recording studios there. Must be some old man, recording bar bands or something. I'd show Alex. I called up the Tempermill. A guy named Mike answered.

"Who do you record there? Do you guys record any rap?"

"Yeah," he said, clearly doing something else. "Uh, we record rap."

Great, another music ninja weirdo, I thought.

"Who have you recorded?"

"Esham, Kid Rock... ahh, everybody. Wh-ahh, what is this call regarding?" this Mike ninja asked.

Right away, we were like, "Fuck this guy. He's full of that bullshit."

We rolled up there to see if he was bullshitting. Mike Clark was this young-ass guy with a beard and curly hair. He schooled us. We found out that this guy, Mike, had done half the good local shit out there, including Esham and Kid Rock! He even showed us the tapes.

We booked time. We went in to do a song called "The Juggla." Mike Clark schooled us that day to a level that we have yet to see anybody beat. He was the fastest ninja in music. All that snare by beat by crumb by snare that Chuck "The Snake" Miller pulled was laid to rest in five minutes. We somehow had stumbled onto the best in all of Michigan.

Loop up a beat, get a sound, five minutes, tops. I mean, he told us he once hooked up a track for Kid Rock while he was recording another band, waiting for the singer to get his shit together. So he was kind of the bomb-diggity, y'all.

At this point, we were still only concentrating on the local Detroit market, and that meant getting our albums into this local Michigan chain record store called Harmony House. They were the kings of Michigan, until Best Buy shut their asses right outta business, and left them with only one store, in Berkley, MI, of all places, until it went under, too. We'd sold a few thousand copies of *Dog Beats*, so we figured we had a good chance of getting in there. Alex looked into it, and came back to the basement one night with bad news.

"No way," he said. "Harmony House doesn't know who the fuck we are. Even after I told the guy our name, he forgot it right then. He was just like 'beat it.'"

I said, "I fuckin' got it. Why don't we just save up all our money, and hire some big-name rappers to be on our record?"

My thinking was that if we get these big-name rappers, Harmony House will be like, "Well, this rapper sells, so if he's on this album...."

We decided we were going to try to get our long-time local hero, Awesome Dre, to do a song with us. We didn't even think we could call Esham or Kid Rock at that point. Awesome Dre was older and more played out; maybe we could get him.

When we tracked Awesome Dre down, he was selling African beads at some cultural center on Seven Mile; he wasn't even really rapping anymore. He said he was, but he really wasn't doing shit. We set up a meeting with him, and his fresh-ass fuckin' manager.

The problem now was where to meet. Alex lived with his mom in the basement; that wasn't gonna work. Joey lived upstairs at his mom's. Nope. I lived with Karen in this scrubby apartment. We figured we could clean it up, and make it look really nice, then, for the meeting, pretend it was Alex's house. We even got Karen in on it.

"Stay in the bedroom," I told her. "If you come out for something, act like you're Alex's wife."

The night of the meeting, Awesome fuckin' Dre came up the stairs, followed by his fresh-ass fuckin' manager. I knew the other guy was his manager because only a local rap manager who really don't know shit would wear a shiny suit and have a suitcase handcuffed to his mother fuckin' wrist. Once again, they were straight out of a comic book.

They filed in with that kind of weird, overdone business air about them, like, way too professional. This was an apartment, but you would have thought they were sitting down in the boardroom of some mega-ass record company, talking about Janet Jackson's ass in a video or something.

"Nice place you got here, Alex," Dre's fresh-ass manager said.

"My wife decorated it," Alex replied.

So far, so good. Of course, they were both talking about my $400-a-month shit-hole, with almost no furniture.

Anyway, Dre's fresh-ass fuckin' manager started his thing.

"You gotta understand something," he said. "You guys doing this Insane Clown thing, it's putting Dre...." He paused for effect. "It's gonna mess with his reputation, you know. He's not used to rapping with clowns, uh, excuse me, white clowns. How much are you willing to pay for Awesome Dre's services? Because we would have to accept no less than one thousand dollars."

Now, the truth was, Awesome Dre hadn't even thought about selling a record since 1987, and here it was five years later. I was starstruck because he was in my, uh, excuse me, *Alex's* living room. Luckily, Alex was thinking more like a businessman than I was.

"Well, our budget is $500," he said.

I wanted to just say, "You know what? Fuck this. Let's cut the bullshit, and why don't you tell us what the fuck is in that suitcase you got handcuffed to your fuckin' wrist? I can't front no more; I gotta know! What the fuck you got in there, the Matrix? What could be so important you need that bitch handcuffed to your ass?

Russian spy papers? Burger King's secret sauce recipe? Motherfucker, what?"

I didn't open my mouth. I just sat there, and thought stupid shit like that. I was losing my shit.

I whispered to Alex, "You're going to scare them off! We'll get the money!"

Then the manger said, "I'll tell you what, Alex; we're all homeboys here. Seven fifty. We'll meet in the middle."

Alex, even at his greenest, was a true businessman. "No, $500." Awesome Dre's manager, with his suit and his handcuffs, couldn't say much after that.

"I like you guys. You brought us into your house, you know. We will do it for the $500."

Truth is, this guy would've done it for $150 and a slap on the ass, but you know, we all had to save face.

We shook hands on it, and told them, "We'll pay you at the studio when you come down to do it."

We set up studio time for this song, called "Taste," that Awesome Dre would rap on. Once we told all our friends that Awesome Dre was gonna rap on it, everybody wanted to be on the song: my brother, this other kid we knew from Southwest, named Capitol E, fuckin' everybody.

When we got to the big session at the Tempermill, who was at the studio but the one and only Esham.

"What are you guys working on, man?" he asked.

"We got Awesome Dre coming to the studio."

"Oh yeah, he's rapping on a track with y'all?"

"Yeah," I said, "and we got him for like $500!"

Esham got this look in his eye. "You give me that $500 right now, and I'll rap on that shit," he said.

WHOA! Esham was like a GIANT to us, and now he was going to rap on our track???!!! Amidst all the wild celebration, luckily, Joey remembered Awesome Dre and his manager were on their way.

"What are you going to do when they show up wanting that $500, dog?"

Oh shit. We called Dre's manager on his cell phone.

"Yeah, we lost the tape reels for the song, so we have to cancel."

We just spit out some stale-ass lie. Dre was pissed off, and I guess he hated us after that. Esham did his verse on "Taste," and we had Esham on our record!

We were all way big-ass Awesome Dre fans, but fuck that. Esham was the shit. We knew Esham had a big enough name to get us in them fuckin' Harmony House stores. Esham had a show coming up at this big rock club called the Ritz, out near Alex's store.

We figured we were on a roll, so I asked him, "Esham, how can we get on that show with you?"

"It's easy. Gimme another $500."

We were seeing a pattern.

BY now, Alex was borrowing money from his family, but it still took forever for us to get that $500. I was working nights at a gas station, John was still working at the pizza place, Joey even had a job for a minute – until he got arrested for stealing coats at a mall, and all his money went to the lawyers. We'll get to that later. Right then, we had a show with Esham to think about.

We figured the show would be huge, so our fresh idea was to get T-shirts printed. Alex found this guy, Vince, in Royal Oak, who ran

this place called Creative Print. They made T-shirts for softball teams, bowling teams, and shit like that. His big claim to fame was that he once managed a local TV guy named the ghoul, who hosted horror movies.

We brought him about twenty thin, white T-shirts from K-Mart, fresh out of them plastic bag three-packs, and he silk-screened our logo on them. He charged us up the ass, and thought he was done with us. Little did he know that in just a few years, he'd have to close down his shop for three weeks at a time just to print all the T-shirts we'd need for our tours. I'm getting way off the track.

With our shirts in hand, we doled out our second $500 to Esham to play this huge gig in front of... about 250 people. The place was dead. We decided to give it the old Big Rapids college try anyway, so we started putting on our makeup to go on.

Esham's manager and brother, James, walked by, and saw Joey with half his face painted.

"What are you guys doing?" he asked.

"We're putting our paint on."

"No face paint," he said. "If you guys put that on, you can't do the show."

We weren't about to question the mighty Esham camp back then, but I do now. Tell me something: since when does another rapper's manager tell you what the fuck you can do? Who knows? It's just another example of how much we still had to learn. We wound up going out there with big clown wigs on, orange shorts, and yellow hoodies, dancing around – with no face paint.

People were just like, "What the fuck is this?"

In fact, those 250 or so people in attendance did something when we took the stage that night that completely flipped my wig. They sat down at booths and tables way in the back, by the bar, while we played. There was not one kid within 20 feet of that stage. It was almost like a sound check rehearsal, but it wasn't. It was the Esham show that we paid $500 to get on.

AFTER that terrible Esham gig, we realized the trick to getting to Esham was money, so we called him up to produce two songs on the first Joker's Card album, *Carnival of Carnage*. We figured that way, it would look something like Esham was bringing us out, the same way NWA brought out Above the Law and DOC.

He agreed to produce "Blacken Your Eyes" and the title track, "Carnival of Carnage" for $300 apiece. We were ecstatic.

After that, we thought, "We got Esham; why not get Kid Rock?"

Mike Clark, back at the Tempermill, knew Kid Rock really well. In fact, Mike did some work on Kid Rock's first album, *Shit Sandwiches In My Butt*. I think that's what it was called, anyway. Mike called him to hype us up.

"It's this new group, ICP – they got Esham on their–"

Kid Rock was all about business. "How much did they give Esham to rap?"

"$500," Mike said.

"I'll do it for $600, then."

"Done," I said.

We were trippin' the fuck out. Kid Rock and Esham had kind of a feud back in the day over who was bigger. We didn't care who was bigger; we just wanted to be part of this Esham/Kid Rock scene really bad. We were smart in our tactics. By us getting them both on our debut record, that would propel us up to their local stardom level, right off the bat.

Remember, this was before rappers were making mad cameos all over each others' shit. Like the only way back then a rapper would make a cameo is if they were really down with each other. This had to work.

The day came, and Kid Rock showed up at the studio to record "Is That You."

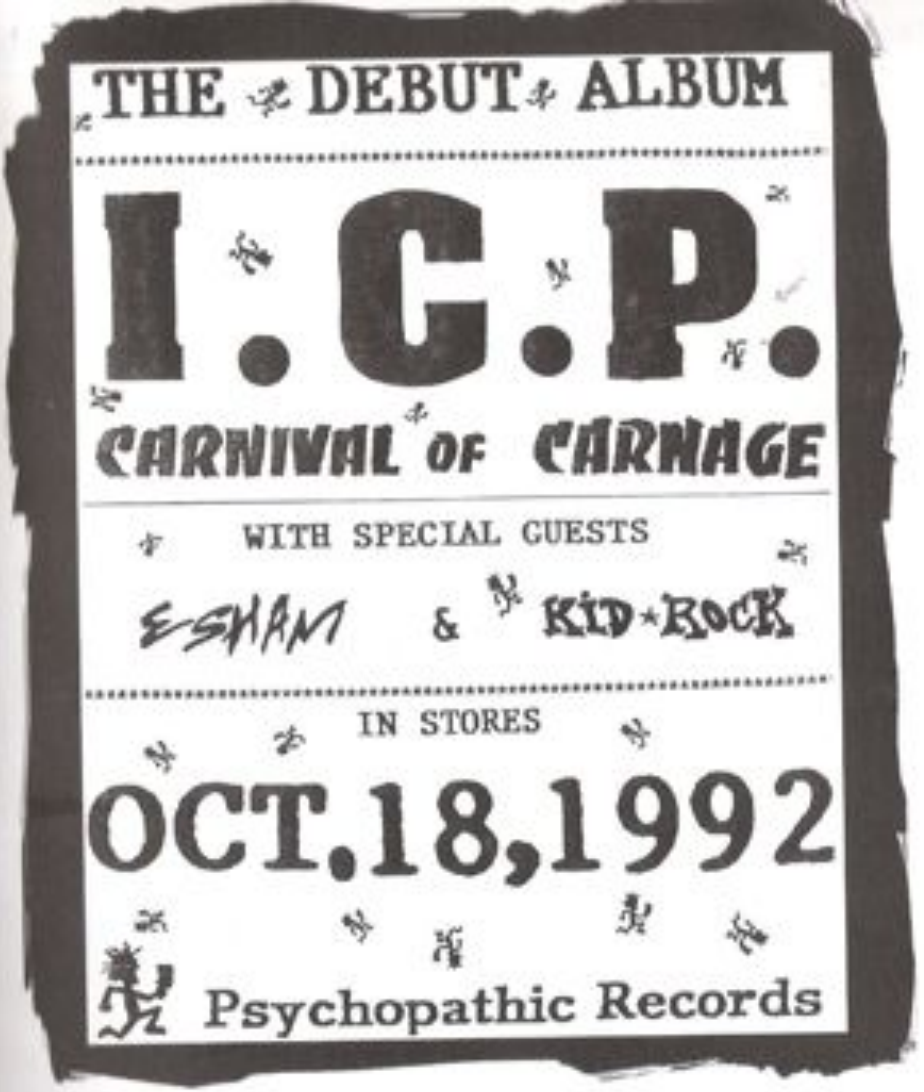
"'Sup?" he said.

"'Sup?" I said.

Kid Rock had his homie, Kracker, with him, and a few other Do-Bots. (*Do-Bot* is a word I actually got from Esham. I love that word. A Do-Bot is a guy who hangs around with a rock star, and always rides his nuts for him. He's a mark. A Do-Bot laughs at all his jokes, and grabs a chair out for him, and all that. You know, one of them kids who always automatically sits in the back seat so the star can have the front? Yeah, them. Esham calls them Do-Bots, because they'll *Do just 'bout* anything you ask them to.)

Let it be known that not one of us were really fans of Kid Rock's music; we just wanted him on our record to get more respect from them big chain stores. Kid Rock was actually cool as fuck.

He ended up getting way too fucked up and high that night. When he recorded his rap, he sounded like a pig caught in a bear



An original Kinko's-produced flyer made by Joey and I for the 1st Joker's Card.

trap. He actually came back the next day to redo his vocals better, and even add scratches. Good deal – free cuts!

Esham wound up being a little more of the take-the-money-and-run kind of guy. He didn't give a fuck. As we tried to mix the title track, "Carnival of Carnage," that Esham had made for us, we listened to the words and discovered that Esham had mispronounced carnage as *carnicks*. I don't know what the fuck a carnick is, but I knew that wasn't the name of the mighty 1st Joker's

Card, that was for sure. We called him up, and explained the situation, but he wasn't having it.

"That's what you said the album was called, *Carnival of Carnicks*, right?"

"No. No, Esham. I never said that. Our album is called *Carnival of Carnage*."

"Well, you told me it was *Carnival of Carnicks*," he said.

"No, I didn't. Why would I say that? What the fuck is a carnick, anyway?" I asked.

"You tell me! That's what you said it was called!" He shot back.

"Well, can you do it again for us, and this time just say carnage instead of carnicks?" I asked.

"Naw, just leave it," he said, and hung up.

ICP during the *Carnival of Carnage* era.

Like I was actually just gonna leave it like that. For the rest of my life, I'd be trying to explain to people what a fuckin' carnick is. Eventually, I just re-did the vocals, myself. Now, when you listen to the main intro song of *Carnival of Carnage*, it's me saying that, instead of Esham. Is that interesting? I doubt it is. Okay, then, let's move on.

If *Carnival of Carnage* was going to be the ultimate album, we needed to do the ultimate promotion for it. We had about three months to really get ICP's name out before we released the mighty 1st Joker's Card. We busted ass, baby! We let the entire state know that *CARNIVAL OF CARNAGE* WAS COMING!

We were already familiar with Kinko's, but God must have shown us the light, because we suddenly discovered Kinko's computer rentals. We learned how to make our own flyers with real typeset, do our own reversals, and all that good stuff. It was all over after that.

We just about moved into every Kinko's in the Detroit metro area. We spent so much time at Kinko's, it was a sickness for us, and we began to look like bad photocopies of our former selves. If we were on the computer, we would stay on until the shift change. Once the new ninjas came in to work, we would go up and explain that we had only been on the computer for a half-hour or so.

As God as my witness, y'all, this would happen several times: We would be at Kinko's while somebody came in to work. They would work their full day's shift. They would go home and sleep. They would get up and go to school, or whatever that person does with his or her free time. Then they would eventually return to work at Kinko's again, and there we were chillin' at the same table. WE WOULD STILL BE THERE AT KINKO'S!

This was our regular tactic: Alex would drop us off at Kinko's every night in his brown Cadillac that was so rusted out, you could see the fucking street through the big-ass holes in the floor. I swear to God, you had to watch where you put your feet in that bitch. It was like the Flintstones' buggy. We'd stay at Kinko's all night long, working our ass off. Then on Alex's way to work in the morning, he'd pick us back up. Then we would drop him off at work, and take the Caddy promoting all day. That night, it would be Alex's turn at Kinko's. We'd drop him off so we could sleep. That

following morning, we'd pick his ass back up from Kinko's and drop him off at work again, and we would go out promoting again.

This went on for weeks and weeks, months and months, years and years. By now, we had a fan club of about 1,000 kids, so each month, we'd have to take about three days to make our fan club newsletter, and send that out. Now we were reaching every town within a 120-mile radius: Brighton, New Baltimore, and everywhere ninjas who buy records were, we were there, too.

I don't want to bore you all, but this was the only thing going on in my life. This was our complete lives at this point. I'm not leaving any freshness out. If there was some other fresh shit happening in my life, I'd tell you, but there wasn't. I had no chicks, no friends. Fuck wrestling, fuck everything else but climbing the mountain to the top. My mind was so one-tracked; I wouldn't call my mom for months. We were insane. Straight up!

I wish to God I had other stories to break up the monotony of this period of my life, but I don't. It was promoting all day, and doing Kinko's shit all night. Everyday. Weekends and fuckin' holidays, too. Every single mother fuckin' day was spent trying to..... *Make it.*

Okay, I'll explain it like this. Here is a quick rundown of both of our daily activities:

:::When Promoting:::

Promoting meant going to record stores, and dropping off all our different types of flyers. We never used just one style of flyer, because everybody's eyes are different. One kid might notice a bright blue flyer first, where as another kid might notice a bright yellow flyer first. So we needed all versions. Some ninjas liked boring and straight to the point flyers. Other ninjas might like funny and comical-looking flyers.

We would have some flyers that would be mysterious, and never show our faces. That way, whatever the ninja looking at the flyer hoped we looked like, we did. We had thousands of different styles of flyers, because there are thousands of different types of record buyers.

We would put flyers and half-sized posters up at each and every store that would let us. We'd ask to make a display. If they let us,

we'd cover the entire wall, or walls, I should say, with our propaganda.

If it was a mall store or a chain store, and they wouldn't let us hang shit in there, then we would use our ninja tactics. For example, we would sneak to the rap section, fold up flyers, and stick them down in-between the CDs and tapes. We'd do the same in the rock and punk sections. We'd even rubber band flyers to CDs all the time.

We'd put up ICP displays in the public bathrooms of McDonalds and all the other fast food joints. We went to arcades, comic book shops, clothing stores, and any place we thought young people would be. We flyered movie theaters, dance clubs, other people's concerts, and anywhere lots of people were gathered at.

We even hit up baseball games, public beaches, and anywhere we happened to be driving by that would catch our eye. We'd see it, make a quick plan, and school it. We'd be in and out of any given location in a matter of minutes. That was JUST the BASICS of the kind of shit we did, when we say we were out promoting.

:::When at Kinko's:::

First of all, the main job at Kinko's would be to create all those many different styles of flyers and half posters on the rented computers. Another thing we did at Kinko's on a regular basis, which was EVERY FUCKIN' NIGHT, was making professional-looking press packages, with a nice bio on the band, an 8x10, a few flyers, and some music. We would send these nicely done press packages to big record labels and top A&R people to try to get signed.

We'd also send these packages to concert booking agencies and big name acts, to try to land a tour. Alex would send packages off to major record distributors, to try to get our product out there in more stores. Then of course, we'd send these packages off to music magazines and weeklies, to try to get them to do a fuckin' story on us.

We also would use Kinko's to map out our promoting tactics for the week... run our fan club... design our tape and CD booklets... handle our consignment receipts... type and copy our lyrics... send letters to out-of-state record stores telling them they should order our product... and on and on and on.

LIKE I said before a million times, we worked so hard for so long that failure was never an option. Right from day one, we had come too far to stop now. NOT everybody felt the same, though. The slavery we were putting ourselves into, promoting for ICP and *Carnival of Carnage*, had already started to break our crew into two halves. One was down for rapping and bustin' ass for the mighty Dark Carnival, and the other was still down for thieving and parties, and didn't want all the new responsibilities.

I was pretty much the leader of the rapper side of things. We were the scrubbiest, tiredest, hungriest, and most devoted motherfuckers of the bunch: just me, Joey, the Dail brothers, and sometimes Rudy. We were the ones ready to die for the cause.

Then there was John and the whole party side of our crew. They were the better-off ones, getting all the neden, and going to parties and having the girlfriends. When we would spend long nights at Kinko's, they were always the ones who had chicks waiting for them to come home. They had other things going on in life. We didn't have shit.

Now, you have to understand, as focused as we were on ICP, I still thought of John as my best friend. Joey was still my boy's little brother, even though Joey and I always got along so much stronger.

John had a girlfriend, though, he didn't like the clown makeup, and, as I mentioned before, no matter how much we tried, he wouldn't get rid of that Dylan from 90210 haircut of his. So he was rough on both Joey and I for different reasons.

We had already strategically kept John off of most of the *Carnival of Carnage* songs, which was just as well, because after a while he just wouldn't show up at studio, anyway.

One weekend, we all decided to actually take the whole weekend off from any ICP-related work. Actually, we had no choice but to take the weekend off, because Alex had gone out of town with his family. Joey, this lame-ass kid, Jeff, and I all decided to go with John up to Northern Michigan to see John's hoe-ass girlfriend, Crystal.

I hated that bitch, because in my mind (and everybody else's) she stole John's brain from him. Everybody knew she was a hoe. How and why John was always willing to let it slide, I'll never understand. When she moved up north, Joey and I thought that meant John would have more time for the band, and he did in some ways. In other ways, it just meant he would take mad trips all the

way out to see the bitch. On one trip up there, we listened to *Dog Beats*.

All John could say was, "This is the shit, man."

We all had good karma, and John especially was feeling good about things; it was like we were our old crew, even if we were going to visit the bitch that started breaking it all up.

When we got to Crystal's, it was late. We just went to sleep, feeling like a unit again. Until the next morning, at least.

"Joe! Joe! What should I do? What should I do?" That Jeff kid woke me up in a panic.

"What happened?" I asked, still half-asleep.

"I fucked Crystal three times last night!"

Wow. I didn't see this coming at all; however, I didn't even hesitate to have my boy, John's, back. I jumped up and quickly whipped open the door to the bedroom where he was sleeping next to that li'l slut.

"John, wake up man. John.... Get up, dog. Listen, man... Jeff fucked her three times last night!"

Jeff panicked and ran. John was a gumpy, slow-ass, but I was a tall, skinny kid back then. John started after him, but he couldn't catch the kid. I ran right past John and beat Jeff down in the street like a dog. I beat the shit outta that kid FOR John.

On the way home, John was shook as fuck, screaming and driving like a maniac. "Fucking bitch.... I'm gonna kill myself.... I'm gonna drive right off this fucking road right fucking now!"

I tried to calm him down.

"John, gimme the wheel, FUCK THAT BITCH!!! John, just gimme the wheel."

When we stopped at a rest area, John was still out of his mind, walking around kicking shit. Then he started opening up to me, and John never opened up to me before in all our lives.

"Joe, you've been my best friend since seventh grade, man. I left you hanging over that bitch. I admit I left you guys all hanging over that bitch, but you're still here with me. You're my best friend, dog."

Then he hugged me. Once we got home, we thought John was going to be a full-time homie, and way into rapping again. For a short while we were some Kinko's players working on our dream together like three best friends.

Two months went by, and John met another girl. Out of absolutely nowhere, he just up and quit the group. Right when *Carnival of Carnage* was finished, and just about to come out, right when Alex had taken out an $8,000 loan to pay for the album to get pressed up. Right when we needed John to be down with us most, to help us, he was out. We tried to get John to come to a meeting in Alex's basement to talk about it.

All he would say was, "Yeah, I'm out of the group. It's taking up too much of my life."

Joey even got on the phone with his mom. "Just get him to come to another meeting so we can talk about it, Ma."

John finally got on the phone, and said, "All right."

We waited and waited in Alex's basement, but he never showed up. He was gone for good. We were pissed. We were confused and amazed that somebody could be that fuckin' LAME to leave us all hangin' like that.

It must have just gotten to him. The hours and hours of work were too high a price for him to pay. When I think about it now, I can understand not wanting to pay that many dues for anything in life! I'll admit, the time and work we put into ICP was insane for anybody! It was unreal, and it still is. So I understand why John left the group. It's kind of like anybody sane would have left!

What I don't understand is why he left at that moment. I can't understand leaving your friend and your own brother HANGIN' right when they need you the most. That I will never understand. We spent so much time and energy spent on one goal.... He just didn't want it that bad. We felt a lot of different emotions at that moment, but one was stronger than the rest: worry.

After John said he was out of the group, Alex's and my eyes shot right to Joey with the quickness.

"Are you out, too?" Alex asked.

It was a big decision for Joey. John was his brother. They lived together, they had the same mom, they'd been inseparable for their whole lives. As I said before, Joey was always just looked at as John's little brother BY EVERYBODY, even us at times! Out of the blue, completely out of nowhere, it was up to him to stand alone on a major life decision. The li'l ninja didn't even hesitate five seconds.

"Shiiiit, I'm in y'all," he said.

At that moment, Joey was stronger and fresher than he had ever been. It wasn't even an issue for him.

"We don't need John, anyway," Joey said. "He can't even rap that fuckin' good, right?"

It was clear; we were engulfed by the Dark Carnival's magic, and nothing could stop us. It was Joey and I from then on. I loved it! I fuckin' love it now! We're perfect together. We left behind John and the rest of the guys to continue their lives of thieving to survive, getting drunk and high at parties, and spending all the time they want with their girlfriends.

We didn't wanna ever go out like that. Joey and I wanted to come up from out of nowhere and CHANGE THE WHOLE FUCKIN' WORLD. We were just about to start achieving our goal with the release of the 1st Joker's Card: *Carnival of Carnage*!

AFTER that horrible Ritz show with Esham, we'd met this big, stocky kid with a big truck on big wheels in the parking lot. We were depressed as hell that night, but he came right up us like we'd just sold-out Cobo Arena.

"Man, you guys are the shit! This *Dog Beats* tape is the bomb," he said, and stuck out his hand. "I'm Eric, but everybody calls me Greez-E."

Right away, we knew he was kind of a player. He was connected to the Detroit music scene in a way we had never seen. He wasted no time talking about getting local clothing companies to get us free shit, how he could get us into this nightclub where he worked for free, and how he knew people here and there – all kinds of good shit. Greez-E was a city guy connected with the nightlife of Detroit.

He worked security at a place called St. Andrew's Hall, which was like this legendary club in Detroit, where every major band played to fifty people when they just started out. Everybody's been there: Nirvana, Pearl Jam, Nine Inch Nails, and eventually, us.

We had never been inside it, or any other club. We had been there before, but just to flyer the parking lot. Going to St. Andrew's with Greez-E was our first time ever being inside a nightclub in our lives.

As soon as we stepped in the place, Joey was like, "Holy shit, man! All the times we were searching for neden in the Volare or my mom's Jeep, we could have just been coming here!"

We never fucking knew about any of this scene. All we did was flyer these places, because they were just not for us. We never thought we would ever fit into a place like this.

Let me tell you a little story. When I was living in North Carolina, my brother and I were walking down these train tracks near the parking lot of a club. We leaned against the fence and saw all these hot girls and all these Army kids coming in and out of the club, with the music all loud.

I looked at my brother, and said, "Rob, we belong on this side of the fence."

He was like, "You're right."

When other kids were at parties, we were by ourselves doing shit like exploring abandoned buildings in downtown Detroit, or sneaking into Canada through the train tunnel under the Detroit River. We were scrubs, and we couldn't forget it. Truth was, we didn't want to.

When Greez-E took us into St. Andrew's for the first time, he did his best to make us feel like we belonged there. He knew everybody, and this whole downtown Detroit clique we didn't even know existed.

"Hey, Greez-E, what's going on, man?"

People would just slap his hand all night.

He'd introduce us to these long-haired guys in leather jackets who'd be like, "Yeah, I'm in a band, too."

They'd just be sitting there sipping on a drink with some bitch on their arm. That's what being in a band was for them: sitting around talking about it. For us, every fuckin' night was flyers and Kinko's. There was no time for personal life at all for us.

Man, everybody in that place said they were in a band, too! I just kept thinking, how? What are you all doing here if you're in a band? You about to play or something? If not, where's your flyers? Even at that very moment, Joey and I had a stack of flyers rolled up in our hands. As we were walking around, it was just instinct to keep handing out flyers and putting them all over the counters and tabletops. We had a rolled-up stack on us at all times, 24/7. After all, the release of *Carnival of Carnage* was right around the corner by now.

Even though we knew we really didn't belong in that band scene, we knew we had to conquer it. We had to get inside of it, figure it all out, rape and plunder it for all it was worth, and get the

fuck out. That's exactly what we did, too. We took it for everything it was worth, and we left it for dead afterwards.

Wow, I thought. All these other bands and studio ninjas are up here every night. Okay, we gotta be here, too. Greez-E got me, Joey, and even my brother (when he finally got out of the Army) a job at St. Andrew's, working security. Every night we'd see lame-ass local bands playing to an empty-ass room. I noticed how the big national touring acts did things differently. Here's a break down of the two.

National Bands: Once or twice a week a national act would come through the club. They put on a show. They had fans. First of all, you would never see anybody setting up the stage or tuning their instruments before the show. The curtain would remain shut.

Then, when it was finally showtime, they always had some type of fresh intro, and the curtain would open. It was always exiting, even if I had never heard of the band. A dope intro always got you going good.

When the band would finally start playing, the lead singer would come out, and he would be feeling it. He would be screaming, crying, fuckin' humping the mike stand, rolling around on the floor, and all kinds of crazy shit. You know, just straight up puttin' it on, full blast.

The fans would be packed in, and they would be loving it. Then they would have like ten different T-shirts, and all kinds of merchandise for sale. They would usually have a sexy chick or two selling the merchandise, which probably sells an extra twenty percent right there, because buying something automatically gives a guy a reason to talk to her.

Straight up, you would never see the band, not once, before they first took stage. Then after the show, you would never see them again. The only time you would ever see the band is when they were up on stage, bigger than life, under the lights, and doing what they do best. They were always in and out of the club like ghosts, like true superstars.

Local Bands: For most of the week, I'd sit and watch shitty local band after shitty local band. Even their names all sounded the same to me. Every local band in Detroit had the same kind of alternative, geeky rock name. Shit like, Cracker Fish or Cement Lush, or even Big Block Face, or something stupid enough that everybody would forget it right after they heard it.

The first thing you'd see that night is the fuckin' band themselves setting up all their shit, right there on stage, in front of everybody. They would sit there and tune their fuckin' guitars and tape up their song list in front of everyone. Maybe you'd see them lighting some lame candles or hanging a stupid little banner for effect or whatever.

You could see the fuckin' curtain right there off to the side, and I remember thinking, "What the fuck is wrong with these guys? Why don't they just reach over and pull the fuckin' curtain shut? They should at least try to save some face!"

Then, when the idiots were finally done adjusting all their shit and ready to play, the lead singer guy would just lean into the mike and say (in a low, boring tone) something like, "Thanks for coming out. We're Cracker Fish."

Then they'd break right into a song.

I'd be thinking, "Wait a minute! How fuckin' stale was that? Tell me something: was that supposed to be the fuckin' intro? What the fuck are these guys trying to do here?"

During the show, the band would look like statues. They would all be standing there, embarrassed to show any real emotion, or get really into it. The only time they would actually move is when they all jumped at the same time to end a song together. Wow.

You would sit there, and watch these fucks waving and nodding to their friends out in the crowd all night, basically looking like busters for the whole set. Then five minutes after the show is finished, and they're done loading all their shit into a homie's van, you would see the band walking around through the crowd talking to their friends.

I remember thinking, "How the fuck is anybody ever going to take these guys seriously? Look at them, over there selling their own fuckin' T-shirts, and walking around the crowd, just hoping somebody will come up and give them some props."

Truth is, they ain't never gonna get any props from anybody. They already played themselves out by walking around in the

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crowd all fuckin' night like nobodies. Then, during the show, mentioning they've got tapes and shirts for sale every five fuckin' minutes only made them look worse.

I knew what was up even when I was young in the game. I just sat back, night after night, and took it all in. Joey and I just waited for our turn to be evaluated.

WE scraped up all the money we could from our jobs at St. Andrew's Hall, *Dog Beats* record sales, and Alex's amazing tactics – it was on. We did it. It was finally time. We pressed up 2,000 cassettes of *Carnival of Carnage*, and finally put it out on October 18, 1991. The 1st Joker's Card was here.

The day it came out there were nine ninjas waiting for it when Hot Hits Records opened! We couldn't believe it. All that promotion was actually working! We were getting orders for C.O.C. from record stores all over the Detroit area.

I sent it out to my good friend, Rob Van Damme, who by now was living in Atlanta. Rob was steady climbing up the ladder in his own career, and I was proud as fuck to watch him. Talking to him was always cool as fuck because he was always watching me climb in *my* career.

He loved the album even more than *Dog Beats*. I would send him tons of tapes, and he would give them out to all of his homies in Atlanta, and wherever he would be off wrestling at. Talking with Rob Van Damme would always boost my karma, because he was such a fan of what we were doing. It made it all seem very possible. WE CAN DO THIS, Y'ALL!!!!!!!!!

We needed to keep it going, non-stop. We decided to book our first big concert, the one that would introduce the band world to *Carnival of Carnage* and the Dark Carnival, at St. Andrew's Hall.

By now, I had driven poor Karen completely crazy. She was in mad debt because of me, so we just ended it before things got any worse. Between Kinko's and flyering and recording, I had no time for her, anyway.

When I left, I left her with some damage. She was in debt $47,000 and every penny was because of me. God, I am sorry. I truly am. She made all this possible. I love you for that, Karen. Wherever you are, get a hold of me, and I'll pay you every penny back. I swear it.

One day while Karen was at work, Greez-E came over in his big truck and we loaded up my stuff. I moved in with him in this apartment on the East Side. With the show coming up at St. Andrew's, we asked Greez-E to fill in, and cover John's lyrics on stage. He knew all the words to the shit, anyway, so he was down right off the bat. We just wanted him on stage with us, because all the flyers and pictures we had plastered all over the state for the last year showed that there were three clowns in ICP, not two. We didn't want to show any signs of weakness this early in the game, like our band was already falling apart or something. So with Greez-E filling John's shoes for now, nobody noticed a thing.

Working security, I met this girl, Lori, who also worked at St. Andrew's. She worked at Record Time, too, which was probably the biggest record store besides Harmony House that would sell our shit. For that reason alone, she was the perfect girlfriend for me.

We had an inside person, now, at two popular record stores, to push our shit on people. Plus she didn't mind spending all night at Kinko's working on the fan club newsletters, which now were going out to a whopping 1,500 people. I don't know what it was that attracted Lori to me; maybe it was my drive in all of this. I do know what it was about her that attracted me....

While Lori and Alex were at Kinko's, we'd be at Greez-E's place, rehearsing for the big show. Now, to this day, I cannot tell you why, why in God's name, for our first show on our own, we did what we did. Somehow, we thought it would be a good idea to do sequenced robot dance routines. You see, I really wanted to put on a great show, but I just went way overboard. Our idea was to be like MC Hammer's show, but wicked. Like there could even be such a thing. What it turned out to be was just stupid robot moves for the worse part of an hour.

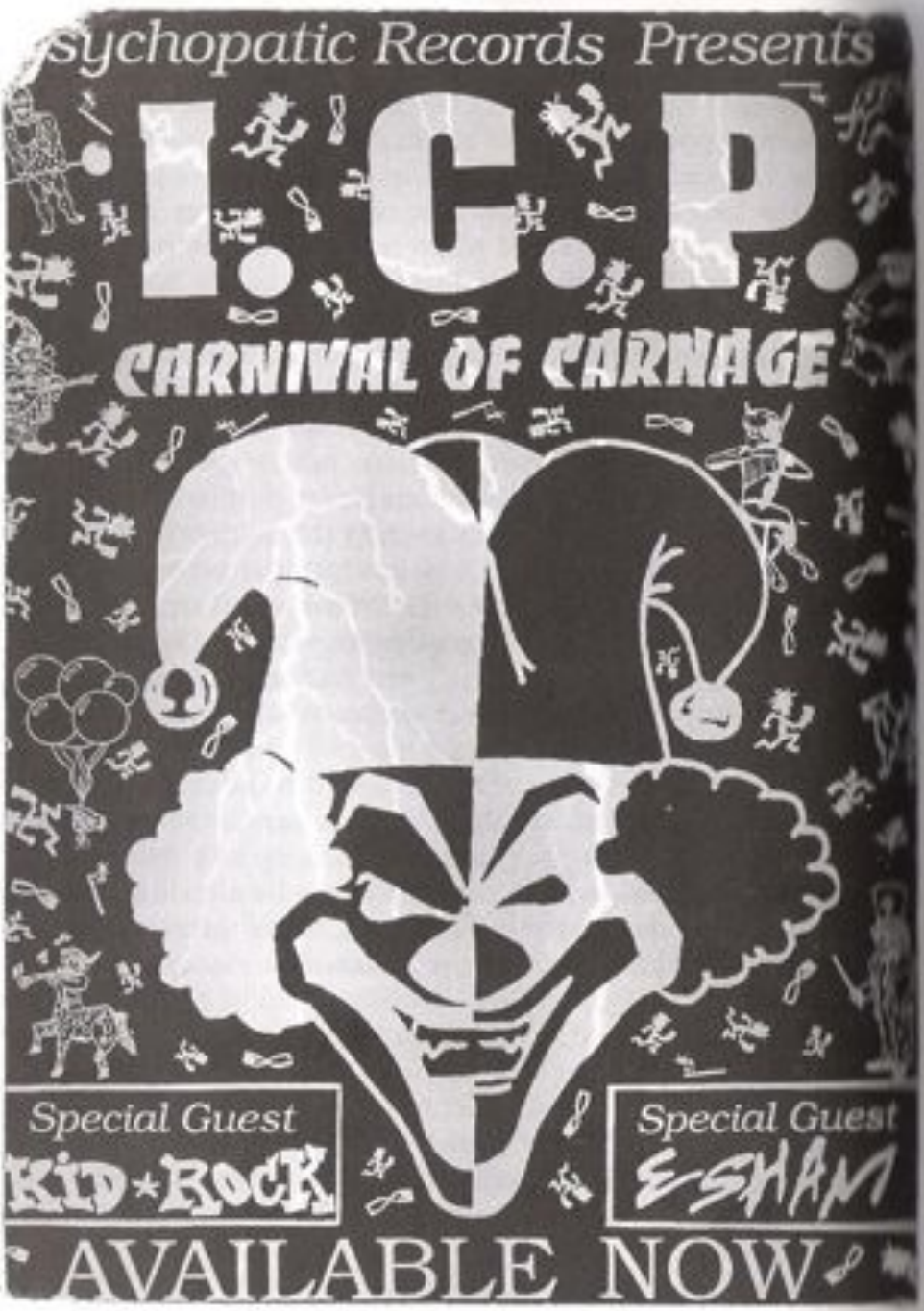
We had drawn about 240 people to St. Andrew's, which was pretty good. At least all of them were bunched-up against the stage this time, not back with the pool tables like the Esham show.

After about the third song, they weren't having the robo-routine.

"What the hell are you doing??!!" someone screamed.

"Are you gonna rock this or what??!!" another one yelled.

The truth was, we were so winded from running around doing our stupid little robot moves, we could only rap about forty percent of the songs. The rest, we'd put the mike down, and just let the beat



This is one of my all-time favorite flyers. Joey and I sat at Kinko's forever doing this one. The final copy had to be gently carried over to the copy machine, because it was all taped, glued, and painted up.

play. Yo, it was horrible. God, it was seriously the worst thing we've fucking ever done, and after Big Rapids and the Esham shows, that was saying something.

At least the Harmony House tactic of getting guest rappers worked. *Carnival of Carnage* was being sold everywhere, including all thirty-six Harmony House locations. We just put that stale show behind us, and pretended like it never happened. In fact, I never even thought about it since then, until now. I could've just left it outta this book, but no. I must tell you about everything. Even the stale shit.

OUR very first in-store autograph signing session was set up at Alex's Hot Hits store. We didn't think ICP was anywhere close to being big enough yet to do it alone, so we asked Kid Rock if he'd do it with us. Alex called him up, and he was down because finally he had another record getting ready to come out, called *The Polyfuze Method*. Kid Rock was down to do anything to help sell his new shit, so it appeared that we had good timing. We were geeked!

"Man, we're gonna do an in-store with Kid Rock. This is gonna be the shit!"

We talked about it for days, as we staple-gunned flyers all up and down Gratiot Avenue, miles in every direction from Hot Hits. I remember ninjas would see us staple-gunning flyers to telephone polls and shit.

They would walk up to us and say, "Hey man, this is you, ain't it?!"

We'd be like, "No, that ain't us; get outta here."

It never worked. The ninjas always knew it was us.

"Bullshit. That's you right here on this flyer! Ahh-haaa! Look, it's you!"

I hated that. I'd just tell 'em to fuck off, and keep on flyering. For six weeks, flyers with "Meet ICP and Kid Rock. Free Autograph Session" were on everything: telephone poles, sides of buildings, trash cans, taped to the backs of old ladies, everything. Me, Joey, Billy, Rudy, and Nate had wallpapered every tree in Michigan.

It paid off. The day of the in-store, as we drove up Gratiot, we could see kids lined up outside down the street. Whoa!!! I was so nervous sitting down with all those kids lined-up, I couldn't hold

my marker. I felt stupid, because the first kids in line could see my hand shaking.

Kid Rock had to play the rock star role, so he hadn't shown up yet.

The kids were like, "Fuck Kid Rock; we came to see you guys anyway."

We were in shock. For real, y'all, in total shock. We couldn't fucking believe it. When Kid Rock finally showed, he couldn't either. Kids would blow right past him to get to us.

"So how good is your album doing?" he asked me. "You guys seem like your getting big, man.... Hey, I'm on that album, right?"

"Yeah, yeah. You're on it," I said. "We've sold about 6,000 copies."

"That's the shit," he said. "You got a long way to go, but that's still the shit, you know, for you guys."

THE following week, Alex went to this big-ass music industry convention in Cincinnati. It was mostly bullshit, as those conventions always are, but he did have this to share with us when he got back:

"Okay, I got some good news, guys. Here is the real deal. I asked a bunch of top record label people some questions, face-to-face, and I finally got the lowdown on how this all really, truthfully, basically works. Are you ready?"

We were like, "Yeah! Yeah! Spit the magic info!"

He dropped the news. "Here's how it works in the mind of a major record company. If you're an unsigned band out there, and you sell 5,000 records on your own, you'll have every record company wanting to sign you," he said.

We couldn't believe it, because we had already sold more than that! We were happy as hell! Alex continued on....

"If you sell 7,500 records, you'll have them all straight-up eating out of your hand. If you, somehow, manage to sell 10,000 records on your own, you'll have 'em flat out sucking your dick."

"Hell, yeah," I said. We were already at 6,000. "This is the shit record labels are about to start calling."

They didn't, and wouldn't, for years to come. We'd have to keep on keepin' on, doing it all ourselves.

This is a very rare picture flat of ICP when that kid, Greez-E, was in the group! Greez-E was John Kick Jazz's (Joey's older brother) replacement. Taking this photo was just about the only thing Greez-E did with us during his short time with the group.

OUR karma was so high after that in-store, and Alex getting back from that convention, we booked another big show, this time at the Magic Bag, this old converted porn theater right in Ferndale. It only held 350 people, so were pretty sure we could sell it out with hard enough work.

We were actually making some money from *Carnival of Carnage* selling so well, so we quickly wanted MORE product. We were still starving, dirt-fuckin'-nearing-homeless-poor, but at least we could pay studio bills a little bit quicker.

We hooked back up with our new, main studio ninja, the incredible Mike E. Clark (who really didn't think very much of us, yet), and we did an EP, *Beverly Kills 50187*. Mike E. Clark had so many rappers on his dick, calling him and trying to book studio

time with him, all hours of the day, that we were low on his priority list.

Many times we would get to the studio for our reserved session, and Mike would never even show up! This happened not just once or twice, but at least fifteen or twenty times! We managed to secure his services enough to bang out a pretty dope-ass EP right quick. We decided to premier it at our big Magic Bag show in Ferndale.

We didn't realize how much some of the locals hated us until one night when Greez-E and I were out promoting our asses off, flyering at this bar in the Cass Corridor area of Detroit. It was a hip-hop night of some sort, and this rap group from Mount Clemons, MI, called Doc Roun-Cee and The Blackman were doing a show. At one point, they had been Kid Rock's backup guys, around 1988 or '89.

Anyway, I had met them before, and they were cool. They suddenly called me out from the stage. They decided to straight up put me on front street.

"Hey, it's ICP! This guy, Joe, wants us all to go see them at the Magic Bag, right, Joe?" one of them asked.

They invited me up, which I was kind of surprised by, but what the hell? They had a live band, so I busted fresh-ass verse from the song "Psychopathic" off *Carnival of Carnage*. Then I hopped right off stage. It was all good, I guess.

On the way out of the venue, we stopped to watch a fight that was happening in the parking lot. I recognized them right away. It was this rapper crew from the East Side. They looked like a bunch of Rastas, with long-ass dreadlocks and shit. They were there because they were down with Doc Roun-Cee and The Blackman, I guess.

Anyway, they were fighting some dude, and basically whipping his ass. Then the dude's bitch jumped in. She got tossed to the floor hard. I thought it was funny, but my homie, Greez-E, didn't.

He jumped in and tried to break up the whole fight. He was my boy, so I had his back. I thought, man, if anybody swings on Greez-E, I gotta swing on them. Sure enough, one of them hit Greez-E, so I put a guy who was in front of me in a headlock. I was gonna do this backward suplex move that I was known for doing from time to time. I usually can cripple a kid with this move, but not this time. BOOM! I felt a hundred blows light up the back of my head from the rest of this guy's crew.

This photo was snapped at our fresh Carnival or Carnage show. Alex took the picture. The first 30 or so people up around the stage were Southwest gang members, either there to beat our asses, or jump in and get our backs. It was tough times.

I can't front, y'all. They lit me up. No exaggeration, it had to be about three or four guys punching me at once. I tried to get away. I just took off running forward at full speed.

Suddenly I felt a sharp, blinding pain in my chest. It felt like a bullet hit me. No – I realized I'd been stabbed. I stopped running and looked at my chest while the Bob Marleys caught up to me and kept beating me on my head.

You want me to be honest in this book? How is this for honesty: That shank went in so deep and so hard that I shit my drawers right there. Yup. I shit my pants. I didn't know it at that second, but I found out a minute later. How's that for honesty? I could have just left that part out. Man, I shit a grip of poop.

I don't know what happened. Maybe the knife hit a poop nerve or something. I started running again, with Shabba and his band on my ass swinging nothing but lethal blows. I don't know how I stayed conscious.

I ran back into the club, where the concert was still going on. They were still on me. I ducked and dodged between some people, and ran back outside through a different door. I kept running.

I ran through another door and I somehow found myself next door to the club in a Chinese restaurant. I ran upstairs and I ducked into a women's bathroom. Covered in blood and having just shit myself, I resorted back to my old third grade tactic of taking off my

Violent J at the Carnival of Carnage show.

underwear, making sure that this time my name wasn't on the waistband, and throwing them in the garbage basket.

Then I thought, "The fight might still be going on! I gotta find Greez-E!"

I ran outside the club, only to see Greez-E and his big-ass truck driving away. I called Lori to come get me, and when I got home and got in bed, I thought I was okay. The next morning – Holy Shit! I couldn't feel the right side of my body! I made Lori take me to the

hospital. I wish I had a big, dramatic story about how it was an inch from my heart, but it was just a puncture wound.

I realized why I got beat down so bad. When The Blackman called me up, he was being sarcastic, "Hey this guy thinks he's the shit, because he sold 5,000 records," which nobody in Detroit did. That was the beginning of the player-hating by local Detroit acts.

I'd been seeing these bullshit local band showcases three nights a week, working at St. Andrew's. There was never any headliner, because not one of those bands could headline. ICP never took that route. After that first Esham gig, we were the headliners, and the Magic Bag show was going to prove it.

After I got stabbed, I finally quit St. Andrew's, because I was scared I'd run into that rap crew. Or worse, I'd be spotted by my old gang enemies from Southwest, who had started to make the club their Friday night hangout, sometimes showing up twenty deep.

To make a short story even shorter, regarding Greez-E and his rap career with ICP, he met a cute little Asian girl and quit the band. I have never seen a guy change his wild ways over a woman as quick as he did. Wow. Greez-E was the pinnacle of Detroit's happening club scene, and out of nowhere, he fell in love and left it all behind.

He was a cool-ass ninja, and I'm sure he's doing fine nowadays. Last I remember, he was entering kick boxing tournaments and whipping major ass. I even heard he fights in Thailand, now. This book is about me, so enough about Greez-E. Eric, if you're reading this, I hope you're okay, homie. Peace, and much love.

With Greez-E gone, it was time for another trip to Alex's basement.

"It'll just be us from now on," we said in the meeting. "Just Joey and Joe, and nobody else. That's the way the Dark Carnival wants it, anyway."

Now all I had to do was sort out a place to live. Mind you, we were all super-broke. Luckily, Lori was down to get a place with me. The Dark Carnival works in mysterious ways. We moved into a tiny shack on top of a Laundromat, on Mack Avenue, across the street from a crack haven. I'm talking four crack houses all run by one gang.

Showtime.... Between Alex and Lori both pushing tickets at the record stores they worked at, and between me, Joey, and Billy

flyering and promoting half the mother fuckin' globe every fuckin' day, the Magic Bag gig finally sold out on the day of the show. 350 ninjas.

The Magic Fag show was a first for us in many ways. It was our first sold-out show. It was our first show as just Violent J and Shaggy 2 Dope. It was our first show with no dance routine planned. Most importantly, it was the first time we'd ever thrown Faygo.

It was also some heavy drama that night. We invited Esham to come and do a live song with us on stage, called "Chop Chop," that we had done together for the *Beverly Kills 50187* EP. Esham said he would come rock it. He showed up with his homie, Natas.

They asked if we would play Esham's brand-new CD they had just released, called *KKKill the Fetus*. The CD was about 70 minutes long, but we agreed to play what we could for the crowd between

Joey and I chillin' paintless backstage, just before the doors opened at our big, sold out Magic Bag show.

the opening acts. Before we went on, we were playing the CD, and all was well, but the crowd was getting bored.

We said, "Come on, let's do this – let's go on."

Esham asked us to just play a little bit more of his disc, first.

We stalled another ten minutes or so, when Alex finally stepped up to the sound board, and said something like, "Fuck this shit, man; just take it off and start the fuckin' show. We gotta do this."

Esham's homie happened to be standing there, heard Alex's outburst, and took it crazy wrong. He ran back stage, and told Esham what he thought he had just seen. Esham, being as crazy as he is, grabbed the mike, and walked right out on stage out of nowhere.

The place went nuts for him. Why not? He was the king of Detroit's wicked shit.

He said, "ICP are my niggas and all, but they got a fucked up manager, y'all. SOMEBODY SAY, 'FUCK MR. ALEX, YO!'"

The crowd chanted along in response, "FUCK MR. ALEX, YO!"

Then after a couple chants of that, Esham threw down the mike, destroying our only spare, and stormed out the side entrance of the building.

Let me tell you something about drama. It's funny, because it can mislead you in so many ways. Sometimes its bark is way bigger than its bite. Or sometimes you don't realize it, but you just might have tapped into something that could lead to drama over the years. A lot of times we underestimate ourselves, and our capabilities, during these crises.

If you would've told me that shit was going to happen earlier, I would've passed out like a bitch in love. Once we were standing there, chillin', and it actually happened, your mind, your body, and your soul automatically adjust to the situation. That's what we did. We were like fuck it then, oh well. The show must go on. We went out there and started the show like nothing had ever happened.

Alex was hysterical, though. He came running back stage screaming shit like, "OH MY GOD; WHAT DID I DO? WHAT DID I SAY? WHAT THE FUCK IS HIS DEAL? WHAT THE FUCKIN' FUCK WAS THAT ABOUT?"

We've been known to bullshit the press, and lie our asses off, just to try to sound funny, or whatever. Yo, here it goes: the absolute truth about how the Faygo thing got started....

During that show, we had a table set up behind us in the middle of the stage. On the table was a giant round bucket full of Faygo 2-Liters of various flavors. The day of the show, we decided to have it there, and set it up on the table so that the fans could see it. We always mention it in our songs, so we figured it would be cool if the fans at the show seen us swiggin' off it on stage. That was our plan and intention concerning the Faygo on stage, nothing more and nothing less. That's the truth.

During the show, about 20 minutes into it, the shit died down, and we were just rappin' and rappin'. We were kind of boring, I felt. Then it happened. I seen this kid standing at the dead center of the crowd. He was just standing there with his arm raised, flipping us off. That hurt.

I was steady thinking, "What makes this kid think that just because he's in the crowd, and I'm on stage, he can get away with flippin' me off?"

The truth was, I was winded and tired enough as it was, so I just walked back and unscrewed a full 2-Liter of Faygo, and whipped it right at his ass (what happened to him as a result of that flavor is unknown). The place straight up fuckin' erupted, though. The loudest pop of the night. Then Joey threw one off in the kid's direction. Much to our surprise, pop started flying back at us from the crowd. I didn't know if people hated us or loved us.

We kept it going until finally, the Magic Fag's manager, this stupid bitch, actually climbed up on stage, and in a panic for fear of her venue being destroyed, grabbed the Faygo bucket. Then from out of nowhere Alex came to the fuckin' rescue, and grabbed the bucket. They were struggling over it! In front of the fans and everybody! Alex was the shit! As Alex held the bucket in place, Joey and I filled our arms with the remaining Faygo, and began spraying the crowd. The rest my friends... is Juggalo history.

This also marked the first time we ever stage dove, as Joey soared off a stage monitor for the first time ever that very night. That would set off a chain reaction of suicidal dive fests for the rest of

our days. At the end of the show, I had level 10 karma, so I addressed the Esham diss from earlier.

"Fuck Esham for that, y'all! That was bullshit! Fuck him for dissin' Alex."

Half the crowd booed and the other half popped. We felt we had to say something in Alex's honor, after all he's as much ICP as me or Joey, all day long. I didn't know what was going to happen when I said that. I expected bullets to rip at me. We felt all and all the show was a solid fuckin' success, and a historical night. Later, we went out to eat to celebrate.

A rare photo of Joey and I chillin' paintless and gangsta style.

"Look, guys," Alex said, "we made four grand at the merch table. That means the company, as of this meal, is self-sufficient."

Then he asked for the bill, which was fresh, because I lost all my money stage diving. What Alex was saying was, from then on, we could do this full-time. We even had enough money to promote all day, every day.

We even had the loot to go to this rap convention called Jack the Rapper, in Atlanta, next month. We were sure we were going to get a record deal there. Our karma couldn't have been any higher.

I drove home with Lori, not really saying anything, just thinking about everything: how it was all coming into focus, how the things that were happening to us started to make sense. They were part of some bigger picture we were suddenly able to see: Juggaloism. Also

on my mind was Esham, and what the aftereffects of tonight's battle would be.

No sooner than an hour after I got home, there was a knock at the door. I looked out my fresh window above the Laundromat, and saw it was Esham. I thought for 100% sure he was going to jump me with his boys, and just whip my ass for dissin' him on stage.

Rappers might be rappers, but being in the rap game does anything but take the street out of somebody. Believe me. I thought about it, and was like fuck it, if I don't go out there, they might bust Lori's car up, or whatever.

"Fuck it," I thought, "I'll just have to go out there, and get it over with."

I walked outside and stood there, expecting to get attacked any second, from wherever. Nope, it was just Esham, chillin' alone.

He asked me, "Did you say something about me on stage tonight?"

I said, "Yeah, fuck yeah. Why wouldn't I? Look what you did to us!"

He said, "'Cause I ain't with that rap battle shit. We can just handle this right now."

He pulled out a gat. Right off the bat I knew Esham was smarter than that. I was also insulted that he figured I was Bitch Made like Kid Rock prolly would have been.

I said to him, "Come on, man. I just said 'fuck Esham' on stage two hours ago, and then I suddenly wind up dead. Hmmmmm, wonder who did it? I know you ain't that stupid to fuckin' shoot my ass. I know you're pissed off, and I would be too.

"Fuck man, what the fuck WOULD YOU have done, if I would've pulled that shit off at your show, and was like 'FUCK MR. JAMES, YO!' You would've ran out there and busted my ass, right? Well what the fuck? This is my camp, my fam, my show, and I love Alex like you do James.

"You dissed him on stage at a show that we spent the last two months trying to get everybody we could to come see. Damn right, I dissed you back! I had too. We would've looked like bitch boys.

"Look at what you were pissed over: because he cut your shit off? You should've just came and confronted us about it before acting crazy like that."

Esham is a man. We sat there and settled our differences like men. Just him and I on that dark-ass street corner in Detroit city.

for over an hour. After we handled our hot head shit, we talked about the show and all that. As strange as it may sound, we left that night with a great deal more respect for one another.

Esham coming to my house with a gun in 1993, and now he's signed to Psychopathic, and swings the hatchet by my side, is amazing to me. Three things to remember from this: 1) God's way is bigger than all of us; 2) Never say never and mean it; and 3) Life is too fuckin' long to be stuck on stupid.

People talked to Esham and I about leaving that part out of the book all together, but we have never ran from anything in our personal histories. We're both too fuckin' proud of ourselves, today, of how we turned out, to care about what happened on the streets a decade ago.

Up until that historical Magic Queer show, we were just a fucking rap act, or something we thought was a rap act. That night, after going against the venue's rules, after the Faygo and the stage diving, we weren't a fucking rap act any more. We were ICP and the Dark Carnival. We never again fell into any category but that one.

We weren't being anything but ourselves: Faygo, "Fuck yous," and all. ICP was truly born. More importantly, the Juggalos were born, all 350, or so, of them.

Chapter 11
Ringmaster's Word

WE had the *Beverly Kills 90187* EP between albums, and we weren't poor anymore. We weren't rich, we weren't even middle class. For the very first time in my life, though, we weren't poor.

We could afford McDonald's, or whatever was right down the street from our office, anytime we wanted. Our "office" was still Alex's mom's basement on Nine Mile. *Carnival of Carnage* had sold almost 10,000 copies by now. Despite the big news, however, Alex came back from a music seminar with some bad news: We didn't have any record companies sucking our dicks.

As a matter of fact, we didn't have anybody sucking our dicks. Everywhere we went, every record store, every time we hung out at St. Andrew's Hall, nobody had a fucking thing to say to us. Nothin' but mean mugs and shoulder shrugs everywhere we went.

Whatever we told people we sold, they were always dead certain we were lying about it. Besides, every time I talked to Esham's brother, James, he would tell me they were selling 100,000 records. Same thing with Kid Rock.

"Oh, yeah, I'm at about 70,000."

We believed it all, too. Sure, we'd later learn they were mega hypin' that shit to us the whole time. Right then, all we thought was that we had a lot of catching up to do. Them lying to us all those years turned out to be the best thing ever for us, because all we did was try harder and harder to catch up to their imaginary record sales.

The truth was, it was hard enough for Ice Cube to sell 10,000 records in the Detroit area, let alone a local group. Didn't matter to us, though, we didn't really care. Ice Cube was our target now, him and The Beasties, and big-time shit.

We entered the studio to make the 2nd Joker's Card: *Ringmaster*. Mike Clark was still pretty much busy as hell, and treating us like

About Mike:

Don't get me wrong, Mike Clark was never a dick to us. Mike was never a dick to anybody, for that matter. He was always friendly as hell, and full of energy and life. From the first day I ever met Mike, he was always cool as hell to chill with.

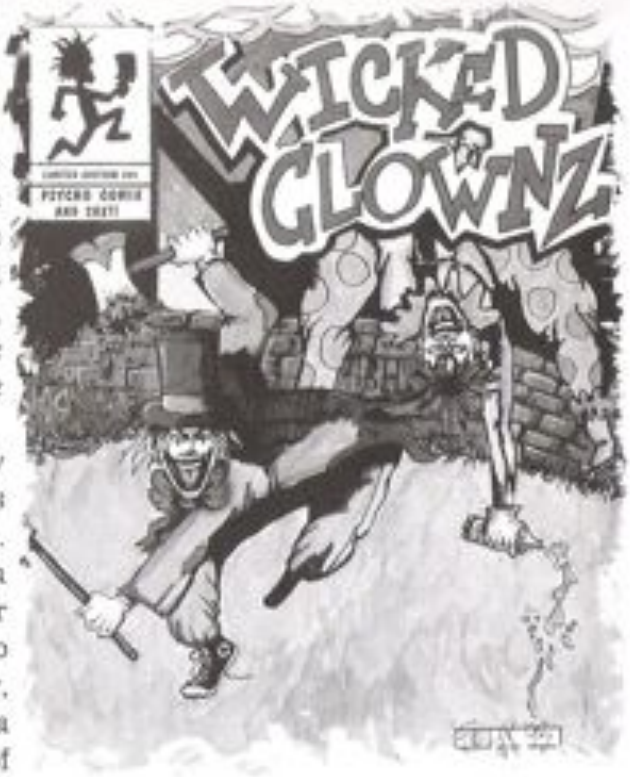
His only problem back then was he was so fuckin' busy. He couldn't work with us exclusively, because we weren't making any real money. So Mike had to work with about ten bands at a time in order to make all his ends meet. The fact is that Mike is the bomb, and everybody who has ever worked with him wants him for themselves.

Back during the recording of *Ringmaster*, we were just one of the ten bands Mike was doing at the time. That's why I say we were just bitches to him. That and the fact that we were just another one of the many rap groups and bands who were always bugging him for studio time.

bitches back then, but at least now he had his own studio.

We buried ourselves in the studio as much as possible. Shit was magical during this period. We had mad amounts of karma, because we knew that we actually had people waiting for this record.

We were actually defining what ICP was and what it could be. We wanted to make a statement, to direct our energy. We wanted to mix comedy and horror, and hold it up like a mirror to a city full of gangsters and scrubs just like us. The image of the Joker's Card came to me as a Ringmaster throwing the *forks up* and *forks down* gang signs. That, to us, meant that all sets could have clown love.

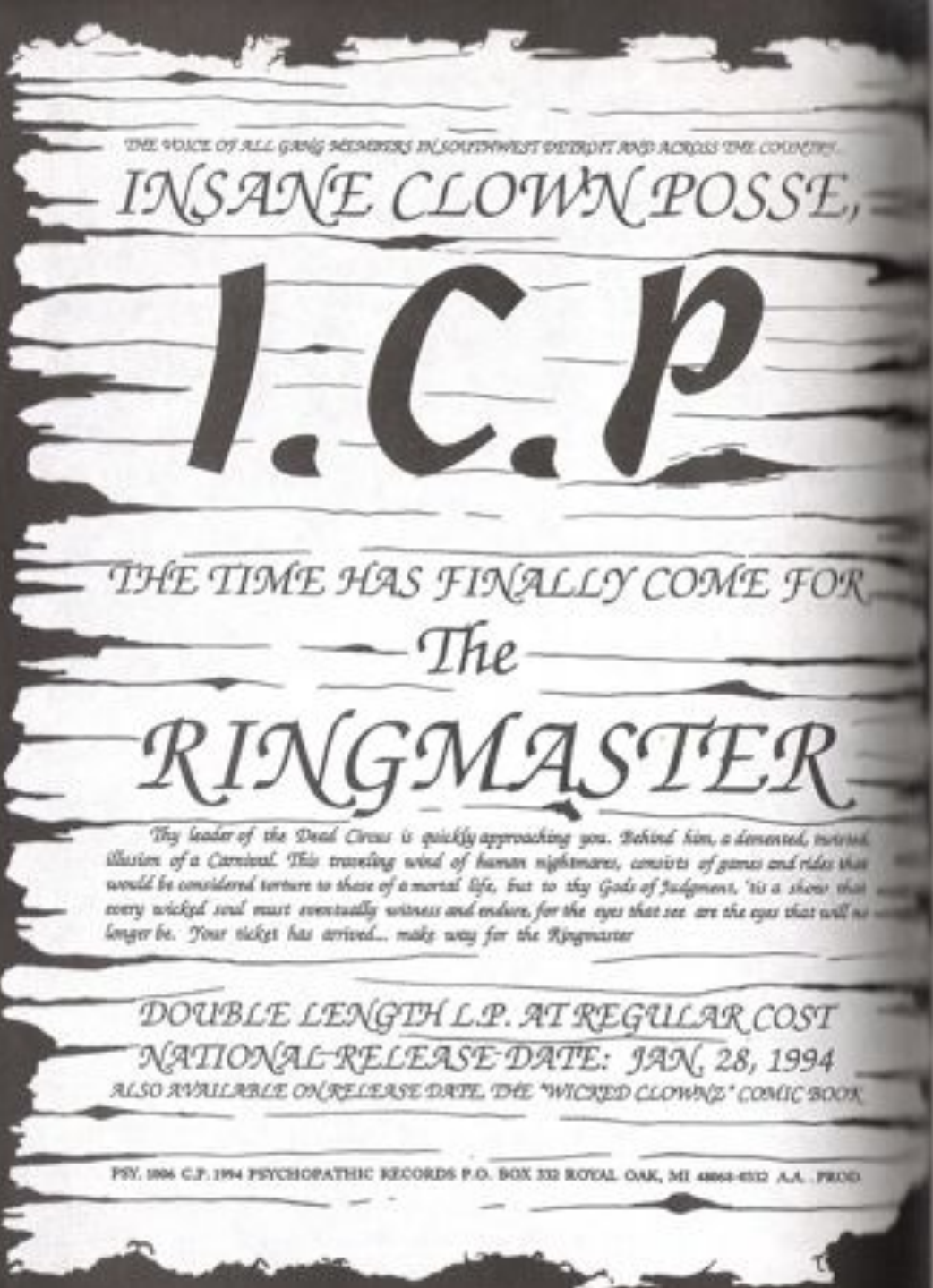


This was the cover to the original *Wicked Clownz* comic book.

I don't know where the hell we got all these fresh ideas, except to say from the Dark Carnival. We even decided to put out our own comic book with *Ringmaster*, called Wicked Clownz. I wrote it, and Joey drew it. Once again we were hanging up at Kinko's like curly hair on nuts (when we weren't in the studio). That fuckin' comic book was hella, HELLA hard work. We spent more time at Kinko's than ever during the *Ringmaster* era. That's saying a LOT.

We had to get the comic book printed in Canada, so it took us a million trips across the border to smuggle them back. At least we had a comic book now. It wasn't in color or anything, but it was funny. Not even Ice Cube had a comic book.

We were off on our own thing now and making new moves. We finally stopped watching our opponents in the race. We just looked



After learning the magic of Kinkos, Joey and I made all our flyers ourselves. This was one of the flyers we spent all night working on, making it as fresh as possible.

ahead, and little did we even know it, but we were leaving everybody in the dust.

PROMOTING!!!!!!!!!! PROMOTING!!!!!!!!!!!!! PROMOTING!!!!!!!!!!!! Non-stop, night and day, day and night! We hustled at every Kinko's in the state. We even went to Kinko's in other states just to re-use our snaky tactics, because they weren't hip to us yet! We sat at Kinko's so much that my ass was shaped just like the bottom of a Kinko's chair. We even brought our own chairs into Kinko's that we kept in Alex's trunk. We brought food to Kinko's, ordered pizza at Kinko's, all that. I'm telling you, we lived at Kinko's, making endless amounts of demo packages, flyers, fan club newsletters, bios, everything.

Oh, fuck it. I know this all sounds boring as hell, and if you want, you can skip to all the other chapters about, oh let's see, how I hung out with Slash, or about how Billy just about blew the guy from Radiohead's grill out, or all our dirt from being in the WWF and WCW. Skip right ahead.

A fresh-ass flyer that we made at Kinko's. Our flyer-making skills seemed to get better and better, thanks to the many, many nights spent making them at many, many Kinkos.

Juggalos – or whoever's reading this – you've got to understand, this is what really went on! This is the TRUE story behind ICP's CDs and concerts. It ain't as fresh as them rappers make it seem in videos. At least for us it never was.

We had to walk the whole way alone, because nobody else would give us a free lift. You ain't going to read no rock star book where motherfuckers are talking about Kinko's and flyers and shit as much as us, because they never had to deal with that shit. Some did a little here and a lot there, but nobody out there WALKED the whole fuckin' way like we did. NO MOTHER FUCKIN' BODY!

My ONLY point is that you can TRULY do whatever you want in this world. EVEN if you never once receive a break along the way you can STILL DO IT! It just takes a lot of work!

The good thing is that once you get to where you're trying to go you can look back and say, "I don't owe shit to any mother-fuckin' body."

So it might seem stale that all I got are stories about making flyers, promoting, and selling records in Detroit, instead of real rock-and-roll shit, like supermodels eating each other's nedeys while we're sippin' Caribbean wine and high-fivin' Tommy Lee. Believe me, this shit was hard work.

Now, back to our stale story.

About seven weeks before we put out *Ringmaster*, we drove all the way down to Cincinnati to get the tapes and CDs pressed. We chose this place called QCA to do the job. We wanted to go there personally, to show them exactly how we wanted it done, just like we had done a few years earlier with *Dog Beats*.

Sure enough, four days before the release of *Ringmaster*, we got the CDs back, and they were all fucked-up. Typos all over the place, wrong foil and everything. Even though we had to drive all the way there to show them exactly what we wanted, they still fucked it all up!

At first, they just dissed us about it. They told us sorry, but there was nothing they could do for us. We were so pissed that somebody was truly about to get hurt. The street came pouring back out of us. It was going down for real, y'all.

We were planning our attack on their pressing plant when we got the call. They made us another 10,000 cassettes and 10,000 CDs for free!!! It was like a fucking dream come true. We had twice the shit to sell. Forty thousand units, and we were going to sell them all. That was a break, and I'll never forget it.

RINGMASTER HIT THE STREETS, AND HIS MIGHTY ERA BEGAN.

My brother had now been out of the Army for awhile doing his thing. He started working with us full-time, helping us promote the fuck out of *Ringmaster*. Even the fuckin' Army, and the Desert Storm War, couldn't prepare Rob for the amount of work we put in while promoting. He got out of one war just to join another.

Alex's mom's basement was now the Psychopathic Records' warehouse and shipping department, as well as its office. When we weren't flyering, we were down there, taping up boxes of CDs and shirts, and sending them out.

Check this out. We bought this huge mega-roll of duct tape from this used office supply place. It wasn't really duct tape, it was actually more like that thin-ass, light brown, packaging tape shit. The roll was just enormous. I mean, it was about three feet thick, no lie.

I think maybe it was used on some kind of giant box folding machine or something, but now we had it, and it was humongous: thirty or forty pounds of nothing but tape.

We all stood there looking at it, and said, "By the time this roll of tape is gone, we will have shipped out enough shit, and sold enough records to get a record deal."

There was no way we could have been wrong about that. So we thought.

RINGMASTER was powerful. The record was selling. Detroit's scrubs and thugs were all taking major notice of Insane Clown Posse. Juggalos were emerging from the darkest corners of the state. Other bands were just making music to jam to. We were becoming an underworld phenomenon.

We set up a bunch of in-store appearances, alone this time. Just ICP, with no fuckin' Kid Rocks. At the in-stores, lines of kids were wrapped around the stores, twice!

Every kid who came through the line was just like us. They looked like us, dressed like us, talked like us and all that. NO!!!! I'm not saying that we influenced them and their style; I'm saying that they already had the same style as us! We were all just different forms of SCRUB!!! We were all the same kind of people! We were

all the world's UNDERDOGS. We were all pissed, and ready to do something about it!

It felt like we already knew everybody. It seemed like they all wrestled in NAW with us back in the day, and they all were thugs in ICP with us for years! Joey and I were finding out that there have always been other people out there who thought, lived, breathed and chilled the same as we did all along. Our music was just helping us all find each other.

Performing "Mr. JohnSon's Head" on stage at the Ringmaster Show at St. Andrew's Hall in downtown Detroit.

We couldn't put shit out fast enough. Juggalos were telling future Juggalos about the Dark Carnival. Detroit was steady shaking. There were mini earthquakes everywhere.

Something was growing under the dirt. Something powerful and large was emerging. We kept spreading our Juggalo poison. Box after box was leaving that fuckin' basement. Our fat roll of tape remained fat, but it was definitely being tested.

We were blowing up so big, we had to buy an office out in Oak Park, so Alex's mom's neighbors didn't think we were drug dealers coming and going out of the house at all hours. It was almost like a dream come true having our own office. I absolutely loved it there. I would spend the night there at least two days a week, just 'cause I hated going home. I used to bring chicks with me there, and fuck them on this big-ass conference table all the time.

We straight up ran the Detroit rap scene. Psychopathic Records was absolutely everything it should have been, only it was local and small.

We even bought our first company car: a little Suzuki Sidekick with fat rims and ground effects. No more getting out of Alex's rusted-out Caddy at in-stores. We used that office and fresh car 24/7.

After *Ringmaster* surfaced, it was clear: We owned Detroit's underground. That roll of packaging tape was getting a little smaller. Everything seemed cool, except for one thing.

"Alex, we've sold 30,000 copies of *Ringmaster*; where's the fucking record deal?" I asked him. "Why don't you go to that big-ass Jack the Rapper convention, coming up in a couple months, and find out?"

THE 1993 Jack the Rapper convention was this big rap industry thing in Atlanta for all the players and would-be players of the rap game willing to shell out $300 a ticket. Rudy and I drove down there thinking we were the shit. By the time the convention came, *Ringmaster* had sold 40,000 records on our own; record companies were gonna be on our dicks. Or so we thought.

Little did we realize that absolutely nobody outside the Detroit area had a clue as to who the hell we were. When we walked in the hotel where the convention was, right away we saw every rapper and their mama was there, slapping stickers of their group everywhere. We started doing the same thing, slapping our posters

up all over the walls, just trying to blend in. This wasn't nothing new to us, we had crazy skills at promoting.

I went up to Redman and gave him a CD, then to EPMD – any motherfucker who would take it.

We walked around that bitch with our chins up, like, "Yeah, we sold 40,000 fucking records. *Ringmaster's* at 40,000."

People still weren't hearing it. Every rapper there had a story to beat ours.

"40,000 units? That ain't shit, dog. Back in Oklahoma City, me and my crew sold 130,000 units."

We couldn't believe it. Everybody was fresher than us. I was getting mad. Rudy just got drunk. We found ourselves on the elevator with Tag Team, when they had that "Whoop, There it Is" out – pretty much the biggest hit single of that year.

"What up, y'all?" the one guy asked.

"What up?" I said.

He put out his hand for a dap.

"Tag Team."

Rudy shook his hand.

"ICP. What's up?"

We started talking that smalltime bullshit talk people make in elevators, especially at business conventions. We told him we were from Detroit.

The guy asked us, "So, how we doing up in Detroit? Are we on any radio up there?"

Rudy, drunk off his ass, answered, "Well... you know. I ain't really heard too much since that whole li'l 'Whoop' thing y'all did."

Wow. I couldn't fuckin' believe Rudy just said that to them. That whole li'l "Whoop" thing was the biggest-selling rap single of all time, and Rudy just called it "that li'l 'Whoop' thing!"

We hit our floor, and got off the elevator right quick.

I was just like, "Holy shit!"

Rudy didn't stop to think about what had just happened. He stumbled over to the beer line. Suddenly Kid, that one guy with the hi-top fade from Kid 'N' Play, kind of cut in front of him.

Rudy liked beer, but he loved trouble. "Hey! What's up with that, man?!" he yelled.

Kid apologized immediately. "Oh, I'm sorry bro. I didn't know this was the line."

Rudy was drunk.

"I don't give a fuck if you're a mudda fuckin' Kid 'N' Play, muh'fucker...."

Rudy was about to beat the ninja from Kid 'N' Play! I couldn't believe this was happening. It was funny as hell, though. We'd paid $600 to come here to get a record deal, and all we were doing was burning bridges we never had to begin with.

Fuck it, we pissed off Tag Team and Kid 'N' Play, might as well go for the hat trick. Snoop Dogg and Death Row Records were premiering their new movie, *Murder Was the Case That They Gave Me*. It was kind of a big deal, because back then not every rapper was making mini-movies like they are now.

Rudy stumbled up to the door of the screening room. In big bold letters was a sign: DO NOT OPEN DOOR. FILM IN PROGRESS.

"Come on, dog," Rudy said, "let's go see this shit."

"Let's just wait 'til the next showing," I told him.

Rudy opened both doors, and the darkened room filled with light.

Suddenly, Snoop and about fifty other people, were turning around in their seats to see what assholes had opened the door in the middle of the film. The assholes were Rudy and me.

Now, rather than take a seat in the back, Rudy was as loud as ever. "Oh, my bad, my bad. Naw, go ahead, watch your movie. The screen's over there. What you watchin' me for? Shit! Don't mind us."

We finally found seats.

Five minutes later, Rudy leaned over and whispered to me. "Man, it ain't no bitches in here, man. Let's get the fuck outta here, dog."

At least he bothered to whisper.

Joey rockin' a show, before the tattoos and all that.

"Dog, don't go back outside," I begged him. "If you open the door it's gonna light up this whole room again."

"Dog, this shit is wack, man. Let's break, dog."

By now, people were turning around and mean-mugging us for talking, anyway, so I figured we better leave before we got our asses beat. We ninja'd to the back, and Rudy threw open the doors again like he was escaping a burning building. Just as the doors closed back up, and I thought we were cool, Rudy suddenly yelled "SOUTHWEST, BITCH!"

We ran.

At this point, I'd had about enough of the convention, but I figured I'd give it one last try. There was a room that had A&R men from all the labels, who would sit down and talk to you. It was almost closed for the day, and we wanted to get the fuck out of there, so I bribed a kid for his place in line. I sat down in front of this A&R guy.

"Here it is, man," I said, and handed him a copy of *Ringmaster*. I had five minutes to give him my speech.

"Man, this record sold 40,000 copies in Detroit. Here are photos of the group. Me and my boy wear clown makeup, blah blah blah..."

That guy was just looking at me like, "Shut... the... fuck... up. Get the fuck outta here."

He didn't ask me one question. Talking to him was like talking to a telephone poll.

"All right, we'll listen to it. Peace."

Peace, my ass; he couldn't give a fuck less. Luckily, on our way back, there was an independent wrestling show in Atlanta, which was pretty fresh. So the Jack the Rapper trip wasn't a total waste.

"SOUTHWEST, BITCH!"

WE may not have been shit at Jack the Rapper, but back in Detroit, we were stars again. We booked a show at the Ritz. The same stale-ass place we played to 250 disinterested Esham fans a year-and-a-half before. This time, the building was sold the fuck out at 1,800 Juggalos. WE HAD FACE PAINT ON, BELIEVE THAT. Not only us, but half the fuckin' crowd did, too.

We had a song on *Carnival of Carnage* called "The Juggla."

When I would do it on stage, I'd say, "You can't fuck with the Juggla.... What about you, Juggalo? Are there any Juggalos in here?"

The fans took it from there. The word *Juggalo* was official. Juggalos were like our very own underground cult of followers. We were the band you never heard on the radio, or saw on MTV, but everybody in our area knew the name, and only Juggalos actually listened to us.

We were getting so big, we were getting even more player-hated in our beloved Southwest. Rudy and I rolled by Clark Park in our Sidekick, and people just threw shit at us.

"Fuck ICP! Ya'll ain't shit!!!"

It was weird as hell. We had some money. We were selling out concerts. Our ugly asses even had hot supermodel lookin' chicks wanting to fuck us. We still somehow didn't have a fuckin' record deal.

Life was getting busy as hell. We had places to be and things to get done. Our rapping careers were truly under way. FINALLY.

I had to look ahead, and keep moving in life at this new, quicker pace. I broke up with Lori (remember, we had supermodel-lookin' chicks willing to fuck us now). It was a move that I ended up regretting for years. For a long time after Lori, all I ever met was fake-ass groupie after fake-ass groupie. They made Lori look like an angel.

Nowadays, I feel different about Lori. For some reason, now, when I look back into the past, all I seem to remember is her bitching all the time. I seem to have forgotten her fresh points. I only remember her bitching about the money I owed her, about staying out promoting too late every night, and straight up bitchin' about everything I did.

I'm happy as hell now not be with that stupid bitch. Even thinking about the sex we had, it was always the bomb, but yo, she always made me wear a fuckin' rubber! All that time we were together, I had to wear a condom. What kind of bullshit was that?

Anyway, once Lori and I were over, Joey, Billy, and I all decided we should get a place together. At the same time, my brother, Rob, and Rudy had both also just ended long, stale, bullshit-ass relationships.

The four of us all agreed, "Let's just all get a place together, and PROMOTE ICP 24/7!"

Left to right: Alex, Billy Bill, Rob, Crazy Doug, Joey, Rich, Tall Jess. Hatchet homies.

Fuck the bitches and everything else all around. We were a self-sufficient, little record company with a local hit album, and all we cared about was making all that GROW. BIGGER AND BETTER.

We couldn't afford anything fresh just yet, but we all knew we wanted to live somewhere near downtown Detroit, where fresh shit was always going down. We ended up moving to the absolute scrubbiest neighborhood in Detroit. A place known to local crackheads and hookers everywhere: Cass Corridor.

It's all drug dealers, freaks, and hookers mixed in with crazy hippie-lookin' college kids, who have the balls and the drug habits to wanna live there, too. We fuckin' loved it in Cass Corridor. Rob and Rudy got an apartment and me, Billy, and Joey got the apartment directly across the hall from them. We were on the third floor of a three-floor, apartment building-sized crack house.

Our rent was $245 a month. Our bathtub always had roaches crawling around, and there was never a showerhead, which meant to use it, you would have to sit down. That meant there was a chance of a bug swimming up your butt hole. So instead, we just used the nasty tub to hold the fan mail we were now getting. We'd just run across to my brother's to take a shower.

It was wild, because these people used to fuck next door, and it would knock my whole fucking cable box off my TV. There was some serious fucking going on.

An old transvestite sat in front of the building night and day. We nicknamed her *Man-Lady*. She named us, too. Me, Rudy, and Billy were always addressed as *Big Man*, and my brother and Joey were called *Slim Goody*. Every time we'd come home after a night of flyering, she'd be there. The later in the night, the drunker he/she/it would be.

"I'll take my teeth out and suck the shit out of your dick," he/she/it would jokingly say.

No thanks; we had groupies for that now. More on that in a minute. Our landlord was an old-ass, white gay man named Thom. Yes, it's true, *Thom* with the *h*. He used to wear a leather-studded hat and a short leather jacket with nothing on under it.

He was out of his fuckin' mind, going to the store like he was in the Village People, butt cheeks exposed and all. Even Man Lady wanted none of that flavor. Thom not only looked like he had AIDS, but he looked like an actual AID or something.

Not even the homo-spectacle, Thom, could compare to *The Thug*. Yes, I'm talking about the one and only, original THUG. This ninja made THUGGIN' cool way before 2 Pac and Bone ever made the word *thug* popular.

This dude was so black that all you could see were his yellow-ass eyes from across the street. Even in the dark, his eyes would light up the sidewalk in front of him like li'l headlights. We'd watch out of our window, and see him beating somebody's ass, every day. If we were gonna go to the store across the street, first we'd check and make sure The Thug wasn't out. We always waited for him to wander off or get arrested before we left the house.

Every time Joey would spot him from his bedroom window, he would scream for all of us to come watch. It never failed. He always would knock somebody out, every time. Crackheads would see them two yellow balls emerging from a dark alley, and take off

running in fear. Hookers would jump in dumpsters, and hide. Whoever was stupid enough to still be standing around when The Thug walked up on the scene, would always, sure as hell, get knocked the fuck out.

We didn't need an alarm clock, because every morning at 10 AM, this little retarded lady came knocking on my door with something different to sell, "You wanna buy this toaster?"

"No, we don't need the toaster."

"Does your friend wanna buy the toaster?"

"No."

BOOM – ten the next morning, same thing.

"Do you wanna buy this lamp?"

"No, I'm straight."

One time, I was downtown passing out flyers at City Club. There was this homeless guy out there working his beat.

"Hey man, buy these incense sticks off me, man. Please buy these incense sticks off me!" he pleaded. "I'm homeless. I'm homeless. Just come on, help me out."

So I bought these fuckin' incense sticks off him, and even gave him a couple extra bucks. That night, as I unlocked the door to my apartment and looked down the hall, the same guy I bought the incense from was unlocking the door to his apartment.

"Hey, you said you were–"

"Haaaa!!!" he laughed at me, and slammed the door.

I lived in the same building as him, and I didn't even know it. That cocksucker.

Check this out. One night, I came home and walked right up the stairwell. As I passed the second floor, I noticed a guy in the hallway with a fuckin' rifle in his hand was banging on a door, yelling, "Open up, bitch!"

I just kept walking up to the third floor like I ain't seen shit.

When I got into our apartment, I yelled to Joey, "Joey! Hey, some guy's on the second floor with a gun."

KACK! KACK! Now you could hear him bustin' rounds off. We went to the window. The guy was in the alleyway, right across the street where I normally parked my car, putting rounds into his rifle and shooting them into the apartment right below ours, busting out the windows and shit. This was never our style, but we called the police.

ICP rockin' the Ringmaster Show at St. Andrew's Hall.

"There's a guy shooting at our building! Listen," I said, and hung the phone out the window.

The guy ran out of ammo, then went back in his trunk to reload and kept shooting into the building, just taking his time like he had all night! We low-crawled across to my brother's apartment.

"Rob, the cops still ain't here!" I was freaking out.

Finally, the guy ran out of bullets and drove away. Ten minutes later, a cop finally rolled up. We went out to talk to the cop. Low and behold, it was a fuckin' Wayne State College Area Patroller. Not even a real cop.

Mind you, nobody else from the building called the police or went outside; I guess that kind of shit just happened all the time around there. I mean, we would hear automatic gun fire, and the echoes of gunfights during the night in our new neighborhood, but never for that long.

I wasn't complaining, though. I fucking loved it down there. It was like ultimate scrubbiness, once again. People wondered how the fuck we could write songs about driving around in hearses, killing people. They wonder how we could come up with all this horror comedy stuff. Shit, living in downtown Detroit with fucking characters like that, how could we not?

We were representing Detroit, and that's all that mattered to us. Even bringing groupies to the apartment was fun. They would all

see the steam shooting up from the sewers, and how ghetto our whole neighborhood looked. We seemed to be living the exact role we sang about.

Juggalos pile out of St. Andrew's Hall after an ICP concert in Detroit.

WITH *Ringmaster* out, we were paid enough to pay our bills on time, we were single, everything was cool. Oh, Joey did get arrested for a minute for breaking into a restaurant in Ferndale, because he was drunk and hungry one night after a party at his ma's house. I guess he figured some frozen hot dogs would be tasty. Well, once he got inside the place he found a little surprise. The owner was still in the restaurant, fucking some chick with the lights off!

Joey fought the fuck outta the guy, but he got choked out. The guy was bigger than the Undertaker. I never believed Joey about how big the guy was until I went to court with him. The guy was there, and he looked like one of the Road Warriors. Joey got probation, which was way better than serving time, but the only catch was he couldn't leave the state.

Of course, back then, with the way we had Detroit locked down, he didn't have to leave. Ever. Alex would give us fifty bucks every

morning, we'd drive around in the Sidekick picking up money from record stores, dropping more shit off, flyering, or going into the studio.

It was amazing. We were living off of our music sales, and there weren't many motherfuckers in Detroit who could say that. Maybe Esham and that's it. Kid Rock didn't have to work, but then again, he never had to: his parents were rich, and everybody knew it. From what he told us, his dad was Bob Ritchie, Sr., the guy who owned all them new and used car lots you always saw commercials for on TV. Of course that's only my speculation. Maybe he never asked his stale-ass dad for shit, who knows.

Things were getting very, very weird for Joey and I. We were getting famous. People would recognize us at malls. Chicks were always down to fuck right away. For me, this was extra crazy. I've always been ugly. Even before I was fat, I was always the ugly kid with the big forehead. Hot chicks letting me fuck them is to this very day funny as hell to me. Back then, this was all brand-new to me.

We'd meet girls at our shows or at in-stores, or they'd call our hotline. It was almost like we were daring them to like us. They'd get in their parents' cars, and drive all the way from their rich-ass suburbs into our ghetto neighborhood, and – if they could find the place – we'd meet them in the street, and have to blindfold them before taking them up to our apartment. If we didn't, they'd tell everybody where we lived, and the next thing we knew, there would be kids in face-paint at our apartment hound dogging us for autographs day and night, and going through our trash and shit.

We'd get these girls to our apartment, and the first thing out of their mouths was always, "What are you guys doing living down here? This place is gross!"

We'd go on and on about how we were just keeping it real. With that $50 every morning we were rich as could be. Anything else we ever had coming went right back into Psychopathic. EVERY FUCKIN' PENNY.

The thing was, Joe Bruce wasn't ever sexy to these bitches. Violent J was. I'd tell the girls my name was Joe, but they insisted on calling me J. They didn't want to know Joe; it was more fun for them to be hanging out with J. So I'd give 'em J.

Violent J didn't give a fuck how they got home, or if their car got broken into.

"Hey, bitch, remember how I rap about killing people, and super-gluing chicks' titties to the ceiling? That's the guy you fucked, and now he don't give a fuck about how you get home."

It was ruthless, sure, but they wanted Violent J so they got Violent J. Now, don't get me wrong, I don't look down upon all women, because there's a difference between groupies and ingenuettes (women who get respect). Groupies will only use me to get props off of their friends; so in turn I will use them for their needs.

WE had groupies, record sales, $50 a day, and local stardom. STILL NO RECORD DEAL. Mind you, this was before major labels were realizing regional shit can be powerful. This is back when like Master P and his No Limit bounce stuff was selling two or three hundred thousand copies down South, yet not selling anything up North or out West. Nelly was a superstar in St. Louis, but nobody would give it a shot national. We were white kids in clown makeup making some noise in Detroit's suburbs, and not one place else. No labels wanted to fuck with us.

We figured we'd give the local record biz types their shot at getting us signed, just to see what would happen. The first guy was named Rick Trophy. We met him at a recording studio one day. He led us into his office, and right away, he was just, well, not as bad as Awesome Dre's manager with the handcuffed suitcase, but close enough.

"You want a deal, I'll get you a deal," he said.

He was such a fucking character.

"Do you know who I am?"

"No."

"Do you know how lucky you are to be sitting here in my office? You don't know who I am?"

"No."

"Do you know who Danny K is?"

"Yes."

Finally, something I could say yes to.

GET SCHOOLED ON DANNY K

Danny K was like a legend to us. Not like Esham and Awesome Dre was, though. Danny K was kind of, well, touched. Danny K was a half-retarded, redneck kid from some city I have never heard of called East China, Michigan. We even tried to find it on a map, and we couldn't.

Danny K was just fuckin'... wrong. His music was so bad, so off, so terrible, and so shitty that it was good. We loved it. We collected all of Danny K's releases. He was legendary to us. His rap was like the paintings mental patients do: innocent, but amazing. He had songs called "Track and Field" and "After School Snack Attack." You know, songs that were about the lamest shit you could ever imagine.

Mike E. Clark was the first to introduce us to Danny K's amazingly funny music. I guess Kid Rock showed Mike. Every rapper in Detroit keeps a Danny K collection close by.

His beats sometimes weren't even programmed. It was like his engineers made his shit deliberately bad so Danny would fire them. Then they could go work on something, anything, else. Danny K was a hero to us, because in his own way, he had brought us real joy. He did his own thing, and let the rest of the world try to figure it out. Nobody ever did. He was without a doubt the worst rapper we had ever heard, and that made him the best at something. Even if it's making horrible music, Danny K was the best at it.

Rick continued, "See, I'm the one who got Danny K into Harmony House. I can do anything in this business."

We were sold. If this ninja was really the guy who got Danny K into the fuckin' Harmony House chain, then he was right! *He could* do anything. Then again, for him to be bragging about getting Danny K into a record store chain, my God, we didn't know whether to laugh or shake his hand.

We figured we'd give him a shot. We told him our sales figures, which totaled over 150,000. He couldn't believe we sold all those units.

Then I said, "You'll see. We're gonna sell the Ritz out – twice in a row!"

"If you do that without a record deal, you'll be the greatest unsigned group in Detroit of all time," he answered.

"We're gonna do it."

We did. We sold out Friday and Saturday, both nights, in advance. That's a total of 3,600 tickets just to see a local, unsigned band. It was fucking unreal.

I ain't going to tell you how dope the shows were, because that's not the point. You don't read about ICP shows, you go to them. Juggalos know what I mean. The point was, these guys still couldn't find us a deal.

"The labels know you sold all those records, but they think you're just a novelty thing, like it's some kind of weird local phenomenon," Rick explained.

Like for the same reason the football fans in Milwaukee wear cheese on their heads, people in Detroit liked us. Like we were some dumb local thing that couldn't possibly connect with the youth of America. Shit, what we couldn't connect with was hearing "no," and hearing that ICP just wouldn't work nationally.

We hooked up with another local player, Bruce Lorfel, who finally got us a meeting with Atlantic Records in New York. Mind you, they didn't pay for our flights or nothing. So Joey and I drove our Sidekick out there on our own dime. We listened to *Ringmaster* on the way out there about a thousand times, and got psyched-up. To this day, the *Ringmaster* album is many Juggalos' favorite shit. "Murder Go Round," the first version of "Chicken Huntin'," "Wagon," "Funhouse," "House of Mirrors" – all those songs are on there.

We got to New York, and went into that meeting in the tall-ass building, with our heads up. Our attitude was that we'd done something in Detroit that any major label would want to see happen on a national level.

I walked around that round room full of record executives, and I gave 'em our whole plan from the purely sellout point of view I knew they could relate to. Record companies don't care what you sound like, they just want to make money off of you, anyway.

"Listen, we are blowing up in our city, and we are the largest group there. We can do the same thing we did in our own city in every city out there, nationwide, with your help. Think of the money that is to be made out there, because it's already spreading out from Detroit. With the Joker's Cards, we have a growing history that people can get into, and it's all very marketable."

I went on and on and on. I sounded like a bitch doing my best to become a sell-out bitch.

Joey stood behind me dropping "Yups" and "Uh-huhs" whenever he could. We both never tried to sell anything harder than we did that day.

When I was done, flat-out, they said, "No."

One guy even said, "You're not what I'm looking for; we can't use you here at Atlantic Records."

"Why?" I asked.

Fuck it. I had nothing to lose.

"Well, you guys are too violent," he said.

So I brought up other violent acts, like Geto Boys, who were hitting big with "My Mind's Playing Tricks on Me" at that time.

"Well, the clown makeup, and the stuff you're rapping about; it's just a local thing. It'll never happen everywhere."

Never happen everywhere. NEVER HAPPEN EVERYWHERE!?!?!

Joey and I got back in the car, and took off. We were devastated at first. I remember it took us about three or four hours to find that place in busy-ass New York City. Yet on the way out, we were somehow back on the freeway towards home in ten minutes.

I was pissed. I even called Alex and yelled at him! He was just as crushed as I was. I fuckin' wanted answers! WHY? After we sold all them fuckin' records we still can't get shit! We were pissed off the whole way back.

As we made our way back through Pennsylvania and Ohio, we were just confused and more pissed. We'd stop for gas and the kids working at the counter would be just like us, talking about the same shit as us, laughing with us. What the fuck? The record companies wouldn't even have to sell us to them; we *were* them.

Once we hit Detroit, we crossed over Delray on I-75, and saw the factories and yellow smoke hanging over the city full of Juggalos below us.

I thought to myself, "When I was a kid, I never really missed money; we loved being the Floobs, and having no money."

Yeah, sure, we had money now, but what I wanted more was to get props on my rapping skills. We thought we'd get it by getting a fat-ass record deal. God, were we stupid. We'd wind up spending years trying to get a record deal, then the rest of our time trying to get out of it. What did we know? We were just a couple of clowns.

BACK at home, we continued to do what we did: be the fucking underground kings of Detroit. Brother, we got damn good at it. Psychopathic Records was in full effect. We recorded Joey's *Fuck Off* EP right away.

We even put out a Christmas record. Well, our version of one, called *A Carnival Christmas*, with songs like "Santa is a Fat Bitch." Sure it was a joke, but at least we were having fun with it. We didn't want to record any more Joker's Cards until we got a record deal, so we stuck to all the fun little EPs like *Forgotten Freshness*, full of outtakes and stuff.

"Happy Holidays" and "Fuck Off", Juggalo style. This is one of our nice holiday shirts that many Juggalos get for Christmas, and then can't wait to wear to school.

Merchandise was flying out the door, everything from lighters to key chains to our comic book. Creative Vince, the ornery T-shirt guy we first met back in the day before that Esham show, was now working full-time for Psychopathic Records, we were giving him so much business. Even without a record deal, we were doing fine.

We were feeling a little high and mighty, and signed another group to the label: a couple of kids from Flint, called Project Born. They were still in high school, so we had to buy them school clothes as part of their advance, and they didn't drive, so we always had to drive the hour to Flint to pick them up to do interviews or whatever.

The real reason we signed them was because we wanted to find the next Dayton Family. The Dayton Family was this hot new group from Flint. They were just like us, selling thousands and thousands of albums only in their home city and nowhere else. We thought we had found the next big Flint phenomenon with Project Born, but we thought wrong.

Trouble was, the first tape Project Born gave us, which we loved and made us want to sign them, somehow had gotten lost. The record they wound up recording in place of it, sucked. It was way

This is the cover of one of Psychopathic's fan club merchandise catalogs.

different and shittier than the first stuff we heard from them, but what could we do?

We put it out, and it flopped. We learned Juggalos liked us because they liked the flavor we were putting out. We couldn't just take any shitty album, throw our Hatchetman logo on it, and expect it to sell. So eventually they were dropped.

Project Born were young in the game, and they have developed their skills since then, but because they started dissing us right after that record, we could never work with them in a big way again.

WE didn't really think much of it when we recorded *The Terror Wheel* in 1994. We just thought it was another dope-ass little EP for Juggalos to bump. We didn't know what to put on the cover, so we looked through Mike E. Clark's albums at the studio. We found a Moby album from way back in the day that had a picture of this guy with his face being stretched.

"Hell, yeah! Here's our cover," I said.

We cut it out right there, and sent it to the pressing plant. We straight up stole it from Moby. I guess we figured nobody would ever notice, because we were such a regional thing.

We were getting used to be being local heroes. Our shit was selling enough that we could all buy new cars; I had my best friends working with us. We weren't hanging out on the Detroit band scene or anything. We were our own scene, flyering all day, and watching wrestling videos all night in our ghetto hideaway.

Even after the Project Born mistake, once we released *The Terror Wheel* EP, it was all good again. Detroit belonged to us. Esham was behind us, yet he was still, as usual, big in the overall race. Kid Rock was nowhere to be found.

The only other crew even worth mentioning was a local Esham rip-off group called House of Krazees, who were taking down our flyers and throwing them in the garbage, and not being too secretive about it. Their name will come up in the ICP story again later; more proof of how strangely the Dark Carnival works.

The Terror Wheel photos that my girlfriend, Lori, took of us. I made the tickets that I'm holding at Kinkos the night before.

Once we put *The Terror Wheel* out, Alex figured that, just for the hell of it, he'd head back down to the radio stations in Detroit, just to see what would happen. Well, what happened was 96.3 FM picked up "Dead Body Man" off of the EP, and put it into heavy rotation.

Nobody could fucking believe it. "Dead Body Man" shot to #1, and BOOM – ICP had a local radio hit! Un-fucking-real. It was actually on the air 24/7, and it wasn't no shitty sellout song, either. If you listen to "Dead Body Man," it's a regular ICP horror classic, and for some crazy, strange reason, local radio took it and played it just as it was! They just flipped the few "fucks" and "shits," and it was a hit!

Every time you turned on the radio, you'd hear "Dead Body Man." Believe me, we didn't turn that radio off. We kept that bitch on night and day. Even when I'd sleep at night, every time "Dead Body Man" came on, I'd hear it and wake up.

The Juggalos weren't really happy about it, because we were their band, and the radio play made us everybody's band. The way I looked at it, we were at least getting the props we should have gotten way back from *Dog Beats*. We'd worked harder than any band, from our first tape on, and now we were finally getting recognized for it. I loved it.

The local weekly entertainment magazine even did a cover story on us. They talked more about our marketing than our rapping, but at least they acknowledged we existed. Promoters were even starting to notice.

We tried to book our own show in Monroe, this weird little town near the Ohio border where there was a record store that was selling a shitload of our albums.

The promoter was like, "I'm not gonna give you guys your own show, but I have Too $hort coming to play here. If you guys can do that show, we'll give you $5,000."

If you don't know the name, Too $hort is the shit. He is this pimp rapper from Oakland. He had some hits like "Freaky Tales," "Cuss Words," "Life is Too $hort," and more. We were always fans of Too $hort, so we agreed to do the show with the quickness.

We were afraid at first. We thought we'd just get booed offstage if we did the show. When we showed up, it was all ICP fans. Too $hort played to nothing but painted faces. We were outdrawing platinum-selling rap legends. At least in Michigan.

That Too $hort show was no fluke. Not long after that, we played a show in Toledo with Outkast, MC Breed, Coolio, and some other fucking idiot who had a hit. Not Father MC, but one of them guys.

We were the biggest name going in local rap, so the promoters booked us for it. Once again, we thought for sure it was gonna be a crowd there to see those other acts, and that they were just gonna boo us off stage.

As we drove down to the Toledo Sports Arena to do the show, we kept hearing "Dead Body Man" on the radio. We pulled up to the arena, and – BOOM! It wasn't sold-out, but it was all painted faces in the crowd waiting to get in! It was fucking awesome!

None of those guys, Outkast, none of those motherfuckers knew who we were. The kids did. After the show, Outkast did too, only because we got Faygo on their turntables, and they wanted to kick our asses for it.

As we drove home that night, that sticky smell of Faygo still in our car, "Dead Body Man" came on the radio. We were on top of the

world. We decided to celebrate with our first Hallowicked Clown Show, the first of what would become our annual Halloween shows. Just the hardcore Juggalos and us.

At this point, we could sell-out any 2,000-seat theater in the city, but we decided to book Hallowicked at the Majestic Theater, this old-ass 1,000-person theater in downtown Detroit, where Harry Houdini had his last performance before he died, or some shit. We pressed up a Halloween song, "Dead Pumpkins," that we'd give away free to all the Juggalos who came to the show. We knew that tickets would go fast, but we wanted the show to be intimate between us and the Juggalos.

You best believe, once again, we promoted the hell out of it. It wasn't like we just booked the show and waited for people to show. We were out there in full force again, flyering up at C. J. Barrymore's and everywhere again, my brother, Rudy, Billy, Joey, me, all of us, just like always.

You can also best believe it paid off. All of downtown Halloween '94 was Juggalos, painted-up. All the party stores sold out of Faygo from kids coming down to the show. They all left with a free tape of "Dead Pumpkins." It was the shit.

Now, what we didn't find out until right before the show was that Bruce Lorfel, the guy who was trying to get us a record deal, had been in contact with this guy named Jeff Fenster, the head of A&R at Jive Records. At the time, Jive was the biggest rap label out there, with, Too $hort, Boogie Down Productions, and A Tribe Called Quest – all that New York shit.

Supposedly, Too $hort was the guy who told Jeff Fenster about us after our, excuse me, his Monroe show. Bruce Lorfel then got Jeff to fly in for our big Hallowicked show, and he was just blown away. We had trampolines for stage-diving, and Faygo for fucking days, just like always. We also had all kinds of stage props, and all our homies dressed up like graveyard characters. It wasn't just a concert; it was a haunted house with an 808 beat.

It worked. Jeff Fenster called Alex three days later, and informed him that he wanted to sign Insane Clown Posse to Jive Records. Whoa! Amazing. Finally. We made it. The time had finally come for a major label to come take our circus show WORLDWIDE for us! We thought signing to a big label like JIVE meant we made it! This would finally mean an end of our non-stop, five-year, promoting binge. Brother, little did we know it would just be the beginning.

JIVE

IT was going down.
Jeff Fenster and Jive Records made an offer to Alex.

CHAPTER 12
FUCK JIVE

"We'll give you an $80,000 advance."

Now, at this point, and this is very important, *Ringmaster* had sold 65,000 copies out of the trunk of our car. $80,000 was like a slap in the painted face. We knew it, but we were so ready to finally relax, and let a major label do all the promoting, we agreed to the shitty deal.

Jive flew us out to New York, coach. We were all scared as fuck on that plane. Looking out that window as the plane flew in over Manhattan was scary as fuck. Even though we were all terrified about flying the whole time, we still made it a point to let everybody on that plane know that we were a band headed to New York to sign a record deal.

We finally landed, and got off that flying hunk of steel. They had a car service bring us to their big Manhattan offices. I'm mentioning all this for a reason. The coach plane tickets, the car service. You'll see.

At the office, everybody from Jive Records was there, and there were a lot of people. We met them all, and we signed our contract. I always pictured it like there would only be one line to sign at the bottom of the contract, but no. There was about 29 different parts to the contract that all needed to be signed.

Well after that, that was it. After five long years, we finally signed a contract. We thought that was it; we made it. The rest is easy as pie. Wow, what the fuck were we thinking?

Somebody from the record company thought it would be a good idea to celebrate with a big Chinese food dinner. Cool, they're throwing us a little party with the whole staff. We felt like big shots. We thought they were all the shit. We thought we were the shit, too.

One of the first things Jive did was introduce us to SoundScan, which monitors actual sales numbers of records. Man, SoundScan brought everything to light. It told the truth about everybody's REAL success. Now remember, every time I talked to Esham's camp they would tell me, "Yeah, we're at 150,000 records"?

Kid Rock was always talking that same shit.

"Yeah man, my new record *Polyfuze Method* – I'm at, like, 75,000."

SoundScan proved they were both full of shit. Kid Rock's *Polyfuze Method* was at right around 4,000 copies. Esham's *KKKill the Fetus* was hovering around 46,000. We were at 65,000,

SoundScanned, on our own. *Carnival of Carnage* was at 30,000, without a major label.

Right then, all we were thinking was, "Yo, Jive's gonna give us a video, and ICP is so much about the theatrics, that once we have a video, we're gonna go triple-quadruple-platinum."

Once we got back home, we made a big, fluorescent yellow flyer, and in big, bold black letters, it read, ICP SIGNS WITH JIVE.

We mailed it out to our fan club like it was the biggest news in the world. We didn't get one fucking phone call. The Juggalos really just didn't care.

ICP holdin' it down.

It was all in our heads. We were caught up in the label thing, but the Juggalos didn't give a fuck who we were label mates with, or how many mall stores were going be selling our record. To them, we were already as large as we could be.

Think about that. The consumer out there on the street bumping your shit, he has nothing to do with the record industry other than he buys music that he likes. You think they give a fuck what label you're on? The Juggalos were right. As we would learn our whole career, they usually were.

THE 3rd Joker's Card would be called *Riddle Box*. We didn't understand the name at first, but when the Dark Carnival speaks, ninjas listen. We started recording on oceans of karma. It was like all the records we had done were rolled into one single effort.

Mike Clark had his own studio by now, and for the first time, he was like a member of our band. We told him that none of this shit would have been possible without him, and we wanted to go the distance with him by our side. As he saw stuff start to happen, he finally opened his door to us.

We wanted to make *Riddle Box* more theatrical than ever, with other voices and sounds to add flavor. Mike introduced us to a ninja named Rich Murrell, who could play guitar like a mu'fucka. He could also sing fresh as hell, and do voices on skits.

We grew closer to Rich over time. He was in his own band, called Coup Detroit. They pretty much sucked, except for Rich. He was the bomb. We kept hooking up with Rich, and eventually he left his band and joined us full time at Psychopathic. He even became a studio member of the band. He never missed a session with us. He did all the guitar and singing in *Riddle Box*. Rich was the shit.

Jive requested that we do a remix version of "Chicken Huntin'." First, they had some lame-ass remix team from New York do a remix, but we hated it. So we took the best from what they did, and worked up our own new version that was the bomb. We were sure this shit would blow up. All we needed was a fresh-ass video to set it all off.

Jive kicked in like a budget of pocket lint and food stamps for us to go shoot a video for "Chicken Huntin'" in New York. My brother and I came up with a fresh-ass plot. It sounded good, but it turned out shitty as hell. Listen and tell me if this doesn't sound good for an ICP video: A car full of rednecks is driving through the ghetto, then their car breaks down, and all the Juggalos come up out of the sewers to attack them.

Sounds pretty dope, doesn't it? We found an old blue milk truck for the rednecks to drive, and we drove out to New York ourselves. We brought along thirty Juggalos to play the clowns coming up out of the sewers. We paid for all their hotels and everything, because, remember, this video was going to put us over the top.

Bringing thirty ninjas to New York cost us an arm and a leg, but we figured, "Who cares? We're about to be rich and famous, worldwide, right? So what?!"

The day of shooting, Jive had all these streets blocked off for us in New York. The milk truck was there, our homies in face paint were everywhere; we thought it was just going to be the shit. Pretty soon, the director was arguing with Rob and I.

The director liked Harley motorcycles, see, so he wanted to have six of his biker buddies riding next to us when the clowns got the rednecks, like, just idling along.

"What the fuck? If we're chasing rednecks, don't you think we shouldn't have Harleys as part of our crew?" I asked. "Are they fighting us or are they with us? They look like the fucking rednecks! That ain't Dark Carnival!"

He was stuck on it. He loved the fuckin' Harleys. If you see the video now, you'll see the stupid-ass redneck guys riding them with us. Pretty soon, everybody was sick of my ass asking why the sky was blue. So this girl on the set pulled me aside.

"Look, the director really loves Harleys, man. This is his big chance. He wants to get these Harleys on film."

Violent J chillin' with some Faygo at the second and final "Chicken Hunting" video shoot.

As if I was supposed to understand that. Okay, the ninja loved Harleys, so I SHOULD LET HIM SHOW SOME OFF IN MY FUCKIN' VIDEO???

"Not in my fucking video!" I yelled at her.

Then, the director had this idea. When the redneck's truck first breaks down, he gets out and opens the hood. He sees a pie sitting in the engine. When the redneck looks down at the pie, all of a sudden – BLOOP! – a little plastic pig pops out.

Wha? Yo. Please do me a favor. Re-read what I just said. You hear that? Well that's exactly what his idea was, just as I explained it. It was the stupidest thing I had ever heard of.

"How fucking stupid is that?" I asked. "What the hell does a plastic pig coming out of a pie in an engine of a truck have to do with anything?"

"Just wait 'til you see it on film. It'll actually look like a special effect," the guy said.

We battled with the guy over this, and finally we let him have his stupid-ass way.

Sure enough, when we saw it in the finalized video, it was so fucking stupid – a little pie-popping pig. See, it doesn't even make sense when I'm talking about it; that's how stupid it was!

"What the fuck is J talking about, with a plastic pig popping up through a pie?"

Exactly. So we wasted Jive's pocket lint-and-food-stamp-budget on that piece of shit. When they saw how bad it was, even they agreed we had to make a better video. I hope that director never worked again, because flat-out, he fuckin' sucked dick.

Side Note

My crew and I really find this point interesting. On any given photo shoot or video shoot, or anything along those lines, you'll always see a lot of hot bitches standing around. Either they're assistants, crew people, makeup people, or whatever, but they always look hot as fuck.

Well, right away from our very first ever video shoot, we learned that all those bitches are out of reach. Untouchable. They won't have anything to do with the band or any of their boys.

They'll even come up to you and stick their titties all up in your face while they're adjusting your face paint or whatever, but they will never let you fuck them. They are all friendly, flirty, alternative, New York or LA-style bitches, who spend all of their free time with art-faggy boyfriends who eat tofu and shit.

They hate you. I've learned that. In the last eleven years, I have shot about ten videos, or so, and a movie. I ain't ever even came close to kissing one of them film bitches. Maybe that's why they look so good to us, because we know they ain't having us. Maybe that's what makes us want them more!

Now, I hope to God that some other band member ain't out there reading this book and thinking, "What the hell is he talking about? I fuck them bitches all the time."

Even if other bands get to fuck them vegetarian, college film bitches, WE SURE AS HELL DON'T GET TO.

ABOUT a month before *Riddle Box* came out, we booked a show at the State Theater. It had been a dream of mine to play the State, ever since I had worked security at St. Andrew's Hall, and got sent over to there to work the House of Pain/Rage Against the Machine show. During House of Pain's set, I had seen the top balcony of the State Theater bowing from kids jumping on it – this legendary bow, where the whole balcony would just dip, like, half a foot with every beat.

"I'm gonna make that happen one day," I said, throwing kids back in the crowd during "Jump Around." "One day I'm gonna sell this bitch out."

A year later, we did. Jive had decided the State Theater show would be a great chance to film us in our element, with the Faygo and the sold-out audience in clown makeup, and everything. They flew in a film crew to shoot it for the second "Chicken Huntin'" video.

The day before the show, the director, Paris Mayhew, who was once in this band, the Cro-Mags, went over how he wanted to shoot it.

"We're gonna need you guys to do the song three or four times so we can get every angle."

"What?" I said. "No fucking way."

"We are not doing the song three or four times during our first sold-out show at the State Theater!" I said.

We argued and argued about it, so Paris finally called Jive, and told on us, like we were little kids in trouble. Jeff Fenster got pissed off at us, and flew to Detroit, emergency-style. He came straight from the airport to our office in Oak Park.

"What's the problem here?"

"I'm not turning my fucking first sold-out crowd of 3,000 people into a fucking video shoot. This is not a video-shoot show, this is an ICP show! Fuck your video."

That show, I have to say, even with all the bullshit of the video, that was still one of the freshest ICP shows ever. Not just because we filmed it, but because of everything it represent: us and the Juggalos having come this far, before our big Jive record even came out.

It wasn't just a show, or a video shoot, it was part of something bigger. I don't know exactly how to explain it, but, like, it all fit.

When I yelled, "Are you ready for the 3rd Joker's Card?" the giant banner dropped, and people saw the *Riddle Box* face for the first time (then we rolled it back up so Juggalos couldn't stare at it too long), that was between us and them.

It had nothing to do with Jive Records or the video people; it had nothing to do with us blowing up bigger, or giving a fuck if people saw us on TV, and liked us. We were celebrating where we were right now. That night was between us and the Juggalos. Today, I do everything I can to make sure every night is just like that.

NEEDLESS to say, we did "Chicken Huntin'" only one time that night. What pissed them off even more was the fact that we did the old version of "Chicken Huntin'," because Juggalos didn't know the new version yet. Jeff and Paris were furious. Even so, Paris busted ass and got it covered. Even with our difficulties, he still made what, to this day, many people believe is our freshest video ever.

I suppose what we should have learned was to trust our instincts. Right then, we just knew we had this knack for telling the wrong people to fuck-off. I guess that all started in New York when we first signed with Jive. See, when we were out there, they wanted to take some photos for Billboard Magazine to announce it.

"All right, well, let us get painted up," I said.

Joey and I went into the bathroom of their big office and painted ourselves up. Suddenly, this old dude with an English accent came in the bathroom trying to introduce himself.

"Hey, I'm Barry," he said, and he started trying to shake our hands right there, while we were trying to put our makeup on.

We have this rule that we at least like to be seen with makeup or without makeup, never while we're putting it on.

"Hey man," I said, "we're putting our makeup on right now. Can you wait outside, because we never like to be seen without our makeup, and you're seeing us in the illegal stages right now."

Billy got up, and shoved the old guy backwards and out the door, before he could even explain himself.

We finished our makeup, and went back into the hallway. Jeff Fenster came up to us wearing the big, fake smile of a corporate kiss-ass.

"Did you guys meet Barry?"

"Who?" we asked.

Fenster's face dropped.

"The guy who ducked into say 'Hi' when you guys were in the bathroom getting ready. That's Barry Weiss, the fucking president and owner of Jive Records, Joe!"

We had just booted him out of the bathroom, because he came in while we were putting on our makeup.

"Oh... yeah, him. Yeah, we met him, I guess."

Man, fuck that guy. That might have had something to do with our ultimate failure on Jive (whoops, gave that ending away). We didn't kiss the label president's ass. We have never done that. I'll be quicker to kick an ass before I'd ever kiss one.

You have to understand, as poor as we were raised (and I'm sure there were and are ten million rappers out there who were raised twice as poor as us) we were just taking pride in what we'd done before we had to meet assholes like that.

Ringmaster selling 65,000 copies; *Carnival of Carnage* selling 30,000; *Beverly Kills 50187* selling 20,000. I know I'm repeating myself but just know we did that ourselves. We had been making money, without anybody. I was already driving a Suzuki Sidekick with ground effects and purple lights, even if it did get broken into four times while we were living in Cass Corridor.

Before Jive ever called, I was more successful than anybody in my family tree had ever been. So that was our attitude: "Damn, the big labels took a while to call, but, fuck, I'm already gripping this new car, and I'm already selling out the State Theater."

Even with our record coming out on Jive, we were like, "Fuck this. We can do it on our own."

As we'd learn the hard way, we pretty much fuckin' had to.

THE week before *Riddle Box* dropped, Jeff Fenster called us up at the office.

"Joe, what do you think the record's gonna do the first week?" he asked.

"I have no idea," I answered.

I really didn't know.

"Come on, come on, Joe, what do you think?"

Jeff Fenster, see, was an asshole beyond all belief. Let me tell you a little story. When we were recording *Riddle Box*, he told us not to

ICP at the old train station in Southwest Detroit.

make the record over an hour long. With the skits and stuff, *Riddle Box* was 62 minutes long, okay? When he got it, he called us up, just bitching.

"What the fuck do you think you're pullin' on me??!!" he screamed. "I told you don't make the record over an hour long. It's 62 minutes!"

I'm like, "Yeah, it's 62 minutes."

I proceeded to explain myself.

"I put this one thing–"

He wasn't hearing it.

"What do you think, I'm a fucking idiot?!" he yelled.

You know, the way this dude was talking to me on the phone, I just thought, "Oh, that must be how they do things at a big record label."

All I could think about was if we had been face-to-face, while he was yelling at me like that, I would've knocked his ass the fuck out. Anyway, I really had no clue what our record would sell. After all, that was kind of his job, wasn't it?

Well, *Riddle Box* came out, and it sold 4,000 copies in its first week, which is about what we sold on our own with *Ringmaster* its first week. Jive was pissed. They thought for sure it was gonna do more than that. God knows we did our part.

See, with our $80,000 advance, we didn't buy a house or cars or give out bonuses. We bought three brand-new vans. We put fat-ass rims and sound systems in them, and painted them up with the *Riddle Box* face. Forget flyering C. J. Barrymore's, we flyered the whole damn country.

We sent our vans out all across the country for a month, handing out flyers and samplers of the record at malls, high school parking lots, swap meets, everywhere.

When the vans pulled back into Detroit, everybody was like, "Yo, nobody has the record outside of Michigan; it's not in any of the stores."

BOOM – Enormous state of depression, once again.

"No posters. No stores are carrying the record. It's on Jive. We're fucked," I thought.

Maybe we were just a local thing. At least when we were an unsigned local thing, we still got money from the local market. This record, shit, we sold that bitch for a mere eighty grand. Now we were back to where we were before we got the record deal, and going broke.

It was obvious what had happened. JIVE signed us, yes, but they never believed in us the whole time. They looked at what we had done in Michigan, and they saw all the money we were making. They wanted that money. So what they did was sign us for a weak li'l $80 grand, and then just put out our new album. Where? IN MICHIGAN! That's the only place people wanted it?!

Jive never once thought about making ICP work outside of Michigan. That was the plan all along. Jive came in and stole our local flavor without ever once attempting to make it national. They were just like the other labels out there. They, too, thought ICP would never work nationally. They DID know that we were worth big loot, locally. So they advanced us pennies, came in and took our local treasure. JIVE SUCKS DICK, AND THEY ARE ALL EVIL BASTARDS.

We knew we weren't going to make money off the record beyond our advance. Our hope was that if *Riddle Box* blew up, we could sell our back catalog nationally. We never SOLD that.

Even with our new album only available in Michigan, just like the rest of our shit, we knew that we could blow up nationally. Jive wasn't going to do the job; so we suited-up, and did the fuckin' job for them.

MARCH 29-APRIL 4, 1995

CYBER SERIES: VR5 MIXES TECHNO DREAMS WITH REALITY

VOUCHERS: CAN HUD TAKE THE GHETTO OUT OF PUBLIC HOUSING?

METROTIMES

APRIL FOOLS?

Detroit's Insane Clown Posse laughs all the way to the bank

Metro Times is Detroit's biggest weekly magazine/entertainment guide.

As fate would have it, Hobey Echlin, the very ninja who wrote this cover story on us, also helped me write this book!

WE met up at the office. We did a whole Dark Carnival ceremony where we blindfolded Alex. He threw a dart at a map of the United States. It landed on Dallas, Texas. That was it for us. Dallas would be our new Detroit.

Right then and there we said, "Let's go to Dallas, and blow ICP the fuck up. If we can blow up in Dallas, then we know we're not just a local thing."

So we packed our three brand-new *Riddle Box* vans full of samplers and giveaway shit. We put two ninjas in each van, headed out to Dallas, and did what the label should have been doing all along. Billy, Rob, Rudy, myself, Rich, and a ninja named Kelly moved to the Lone Star State with one objective: PROMOTE!!!

We spent our own loot to run full-page ads in their weeklies. We handed out free samplers at all their high schools. We fucking shot J. R., and everything. I got to know Dallas like I knew my own butt.

The rest of the Psychopathic crew stayed in Detroit, and kept making money to send to us. It was expensive as hell, but we loved it. We stayed in Dallas spreading clown love for two months. Promotion? Try twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. Even though none of the record stores carried ICP when we got there, by the time we left, they all had it.

We gave them flyers that listed all the distributors, and numbers they could call to order it. We lived in Dallas' Deep Ellum area of clubs and bars. We even hit up nearby Fort Worth. We knew exactly how to promote, because we had mastered it in Detroit over the last five years. Dallas even had Kinko's. We mastered the entire city.

I remember looking forward to Wednesday nights at the Sportatorium, where Rudy and I would take a stack of flyers and sacks of samplers, and promote at the Confederate Wrestling shows. We loved that shit. To this day, I love Dallas very much.

By the time we were done, the vans weren't new anymore. We were tired, broke, and ready to come home. The final conclusion? Well, now there were two clown towns instead of just one: We now had Detroit and Dallas. I called Jeff Fenster.

"Jeff, I'm calling you from Dallas. We've been here for a month."

I gave him the whole rundown of what we'd been doing.

"Have you been looking at SoundScan? Do you see the up in sales we're dong in Dallas? We went from selling twenty-five

copies of *Riddle Box* a week, to about 1,500 a week, now in Dallas," I said, getting louder and louder. "Because we came here, Jeff. We worked the fucking record the way you guys are supposed to work it everywhere. Now it's selling. This means we can sell anywhere – ICP can be successful NATIONALLY if you work it like you're supposed to."

I hung up the phone, and rode off into the sunset on Joey's back.

BACK in Detroit, it was Halloween time again. We sold out two nights of Hallowicked shows at the Royal Oak Music Theater, just us and the Juggalos. It was dope as hell. The whole stage was set up like a murder scene, just bodies everywhere, laying there the whole show. Then, during the final song – BOOM – they all sprang to life! All our Psychopathic homies freaked it the fuck out. It was awesome!

We flew in this southern rapper named Mystikal to open up, because he was on Jive, too. None of our fans knew who the fuck he was at the time, but for us it was the shit. We were big-ass fans of Mystikal. I remember talking with him at my house.

"Do you know what bounce music is?" Mystikal asked me.

"No."

Our bomb-ass stage set for the 1998 Hallowicked Show at the Royal Oak Music Theater.

ICP, Hallowicked-style, 1995.

"That's the shit we do in New Orleans," he said.

We talked about our respective regional success thing.

"Well, we sold 65,000 records before we signed with Jive," I said.

"65,000? Shit, we sold 140,000 before we signed to Jive!" he said.

Wow. I guess rappers just get the bone, and have to sell a lot more than 10,000 copies on their own before record labels are sucking their dicks!

After the magic we pulled off in Dallas, we were ready to travel to make shit work. We booked our first national tour. We called it the Pie in Your Fuckin' Face Tour, because we went from selling out 3,000 seat theaters in Detroit, to Cleveland, where we'd draw 44 people. It was like getting a pie in your fuckin' face.

Nonetheless, it was our very first ever national tour. We bought a fresh-ass RV to use as our tour bus. I remember that tour better than anything. We started in Dallas for 700 people. We knew we could do well in Dallas, and 700 people was pretty fuckin' good. Then we drew 50 people in Kansas, 50 in St. Louis, 50 in Minneapolis, and pretty much 50 everywhere else.

Playing for 50 Juggalos in another state was like playing for 5,000 to us. We couldn't believe that 50 fuckin' people had actually come to see us OUT OF STATE!!! Every night, we put on the best show we possibly could.

We came home. We were out of money. The RV was breaking down. *Riddle Box* was stuck at about 100,000 sales. We hated our

label, Jive, more than anything. Worse than all of this, Billy almost lost his life, along with his boy, Rob 2, in a shoot-out on Gratiot Avenue.

What happened was, Billy and Rob 2 were out promoting in a *Riddle Box* van, and there were these suburban gangsters who pulled up next to him at a traffic light. One of the gangsters was in love with a skank who was fucking one of our employees, named Billy the Kid. Anyway, this wannabe gangster (we'll just call him Crybaby for the rest of this story) pulls up next to the van, and starts yelling out the window, "Fuck Psychopathic!"

So Billy throws a big pipe wrench out the window, and smashes their front windshield. Then Crybaby pulls out a pistol, and starts to shoot it at the van, all for the love he has for his skank. About six bullets tore through the van. Rob 2 caught one in the leg, and a fragment of a bullet hit his head, but didn't penetrate his skull.

Billy's fate was beyond explanation. There were four bullet holes in the jacket he was wearing, but he was not hit at all! Two bullets went in and out of his jacket in such a way that they never touched him. The Dark Carnival spirits, guardian angels, or just plain luck – something was there with Billy that day to save his ass.

Billy took off through the red light as they were being shot at, while Crybaby and his crew were stuck behind another car at the light, and couldn't move. This gave someone the time to take down their plates. Needless to say, Crybaby was in jail the next night crying about the love he lost, but even more so, about the new love he found within the prison walls. It is rumored that after he finally got out, he found other loving arms to fall into, only these ones where more hairy and muscular than the ones he was once accustomed to.

ON top of all these bad happenings, the Dark Carnival was calling. The 4th Joker's Card was taking form in the Nethervoid. Uh-oh. "What the fuck are we gonna do! We ain't giving another album to Jive no matter what! Fuck them! I'll die before we have to promote another album all by ourselves, while they get paid. Fuck this! AAAAAAAAAALEEEEEEEEEEEEEXXX!!! Do Something! What the fuck are we gonna do?"

After our first tour, coming home was like coming back to reality. It sucked. We were stuck having signed a contract with the

Devil. Alex had that look in his eye: the look of a ruthless businessman. In other words, he just looked normal.

"Listen," he began, "I've got incredible news. We're gonna sign with Hollywood Records."

"What??!!"

"They're gonna buy our contract off Jive, if Jive won't let us go, and they're gonna give us $250,000 to sign with them."

"WHAT??!!?"

Our stomachs dropped. Alex, that snake, had been talking to Hollywood ever since we'd left for Dallas! Little did we know, but Alex had been working on tactics for the last six months! Alex is one shady, sneaky snake, and thank God he's on our side!!!!!!!

"Did you say Hollywood Records wants to buy our contract off Jive, and then give us a quarter of a million dollars to sign with them?"

We thought for sure Jive was gonna drop us because we didn't sell, anyway. Well, it wasn't time to pop the Faygo just yet. Jeff Fenster called. Alex put him on speakerphone.

"You know what? You guys have done something incredible. *Riddle Box* is at 100,000 records, and we've decided that we're gonna hang onto you for another album."

"What???!!"

"Yeah, you started off slow, but you guys kept working that shit. You guys got it up to 80,000, and then 100,000. What you did in Dallas was really impressive, too. We're gonna keep you on for another record."

In other words, this is what Jeff was REALLY saying, was "Yeah man, we just thought we'd get maybe 70,000 out of you guys in Michigan. That would make us some good money, but much to our surprise you guys went out and spent your own money to promote the album! You guys ended up working *Riddle Box* all the way up to 100,000.

"Now we're super-paid from you idiots! We want you guys to do it all over again with your new album. Please open your butts a little bit wider so we can fit another big dick up in there."

Alex just put his head down.

"Gimme the phone! Gimme the phone!!!" I yelled.

Alex held me back. He wanted the first crack at Fenster. He grabbed the phone.

"Look man, we worked that record out of our money. That's why it sold what it did. We did all of that!"

Fenster was all smooth about it.

"Yeah, there were some problems, I'm not gonna lie." Then he dropped the bomb. "I never told you this, but some of the people at the label thought the 'Chicken Huntin'' song was racist towards black people. They thought the whole clown makeup thing was you guys making fun of black people rapping."

"WHAT????!!!? OUR OWN LABEL THOUGHT THAT???????"

"People at the label believed that's what it was about, so they refused to work it. Those people are gone now. We got different people working here, so it'll be better next time around."

I grabbed the phone out of Alex's hands (a really stale move, I know, but I was furious). I schooled Fenster for the first time in my life.

"Jeff, this is Joe. There's no way you and your label will ever get another album out of ICP, ever. I don't give a fuck how many albums you got coming from us on the contract, I'll never hand in a CD to you." Oh, but I wasn't done yet. "You know how many records we've sold on our own?????!!! *Riddle Box*, we sold that on our own, too!!! All you did was ship it to the fucking record stores. You didn't do shit!

"So we're gonna record our next album, and release it ourselves. What are you gonna do, throw us in jail? So sue us. We're broke, anyway, from spending all OUR money doing YOUR FUCKING JOB!!!"

JIVE wouldn't budge. That meant that Hollywood would in fact have to pay up the ass just to get us. We also would have to pay. Points from our next four albums would have to go straight to Jive. It was a nightmare, but for some incredible reason, Hollywood Records was willing to eat it for us.

It took Hollywood and Jive four months to iron out the whole new contract thing, but we didn't waste that time. We got back in our Faygo-stained *Riddle Box* vans, put on our clown makeup, and went on our Omen Tour, as in. Get ready for the 4th Joker's Card!

This tour was far worse than the first. It was an adventure every night. We played in Rochester, New York, at a supper club. A supper club.

Like, "Pass the salt– Oh...? What's this? A clown is yelling into a microphone with a soda bottle? Perhaps he thinks I am thirsty...."

People were eating dinner, and we just whipped Faygo bottles at them. They were stunned.

They just stood up, knocking dishes over, like, "What's going on?! Why are these guys in clown makeup throwing bottles at us?!"

Forget throwing the whole bottle. Pretty soon, we were squeezing them, and squirting people. Whoever fucking booked us there was out of their fucking mind. The fifteen die-hard Juggalos up against the stage who helped us throw the Faygo, they loved every minute of it. So did we. They even came back to the dressing room with us. The whole crowd of fifteen fit in the dressing room with us. We talked for hours.

Then we played in New York with Eek-A-Mouse, this tall-ass Jamaican reggae dancehall guy with a name even worse than ours. Again, what crackhead booked this show? (Well, the guy who wound up being our booking agent, but that story's comin.) Okay, so we had dreadlocks and all, too, but....

As we went on, the whole crowd was standing a good 80 feet back from the stage waiting for Eek-A-Mouse, just looking at us, like, "What the fuck are you doing?"

We didn't give a fuck. We went out there in our makeup, and shook up the Faygo real good. We were going to make some noise up in that bitch tonight. A song into our set, a girl made a face at me, so I whipped a 2-Liter at her. Then her boyfriend started climbing the stage, like he was going to kill us. I had to squirt Faygo at him just to keep him off.

By the end of our set, everybody wanted to kill us, including Eek-a-Mouse. We had gotten Faygo all over his drum kit, as would commonly happen to band equipment on stage during an ICP show. His boys, these big, burly Jamaican motherfuckers, stood on the side of the stage mean-mugging us.

What were we gonna do? Run off and hide in the audience? Two guys in clown makeup trying to blend in with a room full of Rastafarians and hippies. With our luck, we'd run into Chuck Miller wanting the money we still owed him from Carnival's studio sessions.

Billy had to rush us offstage, and pull us through a back door into a car he had waiting for us, because at that point, Eek-a-Mouse's boys were gonna beat the shit out of us.

The worst gig was at the Grog Shop in Cleveland. It was the nightmare every musician has had. We started our set with about 150 people in there, but then it started to blizzard outside. The last time we saw it snow that hard was the night of our first gig in Big Rapids. Oh, shit. We should have known right there.

People began to leave, one by one, to beat the snow. You can bet your ass we stayed up on that stage until the very last three people had left. Then the bartender just waved us off, and that was it. Show's over, I guess. It was like a bad dream. Joey and I just put our mikes in the mike stand, and walked off through where the crowd had been.

"Hello, Cleveland."

We went into our freezing cold van behind the venue and changed. Joey hated that night worse than anybody did. His nuts froze to the side of his leg.

WE didn't have much better luck when we tried to tour with other rap groups. We tried to prove we were team players in the rap game by going on tour with Onyx and Das EFX. A friend from Jive actually offered us the hook-up, and we jumped right on it!

This is a flyer we made.
I even named it the *Howl from Beyond Tour* to make it sound good.

Sure, we'll open up for them guys. Oh, what's that? They're bringing some of their boys with them, named Group Home, and they want us to go on even before them? No problem.

The tour was absolutely, incredibly horrible, night after night.

From the minute Joey and I walked out on stage the first night of the tour, all we heard was nonstop booing. People in the front row sat up on the stage with their backs to us, talking to each other.

Don't mind us, motherfuckers. We broke out with the Faygo and squirted it right down their backs. Pretty soon the whole crowd was buzzing, wanting to kill us. Somebody whipped a tape at me. I went over, picked it up, and whipped it right back at him. After about a song-and-a-half, we were offstage and into a waiting car. We had to get the hell out of there before we got our asses kicked by an angry mob of Onyx fans.

Billy had the hardest job. He had to get our strobe lights and fog machines out of there right quick, and the crowd was just swinging on anybody who even looked like they had anything to do with ICP, makeup or not.

Next night, same thing. We got on stage, and the booing started. You know we were trying, we really were. There was a girl sitting on the stage with her back to me, and I pushed her off the stage with my foot. Her boyfriend whipped a beer bottle at me and – BAM – it hit me in the face. Joey dove headfirst off the stage (Axl Rose style), and started beating the shit out of the guy; a clown out for vengeance. Billy, Rob, and Rudy all pulled him back up on stage. Joey became famous for diving off the stage, headfirst, and beating people's asses.

The tour had to get better, we thought; can't get no worse.

Wanna bet?

Next night, we were greeted with the expected boos. Then, somebody threw a chair at us from way in the back. A fuckin' chair! Only it didn't make it all the way to the stage. It hit a girl in front of the stage. People circled around this bleeding girl as she lay unconscious on the dance floor.

Then they all looked up at us, like, "You're dead, motherfuckers!"

As if it was our fault. Joey had enough. He started pointing at the injured bitch, laughing and inviting people to throw more shit at us.

"Bring it, motherfuckers! What you got?! Come with it, hoes!"

Within seconds – WHAM! A fucking table – A TABLE!!! – came flying up on the stage! Un-fucking-believable. I ducked it within an inch of my life.

That whole tour, none of the other groups had a thing to say to us. We didn't care. We were just fucking around until we got our contract with Hollywood squared away, anyway.

The only time the other groups even acknowledged us up to that point was at the Canadian border. We were all in a line waiting to go through customs. I walked up to one of the guys in Onyx and introduced myself.

"Hey, we're ICP. We're on tour with you guys."

He just looked at me and nodded. What a fuckin' dick. I should've slapped him in his crooked eye. Maybe then I would've gotten his attention.

We got up to Montreal where nobody spoke English at all. Our albums weren't even available in Canada. As we walked out, and BEFORE the music even kicked on, all we heard was "Boooo!!!"

Then they started chanting shit. We didn't even know what it meant. They straight-up were booing us in French! I could tell they weren't giving props or anything, because my face was being showered with spit, and coins were being whipped at us.

We did our set, and I yelled, "Fuck you! Fuck you all!"

Then we left the stage. The security guards had pit bulls on chains that would snap at the people to get them to move back. Brother, they had to pull all the security guards up on stage to keep the people away, while Billy and my brother collected our lights and fog machines.

Our staleness wasn't over yet. We stopped at a gas station on the way out of town to fuel up. We got whatever we needed and headed out. About an hour and a half down the road, we realized that we forgot something: Joey. There was Joey, lost in Montreal, knowing no kind of French or nothing. The gas station had closed by the time we got back there. We finally found Joey sitting outside of a closed French pizza place, freezing his ass off, almost dead.

Okay, maybe there was some cultural mistranslation, it being Canada and all. Besides, in a few days, we were playing a city we had played before: Charleston, West Virginia. We figured we at least had a fighting chance. That show, the whole crowd was in the back – the very back – the whole time we played. Nobody booed.

Nobody did anything. Nobody watched. It was worse than a sound check.

Right after we got off the stage, an announcer came on the PA.

"All right, everybody must get out, unless you have a ticket for the Onyx show."

They put us on before the doors to the show even opened! We were playing, like, the sound check for the happy hour crowd, or some shit! All this was just humiliating. Until we hit Flint, that is. Onyx saw it was all painted faces, and the biggest crowd of the whole tour. Two thousand Michigan Juggalos up in that bitch. All of a sudden, we were going on last.

Insane Clown Posse doing that thang at The Ritz in Detroit: The Carnival Christmas Show

Onyx, of course, wanted more money because there were so many more people out there in the crowd. It was our show, and Alex was the official promoter, so just to get them to shut up, he gave them an extra $500, even though the truth was they hadn't sold one fuckin' ticket that night. It was our house, and they knew it, when the crowd broke out with the I-C-P chant right over their fuckin' set!

That night in the dressing room, for the very first time, they finally asked us, "So who are you guys, anyway?"

Toledo, and Detroit, same thing. Those were the clown towns – our clown towns – and we went on last. We had a big party after the Detroit show at my apartment downtown. We invited Onyx, Das EFX, our road crew, all of our Psychopathic homies, and, of course, we invited mad bitches.

The party was going fine, until we heard this girl screaming in my brother's room. We opened the door, and two of the guys from Onyx and three of their road guys had this girl in the corner of the room, looking like they were about to rape her or something. She was all crying, so my brother, the honorable one as always, spoke up.

"Why don't you just leave her the fuck alone?"

They all stopped, and turned around, dead serious. Joey and Billy and everybody mean-mugged them, and they mean-mugged us right back. They saw they were mad outnumbered.

"All right," one of them said.

Joey and I chillin' with the rap group, Onyx, backstage at The Ritz in Detroit.

They went down the stairs and walked out the door, and that was it. We dropped off the tour after that. Fuck that shit, we had a Joker's Card to drop.

ALEX, super-ruthless manager that he was, figured out that after we were off Jive, we would be on our own for two days before we would officially be signed to Hollywood, because we were gonna fly out and sign with them in LA. So we put together an EP entitled *Tunnel of Love*, full of love songs only we could come up with: "Super Balls," "My Kind of Bitch," "Prom Queen," and more. There was even a second, X-rated version of the cover, featuring Joey on the Dirk Diggler tip, so to speak.

We dropped this new, fresh EP the day after we were off of Jive, and the day before we signed with Hollywood. We put it out purely on Psychopathic Records. Think about how smooth that was. That way, all the money from it would belong to Psychopathic, baby!

When we got out of LA, we finally met the magic behind Hollywood Records. We finally met the guy who wanted us there, no matter what the price. He would turn out to be the one and only friend we would have in the music business, and the only Juggalo in the industry. It was none other than Julian Raymond. Julian was the A&R guy at Hollywood who truly found out about all that we had done.

Joey, straight-up-pimpin' in some pictures we took for the *Tunnel of Love* EP.

The first thing out of his mouth when we walked in his office was, "You bastards."

He'd found out about *Tunnel of Love*. He appreciated our brand of ruthlessness, though. Not to mention the fact that we made it off that Onyx tour alive.

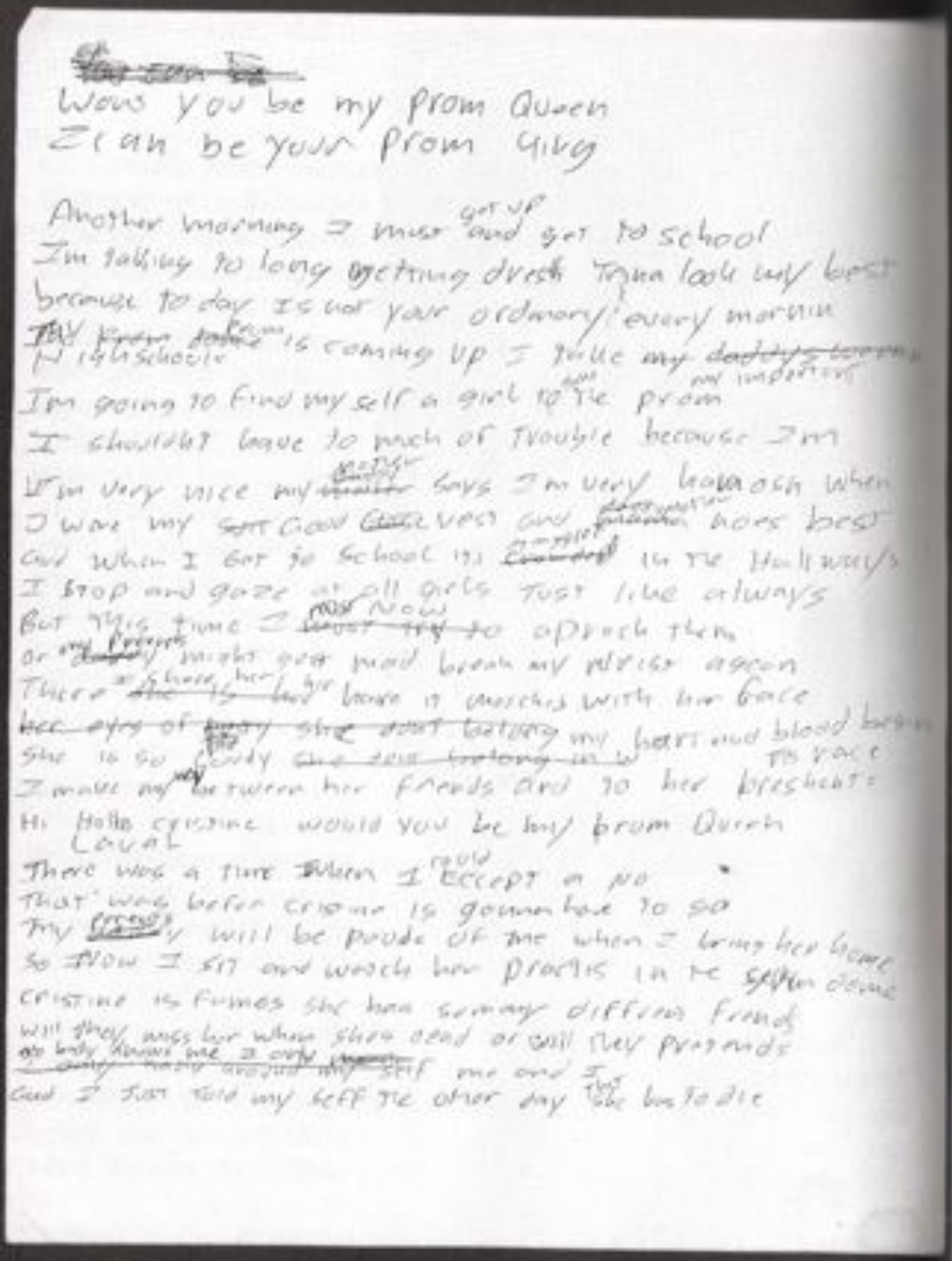
Now, you may be wondering, what the fuck were we thinking signing to Hollywood Records? Well, the way we looked at it, we weren't signing to Hollywood Records; we were signing to Julian Raymond. We'd learned from Jive that we hadn't signed with a label, we had signed with an asshole.

To his credit, Julian Raymond blew our fucking minds. He knew every ounce of music we ever had. Even if he was fronting, he was doing a damn good job, because his office was mad deep in ICP shit. To this day, Julian is a for-real-ass Juggalo. He was pretty up front about the whole Disney thing.

"Yeah, we're owned by Disney, but that doesn't mean anything," he insisted. "Disney owns Miramax films, and they put out movies like *Kids*, about them kids that have AIDS and shit. They also put out Freddy Kruger movies, and all that. Disney just owns Hollywood, like they own ESPN. We RUN this label; and we want you!"

Once he had us convinced, he started talking from his heart. I think he meant it. At least as much as he could.

"Nobody will believe in you the way I do. Nobody'll work your shit the way I can," he said. "We're gonna do this right."



Wows you be my prom Queen
Z I can be your prom King

Another morning I must got up and get to school
Im talking to long getting dress Tryna look my best
because to day Is not your ordinary! every morning
my prom dates is coming up I tolle my daddy's term
in highschool
Im going to find my self a girl to the prom
I should'nt leave to much of trouble because Im
very nice my mother says I'm very loveable when
I wave my Good Girl vibes and manners work best
and when I Get to school its crowded in the Hallways
I stop and gaze at all girls just like always
But this time I Now to approch them
or my crush might get mad break my wrist again
There she is her hair is matches with her face
her eyes of pretty she don't tattoos my heart and blood begins
she is so Candy she don't tattoos in with its race
I make my between her friends and to her breakfast
Hi Hello cristine would you be my prom Queen
Loval
There was a time when I could accept a no
That was before cristine is gonna have to go
My friends will be proude of me when I bring her home
So Now I sit and watch her dreams in the corner alone
Cristine is Fumes she has so many diffrent friend
will they miss her when she dead or will they pretends
no body knows me I only myself me and I
and I just told my self the other day to be to die

The actual lyrics as I wrote them down to my favorite scary ICP song, "Prom Queen", which is on *Tunnel of Love*. In my book (this one you're reading), I say "Prom Queen" is probably the scariest song we've ever made.

We signed the contracts right there. Julian was the shit. He took us around Hollywood, and introduced us to people.

Then, when we'd leave, he'd be like, "You know that guy we just met? Fuck that guy; he's full of shit."

He always told us how it really was for real. As far as we could tell, Julian wasn't a fake.

"You guys aren't gonna have to go out in vans no more. You guys aren't gonna be paying them kind of dues no more. We're doing that for you," he said.

He meant it. His big idea was to get stars on our record to break us nationally, the way Kid Rock and Esham helped break us in Detroit. He had us convinced that just because Disney owned 'em, that didn't mean shit. We could be as ruthless as we needed to be. He knew we were still a little shook from the whole Jive thing.

Julian Raymond and his beautiful wife, Dory.

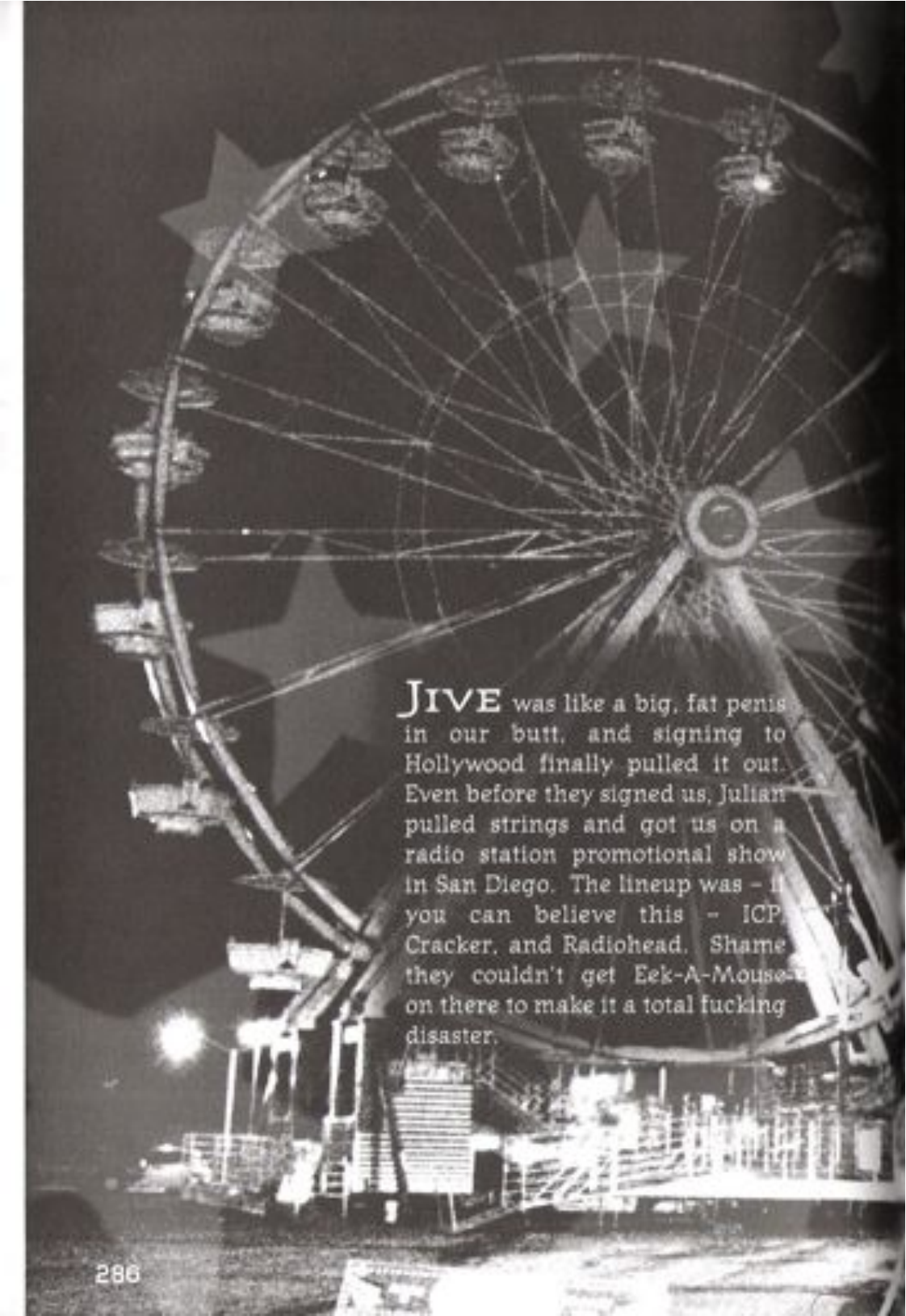
I explained it to him like this, "What happens to most bands is, they get signed, thrown against the wall by the label, and if it doesn't stick, they're over. Well, Jive threw us against the wall; we didn't stick, but we climbed back up on the fucking wall. Then Jeff Fenster was like, 'Okay, we'll keep you.' Well, no you won't, fucker. 'Cause you didn't throw us at the wall hard enough; you missed the fucking wall, asshole."

Julian Raymond understood. That night, he invited us over to his house so we could meet his wife, Dory, and have dinner. Dory was absolutely stunning in not one but two different ways: 1) She was the sweetest, nicest person we'd ever met in all of California;

and 2) She was absolutely, supermodel beautiful. Unlike other A&R guys we dealt with, Julian never once cheated on his angel of a wife. Just seeing how faithful Julian was, and always hearing how much he loved his wife and family, allowed us to trust Julian more as a human being.

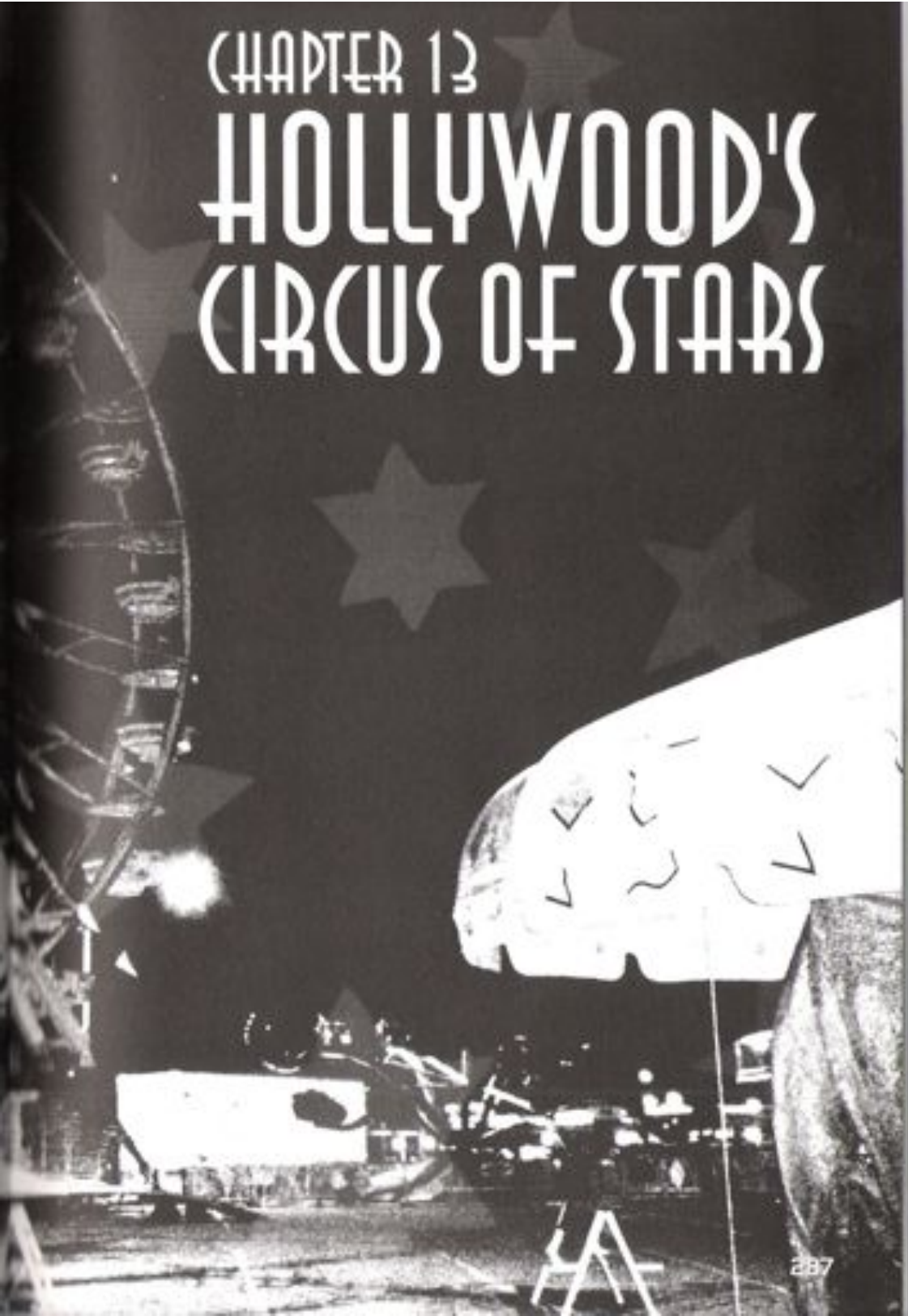
Having dinner with him and Dory, I realized Hollywood was the exact opposite of Jive. We learned just how different when we got our first royalty statement from Jive Records. Remember the Chinese food feast that the Jive staff had with us the day we signed? Oh, we paid for that out of our royalties. The hotel we stayed at? We paid for that, too. As well as the car that took us to and from the airport, the coach plane tickets, and every little thing you could ever imagine. We paid for everything, right down to the ink pens we signed the contract with! That's the way Jive Records works.

Hollywood records did not work like that. Julian was a Juggalo. He took us all to Wrestlemania XII at the Anaheim Duck Pond, because Disney owned that motherfucker, too. Now when I say us, I mean the entire Psychopathic staff! He invited us to crash at his house night after night. His wife made us dinner! Hollywood, he promised, would be different. So far, it was.



JIVE was like a big, fat penis in our butt, and signing to Hollywood finally pulled it out. Even before they signed us, Julian pulled strings and got us on a radio station promotional show in San Diego. The lineup was – if you can believe this – ICP, Cracker, and Radiohead. Shame they couldn't get Eek-A-Mouse on there to make it a total fucking disaster.

CHAPTER 13
HOLLYWOOD'S CIRCUS OF STARS



Of course, we were supposed to go on last because of the mess we make. We were in the dressing room getting ready to go on. It was our first big show like this, our first show in California, for that matter, and we were a little nervous. So, being kind of new to the whole festival thing, we asked Billy to watch the door, and make sure nobody came in while we were putting on our makeup.

That was our thing, the one little thing we had out there: we didn't want to be seen without our makeup. It kills the flavor. It's like a wrestler being seen without his mask. It just makes it so it ain't as much fun.

While we were painting-up, this weird-looking guy opened the door and walked in. Billy, who's really like the nicest guy ever, unless you got a problem, kind of had to put up a little front. He had no idea who this guy was, or if he belonged there. He just knew we needed to put our makeup on.

So Billy told him, "Hey, partner, you gotta get out of here; they're putting their makeup on."

The guy shot back with, the "I'm in one of the fucking bands playing tonight, man," speech.

Billy grabbed the door. "That's all right; but you still gotta get out of here," and he shut the door.

Then the dude opened the door again, and came right back in, because, of course, rock stars don't like to get told they can't do something.

"I want to see what's going on. I'm in a fucking band; I'm in Radiohead."

Whoever the fuck. Billy pushed him politely in the chest, just doing what he was supposed to.

"Back up. Back up, dog. Let 'em put their makeup on; they'll be out to say 'Hi' to you in a minute."

How fresh is that? Billy thought he was a fucking hound dog stagehand or something, and so did we. Truth was he could've been Michael Jackson; just stay the fuck out of our dressing room while we're getting ready.

Again the door swung open, and the guy was standing in the doorway yelling at us.

"Why am I being treated like this, man?!"

Billy took his foot and slammed the door right in the guy's face.

Then the guy opened the door again and ran in. Billy grabbed him by the neck, and bounced him off the fucking wall about seven times, knocking over a table full of food and drinks in the process.

"I... told... you... to... get... the... fuck... out of our dressing room!" He was choking the shit out of this little crumpet-speaking English dude, and we loved it.

Billy held open the door with his foot, and threw the guy into the hallway. He somersaulted like a bowling ball.

The show, of course, sucked. There were only about 150 people left in the whole building by the time we played. After Radiohead played, the crowd filed out like there was a bomb threat or something.

Afterwards, we told Julian what happened.

"A guy from Radiohead tried to come in? Which guy?"

We didn't know; we just knew this guy who looked like a retarded Martin Short wouldn't fucking let us put on our makeup in peace.

"You know who that is?" Julian asked us, starting to laugh.

We had no idea what or who a Radiohead was. We just thought he was some hotshot who walked in our dressing room, and got fucking slammed around, which is how our band has always operated. We came to play, not see what's going on in the other dressing rooms. We're nerds, remember.

"That guy was the fucking lead singer of Radiohead," Julian said. "You decked Thom Yorke from Radiohead! You guys are the fucking shit!"

Like I said before, Julian was one of us: a Juggalo.

Billy slammed the shit out of the lead singer of Radiohead, and our A&R guy was telling us how great we were for it. It was a good time. The point of this tale is that we were on Hollywood Records, but there wasn't any Hollywood atmosphere around us. At least until we started recording the record.

WITH the mega-loot we had from Hollywood, we got a new office in Novi, and moved the whole Psychopathic operation into a giant warehouse. For the first time, we had money. Everything Psychopathic had out was selling. We were huge in Michigan, and Ohio was poppin' off great, too.

So every two weeks, we'd celebrate by having a giant NAW Wrestling party in our warehouse. We had always said, ever since the days of TTW and NAW, that if we ever got money we would put on the ultimate wrestling shows, and we did just that. NAW was back in effect. Only this time, we set up in a real ring with fat ring music, and crazy amounts of stage lights. Our warehouse in Novi was a straight-up mini wrestling arena.

We found this guy named Ted Allen down in Louisville, Kentucky, who could build us a ring. (Actually, I found out his name was Ted Lipscum when we wrote him the check, so that explains why he wanted to be called Ted Allen.)

"What's the name of your wrestling company?" he asked.

"We don't have one; we just want it to fuck around in the ring," I said.

We sent the *Riddle Box* vans down there to pick it up. We found a fence company to build us a steel cage to go on top of the ring for the death match flavor. It was an awesome summer.

So in this warehouse, we had boxes of merchandise and swag everywhere, a wrestling ring set up in the middle, a concert stage for our rehearsals, video arcade games, real concert lights, a huge PA, and of course, a Faygo machine. It was the bomb. The Beastie Boys used to talk about how they were going to buy a studio, and put a skate ramp and whiffle ball diamond in it; we actually went out and did it, ICP-style.

For the shows, we'd call everybody we knew in Detroit. Actually, Mike Clark would call up everybody, because we didn't know anybody. We'd put on these fresh NAW wrestling shows, not to get ends or anything, but just for friends and Juggalos. We came up with our own little wrestling storylines, where every Psychopathic employee became a wrestler or a wrestler's manager.

We even had a rematch for the NAW belt back from when we were kids. I tracked down Lacy. He was living at Evergreen and Fenkell on the West Side. He had a daughter now, and was doing pretty good. I got him to come back as The Jailbird Man, and have a rematch with Joey, AKA The White Tiger for the NAW belt; the same belt Lacy won in Joey's ma's backyard, in front of our families, when we were kids. You know what? The White Tiger finally won it back that night. It was fuckin' awesome. Lacy hadn't lost a step in the ring.

Kids showed up, drank beer, and played video games. Rich Murrell was the ultimate ring announcer with his bald head, black suit, and red carnation. Rich is a fuckin' chameleon. He can fit into any roll he's needed in: wrestler, rocker, actor, stage performer. He plays a wicked bass; man he's the shit like that.

We even had two guys calling the action, where like every other line was, "It's a miracle he's not dead!"

Everybody was doing flips off the top of the cage onto office tables, and breaking them. I wrestled as Hector Hatchet, and did my signature moonsault from the top rope. It was fun as hell, even though we would all be hurt and limping afterwards. Shit, you wonder why the whole WWF is out of their minds on Vicodin.

Rich Murrell, holdin' it down on the mike in the ring.

Julian was so down, he and his wife even came in from Cali once, to see a show. They didn't know about the NAW's long-standing storylines or anything. That was for us, brother.

All he could say was, "This is fucking awesome!"

You know what? It fucking was. I think Julian actually was a little afraid we'd hurt each other wrestling. The way our concerts were around that time, though, wrestling was way safer.

WE booked two shows in Toledo at this big club called the Asylum. Julian called us up.

"Do you mind if Humble Gods opens up for you?"

We were like, "Sure."

I mention them like I did with House of Krazees before, because both groups will show up later in our saga in different incarnations.

Anyway, our shows back then were so fucking nuts because they weren't long tours. They were maybe four or five shows in a row, and that was it. By the end of a tour, you would barely be alive to talk about it. I'm talking each show was pure violence.

Jumping off the stage was a serious risk for us. Ninjas would rip out our dread locks, rip off our clothes, and beat our asses, just so they could tell the story. We'd barely make it out alive. The next time we'd see our dread locks, they'd be for sale on the Internet. We loved it, though.

This photo was taken in Hollywood, for *The Great Milenko* album, in 1997.

At these two Toledo shows, I got into the habit of doing my trademark moonsault flips off the top of speaker stacks into the crowd. It was so packed, I'd just land on people's heads. They had no choice but to catch me.

Except that second night in Toledo. I climbed up on the speaker rig to do another moonsault and – WHAMMMP!!! I slipped on Faygo, and the next thing I remember, I was being loaded into an ambulance.

I had fallen the wrong way, and landed between the barricade and the stage. I guess they pulled my shirt off in front of all the people at the Asylum, and I never take my shirt off, EVER, so I must have been unconscious. My collarbone was broken in four places, and I had a concussion.

Hollywood got a little concerned after that. They didn't really understand the wrestling, anyway, and now I was out of action for a month and a half.

Julian was just like, "You guys are crazy as hell."

When I was laid-up, Hollywood sent me a solid gold Mickey Mouse stopwatch, which I promptly gave to some bitch I was kickin' it with.

Julian called to make sure I got the watch.

"Yeah, I got it," I said.

"You know how much that thing costs, Joe?" He asked. "Well into the four digits, bro!"

I didn't care. I was never much into Mickey Mouse, anyway.

BY now, Mike E. Clark had changed the name of his studio to the Funhouse, because we started to get big, and we grew really close. We were down by law. Mike was there whenever we needed him to be, for the most part. He really respected that we never sold him out like all them other groups did. Why would we have? Mike was the very best at what he did.

The deal was we'd do the basic tracks at the Funhouse, then Julian would set up all these

The one and only Mike E. Clark.

all-star cameos that were supposedly going to help us break the record.

Julian was connected, though, and we respected that. He pulled all kinds of favors to get Slash from Guns 'N' Roses to play guitar on "Halls of Illusions," as well as Steve Jones from the Sex Pistols to play on "Piggy Pie." Julian was producing Alice Cooper's record at the time, so he got Alice to do a spoken intro to the album, which we now had a name for: *The Great Milenko*, the 4th Joker's Card.

We were getting ready to go to LA to do our big recording with the stars, when Joey got arrested. Again. This time, it was for driving without a license. This being his fifth offense, he got sentenced to a fuckin' year in jail. Our jaws dropped open. The whole courtroom's jaws dropped open. Joey's jaw dropped off his face, and rolled under the table.

We could blame this on a lot of things, I guess. One would be the way we dressed in court. We never once wore a suit, or any shit like that; we always refused to dress up for court, and maybe that's what burned Joey. Who knows?

Luckily, the Dark Carnival wasn't down to wait a year for Joey to get out, so it worked its magic. After they took Joey away, some watchdog-type people from the city went crazy about the harsh sentence. I guess the judge got in some kind of trouble, so he recalled his sentence.

Joey's new sentence was for just forty-five days. That didn't look too impressive to Hollywood, but whatever. I told them I could go out to California without him, and get all the stars recorded.

Joey, in all honesty, took it really hard. They shaved all his dreadlocks and beard right off. When I went to visit him, he looked like a clean-cut, friendly, altar boy. What really shook him was that he couldn't go with Billy and I to LA.

You know, we may seem like these callous, bitch-hating, crude, suburban gangster, wannabe roughnecks. Well, we are, but it sucked to be him right then, missing out on three weeks of marinating under the shade of all those fake titties in LA.

You know, Joey is a tough ninja. He'd been in jail before – we'd all been in jail before – and I promised to write him every day from the Kinko's on Sunset in California.

So with him in spirit, I went to California with Billy. A few days later, Mike E. Clark and Rich Murrell flew out to join us. The first order of business was to get Slash on this song, "Halls of Illusions."

You know, some guitar flavor, kind of like what Rich had done on *Riddle Box*. Whip out the old six-string-aroo and lay it down.

Well, not Slash. The night before the session (in LA it's called a session), see, Slash's guitar technician came in to this mega-ass studio, and set up something like a hundred amplifiers and monitors. It was the most gigantic rig of shit you've ever seen. Just for some guitar work.

Slash is the bomb. When he does something, he does it for real. Julian was going all out of his way for us to get Slash in the first place, so for the first time, I was in the passenger's seat. Still, I was kind of dumbfounded by all of this.

We were stars in Detroit, sure. That studio, however, this super-huge A&M studio, had more shit in the lunchroom than most people I knew had in their whole fucking houses. God, being there, as out of place as I was, I felt like we were about to be stars everywhere, now.

Pat Benatar was walking around.

"Oh, hey, wuddup – 'Love is a Battlefield.'"

Fucking Sting was over in the other wing.

"Nice work on that Puffy track, bro."

The whole time I was in that studio control room, that big-ass Cape Canaveral-sized room at A&M studios, I was telling everybody, "Oh yeah, Joey's in jail, but we're all good," like I'd been in a million studios like that. The truth was, we'd never been out of Mike E. Clark's basement. I was like a caveman watching a spaceship.

Slash's entourage were all these wolf-looking dudes ("wolf" is our word for metal heads or burnouts), just milling around in the control room for the two hours it took to get the mix up and ready. Finally, somebody asked, "You ready, Slash?"

Suddenly, this guy with a ponytail and baseball cap, sitting way in the back, said, "Let's do this."

Slash had been in the room the whole time. I didn't recognize him without his top hat. I felt like an idiot.

"Brother, I didn't even know that was you; I'm sorry man," I said. "What's up? I'm Joe Bruce."

"What's up," he said.

"Well, man, I appreciate you playing guitar on this record!" I said.

"Well, man, I think the song's awesome, man, I really do. Me and my girlfriend were in the drive-thru of a fucking Wendy's, man, and we were jamming that shit, you know. I love it, man."

I was like, "Whoa, this is the shit! Slash likes my song! The chick he fucks likes it, too."

So Slash went into the room with his barge full of amps to play, but he didn't want anybody hearing him. We all had to go out into the lobby while Slash did his thing.

All of a sudden, Julian said to me, "There's somebody I want you to meet," and brought over this ninja.

"Joe, this is Leif Garrett."

"Hey, how you doing?" I asked.

Julian saw I was clueless, so he explained to me that Leif Garrett was a teenage superstar who now works for Capitol Pictures. Leif, Julian explained, was trying to sell the idea to Capitol to do a movie about ICP and the Dark Carnival.

All I could think was, "A movie about us? Shiiiiiit, how fuckin' cool would that be? That's what this ninja, Leif Garrett, trying to do?"

Man, I couldn't believe it. Julian was going all out for us, because Julian, of course, was behind it.

"Yeah, I hooked it up. I told Leif all about you guys, so he wants to interview you."

Okay, cool. Leif was wearing a *Riddle Box* hat. Julian probably gave him that ten minutes ago, but cool. You have to remember, this was before the whole *Behind The Music* thing, so this was pre-"I still have that radio you gave me in the hospital, man" era, Leif Garrett. So I really was clueless.

I asked him, flat-out, "So you were a fucking star? How? What did you do?"

"Brother, I sold, like, ten million records."

"Whoa, you sang? When?"

He was just the coolest motherfucker ever.

He answered, "I was one of those pussy-ass teenage stars, back when you were shitting your drawers in third grade."

Wow, even Leif Garrett must've heard about it.

"Get the fuck outta here," I said.

So to see if he was lying, I called this girl I knew in Detroit on my cell phone.

"You ever heard of Leif Garrett?"

She's like, "No."

"Have her ask her mom," Leif said.

So she asked her mom, who started screaming, "Ahhh!!!"

"I told you, man," Leif said. "I was a big fucking star."

So then I asked him, "Did you ever meet Michael Jackson?"

"I did a fucking tour with the Jackson 5!"

I was floored.

"Are you serious?"

"Yeah. They were The Jacksons then."

Then he told me this story how one day, him and Michael Jackson were sitting on this wall in Switzerland.

Michael asked him, "Do you masturbate, Leif?"

"No, I don't, Mike," he answered.

"Well, do you know anybody who masturbates?"

Leif just said, "Yeah, I guess."

Then Michael Jackson asked him, "Well how do they masturbate? Do they grab their penis, and yank it up and down really fast?"

Leif just looked at me.

"Joe, man, I was so uncomfortable at that point; I just got up and walked away."

I told Leif he was fuckin' nuts. I said, "Man, I would've pulled my dick out and waggled it at him! Who cares how weird it was? That's fuckin' Michael Jackson!" I even told him, "Yo, Leif. Don't tell anybody, but if Michael Jackson had a neden, I might fuck him. You know? Maybe?"

Leif thought I was crazy. I was so fascinated by his Michael Jackson stories, I made Leif tell them again and again, because I loved Michael Jackson. As a kid, I used to dance like him and everything.

I was starting to explain the Dark Carnival to Leif, for the movie thing, when Slash walked out of the studio and into the lobby.

"I'm done," he said.

"Fuck, man, I'm dying to hear it," I said.

"Oh, let 'em get a mix on it first," Slash insisted.

Leif jumped in. "Hey, Slash, how you doing? You remember me? Leif Garrett?"

Slash was like, "Yeah, I met you somewhere, blah blah blah...."

Suddenly, I realized I was sitting there hanging out with Leif Garrett, listening to his Michael Jackson jack-off stories, while

Slash from Guns 'N' Roses was playing on my record. I felt pretty fucking good. I couldn't wait to hit up Kinko's that night, and write Joey about it all.

Then Slash turned to me. "I got a question, Joe. This song isn't about Axl, is it?"

Wha?

"No, why would you think that?"

"Well, 'Use Your Illusion,' 'Halls of Illusions.' You guys are talking about people who beat their wife and kids; you sure this isn't about Axl?"

"No, it's not, man, really."

I realized then that Slash was a great guitar player, but he was completely out of his mind. Why the fuck would I write a song about Axl Rose? What?

Slash explained, "Oh, well, it just seemed like it was about him. Shit, I wrote a whole fucking album about Axl Rose, and he never even knew it."

I just laughed. I didn't know what the fuck he was talking about.

I kept thinking, "What album? Slash has a record out? Where? Is he singing on it or something?"

I was steadily realizing how stupid and out of the industry we really were. Then Slash unzipped this bag, and pulled out a *Riddle Box* shirt.

"I wore your shirt last night on stage," he said. "It's the shit; I love wearing this shirt."

All I could think was, "Where were you on stage last night? Are you back in Guns 'N' Roses again?"

Then he started talking to me about how much he hated Axl Rose. "Yeah, fuck that cocksucker...."

"Yeah, well, Slash, bro, this song ain't got nothing to do with him," I said quickly.

Slash wasn't going to let it go. He looked me right in the eye. "You a fan of Axl?" he asked.

Oh shit, man. I was stuck, because I did like Axl. In fact, I'm a huge fan of the whole band, but fuck that. Axl ain't here hookin' up our album, so fuck him. I'm down with Slash; in fact, I would've even helped Slash jump that fucker, Axl, if he wanted me to.

"No. I'm a fan of the music of Guns 'N Roses," I said. "I've never met him or nothing."

This is the cover to a rare '45 from Europe.

"Yeah, well, he's a fucking asshole."

By then Billy had come down from the hotel with this girl from Detroit I just started seeing. I decided it was time to wrap this up.

"So, Slash, bro, what do we owe you for this man, because you can't just do this for free."

"Just get me a pint of Wild Irish Rose; that's what you owe me," he said.

So Billy got him a pint of Wild Irish Rose from across the street, and Slash drank it down right in front of us. His throat must be like iron. He finished it off like it was warm Kool-Aid. Slash was a drinking ninja. He could gargle toxic waste with exploding jumping jacks, and not even be faded.

"You guys wanna go over to the titty bar across the street?" he asked. "That's where I'm headed!"

"No," I said, "we're gonna be mixing the song right here."

Fuck man!!!!! I couldn't stop thinking about how stale I was for flying my girl out there that day. I could have been fuckin' plastic titties with Slash, and drinking wine out of his big-ass top hat.

"Okay, cool. I'll see you guys later, then," Slash said, and shook both my hand and Billy's.

Then he looked my girl right in the eye, and gave her a double squeeze. YES!!! How fresh was that? Now that's a fuckin' rock star!

As Slash left with his Wild Irish buzz and his ponytail, my girl whipped around, and asked, "Did you see that? He did, like, a double squeeze, and felt my hand all up!"

I was just like, "Yes! Slash!"

That night at Kinko's (where else?) Billy and I wrote a letter to Joey in jail, as we did every night, telling him about the day we spent recording with Slash and hearing Leif Garrett tell stories about Michael Jackson. Even more important was that we told Joey that we had found Eazy-E, or at least some guy who looked just like him.

"Joey, Eazy-E's not dead," I wrote. "He works at the Burger King around the corner from our hotel!"

Next morning, Slash woke me up with a call to the hotel.

"Hey, Joe, man, turn on the fucking radio; I'm about to do an interview. I'm going to plug you guys."

I thought that was cool as fuck. Slash was cool as fuck. Just another morning in LA. In Detroit, we'd send a bitch back to her parents' car (if it was still there) and go out for breakfast. Here we were getting wake-up calls from Slash, plugging us on the radio. Too fucking weird.

Then at the studio, Slash called again, to see how the mix turned out. I told him we didn't have it done yet. Later, he called back just to chat, like we were these old pals.

"Check this out, I'm doing this, blah blah blah," he'd say.

Pretty soon, he'd just be going on and on about his life.

"Man, Joe, I don't know what to put in my house," he said.

"What are you talking about, Slash?"

"I got a big, empty house, man. What the fuck should I put in it?"

Like I was going to give Slash advice on interior decorating. We hung up. Then he called back ten minutes after that.

"Hey, Joe, I want to be in the video."

"I don't even know if this song is gonna be the single," I told him, "but if it is, helly yezzy we want you in the video, too!!!"

"Well, when are you guys going on tour? I want to play it live."

Like we were going to ask Slash to be in our band! Like we even had a band. Even though we didn't have a band, I still thought about asking him to join ICP.

I turned to Mike. "If Slash calls back, tell him I'm not here."

That was a stale move, but we had so much work to do, it was crazy.

WITHIN a few days, it was time to work with Steve Jones from the Sex Pistols. Whoever the fuck that was. I called Julian and Mike Clark at the studio.

"Tell him I'm mad sick, that I apologize I couldn't be in the studio, and thank you so much for being on our record."

Mike got on the phone. "Joe, why don't you just show up?"

"Mike, I couldn't tell you one song from the Sex Pistols. I don't know anything about Steve Jones, so I just don't want to be there."

All I knew about the Sex Pistols was that they were these old guys who went on MTV, and swore a lot during interviews. So Steve Jones came down, played on "Piggie Pie," and it was cool. I sent him a letter, thanking him, and apologizing, and that was it.

Leif Garrett kept dropping by to take me out to the titty bar to talk to me about his movie ideas. None of the dancers knew who he was, either. He should have had them call their moms.

We'd had about enough of this LA show biz crap, but we still had Alice Cooper to go. So Julian and I took the one-hour flight to Phoenix to get Alice off the golf course, so he could do *The Great Milenko* intro at some studio in Arizona.

Once again, I was nervous as fuck, because I didn't know anything about Alice Cooper, either. That really sucked, because I knew he was supposedly the shit, but I didn't know the first fucking thing about him. Alice Cooper is notorious for golf, right?

Well, he came in the studio fresh off the course, in his fucking golf clothes, and his hair in a ponytail. I flashed back to my caddying days; it was as if I was caddying for a preppy witch.

"Hey Julian," Alice said.

Then Julian introduced me. "Alice, this is Joe Bruce."

"Nice to meet you," he said.

Alice had a weak, feeble handshake just like a wrestler. Wrestlers always give this ginger-ass handshake. It's like a wrestling code; they barely touch you. I hated it. I may not have known shit about Alice fucking Cooper, but I could tell you, after that, I knew he had a ginger-ass handshake.

So Alice put down his clubs long enough to put on some headphones, and record the intro I had written. I was actually coaching him from the sound booth. Me, Joe Bruce, Floob, and former pupil of Dr. Safiyeh, schooling fuckin' Alice Cooper on how to do MY shit the way I wanted it! Ain't that the shit?

"What's this word, 'Milenko'?" he asked.

"It's...."

Shit, how was I going to define it?

"Can I explain to you what all this is, so you know?" I asked.

"Well, yeah, sure," he said.

I sat down with Alice Cooper, and explained what the Dark Carnival was, in full detail. I told him all about the six Joker's Cards and everything. He really seemed to dig it.

"This is the 4th Joker's Card. Each Joker's Card is a mirror of yourself. So you see yourself in six different reflections, and you have a chance to change yourself before your ending comes, you know. *The Great Milenko* is the 4th Joker's Card, blah blah blah."

You know what? Somewhere in that golf-addled brain of his, he understood everything. He went in there, and he fucking freaked it.

Right after he finished, he was like, "Well, I'm back to the course."

He grabbed his clubs, and hopped back on his li'l rock-and-roll golf cart, and made his way out into traffic. By the way, that's no joke. He really was dressed in golf clothes, and fresh to and from the course. It was funny as hell.

Two days later, Julian took us to Alice Cooper's concert in LA. Lo and behold, to our surprise, Slash came out and started playing with him on stage, wearing that same tired-ass *Riddle Box* shirt!

Our posse that night was Julian, Leif (still wearing his tired-ass *Riddle Box* hat), Billy, and fucking Pat Boone. Pat fucking Boone was

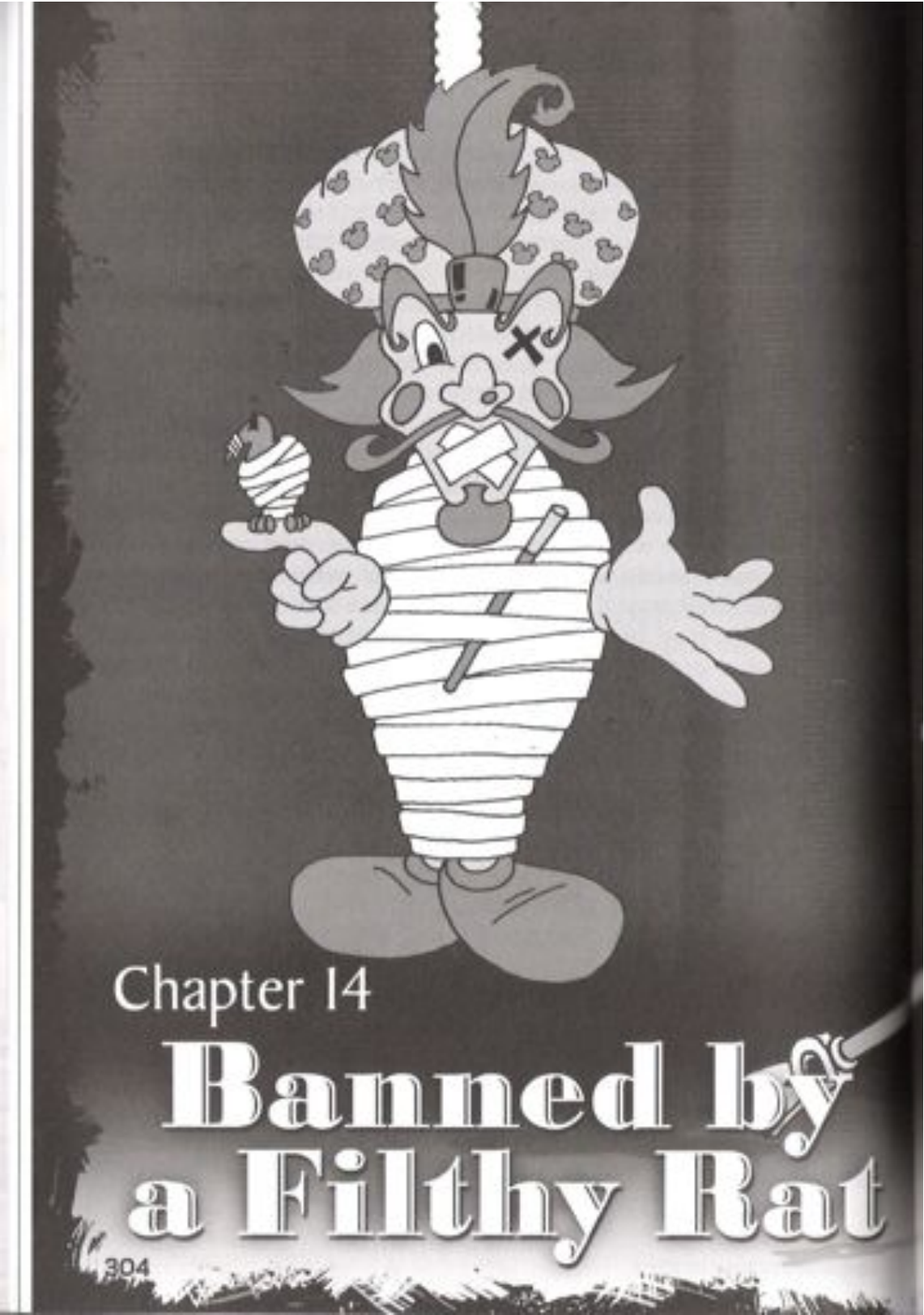
there, watching Alice Cooper and Slash with us. Julian knew the weirdest fucking group of people you could ever imagine.

We couldn't get out of there, and back to Detroit, quick enough. We knew it was time to split when we ran into George Clinton in our hotel lobby. Mike knew him from working with him back home. It turned out he was staying in the same hotel as us. We hooked him up with $3,000, and Mike went up to his room with a DAT machine so he could record him saying, "Clown dog / Freak dog," for the song, "Hokus Pokus."

Well, when we finally got back to Detroit, the George Clinton thing didn't work, so we wasted our money. It just didn't fit in the song anywhere! Remember how we did the Omen Tour? Well, there was our fuckin' omen right there. It just didn't sound right in the song.

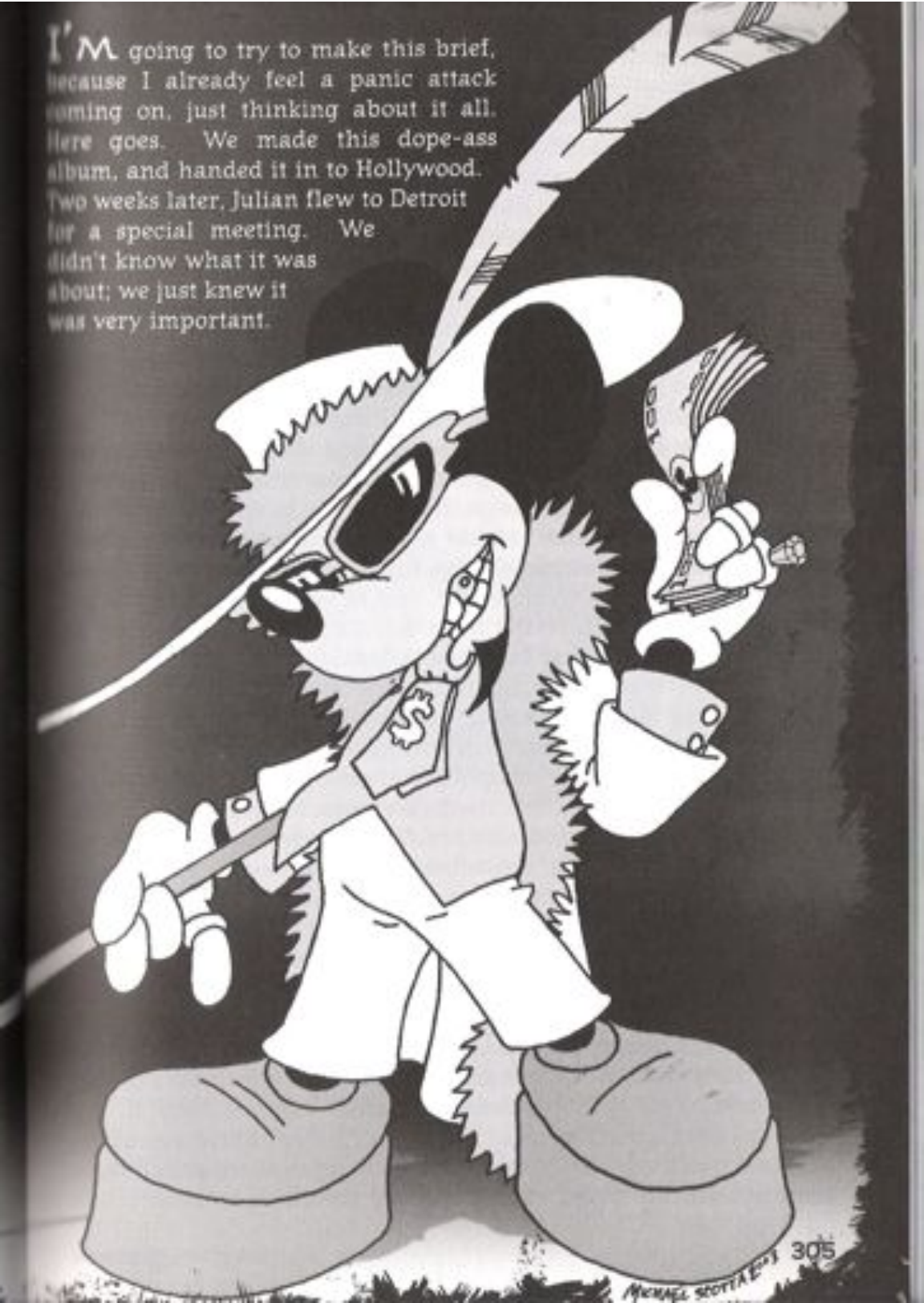
Mike and I argued about it. I didn't give a fuck that it was George Clinton. It didn't matter to me; it wasn't going on the record if it didn't sound good enough! Nobody who was going to buy *The Great Milenko* knew who the fuck George Clinton was, anyway!

Turns out, nobody was going to buy it, period, if Hollywood Records had their way. I gotta take some more Vicodin before I talk about this, because, brother, it's still a pain in my ass.



Chapter 14

Banned by a Filthy Rat


I'M going to try to make this brief, because I already feel a panic attack coming on, just thinking about it all. Here goes. We made this dope-ass album, and handed it in to Hollywood. Two weeks later, Julian flew to Detroit for a special meeting. We didn't know what it was about; we just knew it was very important.
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He was staying at a hotel in downtown Detroit. So Joey, Alex, and I met him down there. Right when he opened the door, we could tell he was bummed. This wasn't the same Julian.

The first thing he said to us was, "This may be the last time I'm alive."

"Why?" I asked.

"You guys are gonna kill me."

We sat down, and he handed us the lyrics to the entire album, typed up. Pretty much every song had some of the lyrics highlighted in bright yellow. Three songs were just crossed right out.

Before I even knew what the meeting was about, everything crashed right back down to ICP-versus-the-record-label.

Julian explained to Joey, Alex, and I that the Disney people had to review the album before it came out, and they wanted the three songs taken off, and the highlighted lyrics changed before the record would be given a release date.

Right at that moment, I looked at Julian and realized he was just another record label ninja. For the first time we looked at Julian as an enemy. When we were on Jive, and he was talking to us about coming to Hollywood, taking us to Wrestlemania, and all that, all he ever talked about was how Disney would never censor us, how they have nothing to do with the music that Hollywood Records puts out. Now here he was with a handful of lyrics and crossed-out songs, telling me to change my shit.

Mind you, we did not record this album on a computer, where we could just go in and click, fix it. We weren't recording out in LA or New York; we were recording in Mike's basement, so we didn't have every knob position written down. We'd have to straight-up remix the whole fucking album.

I asked him, flat-the-fuck-out, "What if we refuse to change it?"

"Well," Julian said, "they're not gonna release the record, then."

"Well," I replied, "fuck you; we ain't changin' shit."

That was it. We left. We sat twiddling our thumbs for a month, and nothing changed. We didn't budge; they didn't budge.

Evidently, Hollywood was prepared to say, "Fuck it; the record's never coming out," and just eat their losses.

Alex called a meeting.

I laid it out. "Man, we can't let our career end; we got all these stars all over this record. Let's just make the changes."

So what we did was use the same exact lyrics, just with ghetto slang in place of the violence.

Instead of "sawed-off shotgun," we'd say, "sawed-off bucket."

"Blew his fucking tongue out the back of his cranium," became "I pulled his fucking tongue out the back of his cranium."

Somehow, that was okay with the old men at Disney. Half of what they wanted changed, we didn't even bother to change.

We just said, "Fuck it. Let's just run it again, and see if they notice it."

They didn't. We left them just like they were, and for some reason they cleared the second time around. That's the stupidity of corporate record companies. The same stupidity of a radio station that flips the word shit to *tihs*. Who the fuck out there doesn't know what tihs really means?

Anyway, we finally got a release date, minus three songs, "Under the Moon," "Boogie Woogie Wu," and "The Neden Game," and with half of the lyrics of the rest of them changed. It was a pyretic victory. (Whatever the fuck that is. The writer, Hobey, threw that word in. I'm like ya'll – I don't know what the fuck that means).

WE had our first MAJOR national tour booked now, with Michael Wood as our booking agent. He was the guy who had seen us throwing Faygo everywhere, and decided it would be a good idea for us to play with Eek-a-Mouse. He was clearly out of his fucking mind, completely gone on dope, I'm guessing. After that Eek-A-Mouse fiasco, his old agency wanted nothing to do with us.

He was at a new agency, now, so he booked us a whole tour: thirty cities. It would be promoted right, Hollywood promised, tour busses and everything. No more changing out of our Faygo-drenched clothes in those cold-ass vans anymore. No more having to eat a whole pack of Nyquil gel-caps just to go to sleep in the cold. Now I'd be able to eat my Nyquils in the comfort of a real tour bus.

It was going down. Our very first national tour. We needed some opening acts to go on before us. First, we looked towards Detroit's local music scene, to see who was worthy as the opening act. BOOM! Perfect! That one Esham rip-off group, called House of Krazees that'd been making some noise in the D.

We called them up. We talked for a while, and we reached a deal. We'd let them open the show every night on the condition

that they double as our roadies. Of course, we paid them well for their work, and they could sell their merchandise at the shows. They'd come a long way from throwing our flyers in the trash, and to be honest, who the fuck else could put up with all that Faygo madness? House of Krazees were down with it all.

My brother had a girlfriend from the Army named Nancy, and she had a brother who was a rapper, named Myzery. We talked to him for a couple of weeks too, and we reached the same agreement. Myzery, and his hype man, Poncho, would also perform every night, and double as our roadies, too.

That was the tour. It was all booked and ready to boogie. First, we had an in-store tour to do. A whole month just to sign autographs. We were going to do that right, too.

Billy went all out for this shit. He had a special booth built; it was like our own little haunted room. It had a roof with black lights, and a giant Milenko face on the back wall. There were stars everywhere, that were all aglow once you stepped inside its dark interior. It was actually four walls, a ceiling, and a lot of shiny streamers we would bring, and set up right inside the record stores.

Juggalos would line up, and be let in five at a time, while Joey and I would be sitting under the black light, signing 2-Liters and two titties, all night long. Many times, the cops would threaten to shut down the in-stores, because the energy of the Juggalos would seem almost out of control.

The power of the Juggalo Army prevailed, however, and not one city was brave enough to try to suffer the consequences of shutting down the madness. The Faygo was flying, topless girls were dancing on cars, and I-C-P chants were heard miles away, while the cops just stood across the street, looking pissed off about it all.

As soon as the month-long in-store tour was done, we were gonna start our big concert tour. Like Julian said, we were done paying dues. They were paying the dues for us now; we just had to go out there and make it happen.

Hollywood kicked in the big-ass video budget for "Halls of Illusions." They gave us something like $250,000, which I know ain't shit for those of you into million-dollar Jay-Z videos. To us, though, that was as much as our whole record deal!

We came up with our own script, where this guy goes through this carnival ride. By the time we got to LA to film it, they had a whole haunted carnival set built for us on this big sound stage. It

seemed kind of weird for Joey and I, because having other people design carnival-style shit for us seemed fake. Only we at Psychopathic can truly describe the Dark Carnival. They'd even hired all these real actors to be in it. (Oh yeah. Don't think me or any of my homies got any neden on the set, because like I mentioned before, it's not possible. We sure as fuck tried, but we failed miserably.)

Alas, no Slash. Julian told me the label didn't want him in the video, because they didn't feel he represented what we were about. I thought that was bullshit, because Slash is the shit. I had to find this out after we had already changed the lyrics, and everything. I was starting to hate Hollywood.

Whatever. "Halls of Illusions" shot to #1 on The Box video request channel. Besides, *The Great Milenko* was about to come out. Stores could officially start selling it at 12:01 AM the morning of Tuesday, June 24, 1997.

All the Harmony House record stores in the Detroit area stayed open late Monday night to start selling it. We had an in-store at the Harmony House in Sterling Heights, north of Detroit, where we were going to debut our autograph shack.

Driving up to Sterling Heights, I was high as hell on Karma.

"Man, the album comes out at midnight tonight; all the Harmony Houses are staying open! This is the one; this is it. Our video's #1 on The Box! It's over with; we're fucking huge now!"

Once we got there, just pure clown love. A humongous crowd was outside – thousands of Juggalos. It was the absolute biggest in-store we've ever done. We didn't get to bed until eight the next morning.

BAM! *The Great Milenko* was now officially out. We got up at four the next afternoon. Another in-store at a Harmony House across town in Taylor, weirdly enough, near where my sister used to live. We got there and the place was packed: 1,000 Juggalos outside waiting for us.

We grabbed our Sharpies, headed into our booth, and started signing autographs.

"We're on our way; this is it," I thought.

Then Billy came into the booth.

"Joe, we gotta hold the line off. Julian and Alex are here, and they want to talk to you."

"Okay, whatever, dog," I said.

Into this booth that we made for the Juggalos, walked Julian with his wife, Dori, Alex, and this local guy who worked for the record distributor.

Alex just looked retarded. One of his eyes was open wide, and the other one was shut and crooked, like he just saw a busload of nuns moon him, or something. The local guy was just glassy-eyed. Julian, began to speak.

"I don't know any other way to tell you this, guys, but Hollywood pulled the record from all the record stores in the nation today. They pulled it out of all the stores nationwide, and they're gonna drop the band. Your tour is cancelled, your in-store tour is cancelled, everything. I just had to come flat out and tell you."

Alex just stared blankly with his one open eye. They just sat there, and looked at us for a minute.

"All right," I said. "Well, get outta here so we can finish the in-store."

We were still so high from the in-store that lasted until fucking eight in the morning the night before, and now the 1,000 Juggalos waiting to meet us, and the big giant posters for ICP everywhere, it just seemed like nothing could bring us down. What Julian told us just didn't register. We knew what he said, but we couldn't understand.

Here were all these ninjas. Like I said, we learned when we signed to Jive that Juggalos just want your record; they don't give a fuck about label bullshit. At that point, neither did we. After the in-store ended that night, I just went home, took my box of Nyquils, and went to bed.

The next morning, what was happening finally hit me. I woke up and realized I wasn't in the bus going to another in-store. I realized I wasn't going on the in-store tour. I realized I wasn't going on a concert tour.

I didn't have anything to do that day. There was nothing we could do. For the first time since we started this band, I didn't have anything to do. Think about it. We could promote, but promote for what! We could hit the studio, but we just finished an album!

Joey and I showed up at the office. Alex was already there, still stunned.

"I don't know what to tell you guys; the album's not in stores. A bunch of stores refused to send it back, but it's nowhere in LA or New York, or anything like that. Hollywood ended all promotions, all commercials on MTV, all everything."

We just sat there.

"Here, take this money," he said, and gave us $10,000.

"Go away. Go on a vacation or something; go anywhere. Just go away, because I don't know what to tell you."

We were all pretty much in a state of shock, but we managed to get in my car, and start heading down to Virginia Beach. I'm not really that sure, but I think the plan was to just head down south, and leave the music world behind for a few days.

We stopped off in Canton, Ohio, because Joey knew some girls there. I was so out of it, I started talking to one of them.

"Did you know our new album came out?"

"Yeah."

"Did you get it?"

"Not yet."

"Well, you'd better get it, because it got pulled out of the stores."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah. We spent all that time recording that album, and it was out for half a day, then yanked out of stores. Our tour was cancelled, our in-store tour was cancelled, everything we had was cancelled. Our video was yanked; everything was just yanked."

"Oh yeah?"

"See, if we were somebody famous, this would have been huge news."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yup. You have no idea how major what I'm telling you is, but it is. It's an incredible bone. The worst thing that could ever happen to a band."

She didn't care. She didn't want to hear my record company bullshit. The next morning, we headed into Virginia, and stopped at a Denny's for breakfast. I left Joey and Billy at the table, and went to call Alex to make sure he didn't kill somebody, or something.

"Alex, it's me."

"Joe!!! Shit! You guys get back to Detroit as fast as you can."

"Why?"

"'Cause we're all over the news! Right now, outside of our office, Channels 2, 4, and 7 are all here. Rich is talking to them. I just got back from CNN! We already got calls from Spin and Rolling Stone. Every fucking record company's calling, trying to sign us."

I thought he was on crack.

"Explain to me how this happened."

"Last night, I called the LA Times...."

Alex laid it out to me, and I'm going to let him explain the whole thing in a minute. In short, though, the deal was Disney was being boycotted by the Southern Baptists for allowing gay marriage, and not upholding family values. Therefore, Disney made an attempt to hide everything they were doing that wasn't considered family-like, not because they didn't like it, but because they wanted to shut the Baptists up. That's why they yanked us out of the stores.

Alex had called the LA Times, the night before, and said, "I have a story. I'm the manager of a rap group that was on Hollywood Records, which is owned by Disney. Well, Disney is getting in all this trouble with Southern Baptists, so they pulled our album on the day of release, trying to act like they never had their hand in our cookie jar. They knew all along what we were about, and they were trying to get paid off the wicked shit, too."

Well, maybe not those exact words, but you get the point. The LA Times hung up, and called him back ten minutes later.

"It's gonna be on the front page of tomorrow's paper."

HELL yeah it was, and all over the Associated Press wire. We punched it back to Detroit, and every time we turned on the news, we heard the story.

"In an apparent move to appease a powerful group of Southern Baptists, Disney severed all ties with controversial rap group, Insane Clown Posse, a day after releasing the group's debut album, spurring questions about...."

We couldn't believe it. We knew it really wasn't about us, it was about Disney trying to have their mouse cake, and eat it, too. The only way I can explain it is that it was like you heard a close family member died, then two days later, you find out that they didn't really die, and you feel twice as good as you did before.

I floored it. Right around Toledo, the weirdest thing happened, something only the Dark Carnival could have laid on us. We found ourselves stuck in a traffic jam.

"Check it: That car's got an ICP sticker."

"Yo, check out those ninjas, face paint and every–"

Holy shit! I remembered that day we were supposed to have done an in-store in Toledo. It was cancelled, obviously, but now we were trapped with all these pissed-off Juggalos. Billy, and Joey and I, without our makeup, were stuck in the middle of this traffic jam, surrounded by carloads of Juggalos.

All of a sudden, they recognized us and started honking at us. Pretty soon, three carloads of Juggalos were giving us a clown escort back to Detroit. Actually, they were hound-dogging us, but those crazy fuckers kept up. I was pushing 100, cutting through suburbs, everything, trying to lose 'em.

When I got back to the office, ninjas following us were the least of our worries. News trucks were everywhere. Alex, Rich, Rudy, and my brother were doing as many fucking interviews as they could. It was crazy.

Alex saw me, ditched a news crew, and ran up to me. "We leave for LA tomorrow. Interscope records wants to sign us. Jimmy Iovine put in the call, himself. They want us out in LA by this time tomorrow."

I was still dazed.

"Look, Joe, go home. I have to finish up here. I'll send the biggest interviews to your house."

So I went home and did some interviews.

As usual, it was a lot of, "Why do you say the things you say in your lyrics?"

As usual, I answered, "Because we don't give a fuck. Fuck you if you don't like it. Eat a dick."

All I did was shoot my mouth off, "Fuck you," "Fuck Disney," and "ICP'll never die."

All the interviewers asked the same question, "So how does it feel? Yesterday nobody knew who you are, and now you're making headlines all across the country."

I answered every one of them the same.

"My last album sold 100,000 copies on the underground. That doesn't sound like 'nobody' to me. Now you might not have known

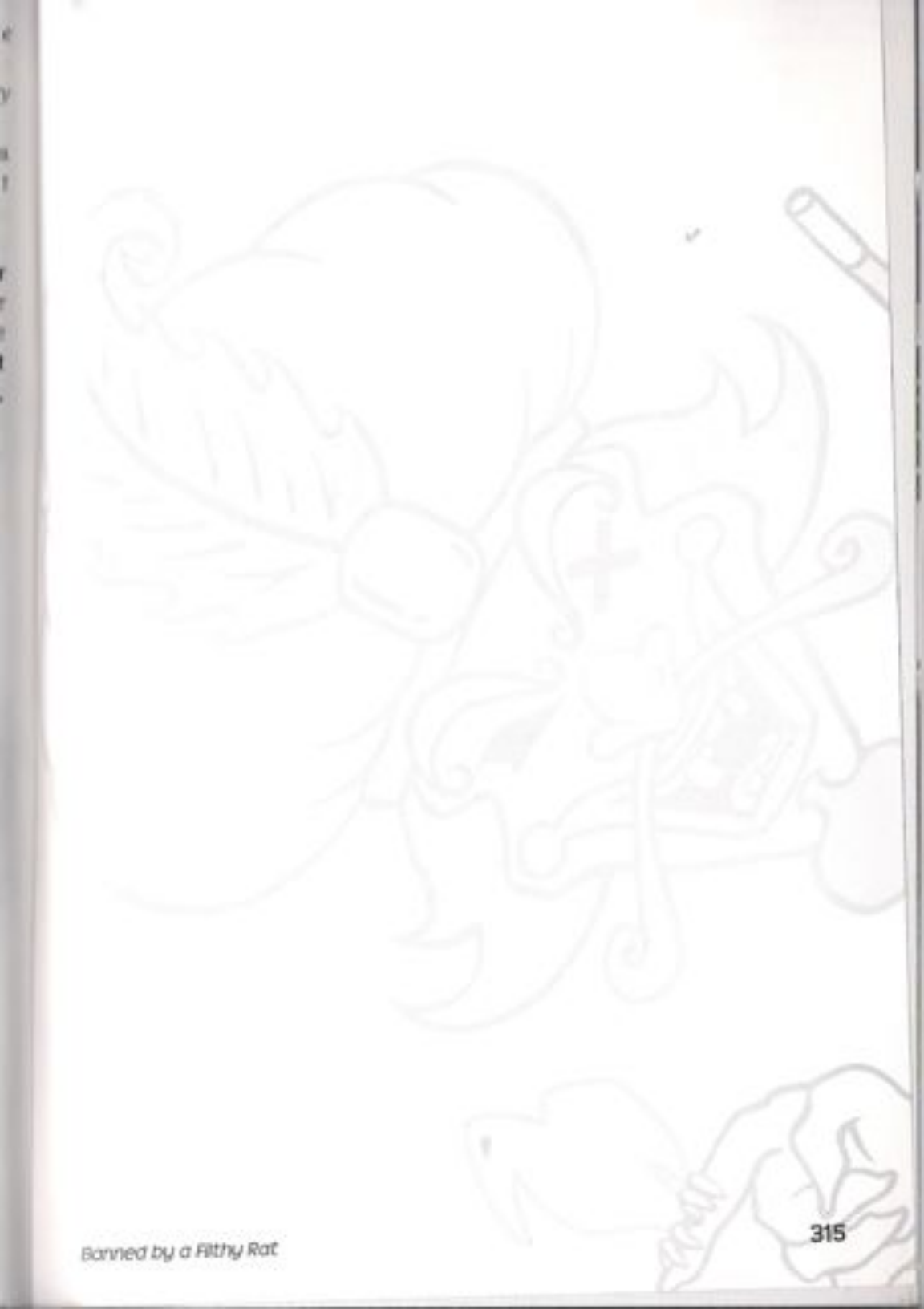
who we were, because all you do is write about bullshit, but the underground's always known who ICP was."

I was just trying to defend our name. At the airport the next day on the way to LA, this lady from Spin interviewed me.

"All right, what about this lyric from the song, 'What is a Juggalo?': 'I dip my nuts in your soup / Bloop...' What does that mean?"

I got really mad. Come on, it was just the stupidest question.

"Exactly how it fucking sounds: I'll dip my fucking balls in your soup, 'cause I don't give a fuck about you," I said. Then I let her have it. "What do you want me to do, try to make up some excuse for that lyric? It's fucking entertainment; that's what it is. It might not be for you, it might not be for Disney, but they came to us, remember? So fuck off."



IT'S time once again for the master tactician, himself, to bestow upon everyone his worldly and thiefly advice about how to get paid the easy way. So for all those who want to know the secrets of love get ready for more insightful and despicable knowledge straight from...

THE SHAGGY 2 DOPE

VOLUME 2 - THE WAY OF THE FORTIFIED HOOLIGAN

GUIDE TO CRIME

The Cars That Go Boom

The whole car stereo thing, this is easy. You just open a car door. Now listen, this is for the people who like to think they're safer by bolting down their car stereos to the dash and shit. A lot of times, if their shit is too hard to steal, it's like you get so pissed off, you just kick the whole fuckin' dashboard in, and leave it like that.

That's why, like, whenever I get my car broken into, I don't get mad, because I know I have it coming.

Unless somebody fucking kicks my dashboard in. Then I wanna kill em. So I never bolt or chain my stereo in. The way I look at it, if the crook can get in the car, then the stereo is theirs to keep.

I must've taken 10,000 car stereos back in the day. You just always have a lookout man on the corner. We would park our car on the corner, and hit every fucking house on the block. Go out at like two in the morning til like five in the morning, and you just come home with like at least 20 radios and fucking 10 sets of speakers.

Fuckin' back in the day when EQs were actually used, we would make sure to take those. The EQs were the easiest, because they were mounted on the bottom, and you just rip em off, you know? If you break the fucking wires, there's always somebody who knows how to solder shit, and splice it back, so you sell it for $1 less, that's all.

Twenty bucks for a fucking Kenwood ain't bad, you know? Pullouts always sucked to steal. If you stole a pullout, they were hard to sell, because you needed the fucking chassis for em, and the chassis was a bitch to get out. You had to kick the whole fuckin' dashboard in to get those. (Once again, people are thinking they're smarter by getting a pullout stereo, and yet they end up needing a whole new fuckin' car over that shit.) If you did get the fucking pullout and the fucking sleeve for it, you could get a couple hundred dollars for those fucking things. They were definitely the shit.

We'd be so stupid about it. I don't understand how we didn't get caught, you know? Like, there'd be guys in a garage working on a car, and somehow we'd fuckin' go into the fucking driveway, 20 feet away from em, sneak in their car, and steal all their shit, while they're in the garage. I don't know what the fuck we were thinking.

We used to have the Carton Tactic, because teenagers all smoke. There's actually two different places that we'd go to get cartons. One of them was Meijer, which is a 24-hour department store that has two main entrances. They used to have a back door, and for some stupid reason the retards would leave all the fucking cartons right by the fuckin' back door.

So we'd go there at, like, fuckin' two in the morning, and just shove 20 fuckin' cartons down our pants, and walk out the fucking door. Actually, when Sega Genesis first came out, I managed to steal like 3 of those from fucking Meijer. Meijer was the spot for late night tactics. It was all about Meijer and stealing car radios.

The Buffet

Have you ever gone grocery shopping with your mom? Tell me you didn't ever grab yourself a lil something, and then run over to the other isle, open it up, and eat it right quick. Of course you did, so this is nothing new to you.

One thing I can tell you about big super markets: Sure they have some theft going on but hardly any. It's mostly moms and old ladies pushin' around shopping carts, and being ultra polite to each other. You can head up in there, and nobody will even keep an eye on you. Just get you a cart, and a list, like your looking for some shit, and go buck wild.

Fuckin' $40 steaks, cheese, $8 boxes of fuckin' cereal, and all that good shit. Fuck going hungry if there ain't shit in your cupboards. You

A homie named Ben standing next to the combined work of

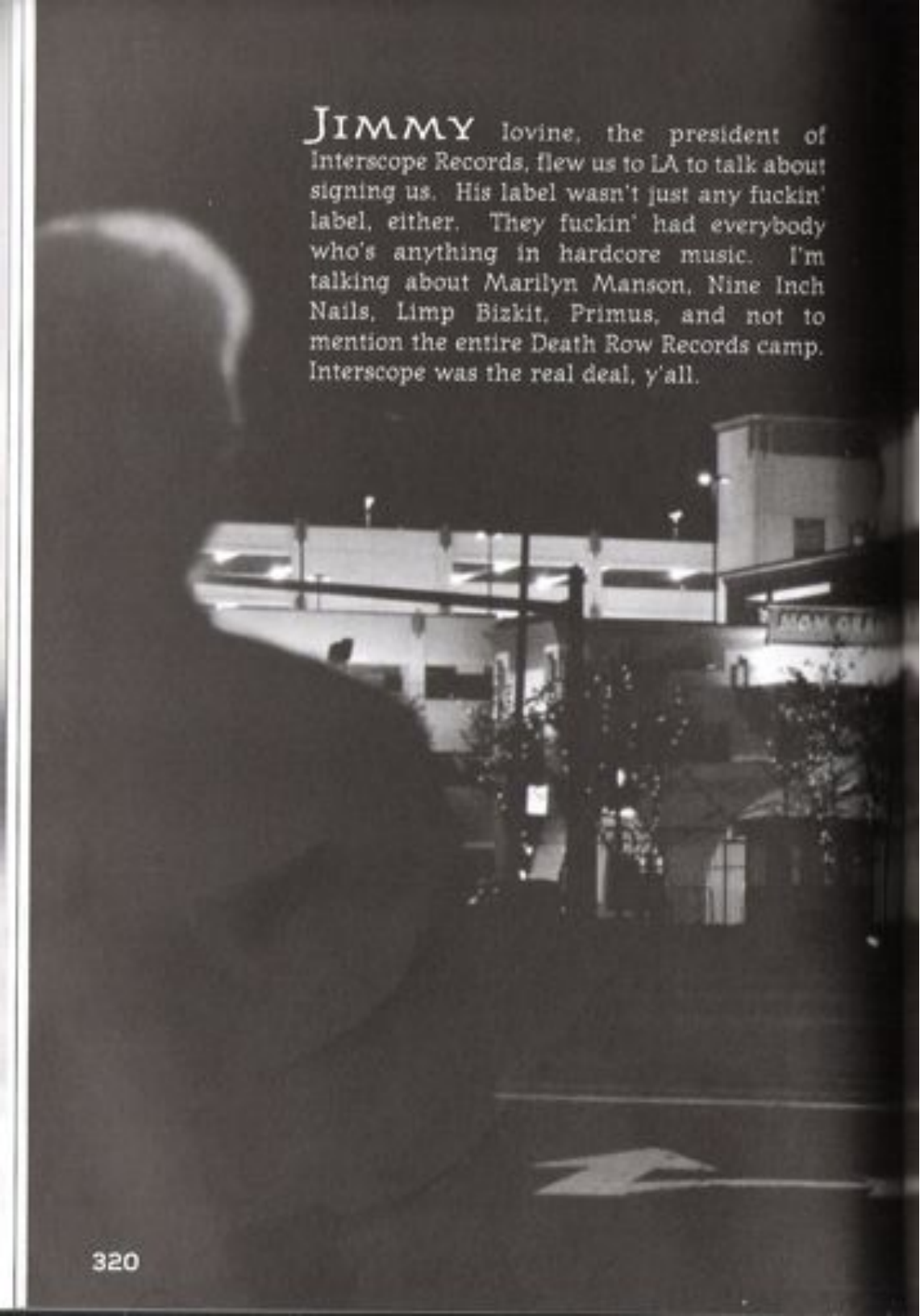
think Farmer Jack, himself, needs all that shit in his cupboards? Man, out of all the places I've ever plucked shit out of, grocery stores are ranked right up top as one of the easiest.

PICTURE THE SCENE: Scrubs like us hangin' out, barbequein' $40 stakes, and not even finishing them, cause we got seven more in the freezer. That's the fuckin' shit! Just have some chick come over, and cook some up for you and your boys, later. If you're too young to drink, just pluck you a bottle of a li'l somethin'. Make sure it's liquor and not some gay-ass wine.

Even if you do buy something, right there while she's ringin' it up, you could be housin' mad candy bars and gum. Look who works at a super market anyway, nothing but ladies and young high school ninjas.

If there's some kid in your isle working there, and pricing canned food, or somethin', go ahead and float you some shit. Don't even worry about it. If he see you, chances are he ain't gonna be stale enough to say something. If he acts like he's gonna, just tell him if he does, your boys will come up there and whip his ass before he even gets off work that night.

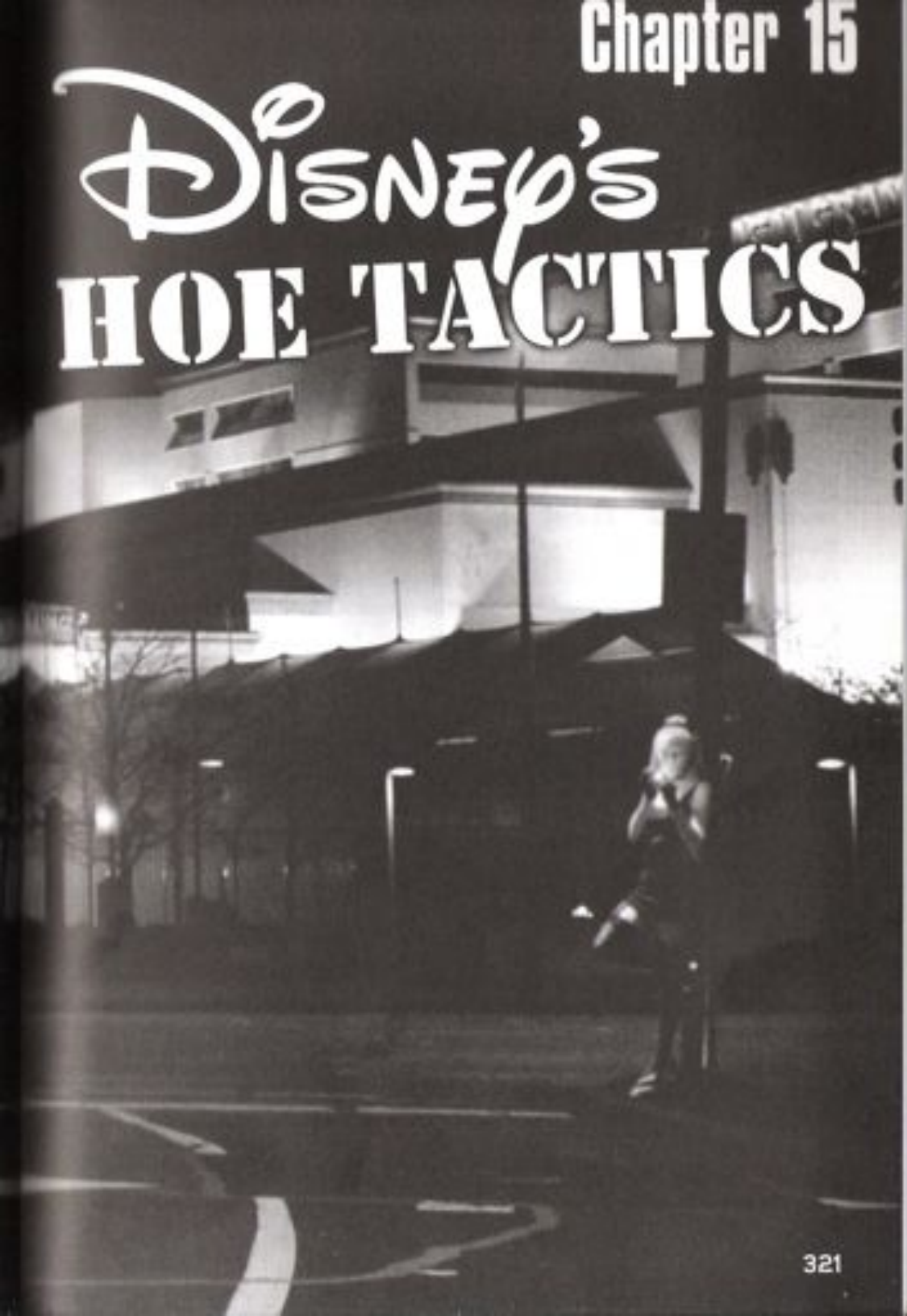
Joe Sid Love (later known as Shaggy 2 Dope) and Cyborg (later known as Tall Jess).



JIMMY Iovine, the president of Interscope Records, flew us to LA to talk about signing us. His label wasn't just any fuckin' label, either. They fuckin' had everybody who's anything in hardcore music. I'm talking about Marilyn Manson, Nine Inch Nails, Limp Bizkit, Primus, and not to mention the entire Death Row Records camp. Interscope was the real deal, y'all.

Chapter 15

Disney's HOE TACTICS



We stepped out of the limo, and into the fancy building. We rode up the elevator, and we even stopped on the infamous Death Row Records floor. There it was. As soon as the elevator door opened up I could see it. The famous, deadly Red Carpet. In case you ain't heard, right in the lobby of Death Row Records, they have a red carpet that bears their logo on it. All employees and guests are informed NOT to step on this red carpet, or you basically get your head busted by Suge and them.

Just looking at it made it tempting. It was so red and clean and furry... and red. I was tempted to run out of the elevator and bust a quick Hammer slide on it, just to see if I could, but we had better things to do, like keep living. We saw a few naked chicks, and heard a few gunshots and screams, before the elevator door finally shut, and we continued on up.

It was a Saturday business meeting, I know, but when we got to President Jimmy Iovine's office, our meeting was anything but business. There was Jimmy, rockin' some fresh, banana yellow Polo sweats, a turtleneck Chachi, and some house shoes. He was just chillin'. The office was a mess, and there were these little kids running all over his office, eatin' peanut butter, and throwin' whiffle balls at each other, and shit.

"You wanna get these kids a fuckin' plate?" he kept yelling at his assistant. "Get 'em a fuckin' plate, Jules! NOW, YOU FUCK!"

He was schoolin' the guy. Then he turned to us, and went into his wannabe Godfather mode.

"Pretty exciting week for you guys, huh?"

"Yeah."

"So tell me, what is ICP?"

What is ICP?

"What the fuck kind of question is that?," I thought.

Here's Alex's pager, steady lighting up every five seconds with every major label imaginable, Elektra, Epic, Island, even little Miami booty labels, all calling to sign us with this whole Disney hype going down, and here Jimmy Iovine was sitting there looking at us like we ain't shit.

Truth is, we really weren't shit, but he should at least front like we were, right? I mean, he's the one trying to sign *us*! That was our moment to shine. I was just about to explain what we are all about when he suddenly cut me off.

"Well, Jimmy, the best way to explain Insane Clown Po–"

"GET OFF THE DESK!!!! You got peanut butter all over your fuckin' feet, already! Get off the desk! JULES, YOU FUCK! Get the kid off my fuckin' desk!"

"Wow," I thought, "Jules was steady bustin' ass tryna control these fuckin' kids. Jimmy's yellin' every five seconds. Fuck it, I tried to start again."

"I think that in order for me to really describe ICP, I'd have to start with–"

"YOU HAVE A BOOGER IN YOUR NOSE!" He cut me off again.

"Whoa, I do?"

At first, I thought he was talking to me, but no. He was yellin' at one of them kids again. At this point, I was going to grab one of them little bastards by the foot and hold 'em out the window, Death Row-style, just to make my point. Instead, I just chilled.

He continued. "So... You guys are from Detroit, huh?"

"Yeah, we been making albums in Detroit for the last six years."

Right then, only inches away, a whiffle ball covered in peanut butter whizzed behind my head. Jules was steady chasing after it, too. That was it; this meeting sucked. We didn't hit it off at all. Jimmy did offer us $450,000 to sign with Interscope Records. Then, right as we got out of that meeting – BOOM – Alex got the call from Julian.

"Alex, man I can't believe I'm saying this to you, but I have more bad news," he said. "Don't talk to any more labels just yet. Disney's not letting you guys out of your contract."

WHA???!!!

"First, they want BACK the million dollars that they had put into the band. You have to meet with them on Monday. Not at Hollywood Records though, you have to come down to Walt Disney Company headquarters and meet with the big boys, PERSONALLY."

Alex closed his celly up, and dropped his head. Finally, he turned to us and told us the deal. I blew up in anger!

"Meet with the big boys, personally?! Who the fuck is that?! You gotta meet Mickey and Donald fuckin' personally to discuss the matter??!! What the fuck?!!!"

THIS FUCKS EVERYTHING UP. I was pissed off. I thought we were fuckin' free to go! That night at our $2,000-a-day hotel that Interscope had put us up in, man, we just wanted to go home. We were sad as fuck. Joey wouldn't even hold me (that's a joke, man).

Jimmy Iovine had originally promised to fly us back, but he must have found out we were now going to cost over a million dollars, 'cause he was suddenly nowhere to be found. Alex would call Interscope every two hours to see if they got us our return flights yet, and every time, Jimmy's fresh assistant, Jules, would tell him, "Call back in another two hours, sir."

So we sat in the hotel the whole next day. We knew we weren't covering the room bill, so we hurt the fuck out of the snack bar in the room. I was drinking everything from bottled Perrier water to fuckin' prune juice, just 'cause I could. Peanuts, fuckin' jelly worms, fuckin' raisin dots, you name it.

Julian tried to help us, but right then, there was no helping us. We had come all this way; we made the record, the video, got the new warehouse. We had lived off that Hollywood money for a year. We had our wrestling parties and paid Mike Clark, and everything, and now we were broke again.

No more Michael Jackson jack-off stories from Leif Garrett. No more wake-up calls from Slash. Just us, broke in a LA hotel room, wanting to go home.

Joey and I flew home. Bright and early next Monday, Alex put on the three-fingered gloves, and went into the ring with Disney. On the way back from the airport, all I could think about was how a week before, we'd been happy as hell doing in-stores and now we were being treated like bitches, again, with a million-dollar bond keeping us locked down. You know what? I was in a daze for most of this shit, so I'm going to let Alex tell you what happened.

Clown vs. Mouse: Double A Lays it all Out

Question: We're going back to the Disney shit; we're getting some detail about that. So what happened? What were the first signs of trouble?

AA: The night before the record came out (the guys don't know this) I got a call from Julian, our A&R guy. Now, the current intermediate label president was a guy named Richard Lear. Not the guy who was the president when we were signed, that guy got fired, but Richard Lear, some lawyer who didn't know shit about the business or care. He was really worried about his job. He was afraid when the

ICP record came out, if word was to leak back to Disney, he'd get in trouble.

So that Monday, he gave Disney a copy of the record and the video, the day before the record came out. That night, the Disney people were checking out the record and watching the video.

From what I heard, some lady was in the office just freaking out and making a big deal about it to Michael Eisner, the president of Disney.

Most of the people there were just like, "We're gonna let it go."

That lady just kept screaming and ranting and raving about the whole thing.

Question: Why exactly?

AA: She just thought ICP was the Devil. She said that it would destroy the image of the Walt Disney company, and it would just cost them billions of dollars if this dropped and ruined their family image.

Question: The band had been signed for, like, a year at this point, right?

AA: Right. At that time, however, Disney was under a shitload of pressure, because they were being boycotted by the Southern Baptists.

So this new thing came along and it's like, "We have to watch every move, and make sure everything that comes out is pretty friendly, to show a better side of our company."

So our shit was like the worst side coming out, and they didn't want that.

Question: So while you guys are in Sterling Heights doing the midnight in-store, the night before the record comes out, Disney is literally at the exact same time in LA, three hours behind you, deciding to pull the plug on the whole fucking thing.

AA: They didn't call us that night to pull the plug, because it was too late; they were on California time. So the next morning, when the records were already out, they gave the order to recall the record as soon as they got in, about 10 AM California time, which is 2 PM our time. By the time word got to me, the guys were already on their way to an in-

store at Harmony House in Taylor. I went there and told them. They didn't want to cancel.

Question: What did you want to do about it? What could you even do?

AA: At that point, we weren't a big band yet.

So it was like, "Man, we're fucked."

It ain't like we're a platinum group that could just flex our muscles, so we didn't know what was gonna happen. Obviously, you know, it was my fucking mess to deal with. So the next day, after we got back from the in-store, I called up the LA Times, you know, who's out there with Disney. I was hoping this would mean something to them, and it sure did.

Question: What did they say?

AA: "Not only is this press-worthy, but it's gonna be front page tomorrow."

So Thursday everything exploded. The guys had left to Virginia Beach, and I called 'em back, because after it hit the LA Times front page, it was on all the local and national news channels: CBS, NBC, CNN.

Thursday and Friday were like a media circus that just didn't stop. Then finally, over the weekend, that's when we flew out to LA to try to go ahead and find a new deal for the band. We started talking with all kinds of different labels. I mean, I had every single label trying to sign ICP at that point, which I thought was all right.

I didn't find out 'til a few days later that Disney, being the bastards that they are, weren't gonna let the band go unless they got a million dollars, which is what they'd spent on ICP.

It didn't matter if they were breaking the contract we had with them, we couldn't really sue them. They had 75-150 lawyers on the payroll at any time, and they don't care. It's just like, oh, you want to sue? They got 700 lawsuits pending at any time; that's exactly what they told our lawyer. They were gonna get their way, or you know, four, five years from now, when the band's career is over, it could resolve in court.

So Disney told us, "Don't talk to any more record labels, because you're not out of your deal just because your record's pulled." They added, "Don't bother with Hollywood;

Our mother fuckin' homie and partner, Alex Abbiss.

it's gone beyond Hollywood. You need to come down to the actual Walt Disney headquarters and talk to us about this."

So I got together with my lawyer and about three other litigators, some big-time motherfuckers, and we just went in there. These Disney guys were such snobs.

They were like, "Who are you? What's the name of the company that you work for?"

Like the lawyers I brought just weren't shit, straight-up.

Then you know, the guy's like, "Listen, we need to get this over with quick. My time's money, and this is wasting my fucking time."

Like we weren't shit.

So we're like, "All right."

So they're like, "Look, the bottom line is this: We spent a lot of money on this record; we want it back. We had to pull it or whatever, that's what we had to do, don't worry about that. We want you to go ahead and find a record deal, and they need to pay us a million dollars, because that's what we spent. Then they can have The Great Milenko record, and you guys'll be all set."

I'm like, "Well, hey, we don't have no fucking money."

They're like, "Well, find a record company to pay it."

I'm like, "If we do that, then we're not gonna get no money from the label."

They're like, "We don't fucking care. We're out money; we want it."

I was like, "Man, this is a $25 billion company. You're making front page of the LA Times, and getting the worst reputation. Why don't you just drop it?"

They absolutely fucking refused. "This is why we're a $25 billion company, because we won't let a million dollars go."

So Disney was just like, "To hell with you guys."

We just sat there and bickered about the case for at least an hour, hour and a half, at Disney headquarters. It came to the point where, I swear to God, I felt like I couldn't get nowhere with this guy.

I just wanted to sock the guy, because it was just like, "Fuck it; no matter what, I'm gonna have to pay this fucking money. I might as well just vent my frustration, and clock the guy."

I even told my lawyer, Lindsey, that I just wanted to fucking clock the guy.

Of course, he was like, "No, then it'll never fucking resolve."

So finally, after that, after literally talking 'til we're blue and red in the face, they decide to lower the amount to half a million dollars.

They said, "If you can find a record label to give us a half a million, then we'll let you guys go."

That knocked out a shitload of competition, because then, only the labels that had really, really big bucks could step to the plate. Before the band even received a dime, this third party had to receive half a million.

Question: So there was like a bidding war.

AA: Exactly. By the time it was over, I had been out in LA for like three weeks, staying at that same Days Inn. By the way, I vowed never to stay in a Days Inn again, 'cause I felt like I'd stayed in that one enough for a lifetime.

Hey, what's up, y'all? It's me, Joe, again. Okay anyway.... Alex flew right from LA to New York, where we met him to see what Island Records had to say. The main guy there was named Human, and he was just all business. Suit on, knew our shit, wanted to cut a deal. Total opposite of crackhead Jimmy Iovine. Right there, Human offered us $800,000.

So we called Jimmy Iovine, and told him we weren't interested, because his money was too low. He took it as a personal insult that we wouldn't sign with him. He was pissed. He even tried to slap us through the phone, cartoon-style, but that shit only worked with Disney.

We didn't give a fuck; we knew the record industry by now. We knew we'd never see another penny after we got our advance. Our only question was, "How much mother fucking cash money are you gonna give us right now, up-front, because all you're gonna do is stick your dick right up our asses, and we know it."

I gotta say something on behalf of myself, and my best friend, Shaggy Balls. As you are reading this book, you might be thinking, man, I can't believe how this book went from all these different stories to all of the sudden one subject: THE MUSIC BUSINESS.

Well, for one thing, that's pretty much exactly how our lives went. That's the way it was for me, exactly. It was like night and day. In our defense, throughout all of this record label shit, I must tell you the truth. Shaggy and I really never gave a fuck about the business side of the rap game. We didn't understand half the shit, and the other half was just about money. Shit, according to us, we've been rich ever since Alex was giving us $50 a day! That's fuckin' paradise to us! That's all we need!

The only tragedy Shaggy and I ever really faced throughout all this stupid Disney shit, was us not being able to tour, and get out there and school shit. We always have hated, and still do hate, the industry side of this bullshit. We usually don't even ask Alex what's going on business-wise. That's his role in all of this.

Our role is to make the wicked shit, fuck the hot groupies, and rock shows! That's all we ever cared about. Record labels are all the same. They all want to put their dicks in your butt. That's all I need to know about them. Fuck that.

WELL, to finally finish the lame Disney story, a bidding war broke out between Epic, Island, and Restless records. Epic went right up to about a million, Island to a little over a million, and Restless to $1,100,000. Epic was Sony, and they were just too gigantic. They really wouldn't know what to do with an underground group like us. Restless was run by two guys who had all the heart in the world, but they didn't have any hits or track record yet.

Our hearts told us the lesser of all these evils was Island. They had all these hot bitches working over there. Joey and I agreed on Island right away when we seen all them bitches working there. Alex agreed on Island because they were offering some straight-up good loot. Remember, it's all about the up-front advance check, because that's all you'll ever get paid from any label. Or us at least.

Alex, Joey, and I signing with Island Records in New York City, 1997.

Also, if they advance you a lot of money, then they have to work your shit, or they will lose their ass. So we signed to Island.

Right then all I could think was, "God, I hope the record's gonna sell for them. I can't believe how much loot they're putting into us."

The whole Disney publicity wave was already dying out. I figured they must have known something that I didn't. Turns out they didn't know shit.

Two months later, Island finally re-released *The Great Milenko*. Once again, the 4th Joker's Card was out on the streets to be consumed by those who needed to hear it. Island had put back on the extra three tracks Hollywood made us take off the record, as well as all the original lyrics.

What would it sell for its big opening week? After all the crazy and insane hype around Disney? What would all that press amount to in record sales? Island had hoped it would chart #1! Remember, back when Hollywood first put *The Great Milenko* out the week it got ganked from stores? It sold 17,000 copies and entered the Billboard charts at #63. Well, now it's coming out again! This time, it had an ocean of press put into it! What is it going to sell??? Well, it sold 17,000 copies its first week out. Again.

Island was cool about it, though. They had this dope-ass idea. In fact, to this very day, Island came up with the very best idea I

have ever heard of in the music business. The idea was for them to make this dope-ass documentary (that we later decided to call *Shockumentary*) about us and the Dark Carnival, to finally show people the hidden magic around ICP.

Think about it. All we ever did was try to get people to understand what ICP is really about, all the way back through the 1st Joker's Card. What better way to do that than to make a fresh-ass, hour-long documentary? Only question was, how do we show it to people?

Now, here is the good part. MTV had auctioned off an hour-long slot for charity, and Island won it. Right away, Island wanted to put the ICP documentary on MTV. Why not? Island was already sweating to death! They needed a way to make all their money back!

Think about it! They paid all that loot to us, all with the hopes that the MEDIA would sell *The Great Milenko*! Yet on opening week, the album only sold the same 17,000 it originally did! Island needed to do something, and do it quick!

MTV said, "No. We refuse to show a documentary about ICP."

Why? Because we're ICP, that's why. Shit has always been like that for us. So Human had to go down to MTV, and ask as a personal favor for them to please show the documentary. He met with the president of MTV, personally, and asked them to play it as a personal favor to Island. They finally agreed to show it.

It was fuckin' cool as hell. All of Psychopathic gathered at my house to watch it. It was funny as hell, because every time MTV went to and from a commercial break they would announce, "This air time had been auctioned off, and Island chose to spend their auctioned time by showing this."

We loved the fact that MTV hated showing it. In fact, it just made the whole show more interesting to watch, with MTV saying that every ten minutes.

Now, this is the truth. After that one-hour special ran prime time on MTV, that very following week, our SoundScan jumped up to 50,000 copies sold in one week. The truth is, it was that MTV special that Island paid for that really put us on the map, I think. The entire world will always say the Disney hype is what did it for us, and that very well might be true in most ways, but what really sold albums for us was that hour-long special. Good work, Island! MTV airing *Shockumentary* really bumped us the fuck up!

I will say this, however, at the end of it all, the whole Disney thing did earn us a few things. After all, we were brought to the attention of the readers of USA Today because of Disney. Shit, we wound up being named #1 on USA Today's Worst Album of the Year list – two years in a row! Then in 2000, we made #2, right behind fuckin' Kathy Lee Gifford. So, there you go.

Anyway, after that MTV documentary, our videos were back on The Box, we were getting to tour again, and everything was lovely. By the end of 1998, *The Great Milenko* had went plizzy, plizzy platinum.

We got paid twice off the same record. I made my mom quit her job, and I bought her a house. I bought my sister a house. Joey bought a house. Joey bought me a house. Alex bought Joey a house.

Everybody receiving their very first gold records at Psychopathic's *The Great Milenko Goes Gold Party* at The Shelter, in Detroit, 1998.

Alex bought Alex a house. I finally bought a house that I loved way out in the woods, in Novi, Michigan.

The fuckin' real deal is we had a lot to celebrate. As hard as we had worked, it honestly felt like it was way fucking late. To this day, I can't drive by a Kinko's without looking twice. It will always

be in me. Them hours and hours and hours and years are all gone, forever. In my mind, we were already platinum with *Carnival of Carnage*.

BEING on the map was hard to get used to. First off, I hated the way people acted around rich people, so I hated everybody around me. I went in to buy furniture for my new house in Novi. This guy who was selling me the furniture was tallying up all the furniture I was buying (it was in the thousands), so all he was thinking about was his commission. There was this $900 lamp, with this ring on it, sitting next to me. The guy was sucking my dick so hard because I was buying all this furniture.

I just said, "Hey."

He looked up from his calculator, just in time to see me break the ring off the lamp. I just snapped it off right in his face, just to see what he would do. Would he turn me in, and lose all that extra commission money? Or what? I just flat-out broke it right in his face, and now what's he going to do about it? Shiiiiiit, that's what.

He just smiled nervously, and grabbed it, and rolled it under the couch we were sitting on. I could have done anything I wanted, and this guy wasn't gonna do shit. He was just so marked-out because I was rich, and he was getting paid off me. That was the first time I experienced the evil power of having money.

When I finally got settled in my new house, a lady came over from across the street, which was actually through the fucking woods. She knocked on the door.

WHOA!!! Somebody's at the door! I was trippin' because where I lived, people just didn't come around at night. It was way too far out in the boonies for company. My dogs were all trippin'. I grabbed the pistola Billy gave me, and opened the door with it in my hand.

"Listen, your garage light is shining through the woods into my house," she said. "Can you turn that thing off...?"

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I just couldn't fathom it. Was this lady actually complaining about my garage light shining through her bedroom window?

"What the fuck are you talking about? My light is shining through your fucking woods? Shut your fucking shades, then."

I went off on the lady and terrified her half to death. The whole time I was waving the pistol around. I lived way the fuck out in the woods, because in all my previous apartments there was nothing but hound dogs everywhere. Now this rich lady didn't want to shut her fuckin' shade. I guarantee that was the last time she ever came over to bitch at me about anything.

Listen to this story! Joey has some serious Indian blood, so he refuses to celebrate Thanksgiving, right? Well, he's my boy, so I refuse to celebrate it, too. The first ever Thanksgiving at my new house, me and my boy, Myzery, were bored as fuck. We decided to go out and explore the woods behind my house.

When I bought the house I was told that I owned mad acres of land, so I decided to go check them out! We were out walking through the woods way behind my house when we saw these two men hunting.

They saw us, and one of them yelled, "Hey, you kids gotta get out of here; this is private property!"

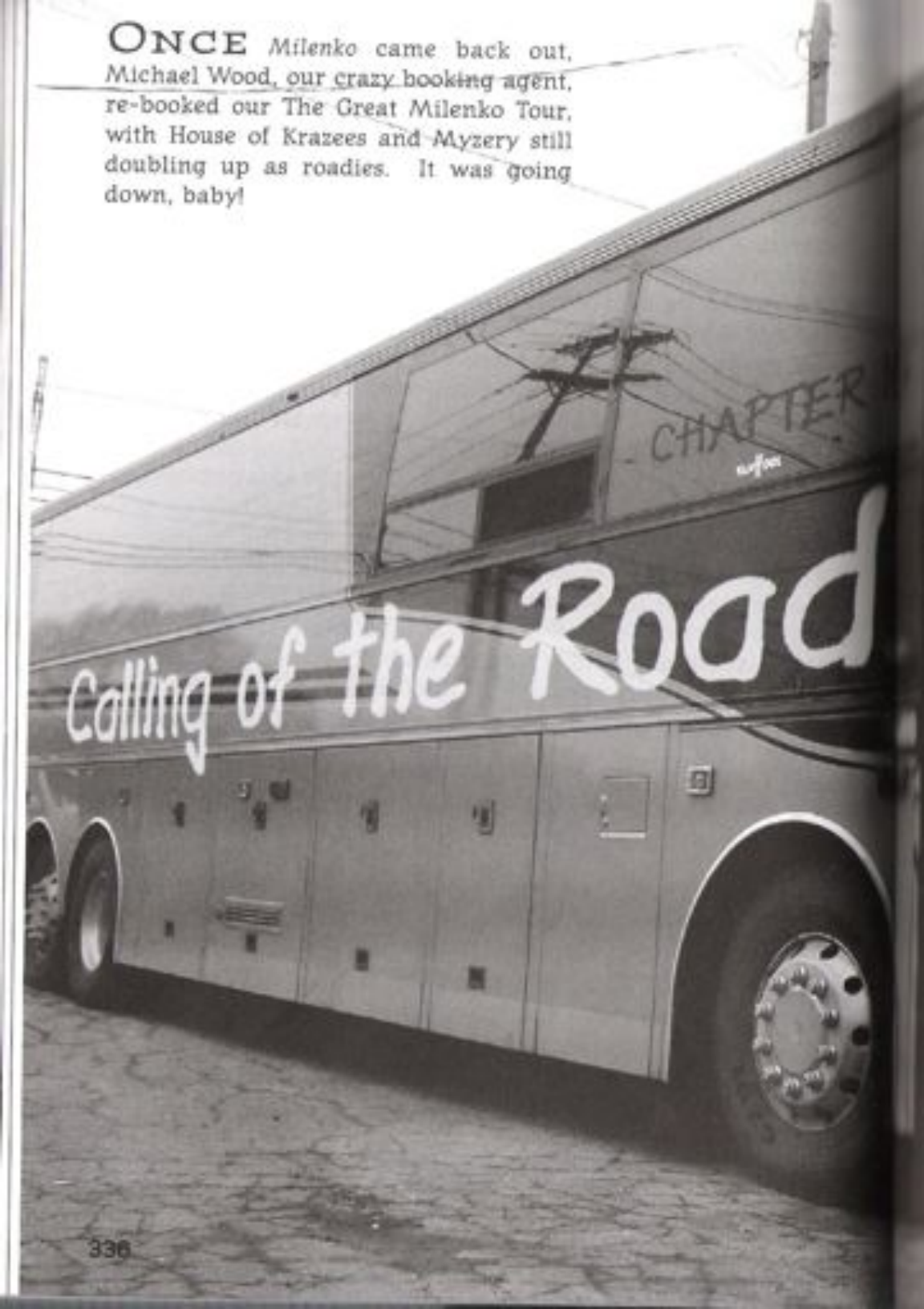
We started to turn around when it hit me.

"Wait a minute. It is private property; it's *my* fuckin' property!"

It was hard for me to comprehend. I can't explain the feeling I had. I have been kicked off of SO MUCH PRIVATE PROPERTY in my lifetime. It had happened to me thousands of times in my life! Well now, I actually owned some PRIVATE PROPERTY!

So here this guy is trying to kick me off it?! I wanted to take his rifle, and bash his forehead in with it! You never know what will really piss you off until it happens. Plus the fact that he was out hunting on my land! I hate hunting! I love the fuckin' animals chillin' around my house. I ain't trying to let this fucker shoot some deer out in my fuckin' woods. He's lucky I didn't shoot him, and hang his fuckin' head above my fireplace.

ONCE *Milenko* came back out, Michael Wood, our crazy booking agent, re-booked our The Great Milenko Tour, with House of Krazees and Myzery still doubling up as roadies. It was going down, baby!



Just two days before our tour started, I got a call from my wrestling homies, Rob Van Dam and Sabu. They were wrestling for ECW. ECW was having its second ever pay-per-view, and they wanted to know if we would make a special appearance on the show!

Even with all the shit we had going on with ICP, we still were down as fuck! We loved ECW! You see, ECW was this brand-new, hardcore type of wrestling, which was an all-around more adult-oriented show. They had wrestlers cussing, fighting in the street, bleeding, and using weapons. ECW showed lots of titties and ass, and they had more adult storylines about shit like wrestlers getting each other's wives pregnant, and all that crazy shit.

ECW was fast becoming an underground phenomenon in wrestling. It came out of nowhere, and made it so pro-wrestling wasn't so fuckin' dorky anymore. The crazy-ass ECW fans would throw beer and chairs into the ring, and it was just hype as hell.

At first, ECW's hardcore-type following were a lot like the Juggalos of wrestling fans. I know all of this because ever since Rob Van Dam first got to ECW, he had been sending me videotapes of their television programs. I couldn't believe how different and dope everything looked. Their TV Interview camera angles were all done like the movie *Natural Born Killers*: fading in and out, and turning all over. That was all brand fuckin' new to me.

ECW was cool as fuck, and so even though we had a million things going on, including our first national tour starting in just two days, we were down to head to ECW for a quick appearance! The pay-per-view was in Florida. We went there and re-united with our old homies from way back in 1989, Rob Van Dam and Sabu.

They actually had become the backbone of ECW! They were ECW's absolute biggest stars! All I could remember was back when we first met in Detroit at that Mexican lunch hall. It was everybody's first matches.

Rob introduced us to Paul Haymen, who was the owner of ECW. Rob and Sabu explained to him that Joey and I actually used to be independent wrestlers with them back when they started in Michigan. Paul Haymen's storyline light bulb went off! He had an idea!

"None of your fans, or anybody for that matter, know that Rob and Sabu have actually been friends with you guys for years, right?"

"That's right," I said.

"Also, nobody knows that ICP can take wrestling moves, either! Nobody even knows you guys were ever wrestlers, right?"

"Yup, that's true as well," I said.

"Well then! Let's shock the world by having our top two bad guys, Rob Van Dam and Sabu, beat the shit out of you on national pay-per-view!"

That was his idea. That might be cool for the people watching it!

We said, "Let's do it!"

We worked out a thing where we'd go out to the ring at the very beginning of the show, and hype up the crowd. Joey and I would get them all chanting, "E-C-W! E-C-W!"

At that point, Rob Van Dam and Sabu, the top bad guys, come down to the ring and beat us silly. They slam us with wrestling move after wrestling move. Finally, the top good guy, a drunk named The Sandman, comes out with his big Singapore whipping stick, and makes the save by chasing them away.

We did just that. Only you would think that Rob Van Dam, being my homie and all, would have been a little bit ginger with my head. NOTHING DOING. He whip-kicked the hearing out of my left ear. His kung fu round kick actually punctured a hole in my eardrum, and I needed emergency doctoring in order to still make the tour! It was fun, but man. I now see how Rob Van Dam got to where he is today. He beat his way to the top! My ear was just another step. Rob is still my boy, and he says it was an accident. Yeah, tell that to my ear hole, which still cries at night, sometimes.

ENOUGH of that! Back to the realm of the Dark Carnival. We flew back to Detroit; I had my ear fixed, and two days later, the tour began. Our first concert of the tour was in Orlando, Florida: the home of Disney. Only our concert was FREE! We wanted to slap Disney by having a free concert right next door to Disney World.

We had a tour bus waiting in Detroit to take us down there to start the tour. This was to be our very first time ever in a real tour bus. We knew we had reached the big time now. Fuckin' TOUR BUSES!!!!

We showed up with all our boys at our office. Then Myzery and his boy, Poncho, showed up. Shortly after, House of Krazees piled in.

"'Sup, y'all," they said.

They were smoked-the-fuck-out. They smoked a lot of weed. I wish I did then.

It was our first time ever on a tour bus. When we all got on, there were fifteen of us. I realized nobody really knew each other all that well. I felt kind of greedy. After all, this was Joey's and I's very first ever time in a real bus, and already all these ninjas get to come with. Anyway we started heading down to Orlando, Florida, and our bus driver, this guy named Corey, started schooling us.

"This is your first time ever being in a bus?" he asked.

"Yeah," I said.

"What about the rest of y'all? Has anybody in here ever rode in a tour bus before?"

"Nope."

"All right, the first rule of touring on a bus is that you have to take your shoes off. No shoes on in the bus."

We all took our shoes off.

"All right, here's the way it works. I tell y'all when we eat. I tell y'all when we stop. I tell y'all when we drive again."

We're like, "Okay, cool."

It was like being on a school bus, or a fuckin' Greyhound! We didn't know any better, see. So we headed to the back of the bus, and put a CD in.

Right away, Corey was like, "Can you turn that radio down?"

That whole first day, en route to Orlando, we were in the back of the bus, shutting-up, all fifteen of us. Corey stopped the bus.

I asked, "Where are we?"

All he said was, "Nobody get off the bus; I'm gonna be back in a minute."

We looked out the window, and saw him go into a Dunhams, and get himself some shoes, while the whole bus just waited outside, with us pressing our noses against the window. It really was like a school bus now, a fuckin' tart cart. I can't even type this right now without feeling like a total bitch-ass. Just realizing how fuckin' stupid we actually were. I guess we weren't that far ahead of Myzery and House of Krazees, after all.

That night, we stopped at a motel in Georgia. Corey disappeared into his room, so we went up there to ask him what time we were leaving. When we found him, he was smoking crack with two hookers in his bed. Oh, and he made no beefs about it. He had the door wide open, just smoking crack with two hookers.

"Hey, Corey–" I started to ask.

Before I could even finish, he was like, "Hey man, does anybody wanna get with one of these whores? They're charging $25 to suck your dick."

"You know what, Corey?" I said. "I'm straight on that."

Check this out. Rudy just went to pick up our food.

I gave one of the hookers $50 and told her, "Now when my friend Rudy, gets back, I want you to tell him you're a hooker, but he looks so good, you wanna hook him up for free."

He must have told me the story 10,000 times about how she sucked his dick for free. To this very day, I never had the heart to tell him that I paid her for it. He'll still brag about it... until he reads this. Shiiit.

AFTER a night of Corey smoking crack and fucking hookers, we were back on our way to Florida. When we got to the venue in Orlando, Corey laid some more rules on us.

"This bus is not to be used for a dressing room," he said. "I want the bus as clean as it was when I got off the bus. When I come back, I want the bus just as clean."

Meanwhile, our opening acts/roadies, Myzery and House of Krazees, along with the rest of the stagehands, set up our stage. Then they got dressed, and did their sets. Now, the show was free, but you still had to get tickets. There were 800 ninjas there for our first real show on the road. Needless to say, the show was kick-ass-Faygo and "Fuck Disney" – all that shit.

We made sure we were all cleaned up before we got back on that bus. We took our shoes off, too, of course. The next night, we were playing somewhere in Tennessee, where the heat was bumping. It was so hot, the air conditioner on the bus broke. So there we were, fifteen of us, in our stank-ass socks. The windows in the back of the bus didn't even open.

It sucked, but we were too scared of Corey to say anything to him. Brian from House of Krazees wasn't, though.

"Man, this is *bullshit*."

Rich Murrell was kind of put in charge of watching over HOK. Rich has always done all of our tours, from the very first one. He really knew Psychopathic, in and out, and he knew how we all liked to operate things. Rich is really respected at Psychopathic, and if you can't get along with him, then you can't really get along with us. Brian didn't like him too much. Brian bitched a lot. He was the only one who bitched.

Like I said, none of us knew each other too well. Right then, Brian started coming out of his shell a little bit too much. I figured I should be doing all the bitching. Who the fuck was Brian? This was *my* bus. He should shut the fuck up, and stay shut the fuck up!

When we got to the venue and got off the bus, I called Alex.

"Yo, the air conditioner's broken, and we're not allowed to wear our shoes on the bus."

I just laid out all the shit about how Corey was pimping the shit out of us with. Alex went ballistic!!!! BALLISTIC!!!!!

"WHAT???!!!!!"

He couldn't believe what I was telling him! Right away, he called the tour bus company and got Corey fired. That night, we all hid in our hotel rooms, because we didn't want to see Corey when he found out he was fired.

Thankfully, another bus driver named Leonard showed up. Leonard schooled us on the truth about touring: you're the boss, what you say goes, and the driver works for you.

It's not a fucking school bus; you're renting a home. You're allowed to wear whatever the fuck you want in the house; you're allowed to listen to whatever you want. It's the tour bus driver's job to clean the mother fucker.

The truth is, that bus is your house, and you live ANY WAY YOU WANT! The driver can't say SHIT, EVER! You can smoke what you want, party, drink, destroy the bus, stop whenever and wherever you want, anytime. You come and go as you please, and do whatever the fuck you feel. Corey had pimped the fuck out of us!

Once we had that straight, we started enjoying life on the road. By the third stop of the tour, Washington, D.C., we were mad deep into the neden. At the venue, one of the security guards started hound dogging us.

"Oh, man, we love your guys' shit."

Then after the show, he said, "There are these girls; we got a bunch of girls lined up."

We came out the back of the place, and sure enough, there was a bunch of girls lined up on the other side of the fence, just waiting there in the rain. I was in total shock.

I didn't really fully understand what was going on. We were used to being the scrubs on the other side of the fence, remember? Now there were these girls lined up in the rain, still wet from the Faygo, just waiting for us to pick them out of a line-up. So we pondered how strange and new it was to us. Then we took some in the dressing room and banged them right there on the floor.

By the time we got to Baltimore and Hartford, there were carloads of girls who had been following us. You'd fuck one of them, and then in the next city her friend would be there, without the girl you fucked.

You'd straight-up ask them, "Why are you following us?"

All they could answer was, "I don't know."

You'd end up fucking them anyway. Just random shit. Fuckin' fuckin' and fuckin! Then in Rhode Island, these girls took us back to their house, and gave us the full treatment, with a hot tub and all that shit. They were really fancy bitches, who we would have never had a chance with before. We had hoes cooking for us, and all that.

When we played LA at the House of Blues, Slash and Tommy Lee came to the show, as they do every show by a new band making a little noise. The real rock star shit, though, happened during that day. This longhaired Kid Rock-looking kid named Matt Zane was making a porno with rock bands, and he wanted to use our bus for a scene. He knocked on the door right outside the venue, and asked us if he could film the video in our bus.

Next thing we knew, he was on our bus filming, and we were all holding lights up on the people fuckin'.

Matt kept going, "Jump in, jump in, man, and start fucking her."

"No man, I can't do it," I said.

"Just jump in, man," he insisted. "They ain't gonna stop you, dog; just jump in and start fucking."

I wanted to, just not on camera. So when they were done and all the cameras were gone, I started talking to one of the girls getting dressed in the back of the bus.

"So how much do you get for this day?"

"Two hundred bucks, or something," she said.

"You only got $200 to take all that shit up your butt, and you fucking had 'em slapping meat on your ass, and you fucked three chicks and two dudes? Man, I'll give you $300 right now to fuck me."

"I'm down," she said, "but how do I know you don't have anything."

"You're the fucking porn star!" I said.

"Yeah, but we're all licensed and everything."

"I don't give a fuck! Well then, I'm a licensed rock star, bitch!! Licensed with these Trojans."

"Okay, but don't say anything to any of the other girls, because I swear to God I'll never work again."

"All right, but I want the full treatment; I want the full goods. I want you to pretend like the camera's on. I want you saying all of that shit like you said in that movie."

She just looked at me with this full-on porn star look, and said, "I'll hook you up."

Brother, that's just what she did. I busted a nut so hard the whole bus rolled over twice. Even still to this day, I don't know about Joey's, but my personal all-time absolute freshest neden night of flavor took place on The Great Milenko Tour in none other than Dallas, Texas. We were sitting there in the hotel after a bomb-ass show at Deep Ellum Live, and believe it or not, but there was about 20 chicks all sitting outside leaning against their cars, just waiting out in the parking lot. Waiting for what? Waiting to be chosen by us, or by somebody, anybody in the crew, or even on the tour at least.

It was insane. There were 20 plus of some of the sexiest li'l Dallasettes, all just leaning against their cars, just chillin', and tryna look sexy. I couldn't believe it was true. The feeling was unlike anything I was ever used to.

It felt so good, that a great feeling of guilt also was there because of it all. It was crazy; it felt like it wasn't really all ours. Like they were gonna say, "SIKE!!!", and play me like on the Michelle Harmon cassette or something. It felt almost like we shouldn't really be allowed to be that happy, and somebody was gonna come and arrest us for it any second.

Check us out, Joey was in his room with not one, not two, but three chicks. He was steady mobbin' fuckin' three chicks at once.

Fuck what you heard; we ain't got to exaggerate for that to be the shit.

ME? I was parlaying with two hotties. Both were kind of young. Maybe 19 and 18, if I'm lucky. They were both kind of Kornish chicks. You know, dark cloths, raggedy and pissed off style. Lookin' young, hot, and rebellious. Freaky.

I was there, pants down, enjoying myself amidst their naked forms. There was a knock on my hotel room door. (Please believe me. Even on our biggest and best Rock Star days, it never went down this good, but on this one warm summer night in 1997, in Dallas, Texas, it went down this way for me and my penis. I guess time and chance had our side that night). Like I was saying, there was a knock at the door. I jumped up and looked out the peephole, glass peep, fisheye, door hole, peep thing.

It was Uma Thurman, straight up. This chick looked just like the *Pump Fiction* chick from the movie. (I think Uma is her name.) The one who overdosed in the movie. This chick outside my door looked just like her. I opened the door, and let her in. I automatically assumed she was a friend of the twin hype chicks already in my bed.

I asked, "What's going on, Upa?"

She was like, "You. What's going on in here?"

I said, "Well, you know, we were just about to start off a three-way dance, naked, baby oil match, actually...."

She said, "Hopefully not without me...."

She pushed me aside, and walked right past me into my hotel bathroom, most likely to do a line or two. Just like the *Pulp Fiction* chick would've done, too, I might add.

I looked at the chicks in my bed. "Do y'all know this fresh-ass bitch???"

They were both all stale.

"No. Who the fuck is she?" they asked.

"Fuck that! Who cares who the fuck she is?" I pleaded. "She wants to jump in our mix!"

Both them stale bitches were like, "Fuck that shit. We don't know that bitch. We ain't fuckin' her. Fuck that."

I was stuck on convincing them.

"Please, look at how hot she is, man! Let her join our mix, please!"

They pulled my hoe card.

"What, we're not good enough for you?"

Fuck, they went there. I had to explain to *Pulp Fiction* that the two girls I had just met, myself, were somehow not interested in her joining us, but if she would just be kind enough to wait by the bus, I'd love to share a nut with her afterwards.

She was so fuckin' cool, she was actually with that. She waited outside for me. Man, that's so fresh of her. It was warm outside, and everything, and she still waited.

TIME OUT

I'll tell you why hoes like these two lamies are only an 8 instead of a 10. Yeah, while it's fresh that they are down for the two on one freaky tactics, and all that, the fact is, they ain't real with it. That third chick, she was so real with it that she was down to get it on with both those other two girls, even though she didn't even know them. That means one thing: her actions were real. She was really wanting to freak them both and me. The other two, them getting freaking with each other, and all that, is more or less for show.

I even questioned them on it. I asked how many times they'd fucked each other. They both were quick to tell me several times. Then I asked how many times they fucked around with each other when nobody else was watching, and they had to say never. They just front to be freaky, which is all right, I think, I guess, but Uma was 'bout it 'bout it for treal. She was for real wanting to get down.

After I was finished with the pair (about ten seconds later, to be exact), I was down to the bus with *Pulp Fiction*. Listen to me when I tell you this. Her and I connected sexually like we were the last two people alive, tryna restart the planet. It was on.

Her and I had the bomb-ass sex that night, over and over and over again. I remember when she left the next morning, I was sitting on the bus steps, throwing up because my stomach hurt from humpin' so long.

She was the shit, but time and chance, struck again. This time as usual, it wasn't in my favor. I lost her number and spent days searching the fuckin' tour bus for it, afterwards. Damn. Oh well. I got the memories forever.

Wow. Man, I really really hope that all them girls look back at their time with me as a good thing to them, and not a fuckin' regret. I really do fuckin' hope that. I hope they just think of positive shit when reminiscing over them nights spent with the guy from ICP.

I hope it's a good memory for the rest of their lives. I don't mean sexually, because for the most part I know that couldn't be. I suck. I'm a minute man. It's even on some Band Celebrity Secrets web site, somebody told me.

It's true. I can't help it. I get too happy when I'm fuckin'. I can't believe that it's actually going down. I try to think about some nasty shit to stop it, but nothing doing. It's just too fresh to be fuckin' a hottie like that for me. I'm just too happy.

I guess it's my childhood scrubbiness jeans. What most of them chicks never get to experience, though, is round two, when I knock pussies out cold. I make bitches mom's feel that shit through them somehow. I'm sick with it. If you only knew; only if we didn't have to leave so fuckin' fast. See how I get sidetracked?

I do hope that these girls, all the girls I've been with, don't hate the fact that we fucked. I don't think anybody should ever regret anything in the past. Especially fuckin' a rap star. How could that be stale? Ask an old-ass lady if she regrets blowing the drummer for Tom and the Heart Throbs back in '45. Fuck no she don't regret that shit. Not deep down inside she don't. It's a MEMORY.

It's okay to be young, crazy, horny, freaky, crazy, and all that, in my book. Life is too fuckin' short not to experience it all when you can. Be safe and all, yeah, but fuck. When you're not in love, married with kids, why not live up your days, and get your stories together? You're gonna need them stories to recall for the rest of your life. Them stories are the future smiles on your face, while your washing dishes for a family of seven.

NEW to the road life, we would find ourselves trying to choose between the Moon Over My Hammy and the Grand Slam every night at Denny's. We grew closer and closer to Myzery, Poncho, and House of Krazees. When Brian wasn't bitching or homesick, it was like we had known each other for years.

This one night at Denny's, Jamie from House of Krazees walked in the door in the brightest, orangest hookup I'd ever seen in my

life. He was all bald, no facial hair, and orange as fuck. Bright fluorescent orange sweatpants, hunting orange socks, and a bright orange hoodie, with white shoes. He just walked in like everything was cool, but the whole restaurant lit up, he was so fucking orange.

I never ever laughed as hard as I did that day. The whole table erupted with laughter.

"What the *fuck*?" he asked.

Our whole crew was laughing at that orange-ass hookup. Paul, and even Jamie himself, was laughing on the floor at this point, but Brian tried to be all hard about it.

Jamie and Paul, AKA Twiztid

"That ain't cool, man."

As the tour got closer to Detroit, the shows got bigger and bigger. By Cleveland, we'd sold out the Nautica Center at 4,000 Ninjalos. All was not well with House of Krazees. Walt, their clueless manager, met us in Cleveland with merchandise for them to sell.

Well, that night, despite the sold-out show and karma through the roof, Brian started bitching again. This time about how they

didn't have enough room to display all their shirts in the merchandise area, because we had such mad shit of our own.

Brian came busting into the bus, and this while I was back there getting some girl's life story.

"So your ma doesn't want you living at home if you're going to be a dancer, but you need her to take care of your little girl–"

BAM!

"Where's Alex? I want to speak to Alex right mother fucking now!" he yelled.

I always tried to be cool with Brian, but I stood up on him right there, and got right in his face.

"Don't EVER talk to me like that again. You ever talk to my manager like that, it's going down. You ever talk to anybody in my crew like that, it's going down. Who the fuck do you think you are out here?"

Jamie and Paul knew I was right. They started schooling Brian on the spot.

"Man, why the fuck don't you realize your place? This is their tour, man. You don't go busting in their bus saying, 'I need to talk to Alex right mother fucking now!'"

We had a few days off in Detroit before the tour started again. When it did, House of Krazees was nowhere to be found.

The tour resumed in Toledo. We were at the venue, and the next thing we knew, who pulls up in a car, but Jamie and Paul from House of Krazees.

"Joe, Joey, man, we're sorry, man, Brian won't go back out on the road. Walt told him to stay home, and he's gonna stay home," Jamie said, not wearing a stitch of orange, by the way.

Then Paul started explaining why they bounced.

"We don't know what to do, dog. Brian won't go back on the road. He says it's bullshit. Walt won't give us any T-shirts to sell, and that's how we make our living."

"We're just stuck, you know; we can't do it," Jamie continued. "We're sorry to leave you hanging, bro."

"All right," I said. "Well, thanks for coming and telling us."

They were like, "Cool."

That was it. I could tell they were hurt because of leaving the tour. We were the four horsemen out there. That sucked that their partner and manager were so fuckin' dumb.

At that point, all that was on my mind was that we needed a third act. Our sound guy, named Troy, thought he'd help us out.

"Man, I got a band. I got a band that's perfect," he said.

"You know a band?"

"Yeah, they're from Columbus; they'll be perfect."

Perfect, maybe for Hall & Oats. Man, holy fuck, y'all. Them boys got booed off stage so hard.... We needed them to open the tour, though, so I would introduce 'em every night, to try to take some of the heat off them. They were such cool dudes. I came up with this intro. When everybody got in the building, and the show was about to start, I'd be backstage and grab the microphone.

"Juggalos, welcome to our three-ring circus. This circus has three rings, which means it has three separate, completely different styles of music...."

I'd try to make up for it, see?

I'd say, "Juggalos love all styles of music. The first ring, from Columbus, Ohio...."

Then, in the most ruthless voice I could muster, I'd say, "Give it up for Watershed!"

They'd start playing.

I had told them, "Don't stop in-between songs. Never let there be a second you're not playing music onstage; just keep playing."

So they'd finish one song... BA-DUM-BA-DUM-DUM... and the guitar would start picking up the next song. They tried so hard, but the shit just wouldn't stop flyin' at them. Juggalos just threw shit at them, coins, cups, whatever, through their whole set. They got killed night after night after night. We all would just watch the destruction from back stage. I can't front at all, that shit was funny as hell, but afterwards, I'd feel bad for them.

"How'd it go tonight, guys? Any better?"

"Great, we got fourteen bucks in change from off the stage!"

LIFE was in effect. My mom didn't have to work anymore. After working as a janitor at that richy church in Birmingham for 185 years, she could finally quit. How fuckin' fresh is that? Hooking up my mom was the freshest thing I've ever done in the world.

After the very fresh, exciting, and successful The Great Milenko Tour finally ended, we had a few weeks off. Actually taking time off has never happened, and most likely never will. We needed to fill our three-week void with some working flavor. Besides setting up our brand-new tour and recording new material here and there, we also wanted to try something old to us, yet new to our public: WRESTLING!

From the very earliest days of ICP, Joey and I always said that if ICP ever breaks, nationally, we were going to run our own wrestling show in Detroit, and actually wrestle as ICP. We ran private wrestling shows before, in our warehouse, a bunch of times, but they weren't publicized or open to the public. Even then, we never actually wrestled as ICP, in face paint and all that.

We were always afraid to run a public wrestling show as ICP while we were still coming up in Detroit, because we had no idea how the Juggalos would take it. We never wanted to risk damaging our image in our hometown when all we had was our hometown. Now, after the success of *The Great Milenko*, we had forty-nine other states we could rely on, so it was time to give ICP wrestling shows a shot. Let's see if Juggalos like this shit as much as we do.

ICP actually wrestling in a tag-team match sounded crazy as hell. We figured that because Juggalos only knew ICP as rappers, it would really freak them out to sit there and watch us wrestle! To them, it would be the same as if 2 Live Crew all the sudden were going to wrestle! Crazy!

The whole thing sounded insane. That's what we are, though, so we set it all up. Twenty bucks a ticket, no concert, no songs, no rapping. Just a hardcore wrestling show with a main event that featured ICP wrestling two other thugs inside of a steel cage.

Now before I tell y'all about our first public wrestling show, let me talk about our first public wrestling video, *ICP's Strangle-Mania!* Joey and I, having always been wrestling fans, noticed some ads in the back pages of various wrestling magazines. The tiny ads were for *Outrageously Violent Wrestling from Japan!* For twenty bucks, they would send you a video that featured actual Thumb Tack Matches, Barbed Wire Matches, and even Exploding Ring Matches. It was just the most insane shit you'd ever heard of in wrestling.

We ordered the videos – all of 'em. When they came, we couldn't believe what we saw: real matches from Japan that featured all of the above. They were called straight up Death Matches.

We watched all the videos, and noticed something especially odd about them. They were all shot professionally, in front of huge crowds, yet there was no play-by-play commentary on them! It was just silent while the match went on. We devised a master plan. We'd take the best matches from each tape, edit together our very own *best of* collection, and call it *ICP's Strangle-Mania!*

The coolest thing about our version was we went into a studio, and did the play-by-play commentary ourselves, as Violent J and Shaggy! We changed all the wrestlers names, to fit them in as Juggalo characters. For example, Cactus Jack became Cactus Sac, The Head Hunters became the Mushroom Boys, and so on. Juggalos

loved it! It was funny as hell to hear us ripping on the wrestlers, and it was even more crazy watching the footage!

We straight-up stole the footage from Japan the same way the guy we got them from did. Then we pressed it up on home video and released it nationwide. *ICP's Strangle-Mania!* would go down in history as another of the many crazy novelty items that we have proudly presented over the years. It's another crazy item for Juggalos, by Juggalos.

The home video was a huge success for us, so what better way to follow it up than to host our very own wrestling show, entitled ICP's Strangle-Mania Live? The main event would feature a tag team of rednecks called The Chicken Boys, played by our homies. This kid named Dan (as Al Labama) and Billy's brother, Chucky (as Confederate Fred), teamed up to face Joey and I as ourselves: the Insane Clown Posse! Juggalos ate up all the tickets, and the show was off the fuckin' hook. We held the event at the same place we both used to work at years earlier: St. Andrew's Hall.

We needed some help booking all the wrestlers, so we hooked up with a local Detroit wrestling know-it-all guy, named Dan Curtis. He basically booked all the talent, which included guys who wrestled in thumbtacks and barbed wire, just like them nuts over in Japan.

We brought in the likes of Mad Man Pondo, Mean Mitch Page, 2-Tuff Tony, Corporal Robinson, Ian Rotten, Cash Flow, and more. With the help of Dan Curtis, we also brought in some very famous, legendary super stars like the Rock 'n' Roll Express, King Kong Bundy, and even Abdullah the Butcher.

You wouldn't believe how hungry and broke them wrestling legends are now. They'll come all they way in from across the country, and do whatever you want them to for a couple hundred bucks. I spent my whole life watching the Rock 'n' Roll Express wrestle. So be sitting there listening to them both diss each other behind each other's backs while trying to swindle me out of an extra hundred bucks was sad as fuck. Just seeing all of that made me so happy to have gotten out of wrestling when I did.

The show sold out, and not one Juggalo had any complaints about the matches. We ended up beating The Chicken Boys in the Steel Cage Match main event, of course, and it was the shit, straight-up. That night was one of the funnest nights of my life. Dan Curtis deserves major props for setting all that crazy shit up!

After the success of the *ICP's Strangle-Mania* home video, and our sold-out ICP's Strangle-Mania Live show, it was official: ICP could do anything we wanted in wrestling. Juggalos were down with it. I guess nine out of ten Juggalos can apparently also be wrestling fans.

What seemed even more official to me was the following. For us to sit there, and bootleg a home video that featured wrestling, that in no way, shape, or form did we own any rights to, and still sell over 50,000 copies of it, lets me know one thing: ICP is so ignored by the mainstream world, that we can basically do anything we want. We'll never get caught.

We can steal, take, rip off, and break copyright on whatever the fuck we please, because we're so ignored, and so deep underground that we'll never get busted for it. The Juggalos? They are just as underground as we are! So it doesn't matter how many copies we sell of anything; nobody will ever know anything about it.

That can be both a good thing and a bad thing. The BAD: ICP can sell a million albums each time out, and still never be taken seriously. So fuckin' what?!!! At the same time, the GOOD: ICP can bootleg a million sales of something, and never be noticed. I fuckin' love it. I love it all.

The very next night after the Strangle-Mania Live show was a Friday night. Myzery was staying with me, and he asked me to take him out, and show him around Detroit. Now, I have never been much of a club-going type of ninja; in fact, I didn't even know where the fuck to take him. Finally, I decided on the place we were just at last night: St. Andrew's Hall. I knew that they still hosted hip-hop nights on Friday, so that's where we headed.

We walked in and right away the hound-doggin' got out of control. One kid in particular came up to me and gave me a flyer.

It read, "EP Release Party, blah blah blah. Featuring appearances by Esham, Kid Rock, and ICP (maybe)."

That pissed me off. Why was this kid giving me a flyer that advertised our name with a *maybe* after it? What kind of bullshit was that? He might as well put featuring fuckin' Madonna. Who knows, right? I mean, anything is possible; the bitch might show up, right?

So I asked the kid, "Why do you have our name on this flyer?"

The kid said, "It says 'maybe.' Maybe you will be there; I don't know. That's why I'm asking you right now. You guys comin' to my EP release party, or what?"

"Fuck *no*, I ain't coming to your party. We might have, if you would've asked us, first, before putting us on the fuckin' flyer like this. We don't even know who the fuck you are, so don't be trying to trick Juggalos into thinking we'll be there."

That was that, and we parted ways. Who was that kid? Yup, you guessed it. Who would have ever known what would all become of that one ninety-second encounter? That was the first and the last time I have ever met the future superstar, Eminem, face-to-face. He wasn't even famous yet, not even signed, just promoting his new *Slim Shady* EP, and he was already pulling bitch tactics.

After that, my crew and I went to the downstairs part of the club. Within seconds, we bumped into another local rapper. This kid's name was OPV. I knew this kid from a while back. He once opened up for us on a show we did back in the day at the Ritz. I quickly remembered him talking mad shit about us to this bitch I knew, and within seconds I was in his face about it.

He sucker-hit me with a beer bottle out of the blue. His crew ran as we started to fight. Within seconds after that, we had him in the back corner of the club. Billy and Rob held him up as I whipped the shit out of him five or six times with another beer bottle. The kid was crying like a bitch. I never heard a grown-ass man cry like that, just to save himself an ass-whippin'.

Within seconds, he said it, "I'm a bitch! I'm a bitch! I'm a fuckin' bitch! Just please let me go."

We finally turned him loose, and immediately left the club. As I explained to Myzery on the way home, these are the very reasons we try not go out flossin' a lot in Detroit. Player-hatin' runs at an all-time high in this city! Believe that!

WE were getting set to head out on our second national tour. Things were gravy in the new, much larger Juggalo world. We came up with a name and idea for our new tour: the House of Horrors Tour.

Now, there are some bands that use the same stage set for their entire careers, but not us. Each and every time we head out on a new tour, we bring a whole new theme and set. Yes, that means us

kissing tens of thousands of dollars away in extra expenditures, but to us it's worth every penny.

Instead of just watching Joey and I run back and forth across the stage, yelling shit into our mikes, we'd rather put on a real show. That means bringing along an extra two or three semis of stage set, major PA, and four to six extra stage guys to dress in costumes, and act out fresh rolls on stage. Some are clowns, some are zombies – whatever the set's theme calls for. We just look at all the monsters and extras on stage with us like they are our band. Some of our onstage characters actually grow to become popular among Juggalos.

For example, you got Deuce. This guy only pops out every so often on our tours. Juggalos know Deuce right when they see him. They immediately can tell it's him by his double head. He has a regular, big, gray head with an additional head growing out from the top of it. Juggalos love good ol' Deuce.

Then you got our most popular stage extra. I'm talking about the one and only Evil Dead. Only my brother, Rob, will ever be allowed to play the role of Evil Dead. The fact is, nobody else out there could ever play a better Evil Dead. Whenever Rob is out on tour with us, and he also happens to have his Evil Dead hook-up with him, believe me, it's going down.

Them shows are never the same. Evil Dead will fall out dead right on stage, and right in our way, and then second's later out of the blue, he'll just spring up and pop back into life. He falls off stage, off speaker stacks, off stage props. Sometimes we'll even find him dead lying in the Faygo box. When Rob does Evil Dead, the show is always a fuckin' riot.

Well, there we were, with our brand-new stage set, ready to take the country by storm once again. Just like last time, we needed to find opening acts. We seemed to be getting along with Myzery better than ever, so we asked him and his hype man, Poncho, to join us again. This time they wouldn't have to double as roadies. You see, the clubs we were playing now were twice as big. Consequently, we were bringing twice as many crewmembers, because, well, by this time we were making twice as much money.

Just before the new tour started, I got an unexpected phone call from our homies, Jamie and Paul. They called me at home. Right away, I could tell Jamie was serious as fuck. He's never serious

about anything, so when he wasn't playing around, I knew it right away.

"Bro, after that shit happened in Cleveland, we did one more show with Brian, here in Detroit, and that was it. We quit the group, man," Jamie said. "Can you help us out? Can you hook us up?"

"Yeah, we'll hook you up," I said.

Little did I know how much my quick decision would go on to affect the future of Psychopathic Records, and the wicked shit forever.

From left to right: Paul, Rob 2 (who is the guy who took a bullet in the head while riding in a Hatchet promo van with Billy Bill - he's fine now), Stefan, and Myzery, all chillin' in Texas while on the House of Horrors Tour.

"You guys are the tighter rappers of the group, anyway," I explained.

We got together with them, and they gave me a demo of three songs: "2nd Hand Smoke," "Die Mother Fucker Die," and "How Does It Feel." I was sold. SOLD SOLD SOLD. We sat up at our office in Novi, and tried to come up with a name for their new group.

"What should we call you guys?" I asked.

They had an idea. They wanted to call themselves ISI, which would stand for Infamous Superstars Incorporated. I hated it. It was some kind of comic bookish twist on an idea that they had come up with. I wanted it to be more ruthless, and straight to the point.

"Twisted... Deranged... Twisted-Deranged?"

We finally all agreed on just Twisted, spelled to make Dr. Safiyeh proud: Twiztid. Once we came up with it, it set in deep. It fit like a horny prisoner's penis into Jennifer Lopez's neden hole.

The name was a perfect fit, but, at first we couldn't get their look down for nothing. First it was rubber masks; then it was hoods and camouflage pants, then, like, these pumpkin masks – whatever we could come up with.

With the crowds we were getting now, the House of Horrors Tour was so live, Twiztid could have come out in Jamie's orange hook-up, and they would have still gotten love. Night after night, we were trying different looks and styles to fit them, yet Juggalos were looking right past that shit. Their music was speaking for itself.

Twiztid worked out of a studio that I hated very much, called The Disc. The Disc was home to every sucker-ass rapper out there. Anybody who ever wanted to rap could bring in $250, and leave with four songs on tape.

We always called The Disc the Demo Hut, because that's what it really was. Somehow, someway, Twiztid made the best of it. The Disc was the only place they could afford, and they made good with what they had.

Twiztid was signed to Psychopathic, and they were from then on our official partners in rhyme. This time we weren't going to fuck it up like we did with Project Born. Twiztid was ready to work, and work they did, mutha fucka!

The House of Horrors Tour would truly put us on the map. Granted, it was way in the corner of that bitch, right next to Big Rapids on the You-Are-Here map, but we were on it. We were getting bigger with every show. The tour was packed solid with freshness. Besides the new and flashy Twiztid, we also had Myzery back on tour with us (who also, by the way, wanted a deal with Psychopathic, but at the time, we just weren't feeling it). We also brought a group out of LA, called Psycho Realm, which was B Real

A fresh-ass flyer for the House of Horrors Tour.

from Cypress Hill's side project. The group featured B Real, along with Sick Ass Duke and Jakkin.

At first, they kept to themselves, just like we did. We heard stories about them beating up a kid in Buffalo, who had broken into their dressing room and tried to steal something. We heard that they dragged him outside, and they beat the shit out of him in front of the whole crowd!

One day, my brother, Rob, who was now our tour manager, took me aside, and said, "Look, Psycho Realm came to me, and said they're out of money. Their record company ain't helping them anymore, and they're broke. I told them I would talk to you about riding in our bus."

Then I thought, "Wait a minute; B Real ran out of money? What? Man, I thought those guys were all millionaires."

All was not as it seemed out there in the la-la land of tour buses and hot bitches. Right away, B Real and I clicked. Everybody else was running around with a notebook tallying up groupies for this contest they had. You had fuck either a butt-ass ugly, or super-hottie to get the max of ten points. Two at a time: 15 points.

We were all getting mad groupies, so whatever. B Real and I just hung out in the back of the bus a lot. He wasn't into bitches at the time, because he was dating fuckin' Carmen Electra. Me, well, I was more down with hangin' out with a rap star like B Real than chasing groupies who I'd already fucked the last time we came through town.

AFTER the Indianapolis show, we stopped at a Waffle House in Greenfield, Indiana. By now, we were seasoned enough road dogs that we steered clear of Denny's. Plus, Waffle Houses were the shit. If you live up North, they don't have them. In the South they're everywhere, like big government helicopters just drop them every few miles to feed the masses, or some shit.

Anyway, I was sitting in a booth in this Waffle House talking to Paul, lecturing him, as I often did, on the music business. That's one of the things about being on Psychopathic, you have to listen to my bullshit all the time. TIME AND TIME AND TIME AGAIN. I was getting pretty into it, like ready to send Billy out to get a slide projector and a laser pointer, so I could illustrate my point a little more clearly.

All of a sudden, I heard Jamie yell, "Motherfucker!" behind me.

I turned around to see three punks sitting in a booth, and one is standing up with his skinny little chest all puffed-out at Jamie. I couldn't believe this idiot. There were thirteen of us, including Psycho Realm. Have you ever seen those guys? I'm talking Latino, button-up flannel, gang-banging, tattooed-out looking LA killers. Plus my crew and I don't exactly look like the NSYNC. Here is this table of four rednecks in Greenville, and one of them is sittin' there talking shit. TO ALL THIRTEEN OF US!

I walked over to Jamie's booth. "Is this punk talking shit?"

"Yeah."

"No, I ain't talking shit, home boy," the stupid-ass said, like a little wise-ass. "Who are you guys, anyway, the WU-TANG Clan, or something? Naw, I ain't talking shit, Wu-Tang!"

I couldn't believe it. You gotta understand, we'd walk in places, and whole restaurants would clear out; now this punk was picking a fight. Simple as this sounds, I just walked over and blew his grill out. Before he hit the floor, the Psycho Realm guys were stomping the shit out him. Then Myzery grabbed hot coffee, and poured it on him. His three homies got beat senseless. They never even got up out of their booth.

"Hold it right there!!!"

By the time we left the restaurant, the cops were already there, guns drawn. All thirteen of us wound up in the cell R-5 of the Greenville County jail. Thirteen tattooed, killer-looking guys, and this one poor local, in on, like, a busted taillight charge or something.

Greenville Jail fun didn't stop there. They made us change into county-orange uniforms. I was the last one in line, so I got stuck with all that was left: a medium.

I had to take off my shirt in order to change into it. The cops wouldn't close their eyes for me, so I told all my homies to. I hated taking off my fuckin' shirt! I HATED IT! I quickly squeezed into my new, tight jail shirt. That thing barely came down to my bellybutton, and the pants were so tight, my thighs looked like I had orange spandex on.

It was so small, all I could do was lay on the floor. If I moved to one side, my fat would fall out that side. If I even raised my arms a tiny bit, my fat would fall out the bottom of my shirt. All I could

This show was postponed six weeks, because I broke my collar bone and fucked my skull up by stage diving in Toledo a few nights before Halloween.

do was lay as still as possible, while everybody laughed at me. Even when I laughed too hard, a fat roll would fall out right quick.

The next morning, we woke up to see something funnier than the whole night's jokes put together. The stranger was curled up on

the stone bench asleep, and he was using both of Myzery's feet as a pillow!!! We couldn't stop laughing. Nobody wanted to wake Myzery up, because if he would have known we were all laughing at him, even something having so little to do with him as that, he'd beat the guy's ass. Thank God the stranger woke up before him.

When we got bailed out the next morning, we all raced to Columbus and did our show. In fact, everything from then on was cool... until we hit Atlanta. Fuckin' Atlanta, Georgia. During our set, I was really getting into this song, "How Many Times" – really feeling it. I had my microphone stand and I was singing. I like to consider myself a singer on what few songs I can.

I had my eyes closed, singing my ass off. When I opened them back up, there was some ninja standing on the stage not a foot away from me, flipping me off. Right in my face, right on stage! Then he fell back with his arms spread, flipping me off while the crowd carried him. Like he'd crowd-surfed all the way up to the stage just to flip me off during my most emotional song.

Brother, I just lost it. I took my mike stand, and swung it like an axe, catching him right on the top of the head. I knew I was going to jail right when I got off stage, and I sure enough did. At least the cops were cool enough to let me change out of my Faygo-soaked clothes.

Down at the station, I couldn't believe all these so-called Juggalos coming into the police station to give witness reports against me, with my face paint on!!! How the fuck can you call yourself a fuckin' Juggalo, and then come stand in line at the police station just to snitch on me?

See, those Juggalos weren't real Juggalos, they were Juggahoe asses. So far, that was the big lesson of that tour. We were having so much success playing to all these people, taking the Dark Carnival from this regional Detroit thing, all the way live across the country, for the Juggalos. Only, unlike our wrestling shows at the warehouse, we had a real budget. These weren't all hardcore Juggalos, though. It was showing me how much bullshit so much of what was happening to us on the road really was.

Nothing was more bullshit than the whole groupie scene that House of Horrors put us ass-deep in. As in groupies, Level 50. Groupies all dizzay and all nizzight lizzong.

Now, let me explain something again to y'all, really quick. A groupie is a girl who loves to fuck anyone famous, just so they can

brag about it later. They could care less who you really are beyond all the stage lights and music. When we would be kicking a groupie off of our bus, do you think they would care? Hell no. They would just fix themselves up and run over to Psycho Realm's trailer for a second round.

You wouldn't believe how many groupies there are at our shows. I can't tell you how many times I would fuck a groupie, then tell her to bounce, only to find her talking to Jamie, Paul, or Joey, trying to sleep with them five minutes later, with one of my nut hairs still hangin' on her lips.

When I talk about groupies, I want to make it clear that I am not talking about all girls who come to our shows, because I have chilled with many, many Juggalettes after shows, and right away you can tell they are not groupies. I can talk to a Juggalette about my music, about Psychopathic, about what it's like to tour, what it's like to be a star, what it's like living in their city, working their jobs, coming to the shows – there is a connection there.

I ain't gonna front, y'all, I have fallen just about in love with a few Juggalettes in my day, because out of all the women in this world, they are the ones I can most readily relate to. Now, of course, I have been known to fuck Juggalettes too, but with them, it's more like dating.

They will come on the road with me for weeks at a time and just chill, or I will fly them out to a show or two when they have time off. To be honest, I have yet to meet a Juggalette who I feel loves me for Joe Bruce, more than they do for Violent J, and so it never seems to work out to be anything serious.

WE knew we'd arrived in our own little chapter of in effect-ness when we sold out the House of Blues in LA for the second time. I can't remember if Slash or Tommy Lee showed up again. The porn stars sure did.

We'd been getting lucky, sure. Now, shit, we'd bring groupies on the road, and throw 'em from bus to bus. I'm talkin' about girls who would fuck just about the whole bus.

Afterwards, they would be like, "What's up? Nobody else can handle me?"

We'd tell her, "Go holla at the crew bus!"

She would! There's some crazy groupies out there; it's the rock-and-roll lifestyle, you know? ICP was never about the rock-and-roll lifestyle. NEVER. We were scrubs who kept to ourselves. Think about it, super-hotties usually means FAKE titties, FAKE hair, FAKE nails, FAKE personalities, and FAKE friendships. The only real thing about them were their neden holes. So that's all we wanted from them.

We never lost sight of that, even when we were getting mad hot bitches, and I mean mad hot bitches doing whatever we wanted them to. Like every porno fantasy you could ever have, and never talk your girlfriend into, even in your darkest wildest dreams – the skins we were hitting were ten times that. Scrubs fuckin' cheerleaders. WHAT? Exactly. Every night, too. We never forgot we were scrubs, though.

Oh, and you best believe we had the tactic. We'd call a titty bar, and ask, "Do you have bus parking?"

They'd ask, "Whose bus is it?"

By the time we pulled in there, bitches would be waiting outside for us – in the snow! Every titty bar we'd go to, there'd always be a bunch of groupies dancing there. I'm talking, we could walk straight to the back room, and get our dicks sucked on the spot.

No sex in the champagne room, my ass. When everybody else in there is just paying hundreds and hundreds of dollars for nothing but a lap dance, we be up in there getting our dicks sucked without spending a penny. Then we'd give our hotel number out, but by the time the girls got off work at four in the morning, we'd have bounced to the next town, peezy & sheezy.

After a while of this, I started to get sick of it. We all did. Even ass-less scrubs like us. For me, it got to be like how a hooker would suck your dick, it's hard to enjoy because she's only doing it for the money. It's not real sex. You didn't really earn that. She doesn't really WANT to be with you.

Now, if you go out to a bar tonight, and meet a girl, and she sucked your dick, that'd be the shit; it'd be real sex. The only reason she sucked your dick was because she was horny, and she thought you were hot! A hooker's only doing it for the money. Same thing with a groupie. It isn't real.

One night, on the bus, this super hot girl had my dick in her hand.

"Damn, I sprung this bitch!" I thought. "I must look good tonight, or something. Maybe she just likes fat dudes, man."

Right before she put it in her mouth, she asked, "What am I gonna get for this?"

"What am I gonna get for this?"

After a while, it started to really hurt me.

After a show, I'd look at all the other people who are outside, and think, "Look at all these super-down Juggalos, and this dumb bitch is in here. She's in here just because she's hot."

God, after that, I went off on a power trip. I'd bring a groupie on the road for a few shows, and she'd think everything was all right.

Then one night she'd ask, "Um, who thinks of, like, the costumes for your little show? Who thinks of, like, the little clown men?"

"'Little clown men'?!! Leonard!!! Stop the fucking bus!! You! Out! Get the fuck out! Get out, bitch!!!"

I'd just super-overreact. I had to keep what little sanity I had. Even then, we knew none of this was real. Rappers talk about keeping it real. Dog, up until then, we did everything ourselves.

Whenever somebody hound-dogged us, we were always, like, "Get the fuck outta here."

Like I said before, now all of a sudden, Joe Bruce is sexy? What? Because I got a bus? Of course not. Violent J was the sexy one. In my eyes, though, I was looking at all these girls as if Joe Bruce was the one actually attracting them, just being a total idiot.

"Gee, does this girl really like me?"

To be totally real with you, I wanted them to, I really did. When they didn't, which was all the time, I was hurt.

So my solution to the problem, if you could even call it that, was that I'd have to tell a super-hot groupie bitch to fuck off every once in a while, just to keep things in perspective. You know, so we could go back to watching wrestling videos, and eating snacks on the bus with our boys. Like we used to back in Cass Corridor, before this rock star shit started draining my heart right along with my dick.

Now I'm not going to lie, telling a super-hot chick to fuck off is not easy. When you pull it off, that shit is a rush. Man, I remember one time this bitch got in the bus, and my God, she was so hot.

"Give me something dry to wear," she said.

I dug in my bag. When I turned around, she was butt hole naked, right in the hallway of the bus.

"Damn," I said, "you're like straight-up Penthouse shit!"

I gave her a shirt and a pair of sweats.

The whole time, she was leaning over biting on my ear, whispering, "I'm gonna fuck the shit out of you back at the hotel." Well, Rudy, being Rudy, leaned out of the bunk he was lying in and smacked her ass.

She whipped around and snapped at him.

"Don't touch me! You're not important enough to touch me!"

Remember, she's butt hole naked in front of all of us, and she snapped at him because he wasn't important enough, because this wasn't his bus, and he wasn't the star up on stage? Do you know how hard it was for me to tell her to fuck off, when she's leaning in my ear whispering, "I'm gonna fuck the shit out of you at the hotel"?

I grabbed her by her pigtail, and led her through the front of the bus - PEACE.

She was like, "Huh?"

I was like, "BOUNCE BITCH; FUCK OUTTA HERE. Bounce bitch."

That felt good. Really fuckin' good. Most of you reading this probably think that's really shitty of me to have done that to her, but after living my life, and hearing that girl say that to one of my best friends, it was one of the coolest things I've ever done. Looking back at it now, I only wish that I would've spit on her before we shut the bus door and took off. I felt like just going back to all the fat, scrubby kids I'd ever known, and just going, "YEAAAH," and giving them a scrub-kid dap - right after I killed Rudy.

THE House of Horrors Tour was finally over. We went right back home and started working on the new tour: the bigger and better Juggalo Fun House Tour! Everything was better than ever for ICP and Psychopathic Records.

CHAPTER 19

ANGELS

DEVILS

My family was having a tough time, however, because my grandpa had just died. My grandpa lived a full, fresh life, and was a bomb-ass person. He was man enough to raise his own three kids, take care of and stay with his sick wife for all them years, and help my mom raise her three kids! That is a real man.

Needless to say, we'll miss him until we get to hang again. Rob and I couldn't make the funeral because of the House of Horrors Tour, and that really sucked. I suppose we could've, but my mental wasn't right.

He died at home in his house right while my mom was holding his hand. My mom said she and this nurse lady who was there could both see his spirit rise from his body and vanish in the air. Then, they said, he took one last, big breath, and slowly let it all out: the last breath of an awesome lifetime.

I would've been much more saddened by my grandpa's death, personally, but ever since I was a really little kid, death has never fazed me that badly, and I'll tell you why. For years and years, my mom always told me that when somebody I love passes away, it's okay to miss them, but I should never feel sorry for them. They are in a way better place than we are.

My mom used to tell us that all our dead relatives all are looking down at us, hoping that we won't cry for them, because they couldn't be any better off! They're all in Heaven! They are the ones crying for us! So hearing that as much as I did when I was really young has helped me a lot in life.

My mom even made my brother and I promise to be happy for her when she dies, because she'll finally be with God and her mom again. So when she does die, I'm sure that I'll cry because I'll miss her, but I know that I'll never feel sorry for her. After all, how could somebody be happier than to be in the eternal bliss of Shangri-La! I even wrote a song about the very subject of being happy for your dead loved ones. The song is called "Pass Me By," and it's the last song on the 4th Joker's Card.

OKAY, on to happier things. After the House of Horrors Tour finally ended, Myzery and his homie, Poncho, had convinced us to sign them up to the Hatchet. We signed them for an EP. They wanted to call it *Para La Isla*, which is Spanish for *for the island*.

Myzery was a proud Puerto Rican from the South Bronx, like J Lo. His raps were all bi-lingual, and mostly about New York-style shit, I guess. As I mentioned before, my brother, Rob, first met Myzery while he was dating Myzery's sister, Nancy, in the Army. Eventually, Nancy brought Rob home with her to New York, and that's where Myzery and he met. The rest is history.

Rob and Nancy are still together today. They even have a beautiful baby girl together. They named the sweet, magical angel, Samantha. Juggalos have even heard Sam rap! She's on ICP's *Forgotten Freshness Vol. 3*, and my brother's own Juggalo collector EP, called *The Chaos Theory*. She's on the hidden song, rapping along with my mom and brother, and a family friend.

Rob with his beautiful daughter, Samantha.

If Sam was my daughter, I would tell you guys all about her and Nancy, but that is my brother's private life, so I feel weird about telling his story. I will have to leave it at that. All I will say is that his home life is a happy one, these days, with Samantha in his life. How could it not be with his freshness daughter running around raising karma every day?

If I had a kid or two, I would be a happy-ass ninja. I take so many panic attack medicines, though, that according to the doctors, my chances of getting a girl pregnant are slim-to-none. Oh well, we'll see what happens one day.

Anyhoot, Psychopathic Records, being as small as it was, could only afford to target one audience to sell Myzery and Twiztid to: our audience, the Juggalos.

Right off the bat, Myzery's show was too typical, and Juggalos weren't into it so much. Once again, just like every other rap show out there, all he did onstage was walk back and forth and rap. Back and forth, and forth and back, without so much as one kick step to break up the monotony. Finally, we convinced Myzery to quit keeping it so fuckin' real every night, and let us hook up his stage show some.

My road dogs, Twiztid: Jamie Madrox (top) and Monoxide Child (bottom). We had just finally started to get their look down.

We came up with the idea that two cops would bring out Myzery and Poncho in hand cuffs, then uncuff them, to let them rock the show while wearing their county-blue jail uniforms. At the end, the cops would cuff them back up, and drag them offstage. It worked, and for the most part, the Juggalos seemed to dig it. Hearing Myzery bitch about wearing his costume every night was starting to wear on us, though.

As for Twiztid, things were MUCH fuckin' better. Not only did they respect our show styles, but them styles became their own, as well. They joined the entire family, and adapted to us.

We finally found their look: pale-faced with sunken eyes, and spider-like dread locks. Actually, we had nothing to do with their

look. Joey and I eventually gave up, and finally they came up with what fit them the most.

I must say, they fuckin' schooled it, too. They look dope as hell. I always hated the whole contacts-in-the-eyes thing, but now I like it. They mention wearing them in their raps, which is cool. To me, rapping about wearing the funky contacts means that they ain't trying to fool people into thinking their eyes really look like that. So now I like the contacts.

One thing was sure as fuck: we had grown close as fuck. Twiztid quickly and truthfully became Joey and I's best friends. They were like our twin brothers. All four of us couldn't be any more different, too! Yet we are the same: two groups and one love.

Maybe we were all brothers in another life. Who knows? The Dark Carnival works in many, many strange ways, and all I will say is I never in a million years would've thought Joey and I would be so cool with two of the ninjas from House of Krazees. Who would have guessed? After just six months, we were all inseparable.

Every interview, photo shoot, show, whatever, we HAD TO BE TOGETHER. If ICP received an offer to play a festival or something, we'd ask to bring Twiztid. If they didn't want Twiztid, they didn't get us. I never would've guessed it. Suddenly, there were four of us all fighting for the same Dark Carnival cause.

Right around the same time we put out both a Twiztid LP entitled *Mostasteless* and the *Myzery* EP. Mike E. Clark helped with both. Right away, the Twiztid album blew off the shelves ten to one ahead of the *Myzery* EP. *Para La Isla* was dope, no question, but not so much for a Juggalo audience. Most just didn't feel it. Juggalos and ICP's crowd wanted that unheard wicked shit, the special magical shit, that only the Dark Carnival can provide.

More of that special magical shit came in the form of the Juggalo Funhouse Tour. We flipped the whole horror theme from last tour by making the stage super-colorful, all fun and happy. Everything was yellow, pink, and light-blue, with a giant clown that spun around in the middle. There was also a giant wheel in the middle of the stage that you could stand in, and it would spin you around and around. Needless to say, it was the bomb-diggity.

Besides Twiztid, we took out the latest incarnation of our old pals, the Humble Gods, who were now calling themselves the Kottonmouth Kings. Even the opening bands were more fun than the last tour.

The tour was off the hook as usual, but this being the third tour off *The Great Milenko*, things were starting to get to me, although I never knew it.

I'M now going to tell you one of the most terrifying stories of my life. This is right up there with the Monster, The Butterfly, God appearing, the Road, and all of that good shit. Every night was the same, as the Juggalo Fun House Tour rolled on. We'd stay up talkin', fuckin' hoes, or watching wrestling, until about 5 AM.

As the sun came up, I would go into my pre-sleep ritual. I'd drink chocolate milk to coat my stomach for the pills that would follow, take an entire box of Nyquil pills, about six Tylenol PMs, then pop about four more just to make sure.

On this one night, as with many nights, there was some crazy bitch on the bus. As I watched her sitting naked in the front of the bus, acting stupid, the sleeping pills kicked in.

"All right, y'all, I'm out," I said, and got in my bunk, as I had done every morning at 5:00 AM, for the last two months or so. I crawled into my bunk and shut my little curtain. I was gone within seconds.

All of a sudden, I opened my eyes back up. It had only seemed like a minute, tops. My mind, my brain, and my eyes were wide-awake, but my body was still asleep. My body was knocked the fuck out. I don't know how else to explain it.

I looked around my bunk, not moving my head, just my eyes. I tried to take a breath, but I couldn't get any air. Then I tried to take an even bigger one, but I only got half the oxygen. I felt my chest begin to tighten as I breathed harder and harder, trying to get what little air I could. It felt like I was paralyzed and suffocating in my bunk.

"Oh, God, it's about to happen! I'm not getting any air!" I thought I was dying.

Then I thought, "Wait a minute, I'm not about to die; I'm getting the right air I need to survive."

Suddenly, terror hit every inch of my body. I was engulfed in horror, but I didn't know why.

"Oh my God, I know what's happening; what's happening is I'm going insane."

I could feel myself slipping into it. I remembered hearing all about a friend of mine who's girlfriend just all of a sudden up and went wacko on him. When they went to bed that night, everything was fine. When he woke up in the morning, she was all bloody and rolling all over the floor naked, and banging into shit.

I imagined sometime during the night when she went insane, there had to be a crossover period where she was like I was, not knowing exactly what was happening to her, only to realize she's slipping into actual insanity.

There had to be a point sometime during that night where she thought to herself, "Goodbye, because insanity will now take over all that is sane inside my head."

Like being buried alive: you know you've alive, which makes the coming death that much more terrifying. At this point, I was sure that I was crossing over. I was at that point. I was so scared, I couldn't move.

Within hours, I would be in a straightjacket, completely insane. Only right now, I was only half-gone. I felt like I was four feet from a giant, loud, speeding train headed for me. What could I do to stop it from happening? SHIT – that's what! Why didn't I even see it coming? What kind of loony will I be? Will I be the type who chews off his own feet? I guess I'm about to find out, huh?

I couldn't breath from the terror. I was completely losing it, so I struggled to make my body wake up, so I could roll out of my bunk. More than that though, I struggled to breathe. I managed to turn groggily to look at the clock in the back of the bus. It was ten in the morning. I struggled up to the front of the bus. It was a day off, and we were stopped outside a motel. Everyone was asleep.

My first instinct was to call my mom. As I looked for somebody's cell phone, all of a sudden a thought shot into my head. It's scaring me just writing about this now, even.

The thought said, *"You can't call your mom. What's your mom gonna do for you? You'll just scare her. She doesn't know why you can't breathe. You're fucked. You're FUCKED, BRO!"*

It made sense. Then I thought I'd try telling somebody on the bus. I went to open up the door to wake Joey and Twiztid.

The thought voice came back. *"What are you waking them up for? What are they gonna do for you? You're the one who's in the crossover period right now, and the reason you're so terrified is that you know you're going insane, and there's nothing they or anyone can do for you. YOU*

WAKE THEM UP NOW, AND THEY'LL JUST RUN FROM YOU, BECAUSE YOU'LL PROBABLY BITE OFF YOUR FINGERS IN FRONT OF THEM!"

Okay, then maybe I thought I could wake my brother up on the other bus.

The voice started again. *"Your brother won't know what you're talking about. Only you know what's happening to you; only you can feel this, and you are alone with this knowledge, and this pain. YOU'RE ALONE AND YOU'RE DEAD!! ALONE!!! ALONE!!!"*

At that point, I got on my knees, right in front of the bus, and started praying.

"So, now you want to pray, now that you're almost insane, huh? What about the naked girl you all were fucking last night, who everybody was running a train on? You're traveling the country spitting horror rap! You can't pray to God. It's too late. YEAH, NOW ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU WANT GOD AROUND, HUH? YOU'RE FUCKED!! YOU'RE DEAD, YOU'RE ALONE, AND YOU'RE FUCKED!!!"

By now, I was so far gone all I could think was, "I gotta kill myself."

Ding! A little bell rang *Yes* in my head, and the voice said, *"Yes, because you're sweating, you can't breathe, you're fucking terrified, like you're falling off a cliff, the only thing that can relieve you of this feeling is a bullet to the head."*

I was so out of it at this point, I went up front looking through the bus driver's stuff, thinking he might have a gun. I didn't even hear the bus door open.

"Joe, you all right?" It was the bus driver; the last motherfucker I needed to see right then.

"Yeah, I'm fine," I said.

In-between sweating and crying, I walked back to my bunk. He knew I was out of it, and he followed me back.

I yelled, "It's personal! I just lost somebody!" to get him to leave me alone.

That's it, y'all. I don't recall another thing about that morning. I think that once I got in my bunk, I must've completely passed right out. I don't remember another second after yelling that shit to the driver; I must've just collapsed.

I woke up with a headache, and looked at the clock. It was five o'clock – the next day. We were still in front of the hotel, and everybody was in the restaurant next to it. It was way up in the mountains, and my ears wouldn't pop, so that had me freaked out.

I went into the restaurant where everybody was eating. I figured I kind of owed them an explanation as to why I'd been out cold so long. I also wanted to let them know what had happened.

"I need everybody's attention," I said, and I proceeded to detail a weird-voice by weird-voice account of what happened to me. When I was done, everybody just looked at me blankly, and went back to eating. It wasn't like they didn't care, just that they couldn't relate.

Nobody said, "Damn, Joe, that sounds like something I went through once."

"I don't know what to tell you," was all anybody could say. At that moment, I realized how alone you are if you go insane. Nobody has your back. You're ALONE!

Think about that. Have you really ever thought about how alone we really are? Think about this. When you die, and you have to face Judgment, you have to go up there and face it alone! ALONE! You can't bring your daughter or your wife to plead for you! Your daughter or wife has to face judgment, themselves! They can't fuckin' help you! Your mom can't save your ass! She has to save her own ass!

Facing Judgment ain't like court! You can't bring no fuckin' bomb-ass lawyer! There ain't no JURY! IT'S ONLY YOU!!!! You can't hide anything from God, either! He already knows all that you did! Everything! Just because that evil shit you did was years ago don't mean shit! You're still responsible for YOUR LIFE! From the cradle to the grave!

What are you hoping he fuckin' forgot about what you did when you were 17? You're hoping he fuckin' forgot? What? We're talking about GOD, man! You can't trick him! You think he lost the file or something? He fuckin' knows! Every time you jack off and fantasize about your wife's sister, he knows about it! It could be your deepest, darkest secret that nobody on earth but you knows about, and you'll still get BUSTED!!!! You're ALONE!! ALONE!!

If you go to Hell, what do you think - do you think the Devil is going to let you bunk up with your homies who are also in Hell? Are you thinking at least you won't be alone? What, are you sittin' there thinking you'll be sharing a cell with your brother? Fuck NO! You're in Hell, mutha fucka!

You'll be sharing a cell all right, but not with your homie; you'll be bunkin' up with a 15-foot Hitler, with a cactus dick ready to tap

that ass! You'll be alone. Your homies and family members don't even exist, anymore. They're all G-O-N-E, and so are you. Gone and alone in the darkness of Hell!

Remember back on earth when you told the judge, "All right then, I'll see you in Hell"? Boy, were you ever wrong. Even if he is in Hell, you'll never bump into him. You ain't seeing anybody in Hell. Maybe a few evil demons with chainsaws, cuttin' your legs off, but nobody you know, believe me! Fuck that, man, that's some scary-ass shit to think about!

That night, everybody went out to the titty bar to enjoy their day off. I was still tripping out, so I called my mom and my girlfriend from a truck stop.

Right then, Rob came up to me and said, "Joe! Joe! I know what happened to you last night! I figured it all out! Listen...."
Right then, I knew that he knew. After all, we're talking about Rob. Rob always knows; remember the Monster? The Road? Rob can school all that shit. I couldn't wait to hear the explanation as to what really happened to me last night.

"It was a fuckin' demon, Joe. Think about this. Grandpa just died a short while ago, right? Well, once he died and got to heaven or whatever, it was the very first time he truly saw what we were like. Think about it. Grandpa never heard any of your songs before, and he had no idea that we rode around in these buses getting into fights and fuckin' groupies, and all the crazy shit we really do.

"The only side Grandpa ever seen of us was when we would go over there with mom. All we would do is sit there, all quiet and polite and shit. Well, I think this is what happened. Grandpa died, and then he saw what we were really like, so he somehow sent a demon here to warn you about Hell!

"The demon came down, and straight up jumped on your back and dug his claws deep into your chest. That's why you couldn't breathe. That's why you couldn't move your arms or nothing.

"Then when you thought about calling mom and me for help, you said that a voice popped into your head, and quickly shot you down, right? Well that was all this demon talking to you. He was riding on your back. His claws were dug deep into your chest, and he was talking right in your ear."

WHOA! Man, it made so much sense, because the voice that kept poppin' into my head said nobody was going to do shit for me, not even God. The only thing it agreed to was me killing myself.

You may think I'm crazy, and I was. Right then, as I do now, I believed it was a demon. I'd had too much weird shit happen to me in my life, the Clown Spirit in my room and the Vision, Picker Forest, the Monster, God, when my mom was in Boston, The Road, to not believe there was more going on than just what we see. That was the whole Dark Carnival thing: us just being a part of something that was beyond us.

So, right there, I stopped fucking groupies. I stopped doing anything I considered a sin. It was like we'd only dropped four Joker's Cards, but my sixth one had already dropped, because this was me facing me, personal apocalypse-style. The worst part was, I was ALONE!

That was sort of the cruel humor of it. I'm in the middle of this Faygo-lubed Sodom and Gomorrah, and I suddenly realize I have to get all spiritual? Yeah, well, Larry Flynt saw God for a minute, and still did *Hustler*, I guess. Like I said, the Dark Carnival has that weird sense of humor.

What I had seen worked its strange power in my life. It had shown me that when you think you're safest, you're the most vulnerable. Getting shot at in the Township, the Monster, The Road, the world around me, it was telling me, it was not to be trusted, because it had shown itself time and time again not to be real, to me, at least.

Well, besides pondering demonic possession and pending insanity, I also had a tour to do. A few nights later, we played the Roy Wilkins Auditorium in Minneapolis. The show from that very night is right now on the Internet, known in Juggalo circles as The Panic Attack Show.

The show was going fine, until about two-thirds of the way through it – BOOM – the same feeling from that morning on the bus overtook me, out of nowhere. I was terrified to death; I couldn't breathe. I just stopped dead in my tracks.

I was once again completely consumed by terror. I just let my mike drop to my side, and stood there. The demon was back in his spot, riding piggyback – best seat in the house. He must've wanted to really see the show.

I looked over at Joey and he was just rappin'. He didn't notice anything was wrong with me, yet. I just watched him. I don't know why, but I was frozen, staring at him. He was just chillin' on stage, rockin' the 3,000 Juggalos by himself, and I was just standing there like a retarded stage prop.

I stood in front of the 3,000 ninjas, all of them cheering, with painted faces, with my partner beside me, and all my crew behind me. Brother, I couldn't have possibly been any more alone. Nobody had an idea of what the fuck was going on, especially me.

So I stood there, completely out of it, terrified and ghosted. Billy was the first to notice something was wrong, so he killed all the lights on the stage except for one laser style eye beam on Joey, leaving the rest of the stage dark.

All of a sudden – SPPLASSHH! A bucket of water dumped over me. Next thing I knew, my brother and Billy were pulling me off stage.

"What the fuck are you doing, dog? What's wrong?"

I remember just looking at them.

Joey realized I was done for the night, so he ran back onstage yelling, "Get onstage, Juggalos!!!" to end the show early.

In the chaos, Rob and Billy had to leave me in the dressing room for a minute. I grabbed a pair of scissors on the counter, and went in the bathroom. I started cutting all my dreadlocks off.

It's a wonder I didn't kill myself, actually. I guess what I was thinking was that if I cut my dreadlocks off, the tour would be over with, and my brother would make me go home until my hair grew back. Fifteen minutes later, I realized that made no sense, but by then, all my hair was laying in little ropes all over the bathroom floor.

Billy and my brother walked back in the dressing room to see me cutting all my hair off. I think they were afraid I'd really hurt myself, so they just let me keep doing it. As soon as I was done, I turned to them with my makeup all over the place and my hair in patches

They were just like, "Joe's out of it."

Our bus went right home, and we cancelled the last two weeks of the tour. Once I got home, I went to sleep, and everything seemed fine. The next day, I was in my basement, trying to take it easy, playing Galaga, with my dogs at my feet, listening to Prince

on the radio. Out of nowhere – BOOM! The same thing happened again!

I was terrified, and I couldn't breathe. My chest started to get tight. I needed air, so I went out on my deck, and lay down on a bench. I looked at the water in the pond, and the sunlight shining off it in golden waves, but all it was doing was scaring the hell out of me. I'm not going to waste anymore pages of my book describing the terror that kept attacking me, but I will just say this: give me a broken leg, arm, neck – anything over the feeling that kept raping my mind and body.

By now, my own dog was scaring the shit out of me. I kept thinking she was coming around to take my breath, like how they say cats can steal a little baby's breath. My mom was on the phone, crying, calling all these hospitals and doctors. Finally she just took me in the car, to the same mental institution in Northville that we used to visit my grandma in.

I was so out of it, all I could think was, "Okay, good, I'm gonna be fixed up here."

They took a few tests, and gave me a little white Dixie cup of blue shit that was kinda tasty, and – WHAM! I went right to sleep. Better than the Nyquil and Tylenol PM shit I was used to, that's for sure. In the morning, my mom and Joey, and everybody were all waiting in the lobby to see me. The doctors ran test after test after test on me.

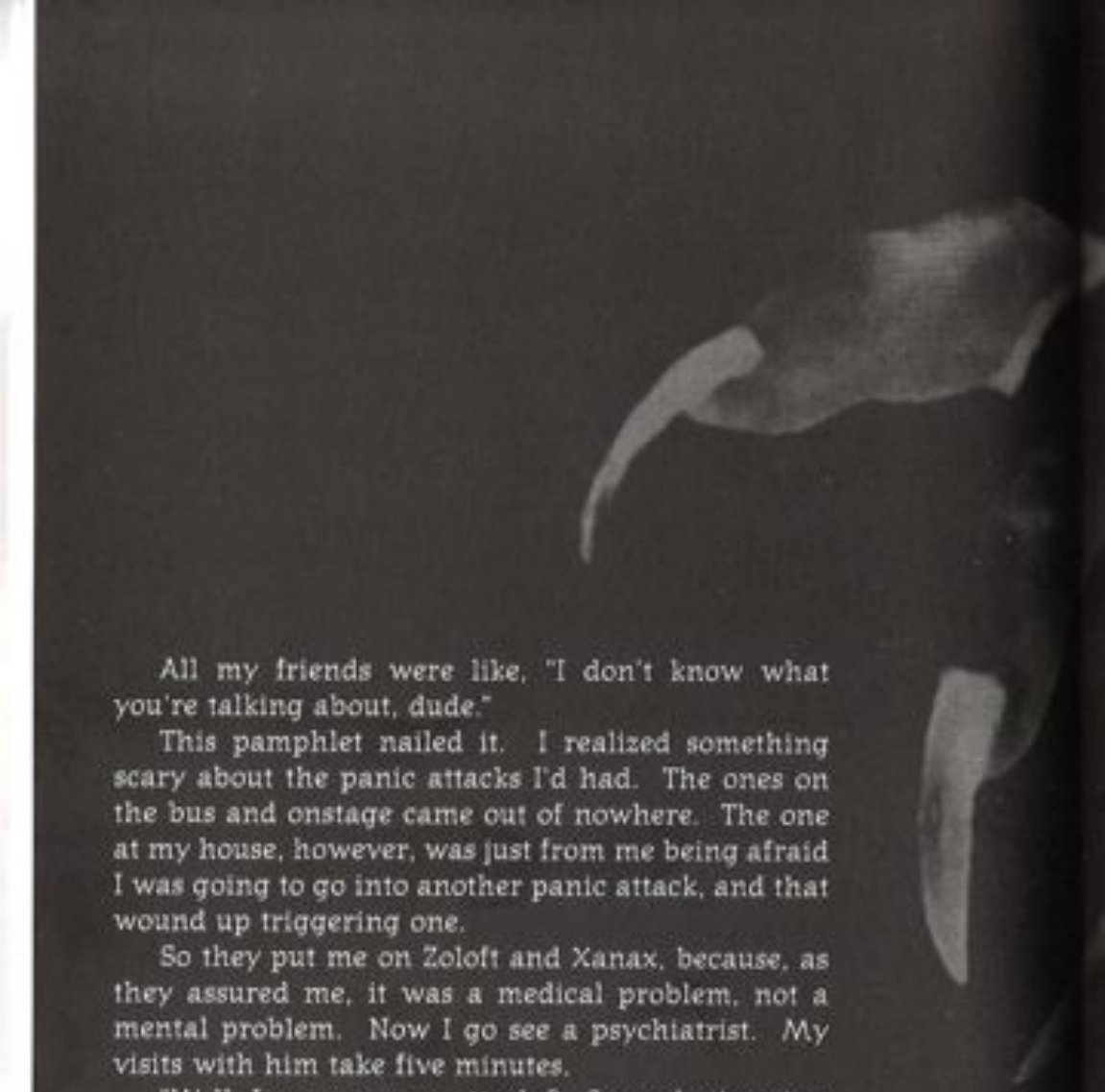
"Do you want to go home?" one of them asked.

"No."

I was too scared to go home. I stayed there for three days. I didn't want to go home because I was terrified of myself.

The doctor in the mental institution broke it down for me, exactly what was causing these panic attacks. You have to understand I had never heard the word until I heard it in the hospital. Basically, your brain has a chemical that signals your body to be afraid when you're in a situation that warrants it, like when you're about to get hit by a car. My brain was dumping the chemical into my body at completely random moments. So on the bus, I was sleeping, and all of a sudden the chemical was dumped into my body – BOOM! Fear.

On the way home from the hospital, my mom read me the pamphlets, and between that and the video they gave me, it hit the nail right on the head.



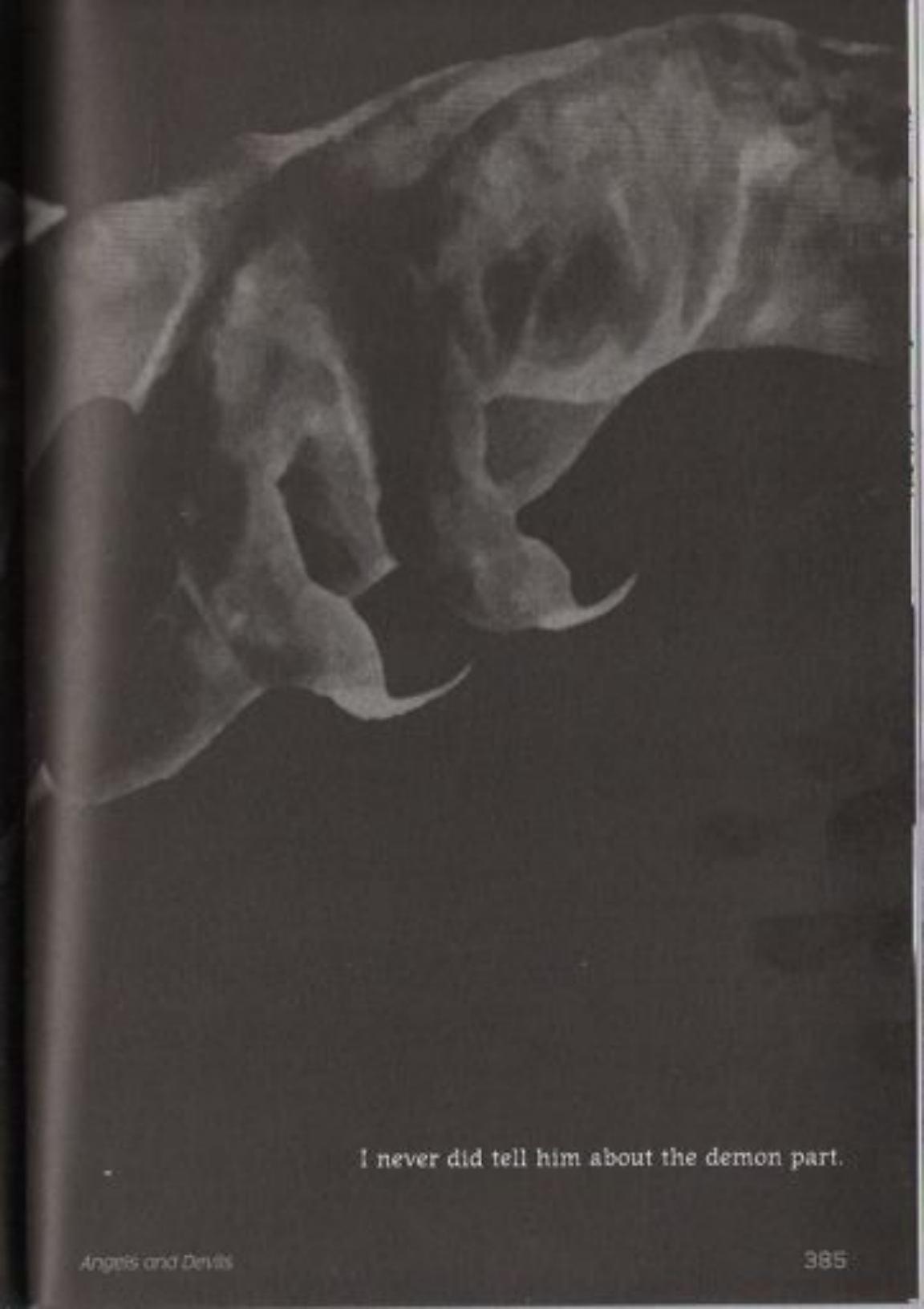
All my friends were like, "I don't know what you're talking about, dude."

This pamphlet nailed it. I realized something scary about the panic attacks I'd had. The ones on the bus and onstage came out of nowhere. The one at my house, however, was just from me being afraid I was going to go into another panic attack, and that wound up triggering one.

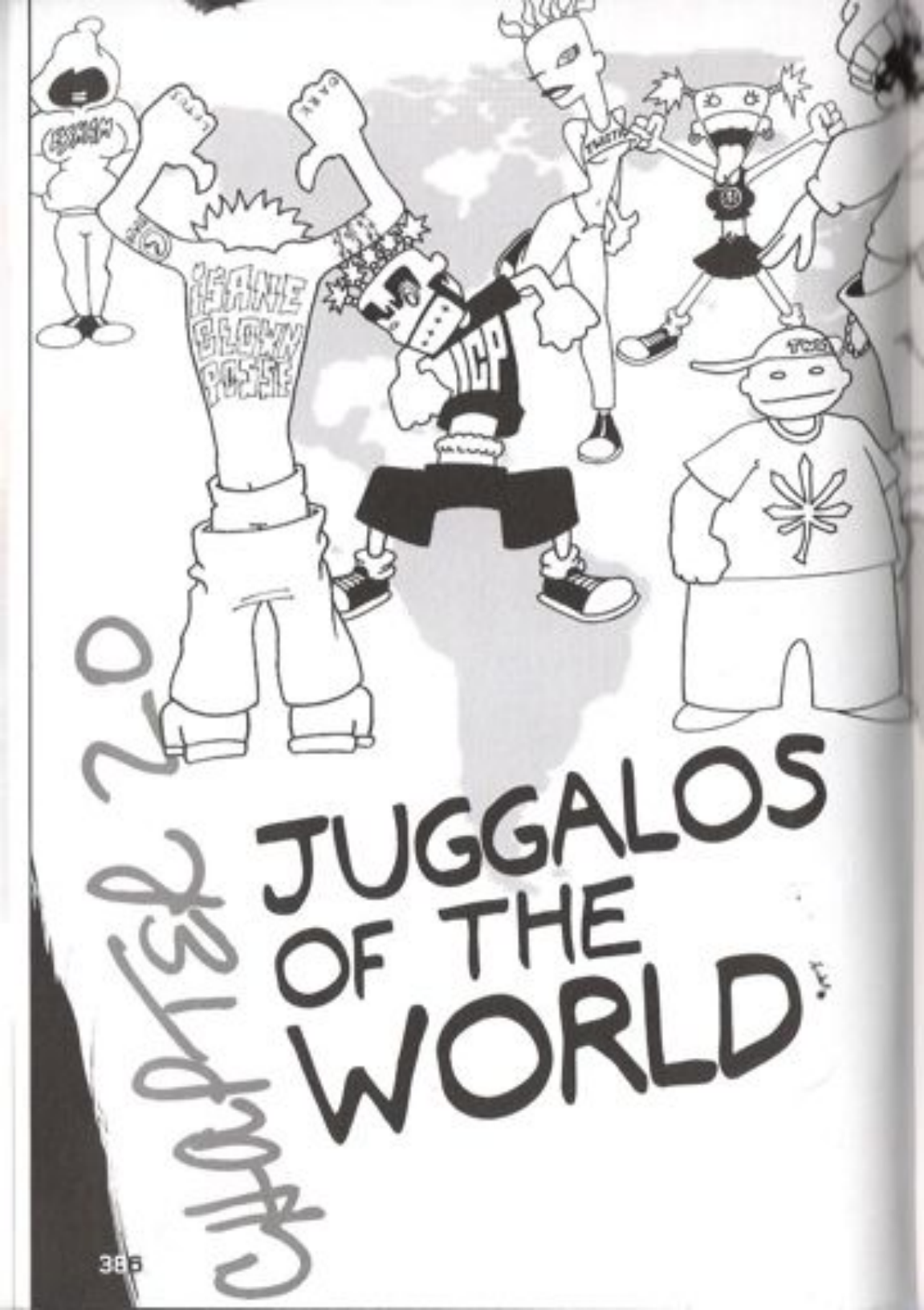
So they put me on Zoloft and Xanax, because, as they assured me, it was a medical problem, not a mental problem. Now I go see a psychiatrist. My visits with him take five minutes.

"Well, Joe, any more attacks? Say, what's going on with ICP? My little cousin knows who you guys are. You guys throw soda, huh? What is that, root beer? Okay, well, here's your refill of Xanax. See you later, Joe. Oh yeah, don't bother trying to have a baby while on all this medication, or even getting your dick hard half the time, for that matter. Expect to put on a few pounds off this shit, too."

"Oh, okay. Thanks."



I never did tell him about the demon part.


JUGGALOS
OF THE
WORLD

RIGHT after the Juggalo Funhouse Tour ended in the US, we took it to Europe. We brought Myzery (who by now was living up to his name, fully) and our homies, Twizler. Me, Joey, and Alex had been to Europe twice before, for two very short press tours, which we hated every minute of, because we never could stand doing press like that. We never knew what the fuck was going on.

Now we were going to do our first-ever European concert tour. We lied our asses off to get Twiztid and Myzery over there. We told our label that they were roadies, then we were like, "AHHHH, HA, HA, HA!! These are our other two acts on Psychopathic, and if they don't perform, then we don't. HA!"

At least Joey and I were used to it over there by now. The two times we were there before, all we did was interview after interview. We made the best of it. All we did was fuck with the reporters, and lie our asses off about everything.

"Tell us about the United States."

"Well, our album is up to 16 million copies now."

"Oh my God, are you serious?"

"Oh yeah, 16 million copies, and that's just on the East Coast. Our West Coast numbers haven't been all counted up yet. Right now, I'm writing with Pearl Jam for their new album."

"Oh shit hot! Pearl Jam? Really?"

They say that, ya know; *shit hot* means fresh.

"Yeah, well, I write a lot of their songs, you know. I wrote 'Jeremy,' 'Even Flow,' and 'Alive.' Actually, when I wrote them three songs, I wrote them as one long song. I called it, 'Jeremy's Ass Flow is Gettin' Live.' Eddie wasn't feelin' it like that, so he split it all up into three tunes. You know how anal them alternatives can be."

All we did was just tell nonstop lies about how we're billionaire superstars in the US, and yet on our days off we just murder and kill people. We were such assholes. I wish I had all them fresh interviews on tape now; they would make for some great, late-night, back of the bus flavor.

It's not that we didn't like working the album in Europe, it's just that we hated the idea of having to start all over again! Think about it: we'd been struggling in the US for so long, and finally we get our foot in the door after years and years of backbreaking work. Then, all of a sudden, we had to go to Europe and start all over, playin' for twenty people again – that just sucked.

Plus, with no back catalog or merchandise for sale over there at the time, we would lose our ass every time we went. To top it off, there was no way to ship Faygo overseas, because it was just not allowed. We tried telling them it was for our show, but they thought we were bringing it to sell.

Understandably, our attitude was like, "That's wack."

Thankfully, when we were there, we found a few little baguettes willing to give up la neden. I got with this French chick, named Greta. She was hot. She barely knew any English, and I didn't know any French, but we both soon found out that we shared one common' interest: THE HUMP. Night after night, there I was bending her over in them little hotel rooms, humping her fresh muffin.

Her neden hairs were longer than my dread locks. I tried to get her to shave them off, but it wasn't working at all. She didn't

understand what I was saying. I even tried to trim them bitches myself, but she slapped me.

Greta was the bomb-diggity. She followed us everywhere. Ireland, Scotland, Germany, and all that. She just kept popping up again and again. She was hot as hell, and I liked her a lot, but talking to her sucked. We never could understand shit we were trying to say to each other. As for her, I eventually just told her to shut up because her accent was so thick, I felt like I was talking to the Taliban.

That shit about girls in Europe not using deodorant is mostly true. Greta didn't stink, I think, but some other hoes did. There were some foul-ass bitches on our bus. I met this one li'l bitch in Scotland, and I went to her weird-ass Scotland-ass house. She put whipped cream on my dick and licked it off. The sharp little nozzle kept poking my dick head, fucking everything up. That shit hurt like fuck.

When the girls topped you off over there, they used their teeth. Eventually, I would just pass up on any offers, 'cause that shit hurt, y'all. See, I figured it out; them chicks are used to uncircumcised ninjas, with crazy extra dick loop. A li'l teeth action probably feels good with that itchy extra loop. (That's the nastiest shit I've ever said to try to sound funny.)

We were ugly, fat, ignorant one-language-speaking Americans, anyway; what the fuck did we know? What I did know is that I missed my malls, my chain restaurants at my malls, and my big ol' fridge full of ice-cold shit. We missed that shit. I was walkin' around London like Jack the Ripper, but they called me Joe the Tripper, 'cause I was trippin'. We all wanted to go the fuck home.

We couldn't find any sleeping pills; I guess that they are illegal over there. We were sleeping shitty, the food was horrible, and they didn't have places like Waffle House, or anything. When they'd cook toast, they'd fry it, and that was nasty as hell. So, half-starved and sleep-deprived, with teeth marks on our dicks, and smelly bitches on our bus, we had to take our frustration out on something.

We played in Spain, England, France, Germany, Italy, and some more countries, and the Juggalos were the atom bomb. Even with the small crowd, they were hype as hell. They made it all worth while being over there. We would hang out with Juggalos after each show, and just chill with them in the bus or whatever.

It was so amazing to me to see that there are scrubs around the world who are just like me. They were from different countries, and I never could figure out their handshakes, but in every way they were a part of our Juggalo family, and they get mad respect for that.

Even with the Juggalo love, we were running out of steam over there as the days went by. Every label rep we would meet had an attitude. All the bunks in our bus were a good twelve inches too short for our tall asses.

The worst part was that we were over there in the dead heat of summer, and the air conditioner on the bus was broken. It was easily 115 degrees in that bus at all times, and we would be sitting in that heat box sometimes for twenty-four hours at a time. Our European tour manager sucked dick, because he never was able to fix the problem.

We finally had it. That was enough. We told our bus driver, Benny Hill (we called him that because he looked just like him), that if he didn't get the A/C fixed, we were going to destroy the bus.

As in, "If you don't get this air conditioner fixed by tomorrow, say au revoir to your bus, mother fucker."

Next day came, the bus was still *sans* A/C. Joe the Tripper tripped out seriously. We went nuts. BOOM – We tore out all the curtains, ripped up all the mattresses and pillows, ripped the carpet up, kicked the windows out, smashed the radio in - everything we could do.

We started fighting with each other right there in the bus, in a full-on brawl. People were being pummeled, shit was being thrown; everywhere it was pure insanity. Mass insanity overcame everyone.

Benny Hill just pulled over on the side of the road, and another car came and picked him up, leaving us next to the bus that we destroyed, and Island Europe holding the tab. What did Island do? They sent another bus with no A/C. We didn't destroy it this time, because we didn't want to wait on the side of the road again for another six hours.

What made matters worse was that in America, we would basically run the venue from the time we got there until the time we left. It didn't work that way over there. The club owners would have problems with everything we would try to do, from hanging our Psychopathic flags to covering our stage with black fabric.

Sometimes we'd get into fights with the clubs or we'd get into fights with other bands that would try to tell us how the line-up was going to be. We had to revert to our full thug-mentality just to get our point across. The pressure was mounting. We were actually starting to fight with each other!

My best homie and brother, Rob Bruce, AKA Jumpsteady. I took this photo on a ferry crossing from England to France. It was windy and cold as fuck.

Then it got fresh. We went to France and played a gig where we went on right after the Foo Fighters. There wasn't any water in our dressing room, so at first, we thought the Foos, being the big rock stars, took it all.

We were sittin' there with Twiztid, like, "Man this is some buuuuull shit, y'all. We ain't got no fuckin' water, 'cause you know the Fag Fighters got all that shit. I'll bet they're the only band with any water."

Jamie was like, "Yeah, man. Them fools probably got more water than Aquaman. This is some bull shit. Paul, what do you think?"

Paul was just like, "We got hosed, fellas. We got hosed."

Then they knocked on our door; we were ready to battle.

"Hey, man, can we get a picture with you guys? We're big fans," one of them asked.

We were like, "Whoa! Hell, yeah!"

They were mad cool. We felt like punk asses. They even shared some of what little water they had and everything. During their set, every five minutes they'd announce, "Next up is ICP! Stick around for ICP!"

We couldn't *believe* how fuckin' cool the Foo Fighters were. I'll never forget that for the rest of my life. I'll always remember them for that. They were the first big-time band we ever met that treated us as an equal, instead of as some bitches.

Jamie Madrox - my fuckin' homie.

The Foo Fighters played to about 8,000 people. The second they finished, though, the whole arena just bailed out like Godzilla was

on his way or something. All that was left to see us was about 100 people.

We just went out there, and did whatever we could to get at them. It looked funny as hell. Here was this big-ass empty arena with about 100 French people running around the huge-ass main floor, trying to dodge the many (fake-ass Faygo) 2-Liters we were whipping out at them.

They were scared to death! They didn't have a clue as to what the fuck was going on! It was like target practice. They all thought we were trying to kill them! Right up front were about twenty Juggalos who were laughing their asses off. We were handing them 2-Liters so they could try to nail people, too.

Guess who else was on that show? The band Cornershop! Remember Cornershop? "Brim full of ashes on the 45," or something like that, I guess. Fuck it, never mind. I don't remember them, either.

That was Europe. Nobody knew a fucking thing about us. We were just another band. As I've written over and over, until my hands are cramped from typing it, we were, and never will be, just another band.

The absolute gods of Europe at the time were the band, Prodigy. We were booked to play at this huge festival in England that Prodigy was headlining. Prodigy was playing the main stage in front of about 150,000 people, and we were playing much, much later, on the bullshit, chump-ass side stage that was tucked behind the porta-potties in front of two fat guys and a li'l kid.

We went on at about 4:30 AM. When we played, who shows up on the side of our stage? Prodigy - the entire band. No, I ain't trying to say that Prodigy are Juggalos or anything like that, in fact, I'm saying the exact opposite.

There they were, not bobbing their heads like they dug it, not even smiling, but just staring at us. In fact, they were actually standing on the side of our stage, right under one of our Psychopathic Flags, and MEAN MUGGIN' us!!! They were fuckin' face fighting with us right from the side of our stage! So Joey and Twiztid and I started screaming out Prodigy disses, because we were basically ready to throw down with them punks. They just suddenly up and left like roaches in the light. Whatever.

Then, after our set, we were all chillin' in our dressing room, and the band Chumbawumba just walked in from out of nowhere!

Remember them? I know you do. They had that one song that goes, "I get knocked down, but I get up again!" Well, they came in about six deep, and they wanted to take a picture with us, but Jamie wanted to slap 'em.

"Hold up, bitch. Don't just bust up in here, bitch. All of y'all get the fuck out; were having a discussion. Quit this hounding shit and bounce."

Jamie, out of the blue, went off on them and scared Chumbaloo away. God, then Jamie and I started fighting over that.

"What the fuck, Jamie? What the fuck was that shit about?"

"What shit?"

"Chalumbo! What the fuck? Why'd you tell them to get the fuck outta our dressing room and quit hound doggin'?"

He was like, "Fuck Chumbony. Who the fuck are they? This is our dressing room. They need to fuck off, just busting in here, hounding."

He was right, but fuck, man. We all needed to relax.

All I can say is, thank God for Amsterdam. There you've died and gone to neden heaven. You just walk down the street and there are glass windows on both sides. Every window has a hooker in it. They weren't like the typical, Eight Mile, heroin skank shit. These chicks all looked like fucking Pamela Anderson over there. If you buy a hooker, if you shell out the big fifteen bucks they cost, they'll open up their little window, let you right in, shut the door, pull the curtain down, and fuck you right there in the little booth on a bed.

Any kind of chick you could be into, they'd have. The fat bitch block, if that's your fetish, a block of Asian type bitches, a block of all green chicks, whatever kind of chick you're looking for. Man, we were there for three straight days, but we must have dropped about five grand on hookers, one $15-nut at a time.

Twiztid was just off in the hash bars, smoking mad weed. That was their main thing, because in Amsterdam they got some powerful-ass weed. So every time I saw Jamie and Paul they were all blew back.

"What... up... Joe?"

After leaving that paradise, we were off to Germany. We played this one giant festival, where the main headliners were Black Sabbath and Rammstein. Sabbath went on at midnight. I watched them do their evil, satanic hits in front of 100,000 crazy German people. Get this! They were playing during a vicious thunderstorm!

It was awesome! I thought the Devil was going to pop up from behind a thundercloud and bitch slap us all.

We just did not fit in very well at all over there. Our crew stood out everywhere like wanted killers. One time, we were all sitting at a restaurant, eating, and this lady came over to me and said, "Excuse me, could you please keep your voice down? You are scaring my children."

I thought, "What the fuck?"

Our old sound guy, Rob Tre, a paintless and shirtless Paul Monoxide, and a paintless Violent J, chillin' backstage at a venue called Snaps, in Germany.

I looked over at their table, and her fuckin' kids were fuckin' the same age as me! What the fuck is the deal with this bullshit?! I was ready to go home. We may as well have been on Uranus (the planet), because it really was a whole different world, especially for scrubs like us who just wanted our microwave pizzas and our Faygo.

The way things were over there, with the driving on the other side of the road thing, no ice in the sodas, no Nyquil, all that didn't make any sense to me. Nothing did. I couldn't stop tripping out every time I seen a tiny little three-wheel car driving down the street. I kept jumping up and chasing them like a stupid dog. I couldn't stop. I wanted to tip one of them little cars over, with the guy in it, and take off running!

The one main thing I noticed about people over there, compared to Americans, is that they work their ass off. I mean, our European truck driver would have our whole set loaded in and set up by himself before we even got to the venue, at like eight in the morning.

He would then sell our merchandise during the show (the one shirt we had), load out the set, and start driving to the next city! Un-fucking-believable, this guy! Every day, the same thing. He must have learned the secret to sleeping while driving, because I never understood how he could do it, unless he had a twin brother in the back of his truck who he would switch up with. Everyone was like our truck driver - always motivated to work.

I mean, a European loader would see one of our guys carrying something and be like, "Let me get that for you, chappy."

He'd throw it on his back with a smile and haul it off for you. We never had to do anything over there. The loaders never gave us an attitude, and they always broke their back for us. Things were just different over there, some in good ways and others in bad.

I remember talking to these Juggalos in England after a show.

I was like, "Does anybody here have guns?"

"Not really. If anybody gets caught with a gun in England, it's a mandatory life sentence," one of them explained. "The police here don't even carry guns with them."

"But you guys have ghetto neighborhoods or bad neighborhoods around here big crime, gangs, right? You know, you guys have your share of neighborhood slums?"

"Oh shit, yeah. We have slums and ghettos here in parts of London, yes we do. There are some very bad parts of town. Very dangerous."

I didn't understand. "So how can a neighborhood be a bad one if nobody has any guns? What makes it bad? What do they do, drive-by fistfights or something? What, they got a knife or something? They're gonna shank you? Get the fuck outta here.

How can that be scary? So everybody just carries a shank, and it's a fair fight again?"

After that, I walked around England with my chest out like I was a badass, like, "What?"

Even so, after we were about to bomb on Prodigy's chin, and Jamie was about to bomb on Chumbawumba's chin, we knew it was time to bounce for home!

I LOVE THIS STORY -- PLEASE READ

The best gig that we did over there was in Europe at the LA2 club in London. We sold it out twice. 2,000 ninjas came to see us. When I got off stage one night, this girl from the crowd reached over the barricade and grabbed me by my hair. She pulled me inches away from her beautiful face. She had wet hair and wet cheeks from the root beer "Faygo," and she was smiling shiny.

She looked me in the eyes, and said, with her pretty-ass accent, "You're fucking brilliant."

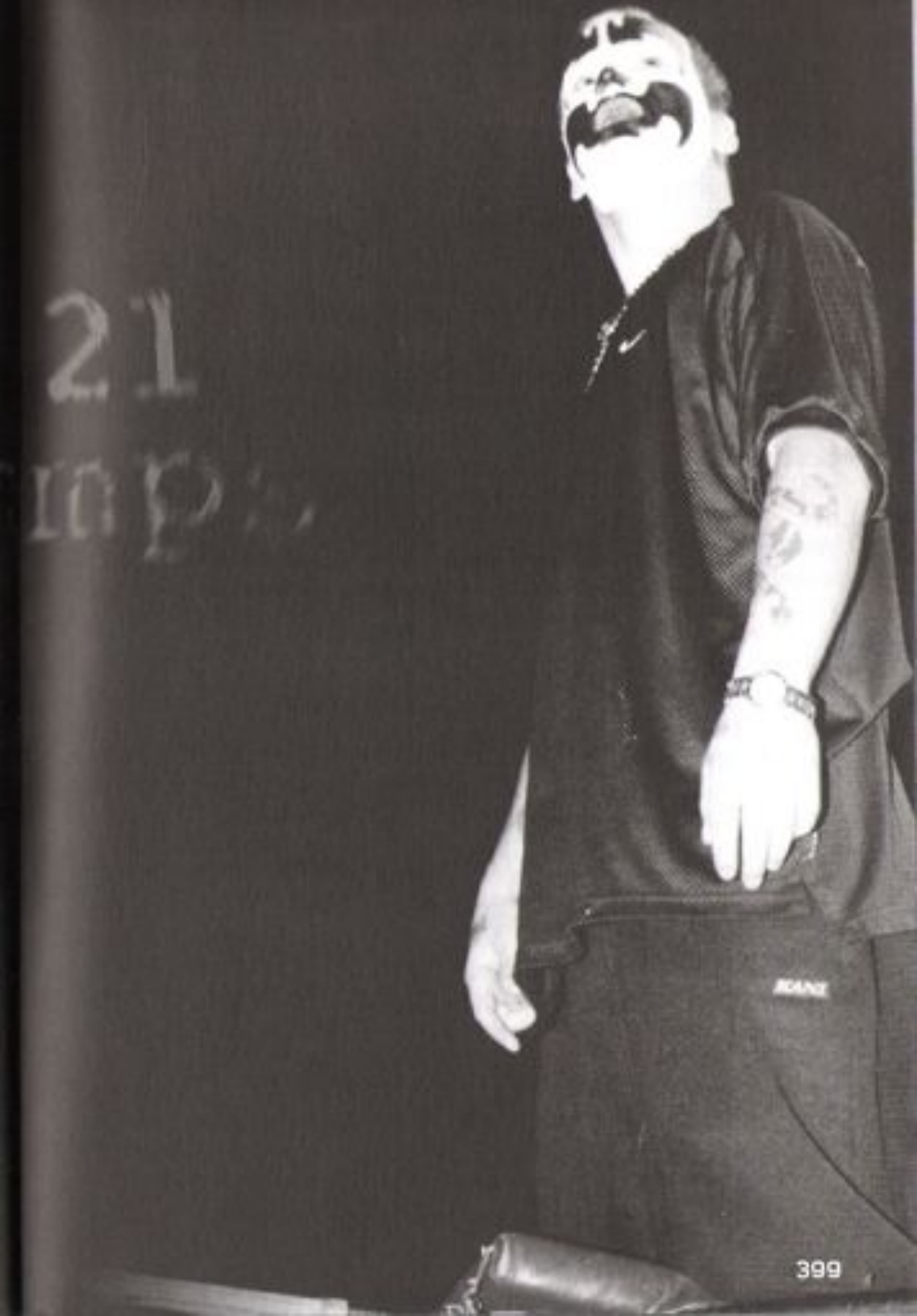
As in, "you're the bomb," not as in, "you're smart." She called me brilliant, and she was beautiful. Within a half a second, my dick got hard. That was my best memory of Europe.

"Brilliant."

I might be many things, but I would have never guessed *brilliant* was one of them! Thanks, Juggalette!

Chapter

AFTER Europe, we got a fresh-ass call from Jim Johnston, the music ninja from the WWF. It was the dream call from wrestling's top company I'd always wanted, six years too late.



They weren't calling about our wrestling skills. They had heard we were into wrestling, so they asked us to do the theme music for some of their wrestlers that called themselves The Parade of Human Oddities. Then they wanted us to show up at one of their big pay-per-view shows (Summer Slam '99), and actually rap the music live while The Oddities came down to the ring. Nobody was more happy for us than Dan Curtis, the guy who did the hard work helping us run the Strangle-Mania Live show in Detroit.

The event was Summer Slam. The place? New York City's Madison Square Garden. We couldn't believe it. We just fuckin' couldn't believe it. MSG is probably the absolute most historic venue for WWF wrestling in the world, and here Joey and I were actually going to be part of a WWF pay-per-view from the very Garden. Fuck that shit, that made me feel good just typing that.

We hooked up with Mike E. Clizzark, and made the goofy song for The Oddities. We called it, "The Greatest Show." Believe it or not, when the WWF called us, Joey and I actually had no idea who The Oddities were. We have always loved wrestling, no doubt, but we just had been so busy on the road lately that we hadn't been following up on it.

Once we were booked to appear, we started watching religiously to see what was going on. Turns out The Oddities these were kind of lame, three big, gumpy giants. One of them was really, really fuckin' big. He was close to Andre the Giant in size. Unfortunately, at that time, he couldn't wrestle for shit. He fuckin' sucked.

I met his tiny little wife one day before a show. She was so small and petite, it was hard to imagine his big-ass, telephone pole dick hittin' that. It seemed impossible. Anyway, why are we talking about his dick?

We showed up at Madison Square Garden, and it was on. The big day of the show. We met all the wrestlers backstage, one by one. We had already met some of the older wrestlers when we were kids from back behind Joe Louis Arena, but luckily none of them remembered us.

Then Joey and I met the only guy that we were ever really nervous to meet in our lives: the one and only Vincent K. McMahon. He walked up and introduced himself to us.

Then he asked me a question about some contest we were having on the official ICP web site. At first, I didn't know what he was talking about, but then he explained it to me.

All I could think was, "Wow, man! Fuckin' Vince McMahon was actually chillin' and reading our fuckin' web site!"

Both my and Joey's mouths dried up like the Sahara Desert when we were talking to him. It was wild. That guy was the one person who was responsible for so much enjoyment in our lives.

I didn't know what to say except, "Thanks, ninja."

It was an incredible afternoon, chillin' with Vince and his son, Shane, who turned out to be cool as hell, himself. Of all the wrestlers we met, first was the super giant guy from The Oddities. I shook his hand, and it felt like a thanksgiving turkey with five cucumbers coming off it for fingers.

Then we met the one and the only Cactus Sac. He walked up to us, introduced himself, and then proceeded to explain that ever since *Strangle-Mania* came out, people everywhere have been calling him Cactus Sac! His real name is, of course, Mic Foley, and Mic wanted his fuckin' cut.

"I think you guys owe me some money, don't you? I mean, that *Strangle-Mania* video sold a lot of copies, and it features me on almost every match! I'd say you fellas owe me some loot."

That was him almost word for word. He was straight up ready to get paid for that shit. He was 'bout his cheddar.

We paid him right on the spot too, LIKE WHUT. We coughed up the loot right then and there for two main reasons: 1) We were scared to death, and none of us wanted the Mandible Paw right

then; and 2) he was exactly right; we did owe him loot from the video.

Fair is fair, so we hooked him up, and a friendship was born right there on the spot. After that, Mic Foley was down with the clown. Luckily, Alex was there with us, and had brought the loot just in case.

The main event that night was Stone Cold Steve Austin vs. The Undertaker. I remember Vince Russo (at the time a writer for the WWF) was looking for a dressing room to put us in, and finally he found one. it was the worst possible one, too. There we were: ICP, Steve Austin, and The Undertaker. As we were standing there in the mirror putting on our clowny faces, Austin and Underwear were sitting there, talking under their breath, going over their match spots. Joey and I were scared to death.

Both wrestlers kept on looking over at us, like, "Who the fuck are these fuckin' clown idiots, and what the hell are they doing in our private dressing room?"

Then I heard the door open. It was none other than that old WWF wrestling manager from the '80s and early '90s, Captain Lou Albano. He wobbled into the dressing room, and actually started hound-doggin' the fuck out of Steve Austin. Man, I ain't dissing him, man, but fuck, man, he was hounding. I know what you wrestling marks are thinking. Yeah right, Albano's probably known Austin for years, or whatever. Well fuck off, and fuck you. Captain Lou was all on his nuts right in front of me, Joey, and the fuckin' Undertaker.

Albano wanted him to sign this, and then sign that for his nephew, and then that for his other cousin. On and on. It took forever. The Undertaker even looked over and rolled his eyes at us, like he does in the ring. Then finally, Captain Lou left the room. Whewww. At least that took some of the heat and attention off us. Finally, we finished up painting and got the fuck outta their room!

We rapped as The Oddities walked down to the ring, and we stayed ringside for the entire match. Joey and I just kept looking at each other, the whole time trippin'. We both were thinking about all those TTW and NAW matches we put on in our back yards, and all the independent shows we have done. Now look at this shit – we were actually in the WWF, even if just for one night. Luckily for us, it turned out to be longer than that.

Afterwards, they asked if we would be, down to return the very next night.

"HELLS, YEAH!"

It was on. We drove out of NYC the next morning, and headed to Hartford, CT, to appear on a live episode of Monday Night Raw. At that show, we asked them if we could do more than just rap. They decided to let us get involved with the action. The next thing we knew, Joey and I were trading blows with the fuckin' original Road Warriors. We grew up watching them wrestle, and now we were in there, wrestling them in the WWF! It was all too good to be true.

Vince McMahon liked the idea of us wrestling, and the next thing we knew, after being wrestling fans our whole lives, Joey and I were flying out to WWF events every Monday and Tuesday for three months.

We would often bring Dan Curtis with us, because he always would tell us how and what to say to these wrestling ninjas. Dan Curtis was kind of like our behind-the-scenes wrestling guy. While we could school the music business, there was no question Dan Curtis could school the wrestling world.

The WWF tour even brought us to our home state. We did a show right at fuckin' Joe Louis Arena, the same fresh arena that we had spent years hanging out behind, getting autographs from the wrestlers when we were kids.

I was overwhelmed all night as usual. I just couldn't stop trippin. Joey and I even kept looking to see if there were any kids hanging out in the same spot where we used to looking for autographs, but there weren't any out there. How could that be? That's where we met Rudy and everything. That's where dreams are born. That's where ours were born, and yet now, there ain't one single ninja out there for shit. Damn.

Even though there were no new kids waiting out back for us to pass the torch too, that night's show was still the bomb for us. Dan Curtis actually talked Vince Russo, who was still the head story writer at the time, and some other WWF ninjas, into letting us do something special in Detroit, because it was our home town. Sure enough, thanks to Dan Curtis, we got a special introduction into the arena that night, and we got to interfere in the match to the point of causing our opponents, The Headbangers, the loss. We got to beat some ass in Detroit, in the World Wrestling Federation!

The next week, Monday Night Raw came to Lansing, Michigan. They had some flavor for us. They had ICP wrestling The Headbangers, Thrash and Mosh. Kind of a little rapper-versus-rocker thing, I guess. Plus we had cost The Headbangers that match, last week in Detroit, so we had a feud happening.

Well, it was our first time in the ring with these two, and they wanted to send us a message. I guess they didn't like us rappers stealing their heat in the wrestling world. TWHAACK! They beat the shit out of us! Their punches were real, their kicks were real, everything they did was as stiff as possible.

I took more bumps in that match than in 90% of the fights I've had in real life! I have been in hundreds of wrestling matches during my life, and them guys were not wrestling us. They were trying to prove something to us. They weren't putting on a show like we were, they were straight-up fighting us, only we weren't fighting back at all. We were just wondering what the hell was happening.

Afterwards in the dressing room, we were so beat-up we were doubled-over gasping, trying to get our breath. Yet we stood straight up when Thrash and Mosh came in.

"How was it, guys? That was good – good job, guys."

"Great! Excellent! Thanks! We'll see you guys tomorrow night!" I said, like everything was cool.

As soon as the door shut behind them, we were just like, "Oh my God!"

I felt like crying like a baby, I was in so much pain. Dan Curtis was so pissed for us. He felt worse than we did, but we kept just telling him to forget about it. Dan just always wanted the best for us, and when we didn't get it, it really pissed him off.

Our next match was in Madison, Wisconsin, where we found out we were against The Headbangers again. I don't know why. I saw the videotape of our first match, and it didn't even look like we got hurt half as much as we did. This time, Vince Russo had another idea.

"When the Headbangers are on top, beating you, all of a sudden, you guys flip them around and start beating them."

Well, that angle may have been handed down from the mighty Vince Russo, but the Headbangers weren't hearing it. During our match, when it came time for Joey and I to flip them around, they weren't budging.

As in, "Fuck you, fuck the angle; we ain't getting flipped."

So – WHOOMP – Joey and I flipped them over for real, like it was a real fight.

Brother, when we did that, they got so pissed – BOOM! They beat the shit out of us again. Fuck it, it was on! We fought back, and exchanged nothing but completely real blows with them the whole time. This time, they didn't visit us afterwards to ask us how the match went.

I'm guessing Vince knew it was getting hot between us and The Headbangers. So for the next match, he had us teamed up with two of The Human Oddities against these little Asian guys called Kaientai. Their big thing was doing ninja flips, really acrobatic-style, the total opposite of The Headbangers' steel chair style.

Before the match, Vince Russo went over the angle with us in the dressing room. The Oddities were good guys, Joey and I were bad guys. So when The Oddities tagged us into the match, we'd just beat the shit out Kaientai.

"Okay, ICP, you guys make it seem like you don't know anything about wrestling, and you guys keep choking and digging in their eyes," Vince said.

Now, Kaientai were right there with us, but they didn't speak very good English. They just nodded a lot, but I don't think they had any idea what Vince was saying.

"What about them?" I asked, "Do they understand what we're going to do?"

"They don't need to understand; just do it," Vince replied.

The two gumps from The Oddities were a fat, round guy in a mask, named Golga, and the big, huge eight-foot-tall guy, named Kergan. Kergan had stank-ass shit breath, like he'd been eating Golga's ass before the match. The whole ring smelled like it. The way bigger, BIGGER guy always just came to the ring with us. They never let him wrestle because he sucked so badly. He was just in there for show, I guess.

Vince said to not do any regular wrestling moves on them, so instead we gave them the old Southwest Stomp. I threw one guy out of the ring, Joey grabbed him, and – WHAM! He threw him into a post. Then I held one guy down while Joey came flying off the top rope of the ring – BAM!! – right on him. We were merciless.

Me beating Ray Mysterio Jr.'s ass at WCW's Fall Brawl pay-per-view.

WHEN we started WWF, we didn't care much about getting paid. Instead, we agreed with them that they would just show an ICP commercial during their Monday Night Raw telecasts. We figured that's worth way more than a couple thousand bucks a night or whatever. A commercial on raw cost CRAZY, so we figured one or two a month would be the whip diggity for ICP, and so that's all we needed to be there. That ain't shit for them to just hook us up with that instead of some cheese every week, we figured. Alex would go to bat for us.

"Man, everybody thinks ICP is just a wrestling tag team, man," he would explain. "Just air their new commercial, and it's all good. We just want all these millions of new wrestling fans who are seeing ICP FOR THE FIRST TIME to know that they actually have albums available in the stores, for real."

"All right, we'll put your commercial on next week for sure, NO PROBLEM," Vince Russo promised. "Next week for sure."

He had a habit of lying like that, too, that fuck.

Weeks later we're in the dressing room going over the night's angle. We'd be fighting The Headbangers again, and then we'd suddenly TURN sides, and join them against The Oddities!

We did it. It was all good. They gave us fake spray paint to spray in The Oddities' eyes, and we cut their hair off right in the middle of the ring, and all that. Now ICP were officially bad guys in the WWF (too).

The next night featured us and The Headbangers together as a new crew! The plot was for us all to go out to the ring, brag about how we turned on The Oddities, celebrate the fact that now we're all homies, and blah blah blah. ICP and The Headbangers will rule the WWF and blah blah blah. Then out of nowhere, the one and only "Stone Cold" Steve Austin suddenly runs down to the ring, and beats down both the Headbangers and then Joey and I! That was the plan.

Who told us this? None other than Stone Cold himself. As we learned right quick in the dressing room, Steve Austin really thinks

Yep, that's me, Joey, and Rudy backstage with Ric Flair.

he is his Stone Cold, the beer-drinking, hard-ass character, off-camera, too. That guy is straight up redneck.

"You know what you're doing, boy? You son of a bitch? 'Cause I'll tell you right now, I'm Stone Cold Steve Austin. I'm gonna kick him in the stomach first and give him a stunner!" he barked. "Then when you hear me give him the stunner, you turn around like you just caught wind of a big dog coming for your big ass. Then I'm gonna kick you in that big fat belly and give you a fuckin' stunner, and you're gonna take that stunner, fat boy, you're gonna take it like a SOB. DTA: Don't Trust Anybody. You got that, boy?"

Fuck, he wouldn't stop schooling me.

"All right, man, damn. I got it. Him first, then me. Got it," I said.

So during the match, everything seemed cool at first. Then what does "Stone Cold" Steve Austin do? He comes in the ring and gives me the stunner first, not Thrash. It surprised all of us, especially me, because I had my back to him still. I wasn't prepared to sell it right. Well, all the same, we got our asses kicked.

At least our commercial aired. Or so we thought. Dan Curtis called Alex Tuesday morning to see how it looked. Not us getting our asses kicked again, but the commercial.

"They didn't show it!" Alex screamed.

To us he said, "Walk out on 'em! Quit right now! As your manager, I'm telling you to walk out. The deal was they'd show it, and they didn't. This is like the fuckin' 5th time they lied to our faces. Walk out on them. Fuck the WWF; fuck all this wrestling shit! Just quit right now, and walk out. They are PLAYIN' us like we're bitches!"

Even the wrestling ninja, Dan Curtis, agreed we should leave. A deal is a fuckin' deal, and they'd been breaking ours. The WWF and Vince Russo gave us their word our commercial would air for the last time, and it didn't. We had no choice but to quit. Even with our scheduled pay-per-view tag team match coming up, we had to save our honor and quit being hoes for them.

The thing was, we thought it was cool to be in the WWF, but the truth is, we never really gave much of a fuck. The WWF was fun, just like wrestling had always been for us. Years ago, after I had seen the behind-the-scenes of wrestling, I pretty much decided that I liked being a fan more.

The WWF for us was never a business thing. Shit, besides, Joey and I completed our childhood dreams that very first night at Madison Square Garden in NYC. The rest was just like extra credit

for us – we already passed. Now it had been three months and still no commercial? Fuck that. They were playing us like some clowns; only we do that.

THAT whole month before we quit the WWF was crazy, though. The lady who booked all the wrestlers' flights would call us up and ask us how many first class plane tickets we needed. So we'd ask around the room and see who all wanted to go to the WWF with us that week.

We'd just say, "Six."

Alex, Dan Curtis, and Jamie and Paul from Twiztid would come along, just for the hell of it, because they got a kick out of seeing how nuts these wrestlers were. Let me tell you, they were.

Gold Dust, especially. Like, for real, that guy was crazy for real. We were in New York, and Alex walked by him in the hallway. He was just sitting on the floor in the hall.

"Hey, come here," Gold Dust said.

So Alex asked, "Say what?"

Gold Dust said, flat-out, "My pussy stinks. Does it stink? My pussy stinks."

Alex just walked away, like, "Whoa."

Then we'd walk into a locker-room, and he'd be lying on the floor on his side humping the wall. Okay, bro, maybe we'll look for some clean towels somewhere else.

There were lots of drugs in the WWF, too. I can see why, with all that travel and fucked up schedules. See, Jamie and Paul had their fresh Coolio hair, and I don't know why but everybody thought they were coke dealers. Wrestlers were always asking Twiztid for dope!

Every time we turned around, something happened. Literally.

I was telling a story to Twiztid once, and I was like, "–and it was like–" – BOOM!

I spun around with my arms out. Right then, my hand just perfectly cupped the titty of none other than Jacqueline, one of the super-hot diva chicks in the WWF, who just happened to be walking by. Her titty felt nice, but fake too. It felt a little bit too hard, cold, and kind of stiff; just big and siliconed out. Her titty felt kind of like a car seat headrest, only shaped like a super titty.

"Damn, I'm sorry; I was just telling–"

"It's all right; it's all right," she said, all smiling at me. I remember my dick got all hard. I was so happy that I touched her titty.

One day, in the locker-room, we were all alone, fuckin' around. Jamie put on Kane's red and black monster mask and started doing this fresh Kane impersonation.

Then Jamie turned around and – BOOM! Kane was standing right there! Jamie took off that mask right quick. Kane just grabbed it out of his hands and walked away, pissed as hell. He didn't say anything, but later in the hallway, Kane shoulder-checked Jamie as he walked by us.

It was hella funny, man. I had to tell Jamie that he's my boy and all, but if Kane rushes him later at the hotel or something, I'm sorry, but I won't be able to have his back. I'd be too scared. Jamie would be able to see my back, though, as I ran away from the scene.

One afternoon, before a match, we were sitting in the middle of an arena just like we did before every show. Who comes up to talk to us? None other than Steve Austin.

"Soooo, how's the huntin' up in Michigan?" he began.

"Well, I don't know. I hate huntin'. I've never once gone hunting in my life," I replied. "But let me ask you this, Steve, how's the chicks in Texas?"

"Well, I don't know. I've been married for so long, I forgot. So I like to listen to a lot of Foghat, Skynyrd, The Who. What about you guys? What are your influences?"

"Umm, pretty much shit like The Geto Boys, you know, NWA, and Esham...."

Within ten minutes, it was obvious. We had absolutely nothing at all in common with Stone fuckin' Cold. We never spoke much other than the regular "Hi"s, "Hello"s, and "Great match, brother!"s.

The very last month we were there, we were getting into more and more trouble. During one match, we were in the ring against the New Age Outlaws, and Billy Gunn made like he was gonna punch me; I didn't flinch at all.

After the match, he was kicking barrels over and screaming in the dressing room, "What, am I a pussy now? I punched at the fat clown, and he didn't fucking move! What am I, a fucking pussy?"

We had all this heat (people mad at us, as wrestlers put it), because I didn't flinch for Billy Gunn. The fuckin' fag wears pink panties in the ring, and calls himself Mr. Ass! How the fuck am I supposed to be scared of him?!

When I saw Stone Cold Steve Austin pacing back and forth, waiting to get into Vince McMahon's dressing room, I realized there's no real power names in wrestling. They are all bitches to the big man: Vince K. McMahon.

There was a time when The Honky Tonk Man and The Ultimate Warrior were on top of the world, just like today's WWF stars are. Where do they all end up? With the exception of a few, they all end up broke and coming to wrestle for independents in your town for $100 – if they're lucky. You gotta know that, man.

Vince McMahon will go down in history. He's wrestling's only king. Nobody sees the TOP OF WRESTLING without his approval. With wrestling, it's always been out with the old and in with the new, and it will always be that way.

Well, fuck all that. We succeed on our own fucking terms.

Sometimes, WWF fans would see us someplace, and be like, "Hey man, you guys are those clown wrestlers, right?"

All I could think was, "Fuck wrestling. I make music for the Dark Carnival."

The WWF was a great adventure, and we did make a childhood dream come true, but when Alex told us to quit, we did. We walked right out in full face paint. The WWF doesn't need us; they don't need anybody. People only need them. Not us; we don't need them for shit. Believe that.

To be truthful, I never understood Dan Curtis' and everybody else's obsession with the wrestling business. I mean, I have known Rob Van Dam forever, and he just seems to go up and up and up in this business. That I can understand. He is making money.

Yet, even he can only make it so far with wrestling's state of McMahon monopoly. HOPEFULLY he'll get out when he's on top, and start making movies and shit. Yet there are so many other wrestlers and wrestling promoters who make no money, and actually lose thousands all the time, running cheap, stupid shows over and over!

The Iron Sheik was once the WWF World Champion! Why can't he just leave it at that?! What is it that drives him to degrade all that he has accomplished by coming in and wrestling at a VFW hall for $150, when he can barely walk anymore? Why is it? What is it? Why do they all want it, when all they really do is complain about their situation everyday? What always draws them back? L-O-V-E.

I look at people like Dan Curtis, and I wonder about them. Then I look at myself, and see the same fuckin' thing! Why do I always

Twiztid, backstage at Hellfire Wrestling.

go back? Wrestling is magical. It relaxes me to sit and watch it. From TTW, to NAW, to independents, to the WWF, to whatever. I do the same fuckin' thing.

I have a whole other career, with platinum albums, and all that, and yet to this day, I'll climb in a ring in front of zero people. Who knows why? It's the love of it all. THAT makes it okay with me. I love wrestling and always will; it's in my blood. I'll be in them VFW halls for that $150 IF AND ONLY IF I'm that lucky. Diamond Rain. Diamond Rain.

Now, Juggalos, this part of the book sucks dick. I'll make it fast and to the point. After we quit the WWF, Dan Cutis was left hungry. He was the guy who originally put together the legendary Strangle-Mania Live show in Detroit, exactly one year earlier. He wanted to do it again, only much bigger! He wanted us to start our own promotion, and have him run it while we did our music. He would come over to my house night after night, and give me these ideas.

As for Joey and I, though, all we wanted to do was our music. I mean, that was it. We had been to the WWF, what more was there?

Dan would say, "Running our own wrestling league is the best. We'll take over ECW, and make wrestling a Juggalo sport!"

He would always talk about actually doing it nationally, and how great it would be for the Juggalos. We started to listen. First, Dan talked us into doing another Strangle-Mania Live show in town. This time, we booked it at the Majestic Theatre in downtown Detroit. We named the show Hellfire Wrestling. We put tickets on sale, and they were bought up in a matter of days.

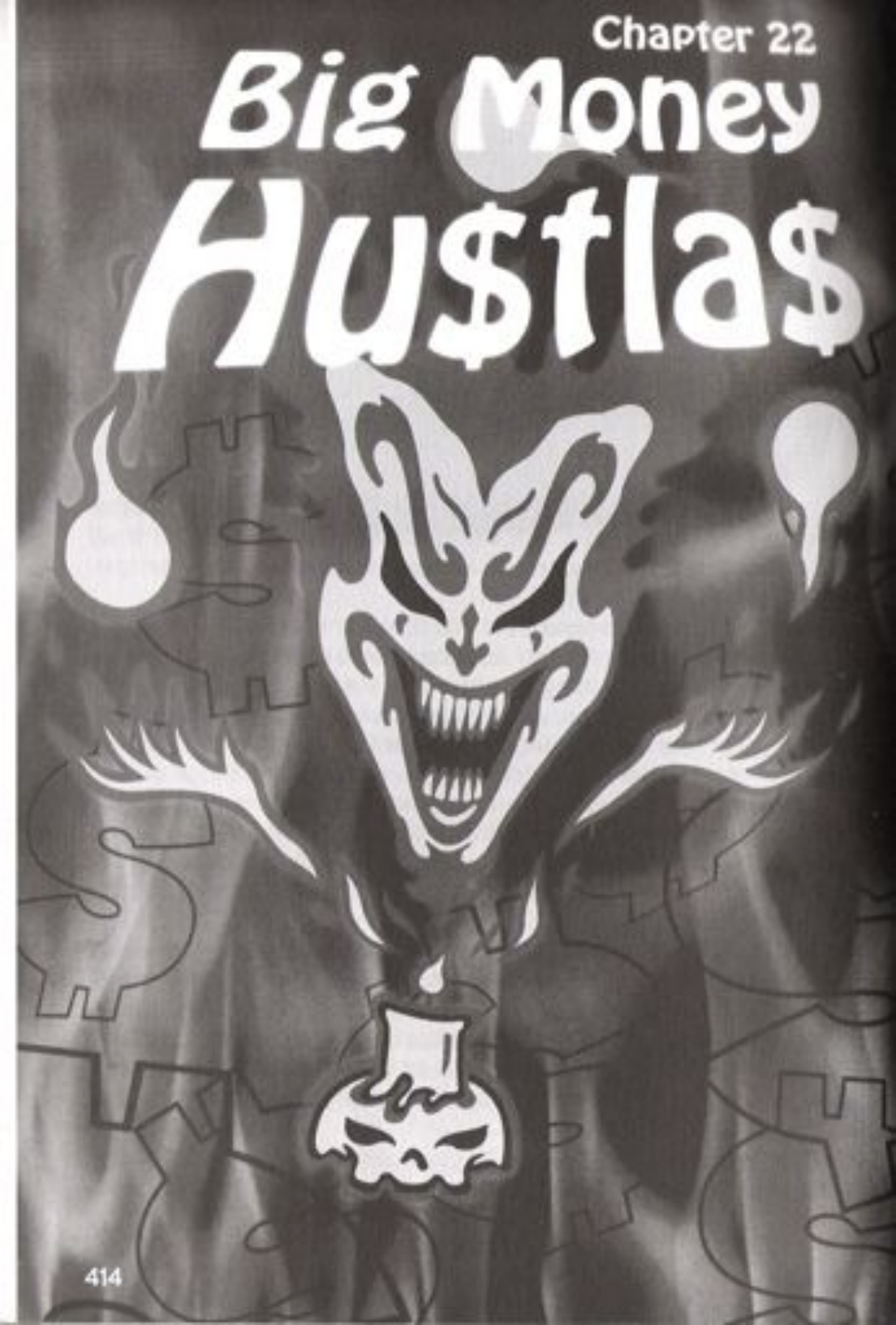
It was a fact. Dan was right. Juggalos wanted to see our crazy-ass wrestling events. After seeing how quickly Detroit's tickets went, it was official. We decided to do it nationally. It was going down, y'all. We were going to bring Hellfire Wrestling all the way across the country, and Dan Curtis would head the ship for what would become Psychopathic Sports.

Dan worked his ass off. This was his dream. He was a wrestling promoter, and now he was getting the opportunity to book a national tour for a promotion is the main booker. Hellfire Wrestling was on its way. We set up an 80-city tour to start it all with. Dan booked the talent, and wrote the Juggalo-style scripts, and all that.

Finally, the time had come for our first show in Detroit. Billy set up a devastating stage set that included real fire, and voodoo stakes everywhere. Juggalos piled in, the show started, and the Majestic was off the fuckin' hook. Dan Curtis was on top of his game. Hellfire Wrestling was just as awesome as Strangle-Mania Live had been one year earlier. Juggalos loved it, and so did we.

After the show, on our way out, I gave Dan the usual dap. We didn't need to say shit, because the night spoke for itself. We turned it the fuck out as usual. We all went home and prepared for the tour, which was set to start in just eight days, beginning with a sold-out show in Cleveland, Ohio.

Two days later, Dan Curtis was found dead in his apartment, due to a sudden diabetic problem. Not one single soul saw it coming. Nobody has any fuckin' answers. Time just came and took him away, and it expects you to just eat it, and shut up about it. I pray that Dan Curtis now watches over us and waits for the rest of us in Shangri-La. I hope that he is happier now than ever. I hope to God he is.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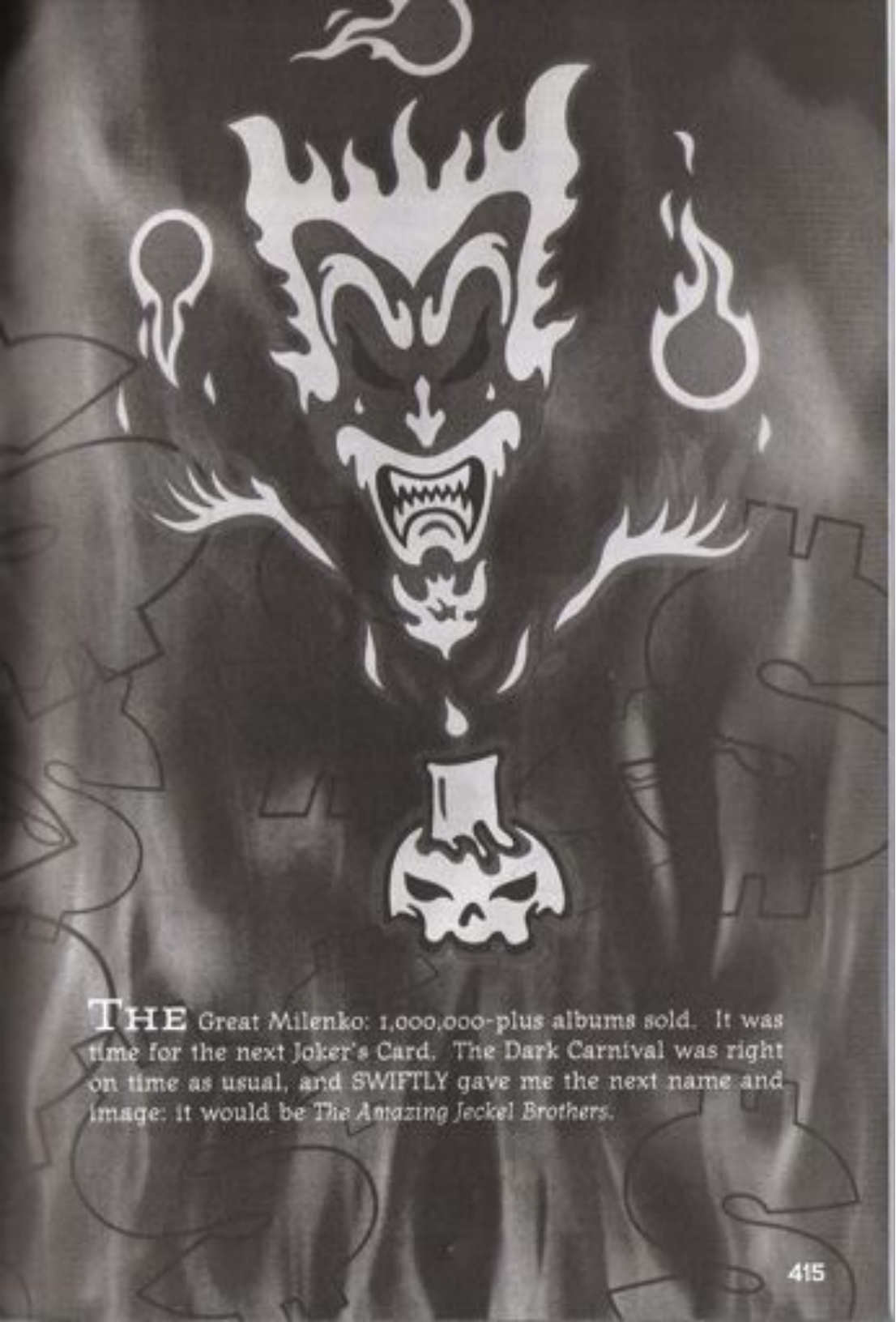


THE Great Milenko: 1,000,000-plus albums sold. It was time for the next Joker's Card. The Dark Carnival was right on time as usual, and SWIFTLY gave me the next name and image: it would be *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers.*

We hit the studio, with Mike E. Clark once again on our team. Also, we tracked down our behind-the-scenes musical partner, Rich "Legs Diamond" Murrell. He was now living and running his own private recording studio in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

Rich is a great source of the ICP flavor. He sings and does background vocals, and plays guitar and bass on many of our releases from '95 on up. Without him around to give his honest opinions, and add his voice to the mix, shit just don't feel right. Now the team was assembled and ready.

We started writing the new album with the highest of hopes.

We thought, "Man, we're national names now, but we're still pretty much looked at as a joke everywhere. If we can get some really well-known, respected rappers on our fucking record, maybe they'll fucking get us the respect we deserve."

It was true; we were a joke and a fluke to everybody out there, except for the Juggalos. For some reason, from the very first stories ever written about us until today, we're always getting the shit dissed out of us.

We used to keep two piles of press at our office. One pile was all the positive press we'd gotten in the last two years, which was under an inch tall. Then we had the negative press pile, which was spilling over the side of a full basket.

Any press is good press, right? Fuck off. Let me write some bullshit lies about you, and print it in a national magazine as a true fact. Then let's see if you feel the same about any press being great.

Alex talked to our crazy-ass booking agent, Mike Wood, about tracking down some famous rappers. We knew Mike Wood would know how to find some rap stars. Mike knows LA like Rudy knows titties on tour.

"Who do you guys want to get?" Mike Wood asked.

"Snoop Dogg and Ol' Dirty Bastard," I said, flat-out. I knew just who I wanted to get. I wanted to get two rappers who the world figured would never ever do a song with us. ICP, featuring Snoop Dogg – that even sounds fuckin' crazy.

Snoop Dogg was lot easier to get a hold of than ODB. Mike Wood's partner, Brent, was Snoop's booking agent, and did all of his tours. In fact, all Mike had to do was hang up with us, and call old Snoop D-O-double-Gizzie, personally.

Snoop was like, "Really doe, check it ouuuut. I'll do it. $40,000 for just one verse, Baby Bubba." (Not really, but you know, really doe style.)

I was like, "Baby Bubble? What?"

We were like, "Forty Grand? Does that one verse come with some head from a hottie, and a refrigerator box full of Vicodins or somethin'? That's a lot of fuckin' Scooby Snacks for just one verse there, D-O-double-Gizzie...."

Snoop wouldn't budge. Then we thought about it. If Snoop Dogg raps on our shit, we're going to be pimp-a-licious in the game. We called him back, and I talked to Snoop directly.

Snoop was like, "OKAY, look, pay me; fuck the record label. I'll never see it if you pay them hoes. We'll just record it at my house, fuck a studio with an engineer, because they're all gonna want a cut. Let's just do it at my house, li'l clown-ass nugh!"

"When's a good time?"

"I'm gonna be home just chillin' on Sunday."

BOOM – Alex gets on a plane, and six hours later he is in Snoop's basement watching him freak our shit. We had some wrestling to do with the WWF at the time. Damn. Even so, Alex was there! Un-fuckin'-believable! We got Snizzel Deezy Dizzo on our fuckin' album! Thank you, BRENT!!!

Alex finally called us that Sunday night. "In my hand are the reels with Snoop Dogg's voice on 'em."

"YES!!!"

We got that shit back, and took those tapes out of the box like it was the greatest Christmas ever.

"Look! Up in the sky! It's a bird it's a plane! It's Snoop Doggy Dogg down with the Insane...."

We were marked-out as fuck.

SNOOP Dogg's management also happened to know how we could contact Ol' Dirty Bastard's management. We pulled some tactics, hit the crack house circuit, and put the word out. We had 3,000 dime rocks with his name on them if he'd surface and rap on our shit. We finally got a hold of him. Some manager guy of his called us, and set it all up.

"He'll do it. $30,000."

So we coughed up that loot and sent ODB the tapes. I don't know where ODB was staying at, maybe a rehab just outside of LA, but we didn't ask. We just sent the tapes to the place they told us to.

They came back super-fast, like in two days, with him on it.

"Whoa."

They just about came back the same day we sent them. That ninja must've been waiting at the post office with a microphone. I wanted to hear it badly.

"How does he sound? What did he do?" I asked.

They only sent us back the studio reels, no CD to listen to. Not even so much as a cassette. Mike E. Clark didn't have tape reels at his studio, so we had to go over to another studio (my favorite place: The Disk, AKA the Demo Hut) and transfer them over to ADATs, which are what we had recorded on. We had the engineer put the tapes up, and I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

"BITCHES! BITCHES!"

Just ODB, cracked out of his fried-up mind, not doing anything but babbling.

"Yeah, uh, yeah, bitches, BITCHES! ... I HATE YOU BITCHES."

Not just in his verse, I'm talking right over the existing verses Joey and I had already done. He didn't even listen to the song before he did his shit! He's fuckin' screaming right over our vocals and the chorus. It was amazing what lack of effort he put into our shit!

The tape got quiet, and we thought, "Phew."

Then we thought we heard something. Mike and I turned it up.

Barely audible was, "Yeah, bitches, yeah."

When he wasn't rapping, he would be whispering – the whole way through! We were now the proud owner of three tracks of this insane, cracked-out babbling bullshit. An engineer walked by when we were tranferring the tapes, and heard ODB's rants.

"My God! What is that?"

This from a guy who'd helped produce the latest Danny K album! I was even embarrassed to let his hoe-ass hear it.

"Nothing," I said.

I was so embarrassed, I told Mike, "Just keep the volume down."

Driving back to Mike's studio, I felt like dying.

"I can't believe what I just heard. We paid 30 grand for that! Yo, we got burned, badly."

Now, I never told anybody this, but this is the truth, and I gotta put the truth in this book. What ODB sent us back was the worst performance I'd ever heard anybody do on a fucking record.

It wasn't really a peformance at all. He took our money and then just screamed and yelled out meaningless bullshit all over the tracks. His shit was so fucking horrible that it took us a week – A FUCKIN' WEEK STRAIGHT – to take everything that guy blurted out, sample it, cut it all up, and make it coherent. Even then, we could only get four full rhymes out of it.

Get this: in order to make it all work, Joey and I had to go back in and re-record our vocals, and re-name the whole fucking song, "Bitches." The bottom line, though, is that we fuckin' schooled it! Thanks to seven days and nights of editing with Pro Tools, ODB's crackhead shit came out sounding great.

After that ordeal, getting Ice-T on a track was easy as hell. Ten grand and he schooled it. We never really liked the song, though, so we kept it off *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers* album.

God knows Ice-T didn't give a fuck. He's sittin' on millions and millions over at his place. That's what makes him so fresh, though. I respect the fuck out of him.

He didn't do that song with us because he needed the fuckin' money. He did it because he loves music, and because we asked him to, and he's just cool like that. It's funny; the biggest rap legend does it for the cheapest price, and the newest cats on the block wanna charge the legendary status prices.

WE were angry making *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers*, because that was our way to tell everybody who doubted us during the whole Disney thing to fuck off. We showed it in songs like "Fuck The World;" just sick shit that was saying straight-up what was on our minds. We wanted to step up our game on the publicity front, because up until then, nobody, and I mean fuckin' *nobody*, in the press ever could get what we were about.

Alex wanted to get Nasty Little Man. They are a well-respected publicity team. They'd turned around the Beastie Boys when everybody was writing them off as a white rap joke, and they came back with *Ill Communication*. So we thought Nasty could do the same for us. They'd be able to go to Spin and Rolling Stone and say, "Hey man, you should really look into this ICP thing. It's no joke;

Insane Clown Posse at *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers* photo shoot in New Yourk City. There was fuckin' catering, a staff, and all kinds of shit, just to take some fucking pictures for us! This was the biggest photo shoot that we've ever had.

they got a million fans, and they've been around for years doing their thing."

Looking back, I don't know why we'd ever want to be in those magazines, except to give my mom something to cut out and put on her refrigerator. Other than that, I've always just used them mags for nut rags up at the studio. At the time, though, we thought Nasty Little Man would get us some credibility with the press the same way having Snoop and them on our record would.

We were just trying to get people to look into us, like, "Hey man, look at all that these guys have done."

So we sat down with the owner of that publicity company, this guy Steve, and laid out what we were all about.

I was like, "Yo, this is what we're about. I just want people to know that we didn't think about painting ourselves up, like, last year; we been around for fuckin' ten years. It wasn't the Hollywood/Disney thing that put us on the map, because our record before that sold 100,000 copies out of the underground. We've been around."

He was an old punk rock guy, so he was down. Pretty soon, he had Alternative Press Magazine in Cleveland all lined up to do a cover story on us. We'd been on the cover of WWF magazine after just three months with them; it took us eight years to get on a fuckin' music magazine cover. Nonetheless, we were geeked as hell.

We were in New York doing a photo shoot for *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers*. It was an expensive shoot, complete with a whole set built just for us. There were animals, fire, special effects, and all that crazy shit. Joey and I were made up in these expensive-ass monster costumes with long rubber claws, and all-around monster hands to point into the cameras.

Steve from our new, giant publicity team, Nasty, suddenly showed up to the shoot with a concerned look on his face.

"Hey, Joe, can I talk to you guys for a minute? Look man, I think the album's great, however–"

Music industry people always start out like that: "Love your shit, BUT...."

"–however," he continued, "I have a problem. There's a lyric in your song 'Fuck the World' that says, 'Fuck the Beastie Boys and the Dalai Lama.' Now, the Beastie Boys, on top of being personal friends of mine, happen to be clients of Nasty Little Man, also.

"I talked to them and told them that there was a rap group that says that, and they didn't want to know who it was; they just asked if we'd change it. So, I'm asking you if you'll change it. Basically, if you don't change it, well, they are my oldest clients, and my friends, and I can't do anything to jeopardize that relationship."

Oh, so the Beastie Boys had gone from being the dons of the rap world to being like the teacher in school: "I don't want to know who stole it off my desk, but when I come back in, I just want it back."

So I said, "They don't wanna know who did it? They just want it changed? Fuck them. These are my lyrics; this is my song. I

It took us fuckin' five hours to get all that make-up shit on our fuckin' hands. It was at this photo shoot that I told that guy from Nasty Little Man to fuck off.

want them to know I did it; fuck them. What if they said something about us, would you give a fuck?"

"Well, they're in a higher position."

(Yeah, it's called doggy style, with dick in their butt.)

"Whatever, man; this is the very problem," I snapped. "We're trying to get people to respect us. If we kiss people's asses, how are they gonna respect us?"

Violent J, the Don Dada of the Juggalada.

Then I turned into the dickhead on him.

"You know, I'm insulted you're trying to tell us how to make our record. Your job is to get people to write about us. You don't have anything to do with the making of our fucking record."

"You know, we're not gonna be able to do anything together, then," Steve said.

"Well, I'm sorry about that, but I'm more insulted you asked us to change anything. If you wanted to tell us you're not gonna work with us, that's one thing, but you're asking us to change our shit. You need to bounce before I get up out of this chair."

Man, I thought I was going to have to beat his ass even while I was wearing my rubber monster claws and all that! Change our shit?! For who? The Beastie Boys? I'll fuckin' slap the gray outta their hair.

We already changed our shit once for some record company bullshit that blew up in my fucking face, and now some asshole publicity company that we were *paying* wanted us to change our shit? Fuck that.

Then I thought about it. When I wrote, "Fuck the World" and put "Fuck the Beastie Boys and the Dalai Lama" in it, that wasn't just me. I was speaking for a whole generation of fans who feel like those over-smoked Buddhists got no business running around calling

themselves the Beastie Boys, anymore, especially if they're going to start telling people how to write their lyrics.

I would never stand up there in front of 20,000-plus working people, and cry about what's going on in Tibet, when we got our own shit to worry about right here in the states! The people, they been working all week long, tonight is their night off, and they just wanna fuckin' rock and have fun. They don't wanna sit and be preached to about Tibet! Do they? I don't! You best believe when we do that song live, our whole Juggalo crowd helps out with that part!

ABOUT the same time we were burning what few bridges we had in the music industry, we started thinking about doing a movie. Towards the end of the Juggalo Funhouse Tour, we had become obsessed with this one rap movie, called *Big Ballers*. In true ghetto style, this movie was on Big Baller Records and Films, of course, and the box cover had a Pen & Pixel-designed cover. It was like them No Limit and Cash Money Records rappers were using for their CD covers, with all the gold and jewelry and everything.

We found *Big Ballers* at a record store, and watched it on the bus. It was totally entertaining. It was also probably the cheapest, longest, no-script-written-down movie you've ever seen. They made the whole thing on a camcorder, and you could tell they were using real drugs. In one scene where this guy's fucking a girl, you can tell he really was fucking her.

It was just super-ghetto, but they wrapped it up in this fancy box, and that made us buy it. So we loved that movie and watched it religiously. It was so cheap and funny that it was fresh to us, almost in a Danny K kind of way.

We even bought all the Big Ballers CDs, because they were a rap group and a record label, too. A movie, a group, a record company, and a film company, all with the same name: super ghetto. I tell you, if they'd had a Big Ballers snow cone machine, we woulda bought that bitch, too.

So then we started thinking, "Hey man, that'd be pretty funny if we made a movie off a camcorder like they did."

So we all started throwing down *Big Ballers*-ish ideas for a script. Then Alex reminded us, since we were signed to Island, they would have to put it out. No Strangle-Mania-style bootlegging allowed.

Mother fuckin' Big mother fuckin' Baby mother fuckin' Sweets, mother fucker!

So we asked Alex, "Well, then, if they're going to put it out, what kind of budget can you get Island to give us for a cheap-ass movie?"

He got us $250,000. Imagine that. That's how cool Island Records was with us at the time. They even gave us a movie deal!

"Whoa," we thought, "that's a real movie budget!"

Of course, the movie would wind up costing five times that when we were done, but that was the least of our worries. The more we talked about our movie, the idea became not to make a *Big Ballers* movie off a camcorder anymore. It was to make a real movie.

Everybody on the bus was talking about who they wanted to be.

Joey was like, "I want to be like a '70s pimp guy."

Twiztid were so on it, they had these suburban gangster characters, Big Stank and Little Poot, who they had already come up with.

I'd be the Don Mega, Big Baby Sweets, the Mafia chief, and Rob would be a masked guy with a gun, Hack Bengerman. We just built it from there.

I wrote the whole movie in about a month. I'd be a mob boss with Twiztid as my cohorts, and Joey would be the good cop who avenges the death of his fat-ass girlfriend by taking me and the bad cops down.

Next thing we know, Island was putting real money into it. WE were putting real money into it. This director named John Cafiero's calling us going, "I'm a Juggalo; you gotta have me direct your next video. I'm a Juggalo; I'm a Juggalo."

So we called him up.

"How would you like to direct our whole fucking movie?"

He and his wife made that movie their lives for the next year. Besides the Psychopathic actors, we got Mic Foley to be in it, because he was our boy in the WWF. The Jerky Boys were down.

Rudy Ray Moore played the role of Dolomite for the first time in fourteen years. That was John's idea, and I have no idea how he talked him into that. Oh, and the Misfits were in it for a minute, because they were John's boys. We also got fucking Rerun from *Good Times*, Fred Barry. Just B-movie talent all the way. It was so fresh.

Then I was watching *Something About Mary*, and I saw this actor, Harland Williams, playing a serial killer. I thought he was the shit, so Tom Dub wrote his name down to see if John Cafiero could get him. Somehow, he did. Fresh off making the biggest movie of the

Me and Jerky Boy, Johnny Brennon, on the set of *Big Money Hustlas*. Many ninjas don't really know this, but "The Chief" ain't really fat at all; that's only a fat suit he's wearing. The same goes for me too. Yeah.

From left to right: Tom Dub, Joey, Johnny Brennan, and Rob all on the set of *Big Money Hustlas*.

year, that mother fucker wound up working for us. He was just cool like that though. Not everybody famous is an asshole.

Before long, we were in New York for two months of filming. John lives there, so he wanted to make it there, because he knew a lot of people who could help us. Right off the bat, we discovered that the whole film crew were all used to working on independent films. You know, films where the script is about a gay guy coming out of the closet, or something.

Our movie was just a dumb, straight-up, in-your-face comedy. The whole film crew fucking hated it, and they hated us. During the entire filming, nobody would laugh at the scenes but us.

That was cool with me. I knew there were more people like me in the world, who would laugh at it when it was all done. After all, it wasn't for them; it was strictly for Juggalos. Even worse, however, was just like I've mentioned before in the book, nobody could get any ass on that set, either. We tried, too, believe me.

This one chick used to bring her dog with her to the set. Why, I have no idea. I don't go bringing my dogs on tour. We'd be doing

a really good take, and her dog would suddenly fuckin' bark. We fired her one day, and the whole crew went on strike until we hired this bitch back. So we had to hire her stale ass back. I just wanted to get it done. I hated having to get up when I usually went to sleep, on top of getting no skins for two months straight.

Most of the time, the filming process was a headache. A lot of waiting around for hours at a time, right up until the point when you're actually acting; then it was fun. For the most part, we just wanted to get done and go home.

The film crew actually went on strike again. This time because they felt they weren't getting paid enough. We had to have a meeting to discuss it with them. Even though they had already signed contracts for the pay they were getting, they knew they had us by the balls.

To hire another crew on the spot like that might mean the film never getting done. Plus it would cost hundreds of thousands of dollars to replace them, and redo the location setups and shit. So we came up with $100,000 of our own Psychopathic money, just to shut them the fuck up. Only a handful of people stayed loyal, and worked through the strike that lasted a full day. Mad props to them. At least the actors were cool.

Now, you would have thought Harlan smoked weed, because he did in *Half Baked*. He had quit, though.

"Man, my dad had a heart attack from smoking weed; I'm done smoking weed forever," he told us.

Jamie and Paul were crushed. "Oh man, we wanted to smoke a joint with Harlan Williams from *Half Baked*."

He wouldn't do it. What he did do was play the role of Officer Harry Cox, and he fucking schooled it.

Dolomite was just more or less just chillin'. He never heard of ICP; he didn't know what the fuck was going on. He didn't care, either.

He was just like, "Pay me. Look how old I am; you think I got time for this bullshit? Fuckin' pay me."

It took forever to get him to pronounce Juggalo, too.

"Gigolo?" He asked.

"Juggalo. Jugg-a-lo."

"Jugg-a-lo. All right, now, what the fuck is Juggalo?"

"Don't worry about that; just say it."

He had a young guy with him, Donald, who was trying to get Dolemite signed to Psychopathic Records to do comedy albums. We got all of Dolomite's shit shot first because he was old, even though the shit where he schools Joey's character was way late in the movie. We thought he was probably gonna get sick, or something.

He was always falling asleep. Between takes, Donald would have to run over with a chair so he could sit down. I guess when you've gotten as much ass as he did in his life, you spend your autumn years giving it a rest.

Rerun's super-religious now. We didn't have much to say to him. So all he got was a, "'Sup."

The Jerky Boys – and this shocked us – hated each other with a passion. With a fucking passion. Both of them were constantly pulling us aside, saying, "Fuck that other guy, man."

One guy was like, "I'm the creator of the Jerky Boys, and I want my name, like, in the credits. I want it to read 'Johnny Brennan: the creator of the Jerky Boys.'"

The other guy was like, "I'm Kamal, and I'm coming out with my own Jerky Boy record."

It was just weird. I mean, Joey and I haven't had one real argument since he smashed his car into mine in Ferndale, way the fuck back in the day. Here were two guys who together were household names, but couldn't stand to be in the same room with each other. Weird. They need to take that story to VH1 or something.

NOTHING was as weird as Jerry Only, though. His band, the Misfits, were these punkers the director, John, knew from back in the day, I guess. They showed up for their one and only scene in this coffee shop. They were cool as fuck. SUPER COOL. The band did their scene and left.

Except Jerry Only. Everyday, he'd show back up and want to talk to us. While he'd talk, he'd be rubbing my fucking back, putting his hands like all on my neck and shit. We were really uncomfortable around the guy, because he was constantly touching ninjas when talking to them.

Everyday, he was there on the set, "Hey man, I brung grandma's meatballs. Here, guys, dig into some meatballs."

Right when you'd be spooning one out – WHOMP!

He's rubbing your lower back, like, "You like them meaty balls, huh?"

You know what? I think I'll pass on grandma's balls, bro.

Our own Cactus Sac, Mic Foley, showed up to film his parts, but Jerry Only stole him from us!

"Come on into my trailer, man, it's all good. Check out these meaty meatballs. Man, my kid loves you, man!"

Jerry just hound-dogged the fuck out of Mic Foley. We couldn't say two words to him. Mic had been on the road with the WWF, and them Grandma's meatballs scooped him in, hook, line, and sinker.

John Cafiero had Jerry's kid play an altar boy in one scene. Actually, he was just an extra. Jerry was like a stage mother.

"Man, you guys aren't treating my kid very good, and he doesn't have any– Hey, where's the makeup lady? Where's the...."

"Fuck that; he's an extra," I, uh, wanted to say. Of course, I didn't, because Jerry Only is one cut up motherfucker, and he'd probably beat my ass.

John was always trying to school me.

"Man, that's Jerry Only, man."

"I don't know anything about them mother fuckers. I just know they look fresh, and that one Jerry dude annoys the shit out of me."

Right then, everybody on the crew hated us because they were all working all day in the cold, and we had a warm tour bus out there to sit in all day. They hated us 'cause we had a bus. They don't know shit about us, and how we earned that bus. They just had the wrong fucking idea, though. At least I knew enough not to bring my dogs to work, know what I'm sayin'?

The amazing part is that I really don't have to say any "fuck yous" to them, because Island already did it on their own. See, it turns out (and it's John and Island's headache, not ours, definitely not ICP's) I guess, nobody got paid for the last two weeks they worked. HA! Turns out from what I hear, John went so far over the budget that Island refused to pay for it all. I guess that meant the crew's pay was cut off. John's company actually went bankrupt, and he himself lost his ass.

The whole crew started trippin' and callin' us somehow! Truthfully, it wasn't our fault! We were just the stars of the movie.

Some people who were cool with us, and didn't go on strike, like the cameraman, James. He was one of the only nice ones to us on

In my eyes, one of the coolest things about the group is the Chaos! Comics comic book series.

the whole set. When he called us up, we said fuck it, and we hooked him up out of our own pocket. Then all these other assholes started calling wanting to get paid.

We'd tell them, "Suck my dick. I'm sorry; it sucks to be you."

Wanna know what really sucks? Two years after we hooked James the cameraman up with some loot out of our own pocket, he

turned around and sued us for using a picture that he took on some T-shirts, or something. What a bastard.

For our next movie, we decided we want to get as far the fuck away from New York, asshole art film crews, and Jerry Only as possible. So we're doing it in California: *Big Money Rustlas*. We plan on doing it with a crew of Juggalo homies, called Sota FX. It'll be a Western with all the same characters, only like their ancestors. Plus a lot of old wrestlers as extras. We love making Juggalo shit for Juggalos who find it all fresh. We'll keep doing it until death overcomes us.

DAMN, we started 1999 with high hopes. A new record with credible guest rappers, a prestigious publicity company behind us, a label we thought was behind us. For once, we were going to do it right.

Then we find out Island, our label, home to Bob Marley and U2, and all these freedom of speech groups, had suddenly merged with Def Jam Records. Suddenly we were labelmates with Ja Rule and DMX and shit. Brother, we didn't have a chance.

Everybody we knew at Island – EVERYBODY – got suddenly fired! All the guys who brought us to the label were all canned. Nobody at the label, at least the new people, knew or cared about us. They had Jay Z, and all that shit, and they didn't want to hear about no rappin' clowns with Faygo.

It showed. *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers* came out in June, and shocked the hell out of everybody by hitting #4 on the Billboard charts. Then that shit dropped off faster than Don Lictel going after a sandwich crust. The fact was, everybody who was behind ICP at Island was all gone with the wind.

The entire brand-new staff of Island/Def Jam wanted no part of ICP. It didn't matter what we sold, nobody wanted to get behind us. They had so many other multi-platinum artists to worry about that we got buried under everybody's shit on everybody's desk. Nobody was looking for us, either.

What about at home? Things in Detroit were also getting crazy. Suddenly, Kid Rock came out of nowhere with a fuckin' hit record! I would've guessed he'd be shacked up in a heroin hut by now, but nope! Instead, he's chillin' on MTV every five fuckin' seconds. As

A couple of the fresh promo vans for *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers* album.

much as I hate the kid personally, it's good to see him up there like that. At least he's legit. He paid a lot of dues for a lot of years.

Then from out of left field comes another Detroit rapper with a smash hit album. Only this kid I've never heard anything about. This kid paid like zero fuckin' dues.

His name is Eminem – oh shit! Yeah, I remember him; that's the kid who handed me the flyer with our name on it that one night at St. Andrew's Hall. Wow, suddenly ICP was third runners-up in Detroit. Kid Rock and Eminem both were selling millions of albums, and each one of them had their mouths on one of MTV's nuts.

Kid Rock only dissed us on the down-low. He said some shit in Canada to Much Music (their MTV) that dissed the hell out of us. In the US, he pretty much kept his fuckin' mouth shut about us.

Eminem, however, was runnin' his mouth everywhere. First, he said we had no talent in a Detroit News interview. Then he dissed us here and there and here again. We never heard anything from his mouth, personally.

Finally, Joey's brother, John, resurfaced from outta nowhere, and gave Joey a cassette of Eminem's soon-to-be-released full-length album. On one of the songs he says, "Fuck ICP, buy my CD," and basically disses us and Juggalo shit in general. Finally, it was on with him; we made no secret about it. It's going down when we catch up with his li'l bitchy ass.

When we started out, people may not have thought we had a ton of talent or smarts, but we had vision. From the beginning, we made that vision a reality. Sure, you give Eminem a producer like Dr. Dre and million dollar videos on MTV, and he can have his vision. We never had no Dre; we had to put ourselves on. Nobody ever once gave us a lift. We walked all the way to get where we are.

You have to understand, when Eminem was rappin' to his friends at a party, we were selling out those clubs in Detroit. We had vision, not just skills, or cred, or all that other bullshit that other people have to give you props for. We gave ourselves props, and did it our way.

That's why Eminem and Kid Rock hate us so much, because we did something they couldn't do: be successful on our own terms. We didn't get where we were because the industry liked us, or some asshole record company executive got on our dicks, and made us a marketing meeting priority, or some bullshit.

You think Kid Rock likes knowing a couple of kids in clown makeup sold more records on their own in Detroit than he ever could on his own? You think that Eminem likes knowing he entered tons of rap battles, but nobody in Detroit (and I'm talking real people, not just "cool" people who worked at record stores or were DJs in the industry, I mean real fucking fans) ever gave a fuck about him until Dr. Dre put him on, and MTV got so on his dick? Hell fuck no.

That's why these guys hate us, and fuck knows they do. Shit, in 1999, Kid Rock sold out the biggest arena in Detroit in, like, ten minutes. It was around the same time we were playing our Halloween show for our die-hard fans in the same little theater we'd been doing it at five years ago. What does Kid Rock put on his poster for his show?

"No Clowning Around."

Eminem makes the fastest-selling record in history, and what does he do? He puts a sketch dissing us on that mother fucker. He should be making more songs where he makes fun of Christina Aguilera and Carson Daly looking for a spot to fuck the night of the Grammys, because that's the world he's in now.

Eminem ain't no rapper, he's a pop star, as in he makes popular music like Justin Timberlake, or something. Which is cool, but it ain't us. If you ever see me on the cover of Teen People, go ahead and put a bullet in my head.

Just let me ask you this: could you go to see Eminem in concert while wearing an ICP T-shirt and be okay? Sure, why not? Now could you go to an ICP concert wearing an Eminem T-shirt and last five minutes? Fuck no.

When you're underground, you just keep going all out. Bottom line is we know we're not going to sell out a huge mega-arena in

ten minutes like Kid Rock, or be all over MTV like Eminem. Just know this, though: No matter how big you get with the help of all those record company millions, and those same idiots who buy every record they hear on the radio, and then throw you in the garbage can when the next radio song by a different group comes out, we did it our way, on our own, from day one. That's a skill you just can't battle, and something money just can't buy, Bitch BOY!

Once more, let us take a short break, and relish in the realm of theft. Our guide, Shag, will once again open our minds to the many overlooked positive possibilities of the wrong path....

THE SHAGGY 2 DOPE

VOLUME 3 - ONCE A THIEF, ALWAYS A NINJA

GUIDE TO CRIME

CD and Tapes

When CDs first started hitting, you could get like five or six dollars a CD, selling em used, with the packaging still on em, you know. Not like now you would be lucky to get like 50 cents or a dollar.
We'd always have the tactic. We would grow our thumbnails long. Then, if you go into any large-ass record store, you just take your thumbnail and fucking stick it in like the crease of a CD where you would open it. Just take the cellophane off, which the alarm was on, and then slip em up the sleeve of you coat.

You could fit like ten of those bitches in each sleeve, especially cassettes, back in the day. You wouldn't be able to get the cover, but you could stack like 80 cassettes in each fucking sleeve. You just act like you're reading it, then you slit it open. Take the other hand, slide it up there, and put the empty case behind another case. Then you just get paid.

We never really got caught. Even when we got caught, we didn't get caught, you know. Used record stores used to be real good for stealing tapes. Used tapes never had no fucking alarms on em, so you shove the whole shit in your shirt.

One time I was shoving the shit in there, and it was me and this fucking big gumpy kid, who just gave me a ride up there. When I walked past the detector the alarms went off.

I was like, "Oh shit!"

My boy stopped, but I kept going. As soon as I opened the door this guy was like fuckin' Bruce Jenner. He must have owned the store, because he was mad. He just jumped over the fucking counter, without even touching it, and started chasing me.

I was running down the street, pulling tapes out of my fuckin' sleeves, and throwing em at him, thinking that maybe he'd stop and pick em up, but he didn't. I cut down an alley, and the alley was a dead end. I took the biggest jump in my fuckin' life, and cleared the fence without touching it... except for my big toe.

I fuckin' took a face dive into the fuckin' dirt. I had grass all in my teeth. I climbed into a garage roof and hid for a half hour til the guy finally quit looking for me. Then I walked back to the fuckin' car.

The dollar joint thing ain't really got anything to do with stealing. This advice is just for young, aspiring drug dealers out there who like to push their dope and shit at school.

School is the best place to slang. Here's how I did it. What are those one things called where you push the eraser and it comes out longer? Retractable pencils? Whatever. Those are the best things to fuckin' smuggle joints into school with.

Nobody knows shit. You just sell the kid the whole pencil. I don't know what the going rate for a joint is, nowadays. When I used to sell em they were only dollar joints. So you'd just fuckin' put a joint in a pencil. You could pull the eraser part out, hollow it out, put a joint in, and put the eraser part back in. Then you just sell the pencils for a dollar, but of course there'd be a joint in there. A super surprise for a young basehead.

The Working Boy

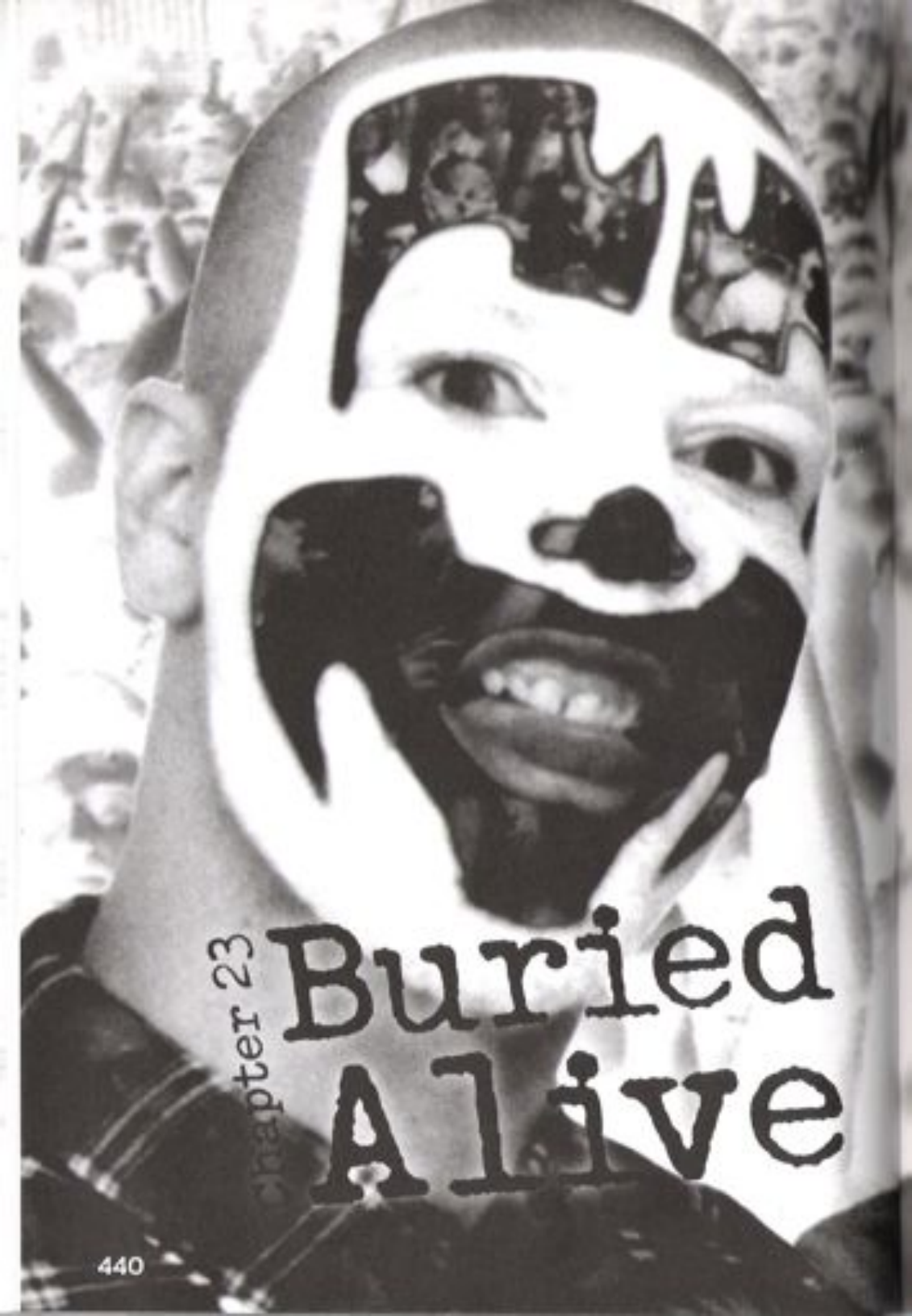
Meijer. When Joe and I first started touring, we found out that not every state has ten-cent returnable bottles. Well, I think I know why.

Man we fuckin' made a lot of money off the whole refund thing. Joe had a job at Meijer, working the bottle return register, and all day we robbed their ass. We would come into the store with a bag of about ten money back bottles. Now Meijer is just as big as Walmart in Michigan, so there would be hella bottles returned every day. Joe would punch us up $15 or $20 receipts all day. We would just act like we didn't even know him.

It was the bomb ass. Joe would even slip us extra receipts, and we'd drive across town to the other Meijer, and cash em on in. We did this so much that for about two months, we were clearing about $200 a day in invisible, non-existent bottles. The basic tactic is to get a homie on the inside; that's how 90% of today's big crimes are pulled off: inside job tactics.

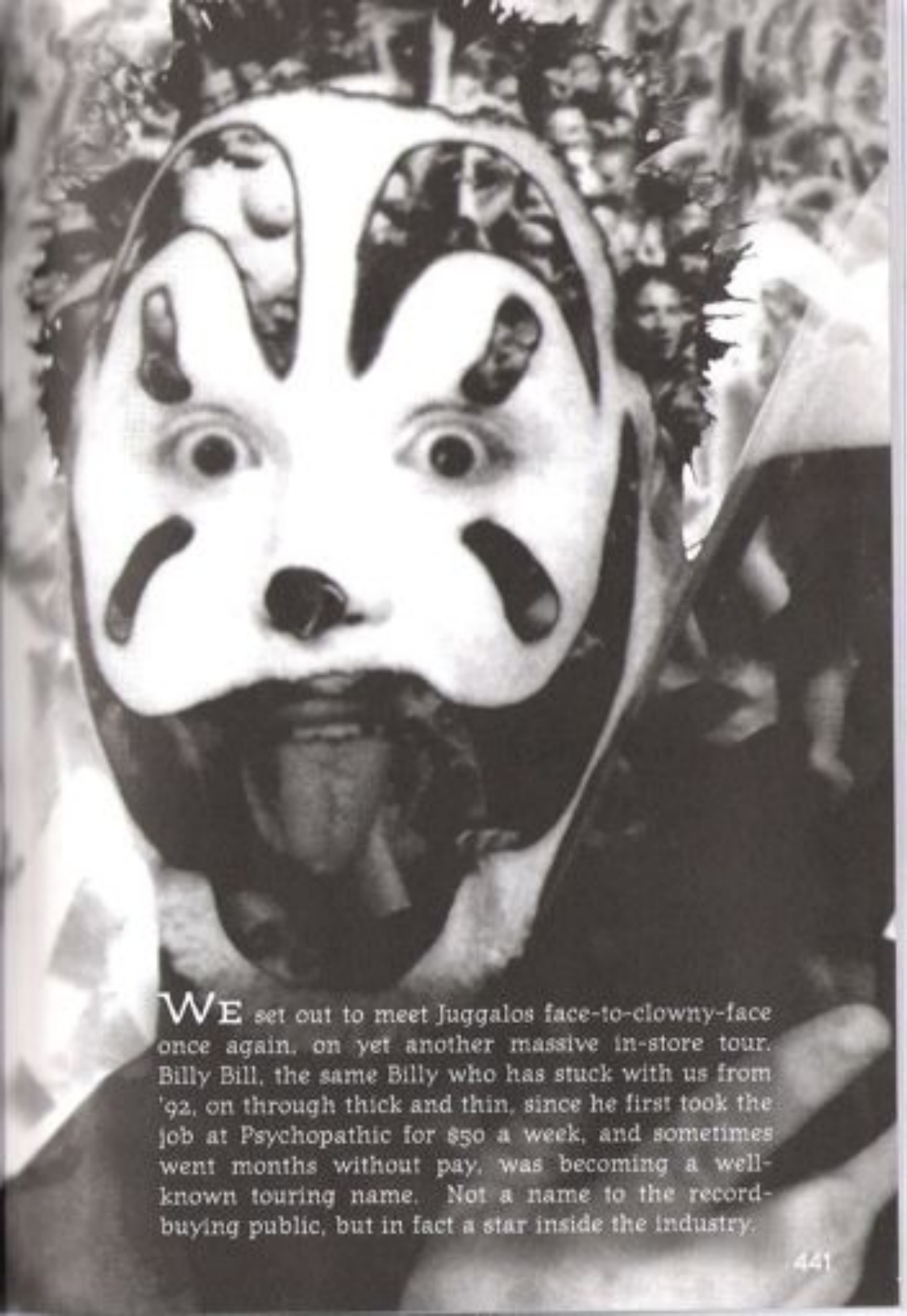
Joey sportin' his Indian heritage way back in the day.

An early piece by Joe Ski Love, later known as Shaggy 2 Dope



Chapter 23

Buried Alive



WE set out to meet Juggalos face-to-clowny-face once again, on yet another massive in-store tour. Billy Bill, the same Billy who has stuck with us from '92, on through thick and thin, since he first took the job at Psychopathic for $50 a week, and sometimes went months without pay, was becoming a well-known touring name. Not a name to the record-buying public, but in fact a star inside the industry.

Billy was fast becoming known as one of the top road managers in the business. Other bands and agencies were – and still are – steady trying to hire Billy to help them run their tours. Billy always stays with us, though. From club to stadium to arena, Billy is known for his organization, hard work, and dedication to the job. In other words, just like many of the people at Psychopathic, Billy Bill fuckin' schools his job.

The funny part is, nobody ever really showed him the ropes. He just picked it all up on his own, learning along the way. He straight-up mastered the art of touring all around: road management, stage management, stage lighting, sound, crew, buses, hotels, routing, unionized venues, and all that good shit. Billy knows his shit inside and out. When we first hired Billy, he was just like us: fresh off the streets, without a clue of how to do anything in this business at all. Look at him now.

If people say, "Man, ICP has come a long way," I hope they mean ICP as in the whole family, and not just Joey and I. Without the help of ninjas like Billy, Rob, and Alex, ICP would still be pluckin' hood emblems right now. Even though, it's mad out of style, we'd still be doing it, because we'd probably be crackheads, and wouldn't know any better. We're proud as fuck to have Billy running our tours.

Our good homie, and Psychopathic Records Don, Billy Bill, with Hatchet Warrior, Stefan, off to the right.

Even when we tour just to sign autographs, with Billy around, we always know the shit is going to be done the best way possible.

This time for our autograph tour, we had a professional company from LA design and make us a small haunted house that we called, The Asylum. It was a little, dark, ruthless, maze, actually constructed inside the record stores, just so Juggalos could go through it and have a little bit more fun before getting a stale-ass autograph.

The Juggalos, five at a time, would walk in, and on one side they'd see Ape Boy in a small cage, trying to get them. Then they would turn another corner, and there would be Twiztid locked up behind some thick glass. They could talk to them and shit, but they couldn't sign anything, because they were trapped behind the glass, Hannibal Lecter-style. Myzery was also supposed to be there, but we had a falling out with him and he was temporarily off Psychopathic Records. We kept Twiztid behind the glass for two reasons:

1) It helped give them a name and hype up our up-coming The Amazing Jeckel Brothers Tour.

Juggalos were all like, "Wow, man, I can't wait to see them guys behind that glass get on stage. I'll bet they're crazy as fuck." Remember, at this point, Twiztid as a group was still relatively unknown.

2) It looked cool as hell with both groups together in one crazy, dark, mini psycho ward.

When the Juggalos walked around the last corner of the Asylum, there would be Joey and I, sitting at a table under the big black lights, ready to sign their shit. It was awesome. We even had our entire crew dressed up in all-white mental ward uniforms.

Get this. As the 600 or so Juggalos waited outside for us to show up, we would pull up in a white mental ward van, with bars on the windows, and four doctor guards driving us. We'd all get out, chained together, chain gang-style. Juggalos fuckin' loved it!

So there we were, doing in-store after in-store. The best thing about the Asylum in-store booth is that we could fuck hoes right there on the floor in the middle of the record store, and nobody would even know what was happening in there. We pulled that off countless times. Especially me. Being a minute man made this easy as hell for me. Plus, I always had an excuse for why I was so quick.

This photo was snapped on the Asylum In-Store Tour. I'm sure Juggalos will notice that the ninja on the right is now known as Blaze Ya Dead Homie. At Psychopathic Records everybody has to pay their dues.

One day, all was well, when suddenly the line stopped and in came Alex. What career-threatening bullshit was he going to lay on us this time?

"We've been offered $100,000 to play Woodstock," he said.

A hundred grand? What? That's all I needed to hear. I was down. I'd fuckin' do the show naked with a dildo hangin' outta Shaggy's ass for that kind of loot.

"Where do we sign?!" I asked.

Some Juggalos might have looked at us playing Woodstock as a sell-out-ish move on our part. Hey, the way I look at it, Woodstock sold-out by asking us to play! They sold out the MAINSTREAM STYLE FOR US!!!!!!!!!

Woodstock never came to us and asked us to change one fuckin' thing about us or our show! They wanted ICP just as ICP is, and nothing else. If that ain't fresh, then I don't know what the fuck is! All we at ICP and Psychopathic records ever do is cry about how the fuckin' world fuckin' ignores us, and never gives us any props for all we've done.

Well, here you have the promoters of mother fuckin' Woodstock actually inviting us to play! Our crazy clown idea at Woodstock, now? Here they are, actually considering ICP; such a major force in today's music world inviting us to come and do our thang! What the fuck is wrong with that?

Most people don't know this, but many bands and the press alike dissed the fuck out of Woodstock and its promoters for asking Insane Clown Posse to play. That's no lie. They caught hell for inviting us. We heard that crybaby Moby was almost going to pull off the gig when he heard ICP was a part of it! He said it cheapened the whole event.

I fuckin' love the people behind Woodstock for asking us to play, and then standing behind us being there! We'll love them forever for that! They helped us make a dream come true by asking us along. I just know that there had to be a Juggalo somewhere behind all of that. So anyone out there dissin', you need to figure out what's better: crying about getting ignored all the time, or celebrating when props finally do come our way.

Now, for Woodstock, we wanted to make a statement. As far as we were concerned, this was our first show where we were actually being recognized as being a part of America's music culture. So we wanted to be as all-out as possible.

I made our entire crew, from the soundman to the security guards, down to the fucking stage hands with us, all dress exactly the same. They wore all white, old school FILA shoes, black jeans, black Psychopathic Records baseball jerseys, black fingerless gloves, and black Psychopathic hats. We all looked ruthless, and tight as fuck, our whole crew. Our three tour busses were decaled up, fully wrapped with flames, and our ICP name/logo and everything, as we rolled onto the scene.

I got to be honest, though, I never knew how big Woodstock really was. At the time, I just looked at it like another big-ass festival show of some sort. When we were still 500 miles away, we realized what a big deal Woodstock really was. We saw all these cars on the freeway that had *Woodstock bound* signs in their back windows.

We arrived that morning to see hundreds of thousands of people camped out amid the trash and everything. It was awesome.

We pulled our loud and proud painted-up tour buses right in that bitch, like, "We're here, mother fuckers."

You know how we roll: billboard style.

Just seeing the rows and rows of buses already there, we realized Woodstock was like the World Series of bands. Only the elite were invited. No bands played Woodstock that we hadn't heard of. Every band was there to represent what they did. Everybody had an hour to do their thing, to show of their goods in front of the human ocean.

We were there to represent what the fuck we did. We had brought our full stage, full costumes, and full props. Of course, we brought full-on Faygo.

We got painted up, and right away we started to check out the scene backstage. We hardly ever get to play with other bands. We don't hardly do radio-style festivals like EVERYBODY else. It was crazy seeing all the other groups just chillin'.

There was old George Clinton with Bootsy Collins, just chillin', the guys from Lit. The ninjas from Offspring walked by me, and the main guy kind of mean-mugged us; he's lucky I didn't show him how fly this white guy is by knockin' his chin off his face.

Then we seen my old homie, the one guy who used to be the DJ for Onyx. He was now DJ'n' for DMX, which was the shit. He was the only guy who was cool to us way back on that Onyx tour. It was surprising that he still remembered us, and he even told us he keeps an eye on us all the time, just to see what we are up to. That guy was cool as hell; I just wish I knew his fuckin' name.

Anyway, I was riding around on a motorized scooter near this thing called the press wall, and as soon as I came around the corner

– POP! POP! POP! POP! Strobe light-style cameras started going off, just massive media everywhere all behind a gate. I'm talking major press from all over the world! All, snapping, flashing, screaming at us! Whoa!

I stopped and did a few of my favorite Hulk Hogan poses, and Shaggy did a moonwalk or two, and his normal fuck-the-press stances. Believe it or not, we later went back to the press wall, because Island had some shit all set up for us to do.

Interview after interview, every reporter we talked to, we were like, "Fuck you; we're doing it for the money."

I just didn't care what they printed, because I knew that reporters are mostly assholes, and they'll twist and turn your words into whatever they are trying to get you to sound like, anyway.

Well, after we had our daily exercise of making ICP's name worse than it already was, I got back on my scooter. That's when I noticed Sheryl Crow standing with a bunch of people. She had some tight, black, leather pants on, and the sun was shining off them, making her butt all shiny, and black leathery, straight up tempting me.

She didn't have a very big butt, in fact her ass looked more like an old lady's whiskey ass. In that sunlight, though, and the fact that sand bag ass was connected to Sheryl Crow, made it all that. It was still tempting me. I stopped for a second, and thought about it.

"Now's my chance. All I gotta do is be brave for the next twenty seconds, and do something crazy, and I'll have a lifetime-long memory, not to mention a bomb-ass story."

So I backed my motorized scooter up, hit the little electric pedal, and rode right into Sheryl Crow's ass piece. That's right, not one but both my hands groped her fuckin' leather-coated, somewhat-hot, flabby whiskey-ass. Of course, she got super-pissed, and so did the ninjas she was with.

I played it off all too well. Having just done the movie, I was somewhat of an actor. I acted like I was falling off my out-of-control scooter, like I had to reach for something, anything to break my fall. That something or anything just happened to be her sweaty butt cheeks.

Now, you'd think her butt would have had some tone and definition from standing on stage and playing live and dancing around for hours everyday. No, it was actually rather flabby. Kind of like a fat kid's jelly stomach.

The super-hot Sheryl Crow actually had a flappy, loopy, Jell-O-type ass! My fingers actually sunk into the cheeks of her butt. Her ass was more like a pair of leather pants full of warm milk than an ass. I wanted to dry off my hands afterwards, only they weren't wet.

Now, not many people can say they goosed Sheryl Crow's ass, can they? I mean really think about it. Like I'd say, if I didn't know any better, less than 100 people on this earth have goosed Sheryl Crow's ass. Maybe a little more; maybe like 150 people. Okay, she was a back-up singer for Michael Jackson, so let's bump it up to about 200. Not that he did any of the ass grabbin', but his road crew might've.

Since she's been famous, though, I'd bet less than ten people have goosed Sheryl Crow's ass. I know she don't stage dive, so you can't count them grabs. At Woodstock, I goosed her fucking fat Jell-O-ass. *Me*, Joe Bruce. Chalk up another one for the scrubs, baby!

WHEN it came time to perform, we found out that Korn was going on halfway through our set on the other stage. Frankly, I thought nobody was gonna be there to see us, because of that, and plus we were actually playing on what I considered to be the scrub stage.

We got in the shuttle to take us the half-mile or so over to our stage. Pretty soon, we could hear the crowd chanting, "I-C-P! I-C-P!"

Thousands of thousands of people, as far as the eye could see.

"I-C-P! I-C-P!"

They weren't all Korn fans, I guess. There were thousands of Juggalos, and thousands of curious people, too. We gave them all the best we could.

I told my stage crew, "I'll give you guys $2,000 each if you run across the stage naked."

So Tom Dub and Psychopatrick both ran around butt hole ass naked, with clown masks on, waggling their dicks at the crowd, which was the shit. Then we had mad naked bitches up on stage – crazy naked bitches. I think we had more naked bitches at our show than any other band there. At least, I hope.

The stage was so huge, I was way winded from running across it. Kicking Faygos to reach the crowd was almost impossible, because the crowd was so far back off the stage. We were doing it,

though. To really get some heat, we kicked huge beach balls with hundreds of dollars taped to them into the crowd, and people were just going nuts.

I'd say, "Throw your hands in the air," and you could see the sound traveling through the crowd, as the arms raised from front to back like a huge wave. It was pretty fuckin' incredibly fresh.

However, a few things sucked. First of all, the Pay-Per-View crowd must've really hated our set, because they had a technical problem, and it made us sound terrible. The second thing I didn't like about the show was how far back the Juggalos were from the stage. It was hard to connect with the crowd, because they were so far back! Other than that, it was amazing.

That night I fucked this chick, Woodstock-style. Peace and love? I got a peace of ass, and I loved it. I'm out.

We knew Woodstock was a giant break for us, so we naturally wanted to share the hook-up with our brothers in paint. We had originally asked Twiztid to come out and do the second half of the show with us. That was our tactic back then, whatever breaks ICP get, Twiztid get too. After all, just like us, Twiztid of course wasn't getting any kind of radio play or video support, so we always had to have their backs any way we could. Woodstock included.

Much to our surprise, Jamie and Paul hated the idea. AMAZING! Passing on Woodstock? WHAT!!!!!!!!!? No matter how hard we tried to talk them into doing it, they just wouldn't. In fact, the whole Woodstock issue sparked a three-week long argument between us and them. Our arguments never lasted more than that with Twiztid. After all, they really are like family to Joey and I, and no show, no matter how big, could ever fuck that up for us.

FOR The Amazing Jeckel Brothers Tour, we recruited some of the dopest names we could get: Biohazard, Krayzie Bone, Twiztid, Mindless Self Indulgence, and for a minute, Coal Chamber, this band Sharon Osbourne, Ozzy's wife, managed.

Biohazard was the shit on that tour. It was crazy, but Juggalos loved them. Evan and the boys were one of the only bands out there who actually impressed the Juggalos with their hardest of hardcore music flavor.

MSI were some crazy-ass ninjas who I'm positive will be famous as hell one day. Their shit is super-tight, and I still bump it to this

day. The funniest thing about having them on the tour was always trying to fuck the chicks in the band. If I would have actually done it, I would tell, y'all, but I never could actually pull it off. They had boyfriends and shit, I guess.

As for Krayzie Bone, well, what can I say? Bone Thugs-n-Harmony is one of our all-time favorite rap groups on the planet. I love any rapper who creates an original style, and here you have a whole group that pulled it off!

Having Krayzie Bone open our tour was something I still can't believe actually happened. Even these days, I just heard that Bone Thugs just asked Twiztid to join them on a tour for early 2003. I'm so happy. I plan on showing up backstage every night just to hound dog Bone.

When Krazy was out with us on The Amazing Jeckel Brothers Tour, Joey and I fuckin' stood backstage, and sang along with every song he did, every night. One night, at an outdoor show in St. Louis, we got so excited that we just couldn't take it anymore. We grabbed the spare mikes and ran out on stage and joined him for BTH's rendition of NWA's, "Fuck Tha Police."

That was one of my favorite moments ever on stage. Just sharing the stage with Krayzie and doing an NWA cover was something I will never forget. (I wonder if anybody is actually reading this right now.)

THE only band that didn't belong on The Amazing Jeckel Brothers Tour was Coal Chamber. There were three reasons why I knew them dudes wouldn't last long on our tour.

1) They wore fishnet thong bikini underwear under their leather miniskirts, both on and off stage. We hated that. They wore their shit so tight, you could just about see their dicks protruding through the holes in the fishnets. Not that I noticed that or anything. If that's what you guys like to wear, then... uhhhhhh... shoot.

2) The one hot chick wasn't there because she was off having a baby, and they replaced her with some seven-foot-tall, man/woman/beast thing. It was a bitch, too. It never even once said "Hi" or anything to us. Even when I walked up to say "Hi," and welcome them to the tour, it just sat there and raised its foot for me to shake hands with.

3) One thing was missing on their end: the fans.

Coal Chamber wasn't worth any of the bullshit trouble they were. Every night, there'd only be two kids in the audience wearing that whole fishnet g-string look of theirs. You always knew the one or two Coal Chamber fans in the crowd, because they were always the ones with the nipples cut out of their shirts.

Nobody was coming to see them at our shows. We were paying them seven grand a night to be there! We had hoped that they would be able to sell some fuckin' tickets. They didn't even sell any merchandise! They only sold three butt-plugs and two nipple clamps a night, and that's about it. Maybe a cock ring, too, but that was only on a good night.

Rob and I made a business decision. After the third show, we asked them to come down on their pay, but they refused. So we kicked them off the tour.

A grand total of zero tickets were returned over the rest of the entire tour. Now, I'm sure they can sell tickets. Just not on our shows. I'll bet they have thousands of their own fans. It's just that Coal Chamber's Fudgalos are afraid of the Juggalos, I guess.

Now, it's a music industry no-no to throw one of Sharon Osbourne's bands off your tour. At least that's what other people in the music industry warned us. We weren't in the music industry; we're in the Juggalo industry. We didn't give a fuck about the dos and don'ts of the music industry.

We told Coal fuckin' Chamber to fuck right the fuck off and go fuck themselves while they're fuckin' at it, and we didn't fuckin' think nothin' fuckin' of it. Mutha fucka. Besides, who is this Sharon Osbourne? What could she do to us? So what if she is a giant in the music business?! What bridges are we burning by pissing her off? First of all, we would have to be using some bridges to begin with, right? Well from day one, ICP's has only built and used our own bridges.

Change the subject for a second...

Howard Stern! We've been on Howard Stern like eleven times, because I guess he thinks the shit that happens to us is pretty funny. Howard Stern is cool as fuck. I love that ninja. I can tell Robin hates us, though. That sucks. She always says that she saw me at

a Virgin Records store in New York, and said "Hi" to me, but I just walked away from her, because I was fronting like it wasn't me.

That ain't true at all. The truth is, if I saw Robin anywhere, I'd be all over her nuts. I love Robin, and I think she's cool as fuck. As for her seeing me at a record store and me playing her to the curb, I don't know what the hell she's talking about.

I wish I had time to watch the show more often so I knew who all them other ninjas are. I know there is Howard, Robin, Gary, and that's about all I know. The rest of them ninjas, I'm clueless about. Even when we do the show live on the air, I always hear them other guys laughing and saying shit here and there, from different mikes, but I have no idea where they are or even who they are.

It's fun as fuck for Joey and I to do the Howard Stern Show. Here, I'll explain how the event goes every time. This is how it usually goes when we do the show. First of all, we always gotta wake up before the fuckin' owls have even called it a night. BELIEVE ME, for our whole lives waking up early has been one of the hardest things possible for us to do.

Then we gotta get painted up, and head right down to the station. As the limo turns, left, right, left, and right again, speeding up and stopping through the busy Manhattan streets, we always come close to throwing up. It's hard for us to even drive in a car, because of that stale morning sickness we always get from waking up too fuckin' early.

We slowly climb out of the limo, stretch out, and walk into the building. We meet up with a security guard who calls up ahead to clear us, and then we take the elevator all the way up. As soon as we step off the elevator, that ninja with the camera comes right up on you. He leads you to the green room.

The hardest part about that is trying to be funny and shit at seven in the fuckin' morning, or whatever. That camera kid has no mercy, either. He slaps that lens all up in your fuckin' grill while your yawning or whatever. Them ninjas there must wake up at 3:00 AM or something, because by the time we get there, they are fuckin' wide awake. Then, once he has enough stale footage of you, yawning and laying around the green room half asleep, he finally leaves.

After a half-hour or so, in comes that Gary guy. He's cool; he always welcomes us to the show and leads us right in. BOOM – the second we walk in the studio, we're already on the air. Which is

okay because we really don't change up our personalities that much on or off the air. Neither does Howard. Even at commercial breaks, he is the same guy. I just wish it wasn't always so fuckin' early when we do the show.

The first couple times we did Howard Stern, we would have a representative from Island records there with us, but after about the fourth time doing it, Island finally quit sending them down there with us. All we did was diss the fuck out of Island while we were on the air, every time.

We have always hated whatever label we are on. When you really look at it, I think the reason for that is a simple one. All record labels fuckin' suck dick, ass, somehow.

I remember one of the earlier times we did the show, an Island rep was down there at the Howard Stern Show with us. We were all waiting in the green room, and I asked him if anybody at Island Records actually listens to ICP.

He said, "Fuck no, but so what? I mean, you guys sell records, and that's all that matters to them."

I could try to sound tough in this book, but I have to be honest, that shit really sucked when that asshole said that. I knew at least he was telling the truth. Fuck record companies. All of them. It's too bad we need them to reach y'all.

Everybody always asks us what Howard Stern is like away from his show, and I always have the same answer: I wish I knew. We always invite him to our New York area shows, but he never shows up. Probably because he's got to be in bed by 6:00 PM in order to wake up fresh and rested at fuckin' 3:00 AM.

Who knows? The truth is, I don't think Howard Stern really takes ICP that seriously as a music group. He has bands that he personally likes to listen to, like Marilyn Manson, and others that he's told me he likes. Unfortunately, just like pretty much the rest of America, he just looks at us as a novelty joke band. Hey, that's okay; he's still cool as fuck for having us on the show three times a year, anyway.

Well, back to the earlier subject. On one sweaty August morning, Howard decided he'd get us and Coal Chamber to square off live on his show. He always likes to have Joey and I battle somebody on his show. Just like when we battled with that one guy

called the Angry Black Guy (which was a set-up in case you saw the show, because once we were off the air, we bolted downstairs to find him and beat his ass, only to find a security guy who explained to us that the Angry Black Guy is a regular, and he works for the show).

Howard loves to get us worked up on the air. He tried to get us to battle Slipknot once, too. That didn't work because they (at the time) were actually fans of ours.

Well, this time he had these two pansy guys from Coal Chamber with the blush and eyeliner and the fishnet G-strings come on the show, and ask us why we threw them off our tour. FACE-TO-FACE STYLE.

I told them right to their faces, "Well, we told everybody it was just about equipment problems, but if you want us to tell the truth on national radio, we will! Your lame-ass band straight up didn't sell any tickets! Nobody will tell you that, because everybody's afraid of your crumpet-ass bitch manager, so they never throw you off their tours. We don't give a fuck about you or that bitch-ass manager of yours. Y'all got thrown off the tour because y'all ain't worth no fuckin' tickets, BYATCH!"

They felt stupid as fuck. They climbed into each other's panties and left. After we left the show that day and went back to bed at our hotel, Coal Chamber's bitch-ass, big-shot manager, Sharon Osbourne, who now is super famous thanks to *The Osbournes* TV show, called up. She wanted to see if we'd say all that mean shit about her face-to-face! Within hours, the folks at Howard Stern called us up, and booked us again for the next day to have a verbal war with Sharon Osbourne face-to-fuckin'-crumpet-face.

"You're washed up; you're through," she kept saying with her little tea-and-crumpet lady voice. "Your career is in the toilet."

She made fun of the fact that *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers* had sold only 400,000 copies. For us, fuck, that's amazing.

We were like, "Yeah, bitch? That was with no radio or video play; that was all on our own, bitch. We're not hot this summer then gone the next; we'll stay on that chart. We'll still be selling when Coal Chamber is out on the street selling their nipple rings."

(By the way, now that they're broken up, that's probably exactly what they're doing, while *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers* has now reached a million sales.)

"Well, your tour is only filling about half the seats in the venues you're playing."

She kept shooting back at us whatever she could. Damn right. The Amazing Jeckel Brothers Tour showed us we weren't an arena band. She got that right. We were still drawing three and four thousand Juggalos a night, but it was in these huge 10,000-person arenas. Even so, we're fuckin' happy as hell with them 4,000 ninjas a night!

Then Sharon told us she was suing us for kicking Coal Chamber off the tour. We had an out-of-court tactic lined up.

"Tell you what, Sharon, you come over here and buff my pickle, and we can forget about this right now."

That didn't go over so good. She got so pissed she threw her glasses at me.

"You're a retard with a two-inch dick!" she yelled.

People's wigs were blown back that we were telling Sharon Osbourne to fuck off.

"Oh, you don't want to cross her...."

What the fuck was she going to do to us? Not get our video played? It already wasn't getting played.

She was such a hated, ruthless bitch in the industry. Everywhere we went after that, bands told us how great it was that somebody finally told the old bitch to fuck herself. It was funny and all on that show, but I swear that if she would have gotten any closer, I would have laid that bitch smooth out.

Now, before we went on the air that day, ol' Sharon left us with a wager.

"I will bet you $50,000 that your next record doesn't even sell 200,000 copies," she said.

"You're on, bitch!"

Chapter 24
Fame's Hall of Shame

WHEN we finished The Amazing Jeckel Brothers Tour that Halloween, I came home off the road to discover some Juggahoes had broken into my house. How do I know it was a Juggahoe? Because none of my shit like the DVD players or anything like that were missing. Just my gold and platinum records from *The Great Milenko*, ripped off the wall. All my fuckin' ICP shit. Gone. My family photo albums, GONE. Only the shit that matters to me was now gone.

I was devastated. More than that, I was pissed off, and ready to murder somebody's neck. If you ask me if I could ever kill a man, let me tell you this. If I caught somebody breaking into my house, not only could I kill him, but I could also take his ID, drive the guy's car home, and kill his family, too.

I was used to being hound-dogged, having people go through my garbage or be in the bushes when I got home. Ninjas are always sneaking around in my backyard, scaring my mom when she's over there watching my house and shit.

"Ninjas in my backyard wearing Anybody Killa paint."

That song lyric from "Into Thy Light" off the 6th ain't no lie. I was starting to get used to all of that crazy shit. It was almost kind of a sick game. I'd find some Juggahoes at my house, and tell them to leave and never come back; you know, respect me and my privacy. Then they'd go tell their friends, and they would return with even more ninjas. Then I would beat their ass, every time.

A Juggalo is a Juggalo, and a hound dog is a hound dog. I can live with beating a hound dog's ass no matter how much he likes our music. That don't mean break into my garage for souvenirs. Even my boy, Billy Bill, moved in with me just to help me fight off all the butt-sniffers that started coming around.

After my house got broken into, and all my good shit was jacked, I had no choice but to sell the house. It broke my heart, and I don't really want to think about it too much. It was just a house, yeah, but to come from the world I did, and then to actually BUY your own house one day is an unreal feeling. I wanted that house forever. I was proud of that more than anything. So fuckin' what.

Joey and I always say we share the fame of superstars, even if our bank accounts and record sales don't exactly show it like that. I feel rich as hell, only because I was raised so poor.

If you really look at us, we ain't that rich. Neither one of us has a mansion or a fuckin' Rolls Royce, and we couldn't afford them if we wanted to. We're every bit of what they call *hood rich*. We don't collect rare cars or shit like that. We have just enough to be THE SHIT in the hood.

Compared to how we were raised, we're livin' ghetto fabulous. We got more than the other people around us, but that's just because we don't know anybody with anything. We don't have millions of fans, but the few we have are so fucking devoted, and so

insanely down, that we might as well have millions. They seem to be everywhere.

Being even a li'l famous, like us seems so easy for Twiztid, Joey, ABK, Blaze, and all of them to work with, but it's not for me. They don't even notice when they're being followed at Best Buy, or wherever. It always seems like we'll have a whole parade of ninjas following us before they'll even notice it. Are the people following us all Juggalos? THAT'S JUST IT... FUCK NO.

FAMOUS is all most people on this planet have to hear. Most of the people who hound don't even know who they're hounding, but just heard that we are famous, so they jump right in and hound off. One thing I do know is that if you're famous, YOU'RE ON YOUR FUCKIN' OWN. IT'S YOU on one side and THEM, the public, the people, the masses AKA EVERYBODY, on the other side. It's cut and dry, you vs. everybody.

Yes, everyday people who ain't your fans at all, and have NOTHING AT ALL to do with you, and don't even know your name, are gonna have EXPECTATIONS of you, because you're famous. Autographs, pictures, talk, talk, talk, and IF YOU DON'T give them what they want, that person will spend the rest of their life dissing you and your band every single time you come up. That moment will become their story, and they'll tell it to anybody interested from then on.

Believe me, five years later, they'll see an ICP sticker somewhere on the back of a car at a red light, and say to their friend, "I met one of those guys one day, and he told me to fuck off. What an asshole, huh? I mean I only wanted a picture with him, and for him to sign my chest."

Then the friend says, "Wow, really that sucks. Was this at a show or something?"

They're like, "No, we were in a bathroom at a restaurant."

You can't tell everybody anything. If everybody sees it one way, then that's that. Everybody keeps coming, day after day, state after state. Everybody acts a certain way around famous people, and EVERYBODY is cool with that. There are no books written for famous people about how to deal with being fuckin' famous, because there ain't enough famous people to bother. A shrink ain't gonna tell you, because how the fuck is he gonna know what it's like? Maybe a famous shrink could help.

Well, being famous creates many obstacles for me. Nobody, and I mean NOBODY wants to hear about those crybaby obstacles. SO YOU GOTTA LIVE WITH 'EM AND SHUT UP. Only other stars have these problems, and they ain't even real people. Any really famous star who dares go on TV and question the stupid way the public acts every time him and his wife are out having dinner, is fucked.

You can't question the ways of EVERYBODY when that's who you're talking about. I don't know why, but I just can't grasp it all. I never will be able to. It overwhelms the hell out of me. It's not that I don't like it, or that I do like it; it's just really hard for me to keep my emotional balance. Having some people treat me that way just doesn't always work to well with my bi-polar mental state.

JOEY and I both spent not one or two summers, but maybe five full years of our young lives, going downtown to Joe Louis and Cobo arenas in Detroit, getting autographs from wrestlers. We already told y'all about that.

Think about this. We spent five years meeting people we thought were the biggest stars in the world. To us they were. To us, back then, wrestlers made the world go around. When WWF (WWE, whatever the fuck) came to town, I thought the whole city knew it like we did. I thought every person in every car, every cab, everybody everywhere in traffic on the freeway at five o'clock, were ALL hip to wrestling being in town. I thought everybody was talking about it like we were.

When I'd meet these wrestling stars, I would say certain things, and I'd think at home for hours about what I wanted to say, and how I wanted to act around these stars. I never wanted to offend them. I knew I only had a second, and I tried my hardest to say the right things to them to make them be cool with me. That was when I was only around ten, eleven, or twelve years old.

It's hard to believe, but I've been that celebrity to some ninjas, and I've also been the fan. So when fans act the wrong way, I know it.

I think, "No, fuck you, because I was a fan, too. For YEARS I was a fan, and I never would've thought to say or do that shit, unless I was a dick."

Fans will be fans. Luckily for us, we ain't hardly famous. Sure we got some fans. Juggalos ain't fans. Juggalos are like special club

members. It never sucks meeting a treal-ass Juggalo. It's usually just a, "'Sup ninja? Where the weed at?" type of thing. That's us, and that's who we are, anyway, so that's easy to deal with on the street. It don't even seem like music is all we have in common.

We try to give Juggalos so much more than the average fan gets from the band they love, you know. Like if you follow J LO, the things fuckin' J LO supplies for her fans, we try to supply fifty times that for Juggalos. We always release something new and fresh to collect; there's always something there.

We always do in-stores, stupid small independent wrestling shows, hotline surprises, get-togethers, and more. We always do everything we can to keep the Juggalos happy and busy. We lose hundreds of thousands a year on shit like JCW wrestling tours and massive stage sets, and lighting for ours and Twiztid's tours. I'm not complaining about any of this, I'm only trying to make the point that we love Juggalos just as much as they love us.

When a hound dog comes knocking on my door at my house, they're going way past the limits of what we are sharing with them. The only thing they get is my foot up their ass at that point. When a ninja comes to my front door, I don't see him as Juggalo. I don't care if he's got a tattoo of my face on his back; when he comes to my house, it's like they're going way out of bounds. Then after I try to reason with them, and explain that, if they are still hanging around, I have no choice but to pummel their face until it caves in. It's a bitch burying all those fuckin' bodies in my backyard all the time.

Like it or not, but this is the fact: When you give a lot, people start to expect a lot. When you fail to meet their expectations they QUICKLY switch and HATE YOU as much as they once loved you. THAT IS NO LIE! That statement right there is soooooooooo fuckin' treal it's sick.

I could easily fill the rest of this book and about twelve other phonebook-sized novels with tales and situations that prove my statement above. I've seen it all over and over too many times to even attempt to tell you about. Just so we're on the same page, allow me to give you some small examples.

As I remember one of my very first situations like this. It was in 1995, and I was working up at the first office we had. The phones were going off like crazy.

Finally, I answered the phone, and this kid was like, "Hey, this is Violent J; I recognize your voice. This is Violent J, isn't it?"

I'm like, "No, it's not."

He's like, "Yeah it is; this is Violent J."

I was like, "All right it is; this is Violent J. What's up?"

He was like, "Man, check this out, I got this ultra-rare orange *Riddle Box* cassette."

Man, I collect all our shit; well, before it got stolen.

Anyway, I'm like, "I never seen no orange *Riddle Box* cassette."

I thought he was bullshitting.

"No man, I bought the fucking album, and it came on an orange cassette."

I was sure this kid was full of that buuuuull shit.

"All right, send me that orange cassette, and if you're telling the truth, I'll fucking send you the biggest box of merchandise out of our warehouse you've ever seen in your life."

I was sure this kid was lying, right? Three days later, it comes in the mail: an orange *Riddle Box* cassette. So we called Jive Records, who was putting out the *Riddle Box* album at the time.

We asked, "What's up with these orange cassettes?"

They said, "Oh yeah, we just pressed up 20,000 of them on orange cassettes because we had so many orange cassettes left over from some other project."

Then we called around to some stores, and sure enough, the orange cassettes were everywhere at that point.

I said, "I gotta come through on my word for this kid."

So we put together the biggest box of merch you've ever seen in your fucking life. Jerseys, jackets, every-fucking-thing. It had to be a box that was worth over $5,000, easily.

About two weeks later, everybody at the office was like, "Some kid, Matt, keeps fuckin' calling for you non-stop every day! He's saying he's gotta talk to you."

So I finally call him back, and he's like, "Yeah, I'm the kid with the orange *Riddle Box* cassette. Remember me?"

"Yeah, ninja. Did you get the box I sent you?"

"Yeah, well that's what I gotta talk to you about. When you told me I was gonna get that box of shit, I told everybody in my neighborhood, man. Sure enough, UPS delivered it to my house, but nobody was home, so they put it in the garage, and some kids in the neighborhood opened my garage and ripped me off, man. They fuckin' stole it. Man, that sucks so bad, can you please send me another one?"

So me and my brother talked about it.

I'm like, "Rob, what if he really did get it ripped off? How bad would that suck for him?"

My brother's like, "That would suck, but no, he's lying, dog. I guarantee you he's lying."

I'm like, "But, Rob, what if, you know, he really did get ripped off? How bad would that suck?!"

He's like, "All right, I guess you're right."

So I put together another big-ass box, this one with about $3,000 more worth of shit, and I sent it out to him again. At this point, everybody at the office knows what's going on, right? So the kid sends a letter, and they give it to me – now they're giving me the letters that he sends, and shit.

He's like, "Aw, thanks man. I got the box; my grandma was home and she got it. Aw, it's so fresh; you're the shit. Man, J, I'll fuckin' love you forever, man. By the way, can you answer these three questions for me: What is the Butterfly? What is this? What is that?"

I never wrote him back, you know? I'm just too busy, straight-up.

So then he writes me another letter, "Hey, man, you never wrote me back, man. What's up with that? Man, here answer me these questions, blah blah blah."

Well once again, I never wrote him back. The truth is, I just didn't have any time or desire to have a fuckin' pen pal right then. Besides we get hundreds, sometimes thousands of letters every week. There's just no time to answer them.

The third letter the kid sends me, he's like, "Fuck you. I knew you were just like everybody else. Kid Rock rules. You're just a bitch. I knew you would never write me back; you ain't down for your fans. Fuck you."

Please believe me, y'all. We go through this time and time again. It's like if you hand somebody a dollar every day, out of

nothing, for nothing at all, the one day you don't give 'em a dollar, they're so used to getting that dollar that they're like, "Fuck you, where's my dollar? You're a bitch."

They'll say that even though you never even had to give them shit in the first place. Trying to be nice can burn you in the long – or even short – run.

ANOTHER time, Joey and I decided to wrestle on a small, independent wrestling show in Michigan, just for the fuck of it. Some friends of ours were putting on the show, and so we asked if we could wrestle on it under fake names.

It had nothin' to do with ICP, and we weren't going to be wearing any face paint, so we didn't want any Juggalos to know we were going to be on the show (only because we hate being seen with no face paint). It was just something we wanted to do because we love wrestling, and we had that day off.

Well about a week earlier, we were doing an ICP in-store at this record store in Garden City, Michigan.

This ninja came up to me. He had a flyer for the wrestling show, and he asked, "Hey, you're going to be on this show, aren't you? Shaggy is too, ain't he? You guys are gonna be wrestling on this show, ain't you?"

I was stunned. I asked, "What makes you think we're going to be fuckin' wrestling on that show?"

He said, "My homie's brother is a wrestler, and he's on the show. He overheard him talking to the guys running the show. They made him swear to keep it a secret. Don't worry dude, I haven't told anyone, and I ain't going to tell anybody about it."

I pulled the kid aside, and explained myself perfectly clear.

I said, "Hey, if you give me your word as a man that you won't tell a fuckin' soul, I'll hook you up right now with $1,000 worth of fresh ICP shit. All you have to do is keep this a secret.

Now listen, kid, if you don't keep it a secret, I won't be able to do anything about it, but you and I will both know that YOU ARE A FUCKIN' BITCH OF A MAN. Now, this is the bottom line, if you keep this a secret, you deserve all this shit I'm giving you, and you're a true Juggalo. If you take all this free shit, and still sell me out, and tell everybody about us being on that show, then you and I both

know that your word ain't worth jack shit, and you are a BITCH OF A MAN. Got it?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah!" he said. "I fuckin' promise! I won't say shit!"

Then I told him, "Well, if you do, I'll never see you again, either way. As long as you know what you really are, it's all good."

"I ain't no bitch, J. Thanks for all this fresh free shit, and don't worry, my word is good, Juggalo. Peace."

Now do I really need to tell you the end of this story? What do you think happened? Sure enough, when we went to wrestle that day, Joey and I walked in the door: it's all Juggalos.

We turned around and walked right back out.

On our way back to the car, I asked this one Juggalo, "How'd you guys find out about us being on this show?"

The kid was like, "This kid, Jeremy, told us, man. He said you and Shaggy gave him a big bag of shit and everything. He said you gave him a bag of shit and everything free, 'cause he knew who you guys were."

I wasn't surprised at all, just saddened. I was really let down, I can't front.

I asked the ninja, "Did this kid, Jeremy, tell you anything else like... maybe... he's a bitch?"

Most Juggalos understand what the Dark Carnival is all about, and are truly down, but some JuggaHOES will never be. They are selfishly along for the ride for their own reasons. They are bitches in disguise.

LET me just give one more tiny example. We have the ICP hotline. We've had it for years. It's usually just a voice mail message set-up. We try to update it every day, but we suck at that. Every now and then, I'll go on it and host it for a week or two. Usually Rudy hosts it full-time, but I like to jump in every so often and have fun hosting it myself.

One time in '98, I was hosting the hotline, and I came up with a fresh idea for any Michigan-area Juggalos who just might happen to be calling that day, and want to have some fun.

I said, "If you want meet ICP and Twiztid TONIGHT, hurry up and go to the Blue Room Bar on Jefferson Ave. in Southwest Detroit."

I explained that there will be three envelopes taped to the back of the building. Each envelope will contain further instructions. When you and your crew get there, JUST TAKE ONE ENVELOPE!!!! That way, the two other crews behind you will each be able to grab one, as well. If you get there and all three envelopes are gone, then we're sorry, but you were just too late.

Now, when the first, second, and third crews arrived at the Blue Room Bar and find their envelopes, they would open them, and each would contain a note that read:

"You're one of the lucky three crews! Now drive all the way across town to the northern suburbs, and go to the Denny's on 12 Mile Rd. and Woodward Ave. Once you get there, look under the sink in the men's bathroom, and taped up there will be your next envelope. Juggalos, please remember to show love, and JUST TAKE ONE ENVELOPE. Leave the rest for the two crews that are on the same mission behind you."

Once they retrieved the second envelope, they would open it up only to find further instructions. It read:

"YOU'RE GETTING CLOSE! Now go to the East Side of Detroit, and look on the brown telephone poll right in the alleyway behind the Spectrum Laundromat for your next envelope."

Naturally, the lucky ninjas followed the instructions and headed to the East Side. As soon as they got their envelope from behind the Laundromat, they opened it to find this message:

"NINJAS, YOU DID IT! HERE IS THE SECRET INFO: MEET ICP AND TWIZTID BEHIND ST. ANDREW'S HALL IN DOWNTOWN DETROIT AT MIDNIGHT, TONIGHT, AND THEY WILL PERSONALLY GIVE YOU A FAT-ASS PRIZE."

It was a cool idea and all, but it took us all the fuckin' night before to set the whole thing up. So what? Think about how cool that shit must be for the Juggalos. It was an awesome plan.

When we showed up that night, we expected to see three separate crews waiting for us behind St. Andrew's Hall. However, when we got there, there were only four ninjas standing back there. I got out of the car, and asked where the other two crews were at.

One of the four ninjas made no beefs about telling me that he and his crew were the first ones there behind the Blue Room Bar, and they, for some stale reason, snatched ALL THREE ENVELOPES themselves. Those fuckin' bastards.

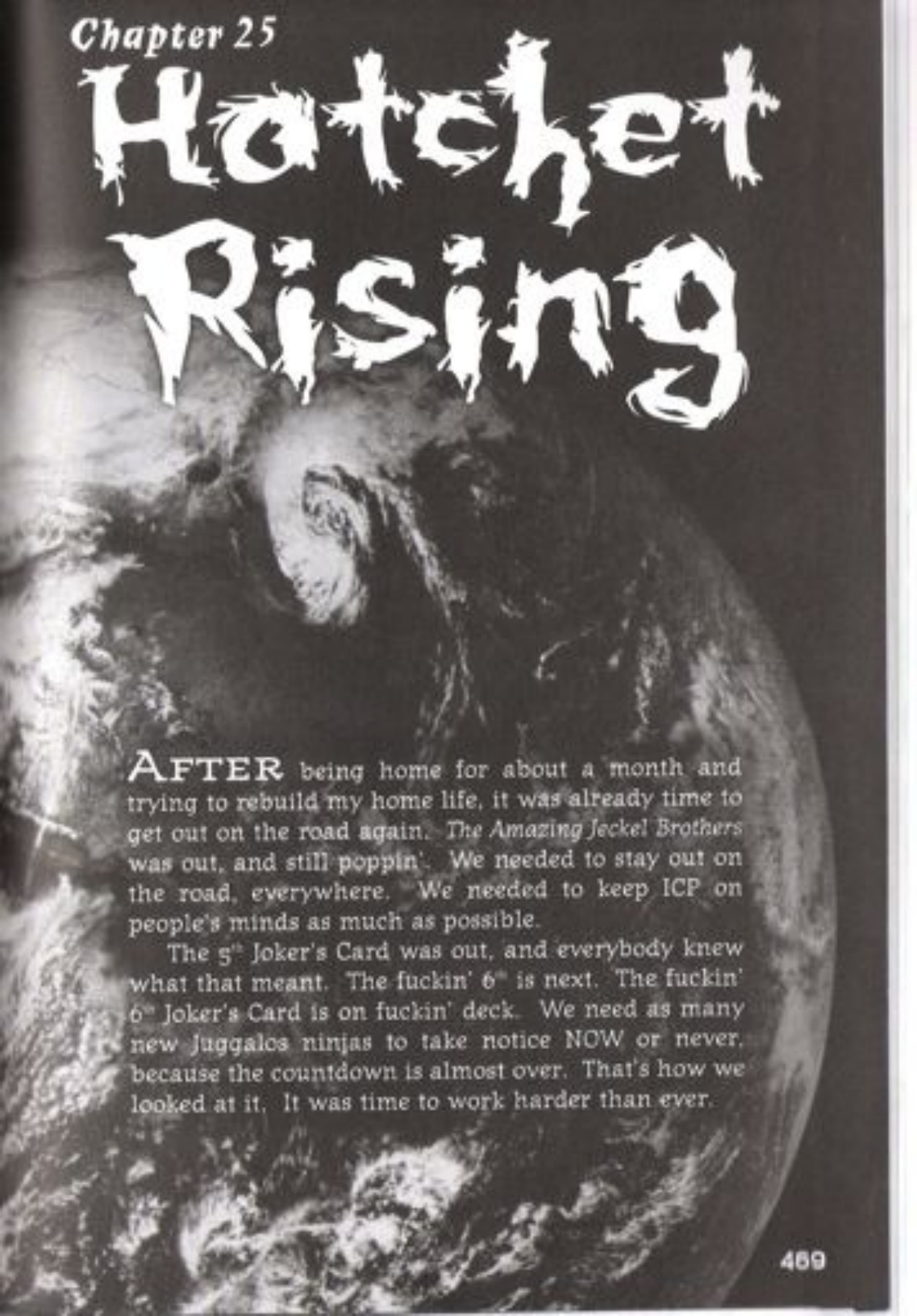
I guess the whole fresh game we set up for them, just for the fuck of it, wasn't enough flavor for them. They just wanted more! Bitches always want more, no matter what you're doing for them.

We cursed them out and left without giving them a fuckin' thang. Fuck them greedy bastards. We should have beat them down for doing that to them other two crews, that probably raced as fast as they did, only to find no more envelopes.

Just goes to show you, even when you give a little, and it's all in the good, some hoes still try to take it all. Bullshit, I tell ya. Bull shit.

Chapter 25

Hatchet Rising



AFTER being home for about a month and trying to rebuild my home life, it was already time to get out on the road again. *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers* was out, and still poppin'. We needed to stay out on the road, everywhere. We needed to keep ICP on people's minds as much as possible.

The 5th Joker's Card was out, and everybody knew what that meant. The fuckin' 6th is next. The fuckin' 6th Joker's Card is on fuckin' deck. We need as many new Juggalos ninjas to take notice NOW or never, because the countdown is almost over. That's how we looked at it. It was time to work harder than ever.

The 6th was next, but it truthfully, still seemed light-years away. Even after the 5th came out, and we were out doing it live, it still seemed like the 6th was years away from actually happening. We still kept the hustle up. *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers* was out, and this was still its turn to ride. We still had too much ammo left for the 5th to be heard.

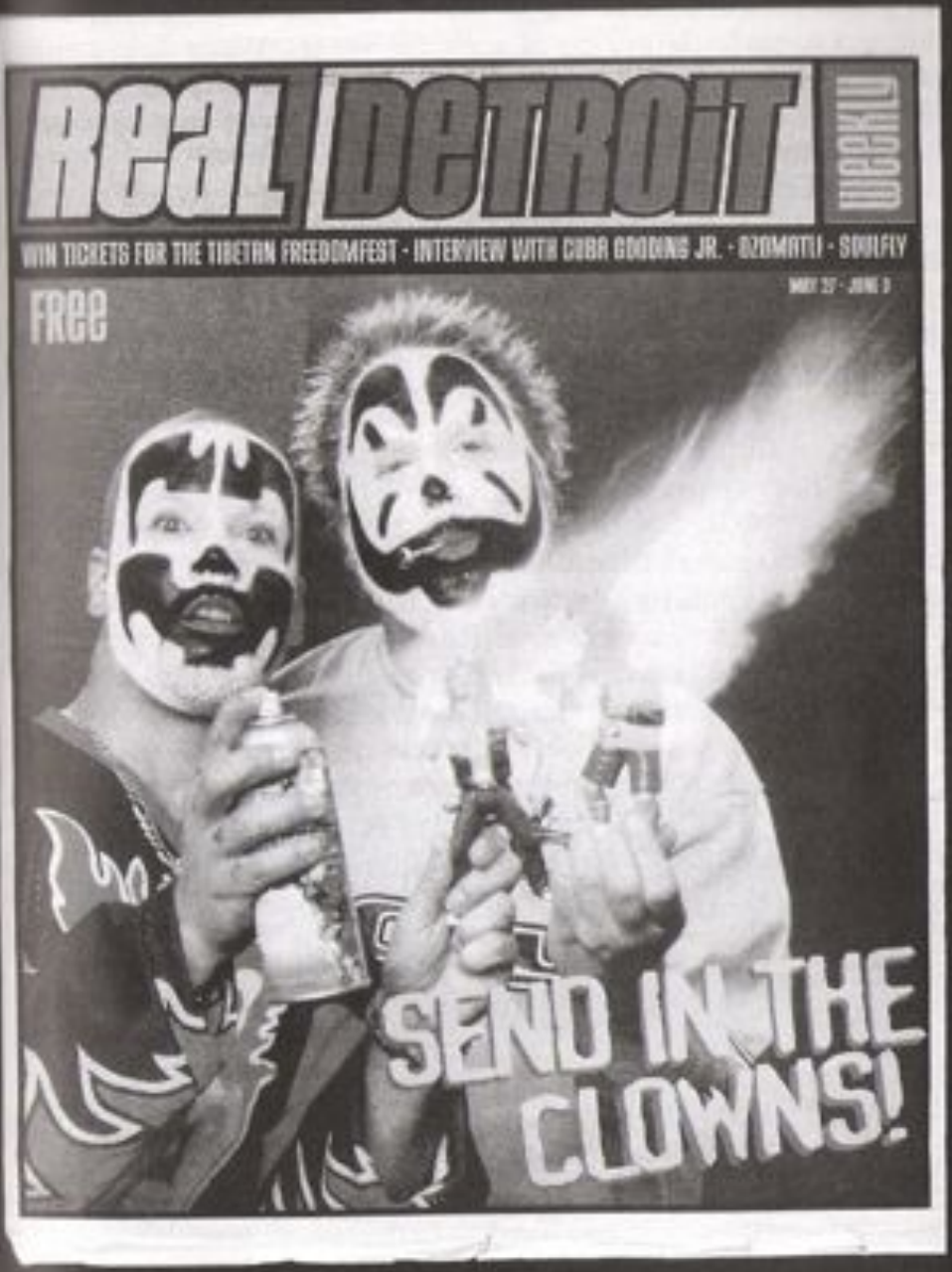
Insane Clown Posse, 2000

Billy Bill set up a special team of super road ninjas for our new tour. It was hard, but for this tour, we kept our road crew as small as possible. Psychopathic needed everybody else back at our warehouse in Detroit. THEY ALL we're needed to help Rob put together 1st Annual Gathering of the Juggalos.

What's that, you ask? It's a mother fuckin' Juggalo Woodstock, only better. There's more to do, more to see, more hoes to fuck, and it's all insane as hell.

It's three days long. It's an incredible, amazing, giant Juggalo festival / convention that my brother was putting together. It was going to feature concerts, wrestling, seminars, a haunted house, a six-part ICP museum, contest, games, on and on and on. The first one was scheduled to be in Novi, MI, at the Novi Expo Center. Wow. That's what they were putting together.

It felt like our tour was nothing compared to the monster that Dr. Frankenrob and them was putting together. We were set to leave out on our tour for six months, and when we finally come back to Detroit it would be the morning of the Gathering.



Real Detroit, Detroit's weekly magazine/entertainment guide, showing us love in 2000, around the end of *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers* era.

I was skeptical of it all, at first. We had been talking about doing a Juggalo Gathering of sorts for years. When Rob actually started putting it together, it seemed overwhelming to me – impossible, almost. It seemed so way out of our league at Psychopathic.

Right off the bat I started stressing. Rob was bringing in giant sumo wrestling suits, video games, jousting, rock climbing, and all of that. I remember thinking no Juggalo is going to wanna put on them sumo suits or anything like that. Man, I don't know. Stresssss.

Truth is, days started looking kind of bland for me right around this point of my life. I was heavy in need of my panic attack medication all the time, and I was getting fatter because of it. Plus, my lazy, hungry ass wasn't helping.

I didn't give a fuck, though. I'd rather take the fuckin' pills and gain weight quicker than go through more panic shit. Even with the pills, I was still having trouble. I didn't know exactly what my problem was, but I wasn't even interested in the extra headache, worry, and stress that this Gathering shit was going to bring me.

My brother and Alex already knew that, though. That's why they just gave us what we needed out on the road. They sent us out there doing what we do best, and out of their way. That was just about the fist time in my entire career that I stepped out of a major Psychopathic Records project due to stress. I was starting to slip. Maybe six more months of the road would help.

WE are road dogs. That's how we do. We do shows. Some shows are packed with hype-ass spotlights outside, three radio stations parked out front doing live broadcasts, 4,000 Juggalos, and all that. Other shows, are stale. 300 ninjas, low ceiling, tiny stage, shitty sounds, and no love. Well, when you attempt to play everywhere that will have you, like we did on this next tour, you find out just how many wack-ass venues are out there.

We launched the massive Wicked Clowns from Outer Space Tour. Insane Clown Posse featuring my homie, Blaze. We had the fresh-ass space-green stage, with the laser Faygo guns and Martians and space men walking around. It was a great-looking stage. It was a long, long, long tour. We played large venues, small venues, all

venues everywhere. Some places we did two and three nights in a row.

Let me tell you about the one show that stands out in my mind. For the most part, we loved every show, except this one. It was Kansas. 2nd night. That morning, we woke up, and Joey and I were stressed out. There was only a week left in the tour. I personally was sweating the Gathering, out of control. I didn't know anything at all about what to expect there. I called Alex.

"Alex, Joey, and I are with Blaze and Tom Dub. Were in Kansas"

Alex was like, "...ah huh....."

"Well we have a brick, and we're about to put it on the gas pedal, and run the stale-ass van into the river. Don't worry, we already got the plates off, and all the shit out."

"What van?"

"Our van. The mini van."

See, we had purchased a mini van about a year earlier that we were pulling behind the bus on a trailer. We used it to go from the hotel to the shows and back, and to get around during the day or whatever.

"Why are you going to drive the van into the river?" Alex asked.

ICP and Twiztid wreckin' shop on the Wicked Clowns from Outer Space Tour.

Me and my homie on one of the many nights of the small venue/long-as-hell Wicked Clowns from Outer Space Tour.

"Because we can't take it anymore. Were losing our minds. We need to relieve stress, just like when we sledge hammered Rob's car up at the office. Plus, we hate this fuckin' nerdy-ass mom van. If we don't do this, were gonna lose it and just go home."

Alex is one of us. He understood the situation and did the math right then and there.

"Okay that van as 15K, and there's three more shows including tonight's... each pullin' in at least 10K in merch.... Okay, go ahead, do it."

We did it. It was fuckin' fresh as mother fuckin' hell. I always wanted to see a car go into the water. We all saw it go in. PLUNK!!!! None of us seen the splash because we ran. Billy had to pick us up at a nearby skate shop.

That very night I was still losing it. I took the stage and the first thing that happened was this: Somebody hocked up a giant ball of loogie, and whoofed it right at my eye. SMACK. It fuckin' stuck to my eye. I could feel its weight weighing down my eye lid. There were some definite solids within that spit.

My already distraught brain quickly thought this: "Whoever fuckin' just spit that shit, probably doesn't know whether or not they hit me. So I don't want to give that fuckin' fuck the gratification of him knowing it was a perfect hit, and watching me stand there and wipe it out of my eye."

So instead, I played it off. It felt like a li'l fetus was hangin' off my eye. I walked straight to the Faygo, and opened it up, sprayed some around, and played it off by pouring the rest on my face. The horrid loogie was gone. I could see it on the floor. It looked like a crushed frog.

Then I washed my eye ball off a few more times, and opened it. What was the first thing I saw? In the back left, was a super fatty chick WITH her shirt opened. Both of her fried egg titties were hanging off to the sides, Abdullah style. I did a double take.

"Wha? Somebody stop her," I thought.

As I kept doing the show, I couldn't help but keep noticing this wildebeest with her shirt unbuttoned and peeled open, her bare ball belly, and those two wet socks for titties. I couldn't believe it, but there was a light right above her pointing down to showcase her goods. She was the only person lit up like that.

That was to my left. To my right? Some kid, front row, flippin' me off. I'm steady trying to do the show and have a good time and all I can see is her and him. Left... right... left... right.... Both kept at it for the next 20 fuckin' minutes or so.

I kept thinking, "That fuckin' punk-ass hater don't quit.... What the fuck is he doing here front row if he hates us? This is an ICP concert! What'd he do, buy a ticket to come flip me off...? What the fuck is up with the fact that he's only flippin' me off? Why ain't he flippin' Joey off? His fuckin' finger keeps following me all over the stage....

"Look at his bitch over here.... God damn.... Does she really think that's sexy? Wha? She looks like a fuckin' sea otter in a wig.... I mean it's all good, flash us, whatever, but FUCK man.

"This kid man... he's still flippin' me off.... What's he sayin'...? fuck... my..." – PLAP!

I don't know what happened, I just jumped down there and started beatin' the kid. I had to. The stage is the stage, but a man is a man, and this man can only take so much. After I beat him, Joey started beating on him. Then I walked off stage.

I was sitting there on the steps, and Joey finally came back, and asked, "So what's up? You wanna finish this, or are you good chillin'?"

I got up, and we finished the show. It must be the stress from the road.

The Gathering

THAT morning we did Howard Stern, then immediately flew back to Detroit for the Gathering. The tour was over, and the day had come. As soon as we walked off the plane we started noticing Juggalos. There were Juggalos scattered throughout the airport.

On the way home, we saw carloads of Juggalos everywhere, all coming into town. IT WAS JUST LIKE WOODSTOCK, only it was OURS. They had everything a Juggalo would ever want. They must have been working night and fuckin' day forever setting this all up.

They had every stage set, from every tour we've ever done, all set up with lighting and everything. Juggalos could walk through, fuck around with them, and take pictures with it all. They had ICP tour bus tours of Southwest Detroit. They had free tattoos, freak shows walking around, open mike rappin', and the fuckin' sumo suits; not only was there a long-ass line for it, but there was also a big-ass, hype-ass crowd watchin'. Everything was a success. All of my brother and Nathan's ideas worked.

Right when we got there, Rob handed us our schedules. We had autographs, from 10:00 AM until 1:00 PM. Then it's off to the ICP seminar, from 1:30 until 2:30. Then we wrestle at JCW in the sportatorium, from 3:00 until 5:00. Then we get a break until 8:00 PM when it's concert time.

Twiztid had mad, crazy shit going on for all three days, just like us, and so did Blaze, Mike Clark, Legs Diamond, Pondo, 2 Tuff Tony, fuckin' everybody. We even brought back Project Born to perform live with us for the history value. Kottonmouth Kings came and turned it out. Spice from the WCW Nitro Girls even came, and was our sexy-ass ring chick for JCW. Vampiro came from Mexico and turned it out both in the ring and on stage with us. The Juggalos even stormed the ring at the end of our match and collapsed the it!

At night, the hotels were all sold out and insane with Juggalos. Juggalos came from Europe, Australia, Canada, and all over the US. It was a non-stop fuckin' Juggalo world, together for one weekend. A weekend we really needed. It was like Ultra Man making it back to the sun for a few days, for Joey and I. It was so new and exciting, and the fact that it all went off so smooth just made it THE FAT DOSE of karma we needed. It was incredible for three days straight.

AFTER the Wicked Clowns from Outer Space Tour, and then the awesome debut of the Gathering of the Juggalos, studio was just the place we needed. We set in to record a crazy ruthless, mother fuckin' double album, to drop as one last giant, effort in recruiting any last-minute Juggalos to join our parade before the 6th came out.

Not to mention they made for a perfect staller. I was not feeling any type of messages at all for the 6th. I had no idea what to call it, how to put it, how to have it sound. It was like, just wait on it or you'll fuck it up, and you can't fuck up the 6th. Flat fuckin' out, the time just wasn't right for the 6th Joker's Card. Bizzar Bizaar would close that gap perfectly for us.

Mike E. Clark's Fun House studio was the spot. We took time out away from everything else around us, and concentrated on Bizzar and Bizaar. Unfortunately they would be the last full length albums we'd do with Mike Clark. After the four tracks Mike did for us on the Dark Lotus album, we would stop working with him all together.

ON MIKE E. CLARK, AND US PARTING WAYS, I SAY THIS: To make a very long story short, we just couldn't meet eye-to-eye on a business, or even I guess a personal level, anymore, and it was in the best interest for us and him to go on our separate ways. Flat out, we fell out.

He'd prolly say we changed, we say he changed, or maybe we both changed. Who knows? It's not worth the speculation. We're both happier now, and doing excellently, especially in the Diamond Rain.

Them days were the shit to us, but we like these days better. That's how it rests with us. I hope Mike always has success in what

he does, and I have no doubt he will. All the good days we spent together will not soon be forgotten, and for that, much love.

I guess we first started to fall off with Mike about half way into making *Bizzar* and *Bizaar*. It just seemed to us like things were getting harder and harder for us to work together in the studio. Some of it had to do with business disagreements we kept running into, but it was more than that also. Finally for the first time in our career, studio with Mike sucked, and I have no doubt Mike felt the same way about us.

LISTEN MY WISE MAN ADVICE TO YOU ALL: Your job should never suck. After all, it's what we do for a living. If you do something that sucks for a living, you suck for a living, then. Here's what you should do: quit right now.

If you have bills and crazy debts, GOOD! That will only encourage you to find another job quicker! Once you have found your new job, what's the worst that could happen? It sucks again? Hey, at least you gave it a shot, right? Once you find out that your new job sucks, too, just put in a li'l week or two for the check, and boom, do it again: just quit. Do it again and again and again if necessary. Keep doing it until you find a job that doesn't suck.

We only get 80-some years of life on this planet, so fuck wasting your time here on Earth by doing something that fuckin' sucks everyday. I don't care if you got kids, they're just gonna have to starve for a little minute, because if you get trapped into doing something that sucks, it's gonna suck every day! Find your niche at any cost, bitch. (I only said *bitch* because it rhymes with *niche*, bitch. Bitch-ass snitch, leave yo ass in a ditch, with a pitch fork in your itch.)

ANYWAY, near the final completion of *Bizzar* and *Bizaar* we decided to get away from studio heat with Mike, and finish the album elsewhere. We headed to one of our favorite clown towns: Denver, CO. There we finished the albums in a Denver studio for a change of atmosphere.

All the shit was pretty much done except for skits, editing, intros and outros, and shit like that. Just the frosting on the cake, so to speak, in fat kid terms, because mad fatter I became those days. We

brought Rudy and this kid who worked at Psychopathic at the time, named Lawrence.

Lo was cool as fuck, but he eventually got into a fistfight with another new Psychopathic employee, and they both got fired for that buuuuullshit. He was cool as fuck, but you can never fistfight a fellow Hatchet Man. It's just Juggalo law. (We actually have a bunch of well-respected laws at Psychopathic Records. This is as real as can be, too.)

If you get into a fistfight with another Hatchet employee, you both have to get butt-ass naked, first. Then you can fight all you want, fags. That way, when you're fighting the guy you got a problem with, YOU'RE BOTH rolling around the floor fighting each other naked.

You never know what could happen and what might slip into what. Two naked homies rollin' around together ain't right on my block. Don't sound like much fun. If you refuse to get naked before you swing on somebody else Hatchet-affiliated, YOU'RE FIRED.

I've seen some shit get close to where both ninjas were down to their drawers, but by then, they realized how stupid they both looked, and what could happen (slip), and usually everybody laughs it all off at that point. That's why it's a law.

Anyhow, we stayed at the one and only Ramada Inn, right there on Colfax. We always do. All the Psychopathic artists do. It's almost like a strange Denver Juggalo tradition. Every time we come to town all the Juggalos stay there, as well. It's a mini-ass Gathering up in that byatch.

I like Denver because I'm pretty much a big gumpy-ass nowadays, and yet I can still pull hot chicks in Denver. I think it's because it gets so cold in Denver that the chicks need a fat warm fuckin' cuddly guy.

I usually do great around there during the colder months. Plus, our homie, Willy B., who is a well-known radio DJ, is over there in the upper D. Last we heard they got him doing mornings now, top of the line style. I hope he don't forget his Juggalo road dogs.

We set up at a pretty good studio there in Denver, and we were just hangin' out workin' everyday, when one day WCW came to town for Nitro! It was an early show. Joey and I took the day off, and went up to say hello to everybody. Vampiro was there, too! It was cool as fuck.

After the show, we went out to our homies' tattoo shop, and we all got tatted up. Vampiro even got his official Dark Lotus wrist tat and a fresh ICP logo on his arm.

After about a month in Denver, it was finished. *Bizzar* and *Bizaar* were both ready, and good to go. Once again we made sure NOT to blow up or become popular with the industry by just about slamming everybody and burning every bridge we ever crossed. I happen to absolutely love *Bizzar* and *Bizaar*'s packaging. Our boy, Gary Arnett (our graphics guy), really came through on them bad boys.

Upon returning to Detroit to hand in the new albums, we decided it was finally time to open our very own recording studio. We decided to call it THE LOTUS POD! Our very own, top-of-the-line, super-fresh studio. Alt was an absolute dream for Joey and I, and Twiztid, Blaze, Anybody Killa, and everybody at the Hatchet. It was still gonna take about six months for them to build it, so we went on the road to promote *Bizzar* and *Bizaar*.

Right away we needed a ninja to put the studio together for us. The fact is Joey and I don't know shit between good studio equipment and bad. We needed a master of the trade to design, order, put together, and then engineer our new shit.

We put the word out, and Alex found our guy. His name was Mike Puwal. We quickly dubbed him Mike Peezy Weezy 4 Sheezy. He's a li'l ultra heath nutty, young-ass ninja with mad chicks, and incredible talent. He looked like he just walked outta the Goo Goo Dolls.

He's played around with many local bands in the past, he even did some touring, but he hasn't really accomplished anything big-time as of yet. Holy fuck! Talk about undiscovered talent! Mike P has got to be Detroit's biggest slept on secret.

We first brought him in to design the studio. Then we quickly decided he was going to be an engineer for us at The Lotus Pod, because he possessed incredible skills. He was great at everything, and all was well. Mike P had plenty of time to set up The Lotus Pod, and get it ready for our future projects, because we had a Bizzar Bizaar Tour to get ready to roll out.

Then – BOOM – the records are out for a week. Then – bloop – we saw the Billboard numbers. *Bizzar* and *Bizaar* debuted at only 20 and 21. We were mad depressed. Being real with you, we hoped

Why doesn't anyone ever take ICP seriously? This is Joey and I fuckin' around at a *Bizzar Bizaar* photo shoot.

it would do better after that long-ass Wicked Clowns from Outer Space Tour.

It didn't break mold. It didn't go gold, or even copper; it went paper as in No. 2,987,534 on the billboard top 4,000,000. It was an album for Juggalos, and that's all that matters. There's some funny-ass freshness on those discs, though, and we have mad love for 'em. The truth is both have sold a little over 300,000 copies to date, which is good enough for us by ANY AND ALL MEANS, but is still lower than our previous debuts.

We're still learning. We at Psychopathic Records realized we just put out too much fucking music on one day. I mean two different ICP albums at once? On top of that, a brand-new Twiztid one out the same day, and right there on the shelf, wanting to make it a hat trick?

If I was a kid, I probably would have had to steal at least two of them if I wanted all three. Better yet, I'd have Joey with his long-ass thumbnail tactic get them all for me. A lot of ninjas slept on *Bizzar Bizaar* because it wasn't a Joker's Card.

Twiztid went out on their own headlining tour to promote their new album, *Freek Show*. So for the Bizzar Bizaar Tour we took out punk legends Suicidal Tendencies and this southern heavy rock band, called Nashville Pussy. Suicidal went over pretty well every

Shaggs

night, but Nashville Pussy learned the hard way that playing in front of Juggalos isn't like playing in front of a biker crowd.

Listen to this. The tour's opening night was at the Hammerstein Ballroom in New York City. Billy walked in and saw Nashville Pussy setting up all their shit. Much to his and our surprise, they fuckin' had two GIANT rebel flags hanging over the band as part of their stage show.

"REBEL FLAGS!!?! At ICP?" Billy screamed at them. "Are you guys fuckin' nuts! Don't you guys know anything about Insane Clown Posse, and what we're about? We have songs about burning them flags, and you guys wanna wave them hung high in front of 2,500 Juggalos every night???!?"

Smartly, The Pussies (no pun intended) took down the flags before showtime. Still, nothing could save their music and show. That night New York Juggalos piled in to see the tour's big opening.

Once Nash-ass took the stage, the Juggalos in the place did something that I have never witnessed before in my life. All of them, all 2,500, all sat down on the floor with their backs to the stage, and flipped Nashville Pussy off.

Wow. That was truly incredible. They made Water Shed look like Twiztid up there. Juggalos weren't just throwin' shit; they were out to wound somebody!

Then one night, the little wolf guy with the beard from Nashville Pussy, kicked in our dressing room door right after his set, with his fuckin' head bleeding.

The fuckin' crazy-ass wolf pointed at the hole in his head, and just screamed at us, "AAAAAGGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!"

"You guys are fucking cool!!" he yelled, pointing his finger at us. "You guys are fucking cool, but your fucking fans don't appreciate rock 'n' fuckin' roll, man. FUCK THAT!!!"

I stab people.

He slammed the door back shut and that was it.

We just sat there thinkin', "Wow."

We couldn't believe how fuckin' fresh that was. That was awesome. It wasn't over just yet.

Suddenly, the one hot chick from Nashville Pussy came bustin' into the room, and pointed at Joey's face, and screamed, "I want your face RIGHT HERE," and smacked her neden piece! SPACK!

I was like, "Whoa."

"Now that don't sound so bad," I thought.

Then she seen I was feeling kind of left out, so she looked over at me and said, "I want your face RIGHT HERE!" and she slapped her butt hole area, and then left the room.

"FUCK, MAN," I thought, "That's sucks! What kind of bullshit was that? She wants my face in her ass? Fuck that, she just got off stage."

They were crazy as hell, and pretty cool in person, but our bands just didn't fit, kind of like my face in her butt: it just wasn't going down like that.

SINCE we released two separate albums, Island Records said they'd do two videos. So we filmed "Tilt-A-Whirl" and "Let's Go All the Way" out in LA. Then Island took the finished videos to MTV, and knocked on the door of the programming director. Much to our surprise, MTV said they'd actually put "Let's Go All the Way" on the air. Not just on Mz! ICP on MTV – unbelievable.

They showed the video mad late every night, and we partied every time they did. We were still on the Bizzar Bizaar Tour the whole time, so we'd all be in the bus, and the minute we heard it come on every night, we'd jump out of our bunks, and start dancing and signing along. After that, it was always hard as hell to get back to sleep.

This was our last shot at rounding up Juggalos before the saga's ending is revealed, so we of course was 'bout it 'bout it. Even if MTV started spinning the fuck out of our shit, you will never see us on MTV's game shows, or hosting them fuckin' spring break beauty contests, and all that other ass-kissing shit that Smashmouth and fuckin' Sugar Ray do.

You'll just see us in our video and nothing more. I don't watch their shit, but I would be happy to know they are playing our shit so Juggalos everywhere can easily see our videos! It helps us get our music out there. There are still untapped Juggalos out there who need to be found.

We had an idea. We had a giant meeting. If MTV actually has ICP in their system, let's take advantage of it. Let's blow it up all out with the help of the Juggalo nation. Psychopathic Records flew in and organized representatives from the top ten Juggalo web sites, about 20 Juggalos. We had limos pick them all up, and we put them up in a nice hotel. The next day we had a meeting at a banquet hall near the Psychopathic office.

Alex got up and said, "Listen, ICP's video has just been accepted by MTV. We want to ask for your help. We want all your web sites to help us blow this shit up on TRL, so let's all get the word out to all Juggalos to vote for the video."

BOOM! Every Hatchet fan web site started sending out the message, "All Juggalos request the video on MTV's lame-ass show, Total Request Live."

These ninjas had the tactic, too. They figured out how to remove the MTV cookies from their computers so Juggalos could vote multiple times. If the TRL phone lines were busy, shit, they figured out how to get their computers to dial up the number until it answered.

After three weeks it became clear the MTV corporate wall was just too damn big. Nothing was fucking happening. We decided to concentrate all of our scattered efforts on one big day: December 8, 2000, which we called The Mighty Day of Lienda. *Lienda* means all or nothing.

We had our web site in camouflage, and we readied for battle: "All Juggalos, if we all just wait, and then attack all on one day, we'll have a better chance at penetrating the corporate wall that is MTV."

For the ground-based assault, many, many Juggalos from New Jersey, New York, and Connecticut just went right to MTV at 1515 Broadway with giant ICP signs. The Juggalo Army assault on TRL was set. Our video was in their system, all they needed was votes, and we were gonna give 'em votes. ALL ON ONE BIG DAY.

Rudy, Rob, acting in this covert manner under his ninja name, Jumpsteady, Tom Dub, and six other Psychopathic guys drove to New York to hand signs out.

I told my brother, "Make sure you get there early so you get the best spot."

They were there at 5:00 AM. We figured that day would make history. Here you have this band, that only gets late-night rotation on the channel, all of the sudden hittin' #1 on the request lines, for just one day – that would be the bomb! The next day we'd be gone again, but we just wanted to demonstrate the power of the Juggalos to MTV even if for only a day.

Christina Aguilera was the special guest hosting TRL that day, and we were thinkin', "Bitch, you best be practicing how to say Insane Clown Posse, and Psychopathic Records, because we're gonna be on that motherfucker right there with you, shocking everybody when we hit that #1."

An hour before the show started, Rob called us at our hotel with a report, "It's Juggalos everywhere, about 400 of 'em, and they've all got giant signs right under the TRL studio window. It's hella funny,

Joe, because there's like this one little posse of about 75 Christina Aguilera fans, and they don't know what the hell's going on."

Lienda was in mad effect. Psychopathic received reports from all coasts: The entire Juggalo Nation was all tuned in to TRL and bustin' ass on the request front. Even Joey and I were sitting in our hotel room on tour that day, blowin' up MTV with requests. IT WAS TIME THE MAINSTREAM WORLD STEPPED ASIDE FOR THE JUGGALOS, IF ONLY FOR ONE DAY.

BUT THEN..... about only a half-hour before TRL went live, it happened. All these Viacom security guards, with the help of about ten New York City cops came storming out of the MTV building with one objective: move all Juggalos out of the camera's range. THIS IS NO LIE. Some Juggalos, including Rob and them, got their asses hit for refusing to move. Most Juggalos were just stunned this was even happening.

Rob tried to plead for the Juggalos, "Man this is a public street, and we're just chillin! Every day fans from the groups on MTV show up right here for TRL! Why the fuck do we have to move?!"

They had only showed up to support their favorite artist the same way those teeny-boppers showed up to pledge their allegiance to Christina Aguilera. Juggalos had driven all the way from the Midwest to represent, only to get pushed off the sidewalk and out of camera range. THESE MOTHERFUCKERS MOVED JUGGALOS OUT

The fuckin' one and only Shaggy 2 Dope.

OF THE WAY, AND ACTUALLY USHERED THE AGRUILERA FANS INTO CAMERA'S VIEW.

Then the show went on live, without one mention of ICP. Even while Christina Aguilera was talking, you could faintly hear the juggalos from way across the street chanting, "I-C-P! I-C-P!"

You could actually hear them, but it was all ignored. The show is called Total Request Live, but the United States of America was forced to watch a fuckin' TOTAL LIE that day.

If it really was based on TOTAL REQUEST, that day we probably smoked every other band in the world, yet they ignored us. It was a lie. The truth is we were NUMBER ONE!

Afterwards, MTV informed Island that a band first has to be chosen by the heads of MTV programming to even be eligible for TRL, and that's why we didn't even make the count. Oh, so MTV viewers get a choice, once MTV chooses it for you.

Once TRL was off the air, Rob, and the other juggalos were released. Everybody just went back home, realizing just how lame MTV really is.

You know what was lamer? The whole idea – my idea. After that, I was really bent. I felt like I didn't know what I was doing anymore. Too much stress, maybe. I

I hate this photo now. I remember seeing it, giant-sized, 100 times a day on the side of our three tour busses and three semi-trucks, not to mention all the promo vans, for what seemed like forever on the Bizzar Bizaar Tour. Nothing makes you feel uglier than to have your big-ass fuckin' mug and forehead slapped on the side of a bus that you're always riding in.

don't know. I was falling apart and steady lying to myself about the shit.

I can't even believe we were even trying that hard to get MTV. It would be cool to be on there, but it's not worth it at all to fight for. All I've ever done is proven you can succeed without them, that there's a way to succeed without taking the mainstream route. We did it, then we did it again with Twiztid. Now they're buying houses for their moms, too, WITHOUT FAGGOT-ASS TRL.

Even if Bizzar Bizaar only sells 300,000 copies, each, and never goes platinum, it doesn't matter to us. I know there's gonna be a time when that record is gonna get its just due. Plus, Sharon Osbourne still owes us that fifty grand on her bet.

THE Bizzar Bizaar Tour went off without a hitch. We played some pretty big-ass venues, and had a lot of fun. For the second leg we took out Psychopathic's Blaze Ya Dead Homie, with Anybody Killa, and a band called Marz.

Marz was cool as fuck. The main guy, Bobby, was once with the band, Ministry, and now was doing his own thing. He really dug what we had going on. He loved it all: the tour, the Juggalos, the face paint, the carnival, and everything. He was really feeling it.

Bobby and I started to hang out a lot. Juggalos accepted Marz with open arms, because his shit was defiantly raw. Bobby was talented as fuck. His whole album was all produced, arranged, programmed, and mixed by him alone. Ministry really fucked up by losing him.

The second leg of the tour was long and ruthless, but worth every step. Juggalos loved the big-ass set Billy put together, and many say that was the best-looking tour we have done yet. My mind was just focused on that fresh-ass, newly-completed LOTUS POD STUDIO....

Once we got back home from the Bizzar Bizaar Tour, a somewhat forgotten reality slapped our painted mugs. We still had problems with our long-time homie, and producer, Mike E. Clark. At least our Lotus Pod studio was up, and ready for action.

We set up the plan to finally record the Dark Lotus album, *Tales from the Lotus Pod*. Mike Clark would produce some of the tracks on the album, and Twiztid would produce the rest with their homie, Fritz the Cat from the Demo Hut, now a Hatchet Ryda.

Shaggy 2 Dope, Monoxide Child, Violent J, Blaze Ya Dead Homie, and Jamie Madrox, assembled together as Dark Lotus.

Mike P must have really gotten inspired while engineering for us, recording Dark Lotus, because he came up with a batch of tracks that were the whip. We jumped all over it! Now Mike P was in on Lotus, too. It was coming together fast and furiously. It felt like being at home, and being happy again, recording at the Lotus Pod.

I was really feelin' this guy Bobby's rap style at the time, and so I asked him if he was interested in joining Dark Lotus, and signing up with Psychopathic. He was down.

The rest of the group was like, "Ummmmmmmmm," but that's another story.

The only problem was that Marz was on some label called I Magion Records, and they sucked. Bobby told us he could get out of that deal, easily. The plan was to debut Bobby on the Dark Lotus album with us, and then drop an album with him on Psychopathic in the future. It was a great plan, and so everybody got to work.

Mike Clark, Mike P, and Twistid were steady droppin' bomb-ass tracks, and *Tales from the Lotus Pod* was well under way. Bobby from

Around this time Joey and I were hookin' up with the ninjas from XM Radio in Washington, DC after we cut the deal to bring our fresh lil' radio show, *The Juggalo Show* to national satellite radio.

Marz suddenly dropped his whole band. He just took on the name Marz for himself, and was driving over from Chicago every week for studio. He was like some fake-ass fam at the time. I was weak-minded.

As soon is the Dark Lotus album came out, though, we fell out with Bobby Marz. He informed us that his label ain't letting him go anywhere, now that we've brought all this new attention to him, so basically we were just wasting our time tryna sign him.

More or less, he said that he's gonna stay put on that label, and hopefully just use us and Psychopathic for what we're worth. He was even featured on OUR 2001 *Psychopathic Records Sampler* CD. Freeeeesh. Of course, just like everybody else looking for a free ride, Bobby got all salty over us parting ways, and now we don't even talk. He even made a diss song, and said he was the 6th Joker's Card!

IT was time for the 2nd Annual Gathering of the Juggalos. This year's would be in Toledo, Ohio at the Seagate Center convention hall. If you have ever been to a Gathering please take time to think about how hard it was setting that shit up. I'm talking Psychopathic Records spends half a year putting that shit together. We don't bring in some promoter guy to do it all for us; no, it's all Psychopathic. It's all Rob, Nathan, Jason, Alex, Stefan, Rudy, Barry, and everybody.

Fuck man, at least this time I knew what to expect. No I didn't. Tell me this: how could it go completely perfect not once but twice in a row? Somehow it did.

Once again, this year's Gathering topped the best weekend of my life list! We had a special surprise guest play live: Krayzie Bone, who surprised us by bringin' the rest of Bone Thugs-n-Harmony to the stage with him. Vanilla Ice was there rockin his shit, also Marz (just days before the split), Dark Lotus, Rydas – everybody – even our homies, Three 6 Mafia.

Once again, it was like a Juggalo Paradise for a couple of days. Every night we hung out in this kid's room down the hall from us. We called his room the Opium Den. They had mad mad weed, beer, liquor, food, Faygo, chicks – something for all of us. Twiztid, Blaze, us, and Anybody Killa were all way too busy doing all our events to hang out during the day, but we'd at least get to hang out with them and a few Juggalos in the Opium Den every night.

The Gathering 2001 also featured the return of the one and only Myzery, which turned out bad. We figured there's plenty of Juggalos who would dig that, so we brought him in. I don't know how or why it went down (and that's the truth); all I know is this: Myzery's crew and Twiztid's crew don't mix, and that means Myzery's crew and ours don't mix.

Anyhoot, besides that extra li'l bit of drama, the Gathering was off the heezy AGAIN. Nate the Mack was even in the house. We brought in Gorgeous George, who was Randy Savage's sexy-ass female manager in the WCW. She was nasty, though. She's the kind of chick who'll spit up a goober and then catch it again in her mouth.

JCW was back in effect, again. The main event of the three-day convention was Sabu vs. Vampiro. Sabu was the shit. So was Vampiro. We brought in mad wrestlers from back in the day, too, like Brutus "The Barber" Beefcake, Honky Tonk Man, Greg "The Hammer" Valentine, and more.

The Insane Clown Posse, 2001.

An advertisement for the 2001 Gathering of the Juggalos in Toledo.

Right after the Gathering, we really started hangin' out with Sabu a lot. We even brought him along for our upcoming Dark Lotus Tour, just to jump around on stage with us!

Sabu has a beautiful wife, and they both go to Japan like every other week. When he's not in Japan, he would hang around with us and play Uno all the time at the studio. Sabu is a big fan of Zug Island, outside of that I can't say much about him, or I'll kill his gimmick.

Just to know that I've known him and Rob Van Dam for all these years, and look where we all ended up. It's crazy as hell to me. I love reminiscing with them about old-ass local independent shows, where they would only make $50 each, and I'd have to pay $20 to wrestle on.

Once again, Rob, Nathan, and all of them, pulled it off again. The Gathering 2001 was a complete success.

WITH the Dark Lotus album out, and selling like dime rocks, we added fuel to the fire, and hit the road as a complete fam on the Hatchet Rising Tour. It should've been all gravy, but not exactly.

It was for everybody else, but I was steady flaking, perpetrating, and scared to kick reality. This was a strange time for me, Juggalos. I thought and thought about how I wanted to do this. How I wanted to bring the timeline up to the present, without dwelling on this part too much.

Did I want to talk about the Lotus days? I thought about what I wanted to tell you about, and what I didn't, but I gotta tell the truth. Like I keep saying, this is all my history, the good with the bad. I gotta represent it all.

I'm about to tell you all something real. Something MANY if not ALL of you most likely will not understand. I don't like the Dark Lotus album. I don't listen to it, and I hated the tour. It was a time of personal hell for me.

The album for me is too morbid, dark, and slow. I love the raps and music, but it just puts me into a mood I don't like. Those are the trades of the wicked shit, but we've always showed other sides to the show as well.

Lotus is grim, because to me it's tarnished by Marz, the fallout with Mike Clark, the panic attacks, and many other things for me. My

Joey, chillin' on the tour bus with a passed-out Saku,
on the Hatchet Rising tour in 2001...

and Joey wearing one of his many fresh costumes before a show.

whole life, the Joker's Cards have come to me like knowing my own name.

Yet, after *Bizzar Bizaar* I was still lost. I was falling hard. I was lost during the whole Lotus era. My medication was all fucked for my panic attacks. I was so fat that I sucked on stage.

During the tour I tried to stay in the back of the stage as much as possible. Juggalos chanted my name sometimes, and I felt like it was out of sympathy for my sorry ass. Yeah, we did it, we pulled it all off sweetly, but I wasn't even really there.

I was lost without the 6th. It was like I was sick or something, because we hadn't started it. Like we were running from THE ENDING and it was killing me off.

A paintless ABK waitin' on a DiGiorno pizza that's in the oven, on the Hatchet Rising Tour.

Twiztid fuckin' freaked that fuckin' tour so hard, and so did Blaze, and Anybody Killa, who took Marz's place like he should've from the start. Thank God Joey was there for me and him, because I felt like I wasn't.

What a dark chapter, what a dark time. What freshness awaited me I couldn't have dreamed of. The 6th arrives.

The Dark Lotus era was a dark time for me.
I was fat, angry, and lost without the 6".

DG Joe 3rd Love, 1991

Chapter 26
Diamond Rain
BACK home after the Hatchet Rising Tour.... Alex called Joey and I into his office with Billy and Rob. They were all simple and blunt.
"So, sup with the 6*?"
by cyborg, 1991

We still didn't know. The time was now, no more stalling, or beating around the bush. It was time for the 6th Joker's Card. What would it be? What would it be called? Why was the Dark Carnival not giving us the goods like it always had?

It always just seemed so easy. All previous five cards just popped up like we had always known them. Joey usually could grab a pen and draw them bad boys images up in seconds in the past. That simple. Knowing their names and image was as easy as knowing our own. Not this time around, I guess.

Alex and the rest had a strategy planned out for us.

"Take some time off, and get yourselves together. Were going to give you guys a long break. We'll say that ICP has GONE INTO HIDING. You guys won't do one single interview, photo, or anything until the Gathering 2002, which is about fuckin' eight months away. Then you guys can come back fully charged, and ready to do that thang. Take some time off, record your record, do whatever you need to."

We were good with that. Especially me. This was the very first time since we started ICP that Joey and I intentionally took a break from the game. Probably eight years overdue.

ONE night, a few weeks later, I had just finished eatin' my favorite fat-ass noodle and sour cream dinner, just like every other night I'm home. I was sitting there in my house smoking on a joint. I stood up and looked at myself in the mirror.

I looked deep into my own eyes that were now sunken into my fat face. My tired eyes both looked blackened and sunk from Nyquil. My hair was long and matted and four different colors. It had just grown wild for the last half a year or so. I looked like shit. I sat there high as hell, and looked into my own eyes, and was disgusted.

I thought, "Who the fuck is this kid with my eyeballs in his head?"

I was sick with myself. Not only at my looks, but with what I had become as a person: weak, tired, and slow. I needed to go someplace different – NOW. I NEEDED to get away from everything that was currently me.

I put my shoes on and started walking out of the house. I grabbed my headphones, and started walking down the street. It

was dark, and late at night, and I could see the stars chillin'. I haven't noticed that shit in a grip.

I got down the block and was proud of myself for at least moving. I felt like a fat slug, already sweating from walking only one block. It felt good to be out, though. Being outside, not in a car, on my own feet.

I started running, but I was too fuckin' fat. I got tired too quickly. I could feel all this extra me clinging onto my body that wasn't really me. I couldn't believe how out of shape I was. It'd been soooooooo long since I walked someplace.

I couldn't run, but I could walk. I walked that night until my feet were sore. I came home and looked at my feet. They had these huge blisters on them, and I had hardly gone anywhere compared to the walking we did in the Picker Forest days of my life.

I stood there and took off my clothes. I looked at myself naked. I looked like a giant snowman with two charcoal eyes. I'm going to have fat kid love forever. Fuck what you heard – FOREVER – but this was not who I am. This ain't the way I regularly am. This was stress, bad panic attack medication, bad road food, too much Nyquil sleep, more stress, and all of that shit that I was going through.

I was GOING THROUGH this, but this is not part of me. What if I had to fight for my life after a nuclear war, and only the strong survive? My fat-ass would be dead without a car or a pizza. I own

me, and I wanted ME back, without all this extra shit surrounding me.

That night when I got back from my first walk in years and years, I didn't reach for the chips.

I said to myself, "Those are faggot chips. For every chip I eat a homo gets to grab my balls."

I didn't touch them. The next night I walked again, this time I wore two pairs of socks. It still hurt my feet. So this is what I did: I made failure NOT an option. Just like when we started ICP. Failing was never even a possibility. If you never even make failing a possibility, how can it happen? You'll naturally search for whatever is a possibility: in this case, succeeding.

You would be so surprised what you can do when failure, or giving up FLAT OUT just ain't one of your choices. I told myself I had to walk NO MATTER WHAT. Feet hurt? So what. No time? MAKE TIME. Hound dogs are out there? BRING AN INK PEN. WALK, YOU FAT BITCH.

Walking became my Joe Bruce hobby. I started to hang out with myself again. Headphones make music sound so good, too. I know me again. I also became reunited more than ever with the outdoors: bugs, trees, birds, possums, bats, squirrels, raccoons, and all of that fresh-ass overlooked shit.

I could write a whole book about my walking adventures. One thing you are forced to do when you're out walking is think. I thought. I thought about the 6th and what needs to be said. I thought about the Butterfly and about how one day we have to return to that state of pureness that we were in when we made that vow. When is someday? What am I waiting for? The 6th is next AT BAT.

More than anything, I thought about time. TIME. How it seems like yesterday when I saw that clown dropping the cards in my dream. Now it's here, the last card. Seems like yesterday we were at Kinko's making a flyer for the 2nd Joker's Card, and talking about what it's going to be like in the days of the 6th.

I thought about time, and how some ninjas first discovered ICP when they were only 14 years old. How now that same ninja is 29 now, and he's been waiting for the 6th his whole life. I even thought about ICP Vinnie from *Shockumentary*, and how he grew up a Juggalo, and what he expects of the 6th.

I thought about time, and how far we've come in the last decade. *How Carnival of Carnage* is now considered a classic, yet it seems like we just dropped it last month. I thought about Esham, Joey's brother, John Kickjazz, Greez-E, and our history. I thought about how I'm old and fat now, and whether or not I really am old and fat, or if I can fix any of that.

There's nothing I can do about being older all the time, except leave a bomb-ass story behind, and be grateful that I got to be young and wild, too. I had my turn. Let's see a 10th of today's 17-year-olds do what I have by the time they're 31.

I have a love for teenage kids, because I envy that part of life so much. That was such a crazy time period for me. My favorite time, because friends mean the world to me, and at that age they're always around.

I look at the younger ninjas at our shows, and I see them wearing shit that I ain't hip to, they say lingo I don't know, they talk about bands I ain't ever heard of. They don't know shit about the raw shit like NWA, Paris, Geto Boys. Are those groups nerdy and old school to the ninjas of today the same way Devo and El DeBarge were to us when we were that age? Somebody want to tell me what the fuck happened? Where did all that go?

Walking is my own time to think. I think hard as fuck. Spoons bend when I walk by houses, because I'm thinking so hard.

I spent most of my time thinking about time. So many of the chicks who would come see me from various cities every time I came to town, no longer come out to see me. They just moved on. Grew out of that. It's all new chicks now. I think about the old ones and I hope they're okay.

I understand they grew out of hanging out waiting for me backstage. I would've too. I just hope they don't regret it. I'm just thankful they let me be in a chapter of their lives.

I just kept thinking about time. Time, time, fuckin' time. Are my old Ferndale enemies still my enemies? If I bumped into one of them at a supermarket would it go down, or would we just walk past each other with our kids and families and nod?

What about Mike Olsen? I can't lie to myself, I don't wanna beat that kid anymore. I'm not still mad, am I? I don't wanna spend the rest of my FUCKIN' life having enemies everywhere, being fuckin' pissed off at people. That sucks. Watching your back gets old like that.

I was having new thoughts, out there, walking. I was brainstorming for the 6th. I kept thinking about time, and how it's changed me. I wondered what I can have back and what I can't. I could have back my health and my strength, but not my old friendships.

People grow up and change on you. People tend to stay in their own age range. Wherever people their age are, they tend to hang out there. Well in ICP's case, that ain't easy. Most ninjas in the crowd, and at everything we do, are usually younger than us, so it's hard to not feel like an old-ass all the time. If they only knew how quick being that age is over. Damn.

FINALLY, the 6th. I walked every night for weeks, thinking and masterminding a new powerful Insane Clown Posse invasion. When I'd get home from walking, Joey and I would talk on the phone so long my ear would get sweaty and turn into a suction cup on the earpiece. Thinking, brainstorming, and planning how we should do this 6th daddy.

Finally, we had it all figured out. We knew what we had to do. It was the 6th Joker's Card, and this is our last card, so it's time to deliver. We needed to deliver the last and final increment to our ten-year saga in two parts to fully get the message across. We needed to give each one its own turn, its own time in the spotlight, with a tour and videos and all of that. One at a time.

So what is the end to the story? What is the ending to the Dark Carnival's story? NO FUCKIN' WONDER IT NEVER POPPED INTO MY HEAD ALL EASY LIKE. I KNEW IT ALREADY! IT'S DEATH! HEAVEN OR HELL, RIGHT? Just like the 1st, *Carnival of Carnage*, was the arrival of the show, the last is the ending. Show's over and death is here.

HEAVEN OR HELL FOR ALL OF US.

There you go. We believe that's the ending to all our lives, and therefore, that's the ending of the storyline as well. We've said it all along. DEATH, and what's after that? Heaven and Hell. One for the true, *Shangri-La*, and one for the rest, *Hell's Pit*.

Who would be the 6th Joker Card? What will the name be? We decided to call the 6th and final Joker's Card, The Wraith. We named it that, but we really don't even know what *Death* calls itself. Nobody does. Once he tells you, you're dead anyway, right? So how the fuck would anybody know? So we call him The Wraith.

From the very first day we started the six-card countdown, we always imagined the 6th being the elite album. We knew that we needed to make that vision become real. We needed to record this at the finest studios we could find in the country, with top-of-the-line mix and sound boards, only. We needed fresh, new, hungry Mike P's crazy heart and super talent to put down the music. We had a name, a theme, and a message to tell. We were fuckin' more than ready.

DALLAS, Texas. We headed right to one of our favorite places, ever since we spent all that time there when Alex's infamous dart landed on Dallas, TX. Right away we recorded some of the best music of our lives.

We stayed at the Budget Suites, chock-full of hookers, crackheads, junkies, and fine-ass titty dancers staying everywhere around us. It was Joey and I along with Zug Izland's Syn, Mike P, and Li'l Pig (Ashley), along with Sabu and Matt Lethal.

Yes, Sabu stayed in Dallas with us. He even wrestled on a show there, and who was his opponent? It was Joey under a mask. After all we were still very much in hiding, so he wore a standard wrestling mask. It was the shit. Those were some of the greatest days of my life.

We all bought motorized scooters like the ones we had at Woodstock, and at night we would put on our Psychopathic blankets as capes and ride through the Dallas streets in a pack: Seven Midnight Ryders out soaking up some of our favorite home away from home karma.

Dallas was great, because behind the studio was this one tree that we loved. It was a single, lone tree that for some reason people decided not to cut down. There seemed to be miles of open parking lot and concrete jungle surrounding it, yet it survived. We would hang out under that tree, and smoke pounds of ichy.

Then I got some sad news one night in Dallas, after studio, while we were all sitting up at the titty bar.

This chick came up to me, and asked, "Are you Violent J? Do you know Jenny Blaa Blaaa?"

"Same fuckin' question, different fuckin' name," I'm thinkin'.

"No, that name don't sound familiar," I replied.

"Well you should know her; you fucked her!" She shot back.

"That still ain't telling me much," I'm thinking.

"Well she's dead, just so you know."

I was like, "Hold up, wait; who is she?"

The dancer went on to explain to me that she was a friend of a girl who I got with all night long back in 1997 on The Great Milenko Tour. The PULP FICTION chick. The chick who made me throw up from so much sex! Damn, man. Damn.

Turns out that a few years after our encounter, she got bad into heroin, and then she overdosed just last year, I guess. That really fuckin' sucks, man. I only knew her for one night of my life, and all we did was sex it up all night. Her friend even told me that the night we spent together was just as fresh to her as it was to me. That was extra fresh to hear. I even wrote about it (with the utmost respect) in the lyrics to "Welcome to Thy Show" on *The Wraith, Shangri-La*.

"I got neden waitin' on me up in Shangri-La"

When we weren't out riding our scooters, I was walking. Walking and loving it. Now I had something to listen to: our new mixes. That made it so much fun to walk. The more I walked, the more I thought.

"Man, I'm out here in fuckin' Dallas, at one of he world's finest recording studios, with seven of my best friends, making history on the 6th. Things are pretty fuckin' good for me. Why am I always such a dick?"

Las Vegas. The day we showed up at the Vegas studio we asked the studio guy if he knew where we could land some tree.

He responded by saying, "Yeah, I figured you guys would be looking, so we decided to say 'welcome to Vegas' with a little gift."

The ninja pulled out a wooden box for us. Inside the box was three different types of California's finest tree. I was in shock.

Were we out fuckin' hookers? Partying every night? Nothing of the sort. We were making more of the best music we ever have.

I walked. I was walking in the hot desert sun when I wrote the lyrics to "Hell's Forecast," when it goes, "The sun was so hot, oooooooo, so hot, I was burning. Yeah."

I walked all up and down the strip, too, through the desert, and all that. My favorite place to walk in Vegas, though, was this abandoned neighborhood, near the airport. I guess the airport had

bought out a neighborhood in order to make an expansion, or whatever, so this neighborhood was abandoned. The houses were all dark. The streets were dark: no streetlights, no cars, no nothing. I loved walking through there, thinking.

Why does ICP always bitch about shit all the time? We bitch about no MTV, no radio – WHY? I mean so fuckin' what? Of course they ain't going to fuckin' play it, it's about KILLING. I'm so fuckin' glad they don't play it. Fuck them.

Look at how fresh shit is. Now I'm in Vegas with all my fuckin' homies! Twiztid's out on their own Mirror Mirror Tour. Shit is off the hook. Why are we always so pissed about WHAT WE AIN'T GOT. Why don't we focus on what we got? WHY?

NASHVILLE. We had some new ninjas out with us. The 6" wouldn't be right if we didn't keep the traditional flavor of Rich "Legs Diamond" Murrell's skills in our mix. He joined us, and Anybody Killa also came out to lend a hand. The studio was a ways outside of town, so the hotel was in the middle of nowhere, but it was all the fuckin' better that way.

We fuckin' walked everywhere. We even walked down the train tracks about five miles to studio every other day. Mike P would load up the shit and drive, and the rest of us would walk there down the tracks like hobos. When trains came by it was awesome. When we got too thirsty, we would just drink the ice cold, fresh spring waters pouring right out of the mountains on both sides of the tracks. NO LIE.

Man, I thought too. Let me tell you something, there must have been something in that fuckin' water because my life was changing more and more by the day. I FELT LIKE that June Bug we saw in Mary Wool's back yard. I was starting to see things in color for the very first time. The more that album came together, the more we did.

ONE day while we all were walking down the tracks, Esham called me out of nowhere. He got the number from the office.

I was like, "What's up, man? Holy shit, dog!"

It was on, on, ON! Esham had gone through so much shit since I last saw him that it's worth five books alone. That's what I'll save it for: his fuckin' book.

To make a long story short, Esham's brother, James, had landed in prison on some bullshit. Esham signed with a couple of bullshit labels, but basically nobody knew how to promote the wicked shit. He knew it was time we joined forces, and did this together, like we should've from the start.

Yet, wait, no we shouldn't have. All of this is our own personal histories, and that makes it all good to me, no matter what. I told Esham that from here on out, instead of always digging two tunnels through the underground, we might as well join forces and dig one super tunnel.

With Esham on Psychopathic, that makes everybody in my book. That's all of Detroit's wicked shit kings. That's all that matters to us. They're all running with a Hatchet. WE ARE THE RULERS OF THE WICKED SHIT. We got all the heavy-hitters baby: Blaze, Anybody Killa, Twiztid, fuckin' Esham.

WHAT NOW? I felt like Michael Jackson in the Billy Jean video: wherever I was standing, the floor was glowing. Things in my life were turning over. Esham on Psychopathic! HOLY FUCK. Things are so good, feels like it's raining diamonds or something.

I also walked at night, there, too. Thanks to my homie, Matt Lethal, I discovered good shoes like New Balance. My feet still got blisters on them all the time, but not hardly as many, now.

One night, while listening to the roughs of "Murder Rap" on my headphones, and feeling extra hype, I tried runnin' again. Incredibly, it felt a lot better than when I ran on my block back home.

I ran until I got too winded. Then I stopped and walked it off, and as soon as I had all my wind again, I ran again. This would be my new routine, from here out.

The album was changing me forever. It was sounding so magical to me. I couldn't believe we could sound that good. Mike P's skills blew my mind. I was hypnotized for life by *The Wraith: Shangri-La*'s sounds.

I know what you're thinking, "Listen to him trying to sell his latest album."

If you think that, you're missing the whole fuckin' point. The point is that this is what that album DID FOR ME. It's out now, as

I'm writing this; it's been out. People wanna know what's next, already. I should be plugging THAT RECORD UP, RIGHT? Shit, Shangri-La might not do a fuckin' thing for you. My point is that for me, it was like finding the key to another personal paradise, where it rains diamonds, daily.

BACK home in Detroit, we finished the album, and things for us still only got brighter. We finalized the deal with Esham. He was family. We hung tight every day, and caught up. We talked about the old school so much it was like having a time machine, and being there again. We drove around Zug Island looking for cool video shots almost every other night after studio.

Plus, I kept running. My running got longer and longer, with walks farther and fewer in-between. Eventually, no more walking at all. Right now I live off a mile road, and if it really is one full mile between each mile road, then I now run five miles every other night when I'm home. Which, according to headphone time, is *The Wraith: Shangri-La* one full time through, including time for several repeats of some of your favorite cuts.

Man, I looked on the Internet, and read and read and read. They said that Violent J gave himself that award at the Christmas party last year.... They said that Violent J is a dick.... They called me fat, conceited, stale, evil, awful, crooked, snaky, and even gay.

This, all in ALL of the so-called Juggalo chat rooms, web sites, message boards, and all that. ALL OF THAT. Then I thought about something, Jay and Silent Bob, when, in their movie, they beat down the 15-year-old punks for talking shit on the Internet. How fuckin' funny is that? Man, ain't that the truth? That's all it is.

I remember watching that movie in Twiztid's bus; I was alone. When that part came on, I felt stupid as hell. My whole face was red, and nobody else even was there.

I was embarrassed AT MY FUCKIN' SELF. I WAS EMBARRASSED IN FRONT OF MYSELF, because it all hit me about how stale the Internet really is. That's all it really is: some suburban, young-ass kid, living with his parents', and talking big shit from his bedroom, with no chance of ever actually facing me.

That's when I realized that those chat rooms are like video game malls. Anybody can go in, and say whatever to anybody they want,

BUT IT AIN'T REALITY. They even got fake cyber fucking. Wha? That's fresh, somehow? How?

That's why people are so cruel on the Internet, because they ain't REALLY THERE. They're so brave, because it's only a mockery of real life. There are no pretty people, or ugly people, strong or weak, there is no individuality in the Internet world. Punks can easily be thugs there. Gay boys can front and be girls. Nerds can be studs. Hoes can diss killas. THE FACT IS, it has almost no use for people like me WHO ACTUALLY CAN hold their own out there in the real world. I FUCK REAL NEDENS, AND BLOW OUT REAL CHINS.

Technology is fuckin' crazy. We keep searching and searching for ways to make shit easier and easier for us. They even have remote controls for car stereos now, so you only have to move your fingers instead of your fingers and arm.

The Internet makes things super easy for people, so they don't even gotta leave their own bedroom to go out and socialize. You know what, only problem is you can't touch, taste, and feel shit. I'm all about all three of them when I'm fuckin'.

So the Internet can't do nothing for me. I threw it all away, y'all. My whole Internet. I threw it away for good. I cannot lie: it's gone.

I ask our Internet guys about all the Juggalo web sites, and what's going on with them all the time. I check out web sites for non-related shit when I need to, but NO MORE LATE NIGHTS of bullshit li'l kids and nerdies getting the best of me.

Plus, like my homie, Brandon, said to me, "Man, I got so many fuckin' homies in Arizona that are super fuckin' Juggalos, and they ain't even got computers, or know about any web sites. They matter too, don't they?"

When Brandon asked me that, I said, "Fuck yeah they matter – I'm one of them!"

WHEN we said what we said on track 17 of Shangri-La, it wasn't even a question. It had to be said. The story is over. This is the brutal truth to the saga. The ending. That's what I promised my mom I would say years ago. I always told her we'll clear it all up for everybody on the 6th, ma. We did. The other half of the 6th, *The Wraith: Hell's Pit*, has yet to come as of the press time of this bad-ass fuckin' book piece.

Look, I look at it like this. I think this is maybe mostly the reason why things have started changing for the brighter and better so much these days. We've been telling a story for so long that we never even bothered to look at anything else. We never looked to the left, right, up or down, because we were always on the same track: GO GO GO. The 2nd Joker's Card, and then the 3rd Joker's Card. Then the 4th. There was never even a reason to look towards anything else or any other shit for TEN YEARS. There was never any reason to develop different ideas, because it was always already laid out.

Now that the ending has come it's like the dark, morbid, gruesome track that we've always been on has suddenly came out of a dark tunnel that we'd unknowingly been in, and BLAAAM!!! Off a cliff! WE NOW FLY ON OUR OWN! Blue skies, green oceans, and diamond rain everywhere.

That's the only way I can explain it. It's not like we didn't love doing the Joker's Cards, in fact we loved it so much we were fine the whole time. We never missed anything else.

Now that the 6th is revealed, we can't help but look around for new ideas and flavors. The possibilities are endless. We know that whatever we do after the 6th is not going to be as epic as the tower of the six Joker's Cards, but that's okay with me. I agree. Them cards, that story, its ending, its meanings, its message, was awesome. THAT'S WHY WE'RE SO HAPPY AND PROUD NOW. WE SCHOOLED IT.

I feel like we did something absolutely unheard-of in music. Nobody would take ten years on and devote all them albums and all that time to telling one same story, start the story without so much as one listener, and somehow get a million ears to listen by the time they're done. We did it.

NOW I feel like the rest is up to us from here out. Fuck all limitations and expectations put on us by anyone. We kept it real as fuck for everybody. Even if I started singing now, got plastic surgery, and held my baby out the window, them six cards are what they are. They are the shit, and just like TIME can't be reversed, neither can they.

We did it, and we did it sweet. Nobody can take that away from ICP. Now that they're out, nothing can fuck that up. There will always be those six bad boys chillin' to our name. I can be proud of that for the rest of my days.

DESPITE that ICP was still in hiding until the upcoming Gathering, and I was trying my best not to be seen anywhere, I wanted to hang with Twiztid on their tour, so I stayed on THE LOW.

I flew out and rode with them for a couple of days, maybe three or four times on their Mirror Mirror Tour. It's always been a dream of mine to be able to do that, to just be able to roll out anytime I want, and ride along with some homies of mine on their tour.

I couldn't see the shows, because I had to stay hidden, but I could hang out and smoke it up with my road dogs all day and night on the bus. Seeing them on their own tour was some of the best shit, ever. Watching their road crew, watching Jamie and Paul run the ship the same way Joey and I run ours, was great.

We taught them the ropes. Then they taught Blaze and ABK in many ways. With us acts on Psychopathic, there's more than just rapping involved. Just rapping gets you just rap fans. To them you're just a rapper. You'll be out as quick as you came in with that *just a rapper* shit.

When you're as deep-rooted underground as us, the only way to sell a record is hands-on. We know all the hands-on secrets at Psychopathic, because we've mastered it. The secret is hard work. That's what we do. Straight up hands-on shit. Hands-on promotion. Our hands are on your neck, and if you don't by our shit we choke you until you do. Hands-on promotion, hatchet-style.

The Gathering 2002

DRIVING on the way to the Gathering 2002 in Peoria, I was at 1,000%. Joey was better than ever. We were in our prime, because we hadn't been that excited about being ICP since we started being ICP.

We were all in a long convoy of cars: Twiztid, Blaze, ABK, Esham, Zug Izland, and all of us. I had butterflies in my stomach the whole way there from Detroit. Joey and I hadn't faced the Juggalos in eight long months. We knew what the 6th was like.... We knew what it sounded like.... We more than knew, fuck, we even had it in our pockets.

What would THEY think of it? Once we tell them what it is, what it's called, once we show them what it looks like, there is NO

TURNING BACK. That's it. Our official 6th Joker's Card will be revealed.

We've been asked "So what's the 6th going to be" more than any other question. No more cards follow the 6th. It's the ending to the saga that is the Dark Carnival. ICP has never been without Joker's Card mysteries surrounding us.

Once the world knows the 6th, there is no more mystery to us. Did that bother us? Maybe during the last few years of the countdown, but as soon as we got to this point, it became magnificent. It's like real magic, because we feel like we accomplished something so historically fresh in underground music. We fuckin' couldn't wait to get to Peoria, and GET IT ON!

Of course, the Gathering was unfuckwithable. As usual it blew away everybody who came. People everywhere were telling me that I lost mad weight. People were telling us they loved us, and had missed us the whole time. I couldn't believe the positive love Juggalos were showing Joey and I.

Man, all that shit I had been reading in the Internet was so small and minute compared to what's really going on. These ninjas weren't reading that dumb shit. If they were, it went in one eyeball and out another! They didn't take that shit to heart like my old self did. This love was real.

Diamond Rain

Juggalos were trippin' on Esham being there, too. We hadn't yet announced that he was now runnin' with the Hatchet. Bubba Sparks was set to perform, Mack 10 was there – it was awesome.

Bubba Sparks got booed off, though. He came out a li'l too cocky, and took ten minutes to finally come out, after his own DJ had been calling him out the whole time.

When he finally did come out, he kept saying some shit like, "Y'all can't fuck with Bubba. Y'all don't know about Bubba. Y'all ain't ready for no Bubba."

Finally the 8,000 Juggalos said, "Fuck it, you're right. We ain't ready for no fuckin' Bubba. Get the fuck outta here, and bring out Mack 10 and them."

One thing sucked for me personally about that year's Gathering. I was so excited about performing because I was in so much better shape. All the nights of running and all that, I was so ready to put it down, live.

Finally, my chance had come. The first night of the Gathering. Dark Lotus had just taken the stage, and I was so energetic and hyped, I ran for my first stage dive in a while. I jumped off a stage monitor, but it was plastic, and rolled right up under my foot. I fell up and backwards like Bluto slipping on a banana. I busted myself in half. I fell in-between the stage and the barricade and landed back first. I lay there, unable to breath.

A gang of security all attempted to pick me up, but I had to shake my head, "No!"

I couldn't breath. I couldn't move. I needed to catch my wind. I moved my legs and arms to see if I could and I was okay. Slowly but surely I got wind back into my lungs.

As I lay there trying to breath, I swear to God this is what I thought, "I can't breath very well, my back feels very fucked up, but I still feel the shine."

That fresh feeling that the 6th gave to me was still there. I started to stand up and head around to the back of the stage. There, I leaned against the stage, and breathed. I kept thinking, just get back up there and finish it out. Look at how fresh shit is right now. Don't let this derail you. Right in the middle of my comeback, on the first stage dive of ICP's return, this happens....

As I stood up there in pain, finishing out the show, I thought, "I'm still here doing this for a living. So my back hurts now, shit is still all good. I can still see the diamond rain, so it's all okay. I

could still see it when I was laying there, dead. I can see it today. I only pray it never goes away."

The next day I wrestled and did another concert. The same thing the day after that, plus fucking chicks all night. I got through it all thanks to my shine.

LONG after the Gathering was over, and a fat-ass success (except for a mini riot that broke out on the 2nd day when a gay police officer attempted to arrest a Juggalette for showing her nipples), I finally went to a hospital. The doctor was heated at me. He said you're a fool, Mr. Lee, you're a damn fool. (They always call me Mr. Lee, because I sign my name as Joe Bruce Lee on anything I don't really care about, including doctor fill-out forms.) The doctor told me that when I fell that night, I had broken my wrist, and cracked a vertebra in my back. Vertebra D-12 at that!

We handed the album in, and it went to press. Now that we were out of hiding, it was time to see the nation's Juggalos. We did a nationwide haunted house tour for the entire month of October, 2002. Esham and Anybody Killa came with us on the whole tour.

We would appear some place within each haunted house, and then just pop out and scare the Juggalos, give them a dap, and they would move on. It was fun, only problem was that some – not all, but some – of these snake-ass haunted houses would jack up their prices for the day we were there. So some of them we walked out on. At others, as soon as we started seeing the same Juggalos twice, we bounced.

The whole thing was kind of a rip-off, because ninjas were paying $20-$25 just to come through, and see us for ten seconds. We WERE NOT getting paid one penny, and we hated seeing these haunted houses charge like that for some bullshit.

One haunted house wasn't shit but an emptied out office building with carpeted floors, some office divider walls making a cheap maze, and some black lights up in the fancy drop ceiling above. We were glad to end that tour. Nonetheless, getting out on the road again was tight as fuck for us.

RECORD release parties for the album were set up all over the country: ten on the night of November 4th, the night before the album dropped, and eight more on the night of the 5th. Twiztid did two, Anybody Killa did two, Rudy and Sabu, and on and on. We were everywhere at once.

Joey and I did Boston and LA. It hit the streets. The 6th was out. The Juggalo world was in awe. Juggalos straight up cried. The 6th means something to all Juggalos, yet it has its own meanings, and has its own relationship with each and every Juggalo.

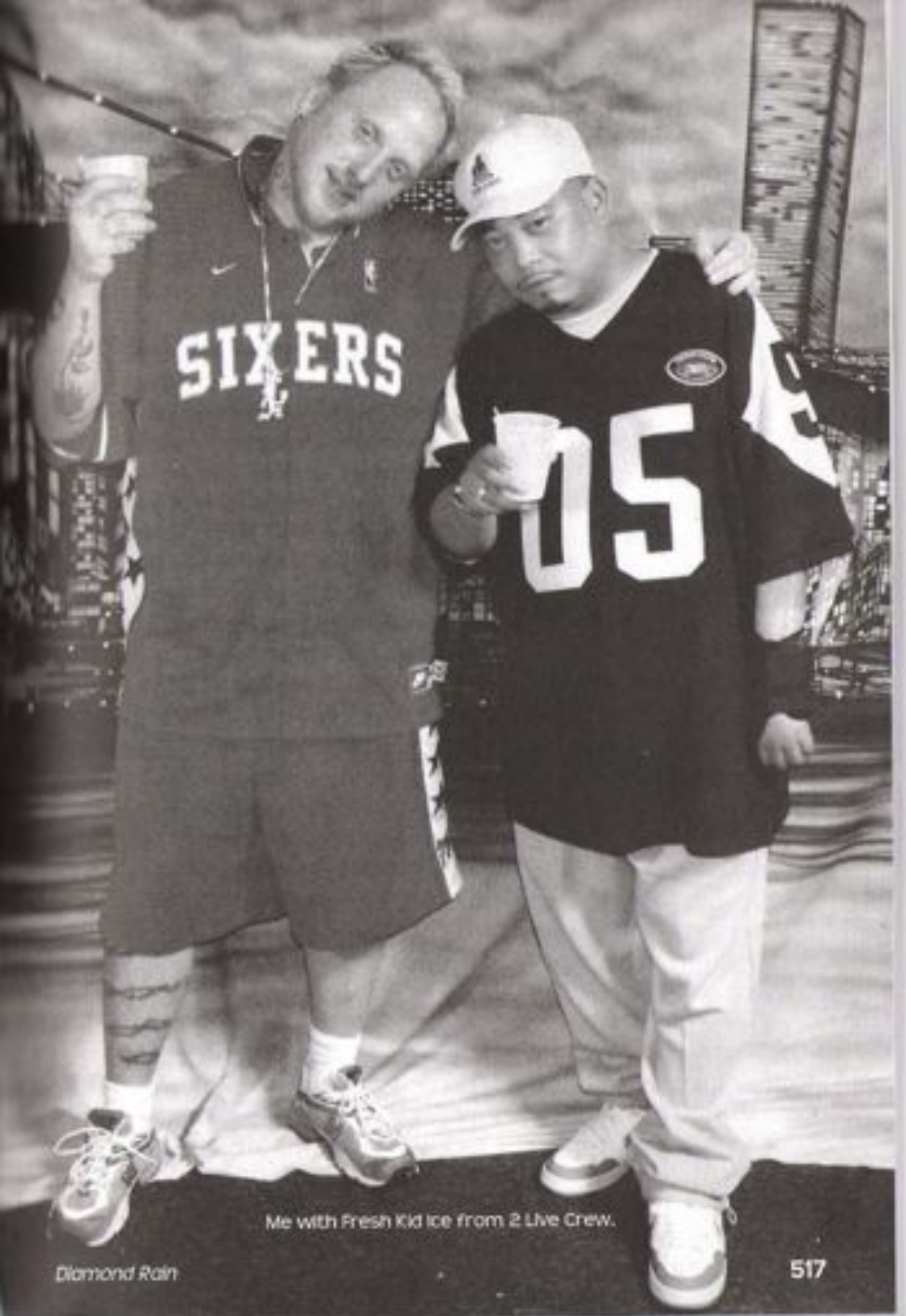
Hearing so bluntly what they had always known was a hard pill for many to swallow. Once it's swallowed it's all to the good. We made it as clear as we could over and over again before it came out.

Either Juggalos are with us, or they should just forget us. We stand behind each and every lyric on the album. We support it forever. Now that the story's ending is out, and the Juggalo world knows what to expect, and awaits *Hell's Pit*, it's like the cat's outta the bag, and it's not a let down. It's out. It's fresh as hell. We love the way it turned out.

WE quickly went back on tour to do seven quick shows to work off the rust, before we begin the Shangri-La World Tour, which includes dates in Australia, and once again Europe. When we played these seven cities, we called it the Diamonds Raining Tour. We brought with us the whole Hatchet family. Twiztid, Blaze, ABK, and everybody we got, all came out to show their respect for the era of the 6th.

We hadn't been on tour in so long that when I got back out there, I couldn't believe what I had been missing. It was just like the old days of ICP. I could move again. I could breath, rap, stage dive, and be suicidal. I was back in shape like I always was, and like I plan on being for life.

Even Jumpsteady came out with us and did "The Chaos Theory," live! He performed with several different hype men, including Tom Dub, Psychopatrick, and yup, the one and only Rude Boy, my homie.



Me with Fresh Kid Ice from 2 Live Crew.

WELL.... Today, I'm a new ninja. I run so much, my feet give the roads blisters. Everything in my life is in full color now. I don't even take Nyquil or Vicodins anymore. Not that I'm against that shit; it's just that thanks to the incredible wonders of weed, I don't need that other shit.

That's right. Weed. Blaze Ya Dead Homie finally one day talked me into hittin' the blunt, and it seemed to right my every chemical imbalance, believe it or not. My mental head doctor believes it. She even told me to keep it up. I don't even need panic attack medicine, anymore.

YOU ABSOLUTELY WOULD NEVER believe how much my life has reversed in the last year. Not just for temporary, but for good. I feel like I now know the answers to so many questions I've always had.

SO MUCH MORE MAKES SENSE now that all six cards are revealed. I feel like we did it. We feel like we're kings! How many people actually accomplish their biggest goals in life?! We schooled it already, and we ain't even old, yet.

I ain't old, yet. I was just weak with it. It was stress, depression, and writer's block, maybe. I don't know what it really was, but my life sure took a dip when I went off track and did *Bizzar* and *Bizaar* instead of the 6th daddy.

Was I scared? I didn't think I was, but maybe I was, then. I'm glad it's over, and new days are here. The last couple years were kind of like bungee jumping.... We saw the 6th was ready, it was time and all, but we just couldn't accept it, I guess. Now that we finally did the jump, we never understood what we were scared of. We wanna keep jumping. For the rest of my life, from now on. The legacy was told, and we told it well. What's next?

I love it these days, with ZERO dark secrets. Joey has three children, now. He had a beautiful daughter, and he's on cloud 17 over it all. We're doing *Big Money Rustlas* this coming summer, after the Gathering, and all that. By the time this book is out, Twiztid's *Green Book* will be out, and peeling wigs. Blaze's *Colton Grundy* should me slapping your mom's cheek purple with handprints, soon. Zug Izland's *Cracked Tiles* is blowing up. Anybody Killa's *Hatchet Warrior* is tomahawk choppin' heads in half on the daily. Esham's *Acid Rain* is out, and he's already in the lab working on his next wig-splittin' album.

Joey and I haven't started working on *Hell's Pit* yet; we're too busy enjoying the Diamond Rain. Alex is busy with a Psychopathic

ICP, 2003

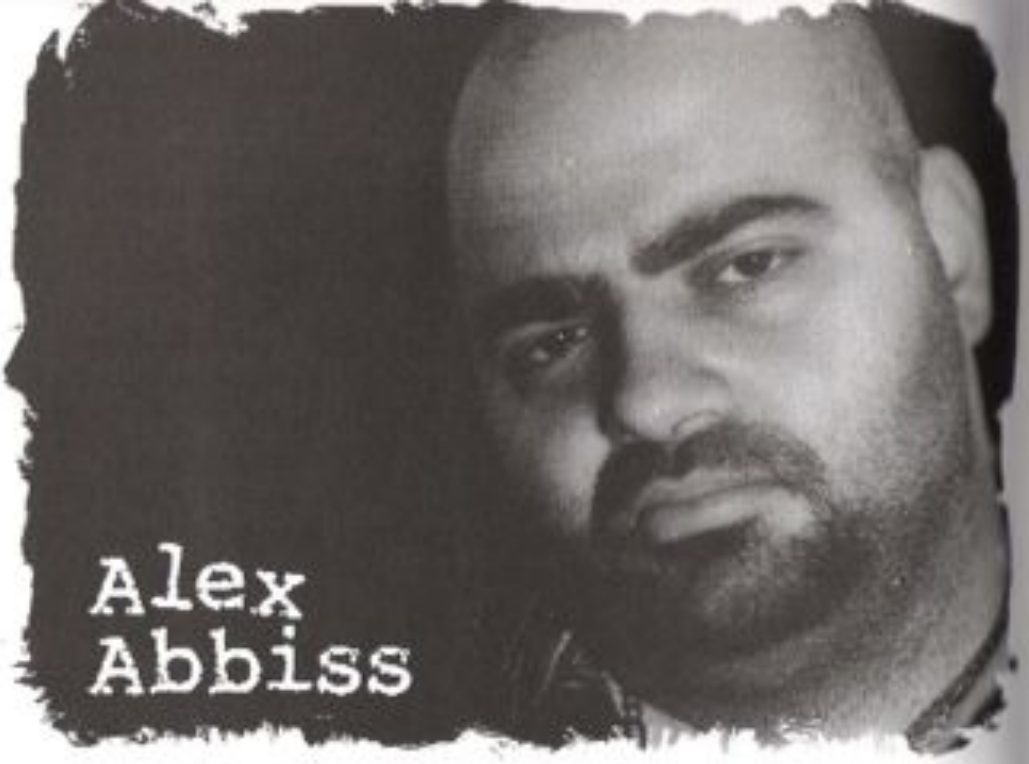
team of ninjas, currently launching Psychopathic Europe. I know that sounds like some bullshit, but it's the truth.

Rob and them are just now setting up the Gathering 2003, which is when we hope to get this book out by. Billy Bill is putting together our 75-date Shangri-La World Tour, which starts in about two weeks. Man, it ain't even half way close to being over for ICP. Just this book is.

What's to guarantee that the diamonds will continue to fall? It's like riding a bike: once you learn the shine, you can't forget it if you wanted to. Bring any and everything the future holds, all of it; bring that shit on, so, I can write another book like this some day.

I wanna thank Hobey, Rob, Rich, Alex, and my fuckin' partner in life, Joey. To anybody who sat through and fuckin' actually read this whole mother fuckin' thing, I hope it was okay. Much clown fuckin' love, and I'm out this bitch.

Peace, y'all.



Alex Abbiss

Psychopathic Records is the truest example I know of a company going against the grain, and still in the end, able to pull off the big win. This company was formed by ICP and I, and together, starting with absolutely, positively no knowledge of the business, within ten years we have gone on to be this industry's masters.

Let me elaborate on the phrase "going against the grain". I am talking about true creative and artistic expression, with no limits. I am talking about cassettes, CDs, and records without parental advisories. I am talking about never bowing down to the will of the Walmarts and Targets, who won't carry your fucking records unless you edit all explicit content out. This move alone has cost ICP and other Psychopathic acts not thousands, but hundreds of thousands of sales. Fuck 'em. I'd rather sell less of the real thing, than sell a few extra copies of some fake-ass bullshit edited crap.

Psychopathic Records is the only company I know in any industry that bends over backwards to take care of its fans. Time and again, due to various technical reasons, ICP or Twiztid shows have been cancelled. Time and again, Psychopathic Records sends out their street teams to hand out free CDs, T-shirts, stickers, etc., to the people who show up at

the concert, because they didn't get word of its cancellation or postponement.

What you may or may not know, is that when we miss a show we lose our ass. We also take another big hit sending people out there, giving away tons of free merchandise to keep our fans happy. So fucking what. If it wasn't for the Juggalos, none of this would be possible. Even though other record companies could give a fuck less, over here the Juggalos mean everything.

On top of that fact, Psychopathic Records, without a doubt, for now and all time, will represent the truest form of rebellion and nonconformity that the industry has ever seen. We are also pioneers of firsts. Never ever do we follow fucking trends. If anything, we have set them for others to follow. Example: the Gathering of the Juggalos. Where is the fucking Korn Gathering of the Korn-holes? Where is the Fred Biscuit Gathering of the Biscuits? Also, JCW wrestling: our own wrestling federation, which apparently is the number two wrestling promotion in the country, never having to resort to bankruptcy like WCW and ECW.

We were one of the first bands ever to have a web site. First band ever to have its own successful clothing line: Hatchet Gear. Yes, other bands and labels have had other clothing lines out before Hatchet Gear, but what you don't know is that the other labels lose their fucking ass. Hatchet Gear is the first to actually make money. The reason why most clothing lines don't make money is because they mostly just take some generic jersey and slap their company's name on it; then they wonder why their company flops. There are other bands out there doing the same bullshit. They don't know how to take their time, and custom design shit originally from scratch.

Ever since we came into and left the WWF, four years ago, over 25 groups have followed up over there trying to get some secondary "cheap heat." We were also the first record label to use graphically designed wrapped vans and street teams with samplers to promote and sell records. So on and so forth.

In closing, I realize there is so much more I want to say, but it looks like I'd probably need my own book to get this done. So let me just say that Psychopathic Records is a bunch of me and my homies working together to make things a little more exciting in the world today. I got nothing but mad love for all the Juggalos and for Psychopathic mother fuckin' Records, the label that always will run beneath the streets.

Psychopathic is a mad fresh company that is committed to providing entertainment to a sometimes drab world. Our employees gain a tremendous amount of karma each day, because we are making life a little bit more enjoyable for those who are into the flavor that we provide.

Sure we don't have a job as important as a doctor or schoolteacher, but we do have a job that is very important on so many different emotional levels. So many times I have read emails and letters from Juggalos who claim that we have pulled them from a state of suicidal thoughts, or provided them with some of the best days of their lives.

In my opinion, the next most important thing on this planet besides saving your soul by living honorably, is to enjoy yourself as much as you possibly can. Our job is to provide some of that enjoyment by putting together records, shows, wrestling, conventions, autograph signings, contests, and all the other things we do.

We truly care about the Juggalos who make our company possible. They are just as much apart of my family as any Psychopathic employee. You can believe that I would be the first to jump in a fight if I saw one of them in trouble.

The love that has evolved from the music on our label has created a bond between Juggalos that cannot be easily explained in words. Anyone who has ever attended a Psychopathic concert, been to the Gathering of the Juggalos,

or had visions while listening to one of our records knows what I am talking about. There is a power that stems from the Dark Carnival that surrounds us all. It is like colors in a gray world, that can only be seen and felt by those who truly believe in its message.

Psychopathic to me, on a personal level, means sacrificing my lifestyle so that I can bring joy to others, which in turn brings me immense satisfaction. I also love my job, because it is always changing and challenging me in every way. I feel that I grow stronger for it through the good and the bad.

When I die and stand before my "Book of Life," I know that it will be a fat novel, full of all my adventures and accomplishments in this world. Because of Psychopathic I am never living on the same page. I turn the page every day and something new is written, because each day is different than the last.

I think it is very important to experience as much as you can in order to evolve, spiritually. If you are stuck doing the same thing everyday with the same routine of going to work, watching TV, and sleeping, then you are trapped on the same page and your book of life will be thin. Thus your life will pass you by in the blink of an eye and you will learn little.

I am blessed because I went from being a gamer, to an explorer, to a thief, to a solider, to a prisoner, to a father, to a record executive, to a wrestler, to a movie actor, to a game creator, to a rapper, all the while traveling the world, dating beautiful women, and having adventures with my closest friends. I live life to the fullest because I have a life to live.

So what is Psychopathic Records to me? It is a dream that has become a reality, far beyond any of our expectations. It is Joe, Joey, Alex, Billy, and all my closest friends on a quest in this life to bring a little happiness and flavor to the world. It is a Juggalo family that stretches to the farthest reaches of this planet, who are all freethinkers, and know the power and joy that a little chaos can bring.

Above all this, it is music. Music that can inspire the soul for greater things, and bring laughter to help people break out of the trap of becoming mundane: music that helps people to stay on the path to the very gates of Shangri-La.

Peace

TO SUM EVERYTHING UP IN ONE WORD: FAMILY!!!

SEEING HOW, CHANCES ARE, MOST PARENTS SEE BLOOD OR MAKEUP, OR HEAR THE WORD FUCK A COUPLE TIMES, AND GO NUTS, WITHOUT TAKING IN THE WHOLE PICTURE.

(A message to the parents reading this: behind every facade there is a message. So instead of going off the fuckin' handle, ask your son or daughter to explain our music, and what we represent, before you tell them they can't listen to it.)

YOU NEVER JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS COVER. I'M NOT SURE WHO SAID THAT FIRST, BUT IT'S A TRUE STATEMENT. ONCE YOU READ CLOSER BETWEEN THE LINES, YOU WILL FIND MANY THINGS ARE FAR FROM WHAT YOU EXPECTED.

WHAT ELSE CAN I SAY? I COULD GO ON FOR DAYS, BUT I ONLY GOT ONE PAGE TO SPEAK MY MIND, SO I'LL END ON THIS NOTE: THERE AIN'T NO OTHER LABEL UNDERGROUND OR OTHERWISE THAT CAN EVEN GET WITH, OR SEE THE HATCHET, AND AS FAR AS THE FAMILY ASPECT GOES, WE'RE GROWING EVERYDAY. SO MY ADVICE IS TO ACCEPT IT, OR REJECT IT.

IF YOU REJECT US, NEVER CROSS THE PATH OF THE FAMILY, 'CAUSE IF YOU DO, JUST REMEMBER THAT WE ARE EVERYWHERE, AND SOME DAY, REALLY SOON, WE'LL BE RULIN' THIS BITCH.....
JUGGALO FOR PRESIDENT..... JUGGALETTE DOCTORS.....
JUGGALO LAWERS..... JUGGALETTE SENATORS.....
JUGGALO EVERY DAY, ALL DAY, 'N EVERY
THANG!!!

What the hatchet means to me is a lot more than what I can type or write on a piece of paper. See, to me, the hatchet is a just as much of a feeling inside as it is on the outside. I'll do my best to try to explain this.

The hatchet isn't just a company that puts out CDs and whatnot; it's a family. It's a responsibility as well as an inspiration. If I didn't feel the way I feel, I think the music would just be music, and people would just be people.

The effect that the hatchet has had on my life even overshadows the effect it's had in my music. The hatchet has opened the doors to a whole world I never dreamed existed, let alone thought I could be a part of. They have accepted me and my brother as family, and for that we give our lives to you.

They have shown me the true pathway to success not by pimpin' folks, but by teaching me about options. The hatchet has always been there for me in good and in bad. There's a strong sense of security when you run with the hatchet. Not like a big bunch of goons type of security, but a feeling like it's always going to be all right, no matter what happens to me.

The hatchet enables us to speak the unheard word of the Juggalos without trying to censor our lyrics, or cut back on the content. They have made it possible to become more than just an artist. They create businessmen.

The mentality of "you do what you do, and let us handle the rest" was never an option. They taught and molded some of the greatest minds in the business, and I was and still am honeyed that they gave us a chance to expand our horizons to heights never before imagined. If you could look inside of my heart, and feel what I feel, then you'd understand that words just aren't enough. Hopefully this has given you somewhat of an idea what the hatchet means to me.

PSYCHOPATHIC HAS BEEN MY HOME FOR FOUR YEARS, 'N' I TRULY BELIEVE THAT MORE THAN ANYTHING, IN MY CASE, PSYCHOPATHIC IS ABOUT HEART. WHEN I FIRST MET EVERYBODY AT PSYCHOPATHIC, I WAS STILL THE CRAZY MUTHA FUCKA YOU MIGHT MEET IN A DARK ALLEY, OUT ON THE CORNER HANGING WITH MY FOLKS, SLANGING TREES, 'N' ALWAYS INTO SOMETHING. BASICALLY, I WAS OUT SPENDING MOST MY TIME IN THE STREETS, NEVER WORRYING ABOUT SHIT, 'CAUSE I NEVER HAD SHIT. THE FUZZ WAS SURE WORRIED ABOUT ME, 'N' BEFORE I KNEW IT I LANDED MY ASS UP IN THE CLINK.

FRESH OUT ON PROBATION, I DROVE WITH MY HOMIES, TWIZTID, TO THE OFFICE OF ALEX ABBISS, WHERE MY LIFE WOULD FOREVER BE CHANGED. MY PROBATION WAS A YEAR LONG, WITH NO POSSIBILITY TO LEAVE THE STATE, SO MY CHANCES OF TOURING ANYTIME SOON WERE SLIM TO NONE. ALEX DIDN'T REALLY GIVE A FUCK ABOUT CRIMINAL RECORDS.

ACTUALLY HE SAID, "EVERYBODY'S GOT THEIR REASONS."

HE OFFERED ME A JOB AT THE HATCHET TO GIVE ME SOMETHIN' OTHER THAN THUGGIN' TO DO. SO, WORK DURING THE DAY, 'N' THE OPPORTUNITY TO RECORD MY OWN SHIT WHEN I WASN'T AT THE OFFICE. MY FIRST DAY AT THE HATCHET OPENED MY EYES TO A WORLD THAT I NEVER EXPERIENCED, AND A FAMILY I NEVER KNEW I HAD.

MUCH LIKE A STUDENT, I WAS SCHOOLED, AND THE FIRST THING I LEARNED ABOUT WAS HEART. 'TIL THAT DAY I NEVER HAD HEART IN ANYTHING, EXCEPT SLANGIN' WEED 'N' SUCH. I GUESS IT WAS BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE I THOUGHT I'D ALWAYS BE: HANGING ON THE BLOCK, SELLIN' DRUGS.

IT'S GOOD THAT THINGS CHANGED, 'N' I LEARNED QUICKLY. I FOCUSED ALL MY HEART ON PSYCHOPATHIC. IT DIDN'T MATTER IF IT WAS MY PROJECT, ICP'S PROJECT, OR TWIZTID'S PROJECT, I GAVE 150%, NOT ONLY FOR THE JUGGALOS 'N' JUGGALETTES, BUT ALSO FOR LOVE OF THE HATCHET AND THE DARK CARNIVAL.

PSYCHOPATHIC IS BEST DESCRIBED AS AN ARMY OF FAMILY; BROTHERS, ALL COMMITTED TO ONE THING: PREACHING THE WORD OF THE DARK CARNIVAL THRU MUSIC, IN HOPES THAT ONE DAY WE WILL ALL REACH SHANGRI-LA. WE DON'T USE THE SAME METHODS AS THE MAINSTREAM. INSTEAD WE PROVIDE OUR OWN TACTICS FOR OUR WORLD: THE UNDERGROUND.

THAT'S RIGHT, HOMIE, CHECK OUT MY EP; WE THE LABEL THAT RUNS BENEATH THE STREETS, 'CAUSE PSYCHOPATHIC ISN'T FOR JUST ANYBODY. THE JUGGALOS 'N' JUGGALETTES WHO THINK LIKE US 'N' BELIEVE LIKE US CAN UNDERSTAND THE MESSAGES OF THE CARNIVAL. THEY ARE OUR FAMILY, 'N' THEY REPRESENT THE HATCHET WITH THE SAME JUGGALO PRIDE THAT I MYSELF REPRESENT.

I GOT JUGGALO LUV, CLOWN LUV, TWIZTID LUV, 'N' MOST OF ALL HATCHET LUV, FOR THAT'S WHERE IT ALL STARTED. FROM THE CRADLE TO THE CASKET 'N' BEYOND. MY NAME IS BLAZE YA DEAD HOMIE. KEEP IT DARK CARNIVAL 4 LIFE! PEACE!

LET ME START OFF BY SAYING IT'S SO FUCKING HARD TO WRITE ABOUT SOMETHING THAT'S WAY MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE WORDS I WRITE, OR THE PAPER IT'S WRITTEN ON. HERE I GO, STRAIGHT UP THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS ON THE LABEL I REPRESENT: PSYCHOPATHIC.

FROM THE FIRST TIME I RODE ON A TOUR BUS... WHEN WE HEARD A WEIRD SOUND WHILE SMOKING A FATTY OUTSIDE THE BUS ON AN OFF DRIVING DAY, ON THE WAY TO LA TO SHOOT THE "WE DON'T DIE" VIDEO... WHEN MONOXIDE RAN ON THE BUS AND KNOCKED US ALL OVER JUST TO GET AWAY FROM THE SOUND OF SOME CRAZY BUG THAT WE THOUGHT WAS A RATTLE SNAKE....

IT WAS THE SHIT, AND I WOULDN'T CHANGE IT FOR THE WORLD. JUST LIKE I WOULDN'T CHANGE RUNNIN' WIT' THE HATCHET. TO ME IT'S MY LIFE; ALL I KNOW IS JUGGALO. PSYCHOPATHIC GAVE ME A FAMILY NOT ONLY BETWEEN THE ARTISTS OR THE ONES BEHIND THE SCENES THAT MAKE SHIT HAPPEN, WHO ARE JUST AS IMPORTANT, BUT THE JUGGALOS.

PSYCHOPATHIC NOT ONLY ACCEPTED ME INTO THEIR FAMILY, BUT THEY GAVE ME A WAY TO VISIT THEM: TOURING. IT'S A CHANCE TO MEET ALL MY JUGGALO FAMILY, A CHANCE TO SEE THE WORLD. THE THINGS I'VE SEEN, THE PEOPLE I'VE MET, WOULD'VE NEVER HAPPENED IF IT WASN'T FOR PSYCHOPATHIC.

THEY'RE THE REASON THERE'S NO HANDCUFFS ON ME AS I WRITE THIS. FROM TWIZTID HAVING ME ON THE FREEK SHOW ALBUM, TO VIOLENT J AND SHAGGY GIVING ME THE PRIVILEGE TO SPIT ON "SKANTACLAWS." HOW COULD ONE NOT HAVE NOTHIN' BUT LOVE? THE GATHERINGS, THE HALLOWICKEDS - A BIG FAMILY REUNION. IT'S THE MUTHAFUCKIN' BOMB.

PSYCHOPATHIC IS HARD TO EXPRESS IN WORDS BECAUSE IT'S A FEELING, A DARK CARNIVAL VIBE THAT YOU CAN'T FEEL UNLESS YOU'RE A JUGGALO. AS I SIT HERE AND TRY MY HARDEST TO TELL THE WORLD WHAT PSYCHOPATHIC MEANS TO ME, MY ENERGY LEVEL RISES, BECAUSE IT'S MORE THAN A FEELING, IT'S SHANGRI-LA: YOUR FUTURE HOME AND MINE.

I JUST THANK THE EARTH FOR GIVING ME A CHANCE TO GROW, AND I THANK PSYCHOPATHIC FOR GIVING ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO SHINE. MUCH LOVE GOES TO MY FAMILY, THE JUGGALOS, MADROX & MONOXIDE FOR PUTTING ME ON, BLAZE YA DEAD HOMIE FOR HAVING FAITH IN ME TO HIT THE STAGE AND ROCK THAT SHIT WITH YOU, VIOLENT J FOR ALL THE DARK MAGIC THAT YOU HELP SO MANY WITH, MY BLOOD BROTHER, SHAGGY, AND THE SPRITS SURROUNDING HIS SOUL, ALEX ABBISS FOR THE NINJA TACTICS, AND THE HEART AND BELIEF HE HAS IN THE COMPANY THAT RUNS BENEATH THE STREETS - I LOVE Y'ALL.

WITHOUT PSYCHOPATHIC THERE WOULD BE NO ANYBODY KILLA. SO HOW DO I FEEL ABOUT PSYCHOPATHIC? I DEDICATE MY LIFE TO THE HATCHET FOR LIFE.

It's like this: ever since I've been with the company, my life has changed dramatically. I mean a year ago I was working in a party store selling 40s for food stamps, and kicking people out for being too high on crack. Now I'm a keyboardist for Zug Izland. Pretty big change, huh!?!

I know. Last week we opened six shows on Twiztid's Mirror Mirror Tour. That was the freshest. That's what it's all about, doing the shows and having fun, for me anyway.

I have always been involved in the entertainment field, doing commercial ads, clothes advertising, and I tried to get into a lot of different movies (always winding up with some shitty-ass extra part with no lines). I also did some club promoting and threw some kick-ass parties (mostly for sports figures).

Then I was invited onto a real team. Mike P and Syn came into the store looking for a 12-pack, and they left with a keyboardist. We rehearsed the same night. After a few rehearsals we clicked as one: Zug Izland backed by Psychopathic Records.

To be honest I didn't know too much about the company, but once I heard ICP, Twiztid, Blaze, and ABK I immediately considered myself to be a down-ass Juggalo. Then, later, seeing how they run things on the road, in the warehouse, and in The Lotus Pod, that was fresh too. Being involved with Psychopathic Records is a lot of fun, and a lot of hard work. Now I have two families.

What does Psychopathic Records mean to me? God, where do I begin? I was chillin' in Vegas after a two and a half-year stint with another band that I had just quit. What was I going to do with myself? I had the world at my fingertips, yet I had no idea what to do. Suddenly the phone rang.

"Yo!! This is Mike P from Detroit."

He proceeded to tell me about this new group that was forming, called Zug Izland. They needed me to play drums. A few days later, I flew home to Detroit to start on what I thought was going to be a little project. Boy was I wrong.

I failed to consider the fact that I had just been found by the Dark Carnival. All I can say is that my life has taken a totally different path than I expected. I had been so wrapped up in trying to make it in the mainstream, I failed to even consider the company I had known for so long: Psychopathic Records.

Let me tell you. Since I've been an artist on this label I've experienced so many cool things. Not only am I progressing in the music world, but I've gained so much more than that. I've gained a whole new family. I've become part of a group of people who are trying to achieve the same things as me.

This company is the shit. I wish I thought of it. Everything that I am experiencing is like a dream. If I had a label I'd want it to be just like this. Our standards are very high, yet we have fun just like a bunch of little kids. I don't know; I could write my own book on how cool this company is. All I know is that I'm home, and I hope to be kickin' out the beats ninja-style for a long time.

P.S.: Everything you've just read, times it by ten. That's what Psychopathic means to me, BITCH!

Everything. My life has changed in so many ways. Not just the music, not the fans, money, or any of that. I'm not saying all of that means nothing: it's the bomb. What means most to me is that I got family who will do everything and anything for me, at any time.

At Psychopathic records, we don't just work here. First, you get accepted into the family, then you work here because you believe in the message of the Dark Carnival: a circus ride through life. There are no superstars here. We all work together to make things easier on each other.

Not to be riding Joe's dick or "the dick" as he would say, but I learned so much from him and I respect what he says. I love that motherfucker. He will always be my friend for the rest of my life. Look, without Joe, there would be no ICP or Psychopathic Records, and I wouldn't be writing this letter.

Thank you.

God Bless everyone at Psychopathic Records.

I was just chillin', working in the studios around Detroit, and playing a show once in a while. Life was okay. I thought I'd be there forever.

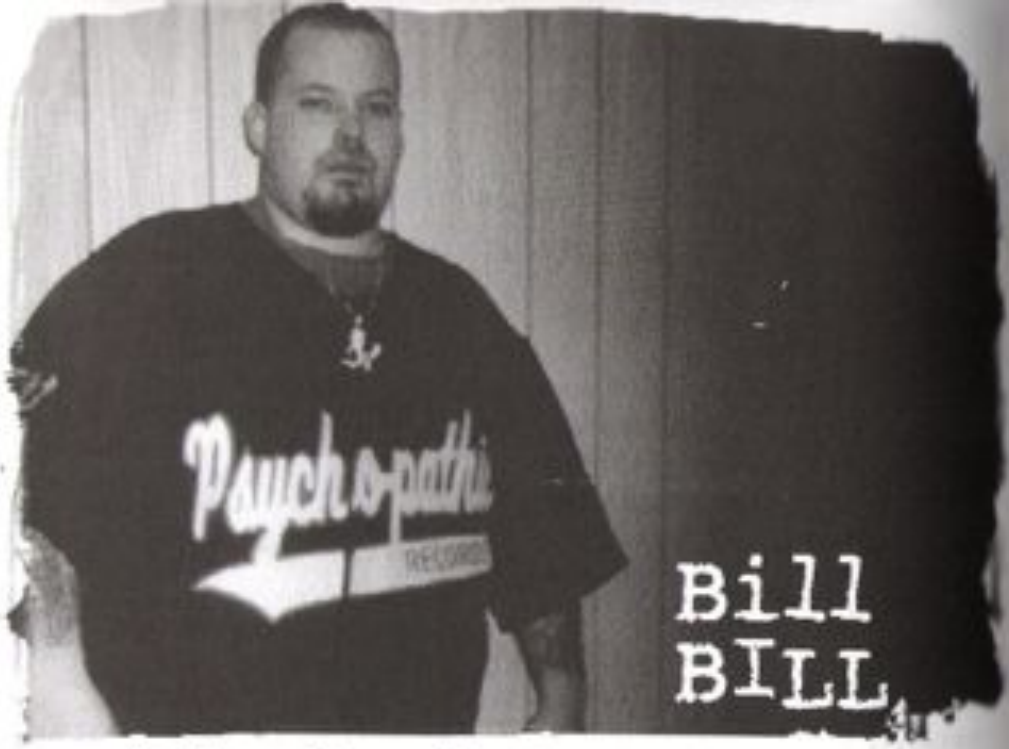
Then I heard that Psychopathic Records needed help building and running a new studio. So I showed up and met with Alex Abbiss. He hired me and I started putting together The Lotus Pod. It took about five months. Everyone was on tour for a couple more months.

When the tour ended, we started working on the Dark Lotus record. One day I played a song that I wrote for Joe. The next day we were cutting vocals on it at The Lotus Pod.

Then Syn kept showing up; he was always signing in the back of the room. Joe asked if he could cut a vocal, and, of course, he did. It turned out to be "Run" on Forgotten Freshness 3.

Joe asked if I could write any more. So it began: my writing and producing for Psychopathic. It all just grew from there. Then the idea of a rock band came about with Syn, then a tour, then the 6th.

Joe, Joey, and Psychopathic were the only ones who would really give me a chance, and believe in me. They have since made all my dreams come true. For a time I thought I was destined for a life of mediocrity. Now I am a part of a team, and a family of greatness. Thanks, Joe, and Psychopathic.



In this world you either choose to work for someone, or you do it by yourself. I choose to do it by myself. We created our career, which turned into our life. It started with a dream from one person that got better and better as it was coming true. His dream then turned into my dream. I could not have done it without everyone who was involved. The beginning was rough, but I knew it would be worth it. I do not take anything back.

We made this business and band what it is today without the help of the industry. They are not behind us. They do not even like us. Despite all of that, we have millions of fans who support what we do.

I dropped out of school in 7th grade. No way I would have thought I would be here like this today. I came from nowhere and nothing, to everywhere and everything. I own my own home at the age of 25, and am part owner of a multi-million dollar company. I feel like I have accomplished what I was supposed to accomplish.

Yet, there is more to be done, and guys, you know I will do it. When I think of Psychopathic Records it means gratitude to me. I am so thankful for everything that has happened to me, and I feel lucky that I was able to take part in it. Thanks.

Psychopathic Records.

It started off as a dream, now itz reality. For years Reel Life & Psychopathic have had friendly competition, but now itz time for the two corporations to merge as one super team to take out the corporate monsters of the industry. This was probably the same formula Universal Records had before it formed and made history.

Insane Clown Posse

Complete Discography

This discography was researched by Jumpsteady. As accurately as possible, it details every single music and video project ICP has ever created or been a part of. An asterisk (*) next to the title indicates that release was particularity important and heavily promoted. A release's status, and all other time sensitive information, is accurate at time of printing.

ICP music has appeared on a number of releases even more obscure than what is listed here. This is especially true from 1999 and on, when Psychopathic began growing overseas. These releases include record industry samplers, foreign compilations, etc.

For accuracy's sake, here is a list of most of these:

The Corner series. These promo tapes were given to music stores each month to promote new songs/bands. ICP appeared on five of these.

Star Warped. This promo tape was distributed in Canada in late 1999, and included the track "Jack Jeckel" from *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers*.

Punk and Disorderly. This Australian CD from 2000 includes the song "Another Love Song" from *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers*.

Route 666 Volume 2. This Australian CD from 2000 includes the song "Terrible" from *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers*.

The Island Holiday CD. This promotional CD from Christmas 2000 was put out by Island, and includes the song "Let's Go All the Way" from *Bizzar*.

1989

Title: "Party at the Top of the Hill"
Format: Single
Artist: JJ Boys
Description: This song was never for sale, and was the first ever recorded material by Joe, Joey, and John, rapping as the JJ Boys. There were only a few cassettes made, and they are assumed to be lost forever. The names of the JJ boys were as follows: Joe Bruce (Violent J) was Jagged Joe, Joey Utsler (Shaggy 2 Dope) was Kangol Joe, and John Utsler (Kickjazz) was Master J.

Image not available

1990

Title: *Enter the Ghetto Zone*
Format: LP
Artist: Violent J
Description: This was the first album where Joe used the name Violent J. He recorded this LP by himself, using two tape players facing each other. One would record while the other played the beat. Joe then stuck his head down between the radios to record each song. Many dubs were made of this album, and given away for free, but none were sold. The sound quality of these tapes was extremely poor.

Title: *Ghetto Territory*
Format: LP
Artist: Inner City Posse
Description: This album was recorded and passed out the same way as *Enter the Ghetto Zone*. It features Violent J, Shaggy 2 Dope, and John Kickjazz for the first time as Inner City Posse. This album was never for sale, and not many copies were ever made.

Title: *Intelligence and Violence*
Format: EP
Artist: Violent J and D-Lyrical
Description: This album was recorded on a karaoke machine, and many copies were given away for free. D-Lyrical represented the Intelligence part of the EP, while Violent J provided the Violence. The main reason Joe did this album with D-Lyrical was to use his $200 karaoke machine, which at the time, was a state-of-the-art recording studio, as far as Joe was concerned.

1991

Title: *Bassment Cuts*
Format: LP
Artist: Inner City Posse
Description: Recorded on their very own new karaoke machine, this was Inner City Posse's first real release. They made many copies on Maxell tapes, and either passed them out for free, or sold them in stores on consignment. Alex Abbiss, the co-owner of the Hot Hits Records, which

sold the tape, believed in the group, and later became the life-long manager and close personal friend of ICP.

Title: *Dog Beats* *
Format: EP
Artist: Inner City Posse
Description: At the time, the Inner City Posse considered this to be their big release, and in many ways it was. All the songs were recorded in a professional studio, and the cassettes were pressed up by a hired manufacturer. They promoted this album to no end, and tried to get radio play in Detroit. The band put this album on consignment in any store that would take it, including convenience stores and gas stations. This EP marks the true start of ICP's career in the music world.

1992

Title: *Carnival of Carnage* *
(1st Joker's Card)
Format: LP
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: After Joe's vision of the Dark Carnival, Insane Clown Posse was born. With it came the first of the six mighty Joker's Card albums, which warn of the coming of the end time, and the need to make your soul right. All six cards contain a message that encourages listeners to look upon their own true reflections.

This album features guest vocals by Esham and Kid Rock, who at the time, were unknown outside of Detroit. Shortly after this album was released, Kid Rock began dissing ICP on his local albums, because of jealousy over ICP's success. In subtle ways ICP returned the favor. All of the Joker's Cards cover art is done by Shaggy 2 Dope. This is the last album to feature John Kickjazz, who later left the group to spend more time with his girlfriend.

Title: *Carnival of Carnage* (1st Joker's Card)
Format: LP – vinyl
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This is one of the rarest items from ICP's history, and features almost every song from the Carnival of Carnage album. It was created in the hopes that DJs would spin the songs in Detroit-area nightclubs.

1993

Title: *Beverly Kills 50187*
Format: EP
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This is the only release to feature the often forgotten temporary third member of ICP, Greez-E. After this release, ICP parted ways with Greez-E, and from then on would only be composed of Violent J and Shaggy 2 Dope.

The cartoon art featured on the cover was drawn by Shaggy 2 Dope. At the end of this album is a recorded

phone message of a lunatic calling a girl he's obsessed with. Few people know that this was a real message left by an ex-boyfriend who was stalking Joe's girlfriend at the time, Lori.

1994

Title: *A Carnival Christmas*
Format: EP
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This funny as hell EP features Mike E. Clark rapping on a song along with an unknown rapper by the name of Fink the East Side G. Fink was a personal friend of Joe's at the time, and there was talk of signing him and his band, Rukkus, to Psychopathic. It never happened, because later on Fink stole money from Psychopathic to feed his weed addiction, and was forsaken.

Title: "Dead Pumpkins"
Format: Single
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This was a free cassette given away at ICP's very first Hallowicked show. This concert, performed on Halloween, was such a huge success, that it would become an annual event. For Juggalos, it is perhaps the most highly anticipated ICP event of the year.

Title: The Fear (soundtrack)
Format: LP, song: "Dead Body Man"
Artist: various
Description: The movie for this soundtrack was supposed to be relatively big, but it flopped, and was only in select movie theaters for one week. The song "Dead Body Man" was never even used in this B-rated movie, which Esham ended up doing a video for.

Title: "Fuck Off"
Format: Single
Artist: Shaggy 2 Dope
Description: Before its release, this single caused a slew of rumors about ICP breaking up, and even about Violent J being dead. Of course, when it was released and Violent J appeared on it, all the rumors were laid to rest. Only 1,000 of these were made, and they sold in days, which inspired the *Fuck Off* EP.

Title: *Fuck Off*
Format: EP
Artist: Shaggy 2 Dope
Description: This EP sold very well, and inspired the idea to record an album, to be titled, Shaggs the Clown. After promoting it to the Juggalos, there was trouble with sample clearings, and the album would unfortunately be the first Psychopathic project to be hyped up, but never produced.

Title: *Ringmaster* *
(2nd Joker's Card)
Format: LP
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Status: Gold
Description: The Ringmaster character represents gang harmony, and features claws that represent rival gang factions of forks up and forks down. He is also the symbolic orchestrator of the Dark Carnival itself.

This album marks the first time that Mike E. Clark seriously worked with ICP to bring the music of the Dark Carnival to life. To this day *Ringmaster* is a favorite amongst many Juggalos. It took until the year 2000 for this album to finally reach its gold status.

Title: *The Terror Wheel*
Format: EP
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: The cover art from this EP was stolen from a sickly-looking techno DJ, named Moby. (Now he's a giant pop star). This caused a few problems. On the upside, because of this jack move, the packaging was put together in less than five minutes, the CD pressing deadline was met, and the album was released on time. The squeaky voice that appears at the beginning of this tape is actually Violent J, with special effects enhancing his voice, while Willoughby Rags is played by Shaggy 2 Dope.

Title: *Born Dead*
Format: EP, song: "Graveyard"
Artist: Project Born
Description: The Flint-based rap group, Project Born, was the first group signed to Psychopathic after ICP. A track was done with ICP to hopefully boost record sales. Unfortunately it sold far less than expected, and the rap group was dropped from the label.

Title: "Chicken Huntin'"
Format: Sampler, *Riddle Box*
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This sampler not only featured snippets from songs on the *Riddle Box* album, but a theatrical vignette of the Dark Carnival coming into a town and killing a crowd of evildoers. ICP is well known for putting out interesting, unique, and entertaining samplers, especially this one. Today, ICP samplers are some of the most sought-after items by collectors.

Title: "Chicken Huntin'"
Format: Single, *Riddle Box*
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: The flyer used to promote this single and *Riddle Box* featured a picture of a hillbilly sporting a rebel flag superman suit. Jumpsteady and Alex Abbiss stole this picture from the wall of a Chili's restaurant. This single has the same cover as the "Chicken Huntin'" sampler

– a testament to Jive's dedication to save money by any means necessary.

Title: "Chicken Huntin'"
Format: Single, Riddle Box – vinyl
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: Jive produced this in their limited attempt to promote the *Riddle Box* album. This release ranks among the rarest of all ICP collectibles.

Title: "Chicken Huntin'" (original)
Format: Video
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This was Jive's attempt at filming a video for under $50. The idea for the video was good, but the budget was so weak, and the director so feeble, that it turned out looking like utter garbage. The truck that was used in this video was bought by Psychopathic, and afterwards it was simply abandoned in the streets of New York, because nobody wanted it around to remind them of how wack the video was.

Title: "Chicken Huntin'"
Format: Video
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: Even Jive had to agree that the first attempt at the video was horrible. They then put together a somewhat reasonable budget, and got a real director for another shoot. This video was shot using mostly live footage at a sold out ICP show at the

State Theatre in Detroit. It turned out to be a great work of art, capturing some of the pure insanity that takes place at an ICP show. Of special interest is that Mike E. Clark is the guy hitting the high bell at the very end of this video.

Title: *Cykodelichell Bold*
Format: EP, song: "Bloodstains"
Artist: Cykosis
Description: ICP was contacted by an unknown rap group in Toledo to do a collaboration track for their new album. ICP agreed to the idea, and recorded the track, which turned out to be horrible. ICP asked Cykosis to never release the song, and they gave their word that they wouldn't.

A year later, Cykosis heartlessly released the track on their EP, and promoted it as featuring ICP, everywhere. Enraged, ICP and Psychopathic pulled some strings to remove all of the albums from stores. Cykosis took ICP to court over the matter and lost. Broke and shamed, they disappeared into the Toledo streets.

Title: "Fat Sweaty Betty"
Format: Single, *Riddle Box*
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This is one of the rarest collectibles that ICP has ever put out. The single's famous cover was jacked from a porn magazine that specialized in fat women. These cassettes were given away for free to everyone wearing clown makeup who came to

either of the two Detroit Mental Warp shows in 1995. This was originally recorded for the *Riddle Box* album, but ICP cut it because they believed it didn't fit.

Title: *Forgotten Freshness*
Format: LP
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This album features rare and previously unreleased tracks by ICP. Only ten thousand of these were pressed, and they sold out within two weeks. This album was put together mainly because Juggalos were having a hard time finding rare ICP songs.

Collectors still sought the actual singles that most of these songs first appeared on, but now the actual music could be shared by all. Who would've figured that this album itself, with such a limited run, would eventually become one of the biggest collectors' items ever?

Title: *Gimme Them Fuckin' Nuggets Bitch, Or I'll Punch Your Fuckin' Face*
Format: LP
Artist: Golden Goldies
Description: This comical album was never released to the public, and was recorded in less than a week. The theme behind the group is representing gold, and that's all they care about. This project was put together by ICP for their own personal entertainment.

The songs feature rappers messing up their lines, and saying some very

strange things. That's because artists only had about five minutes to write their verses, and there were no retakes if they made a mistake. It was done this way on purpose to make it funnier. The only known live performance of the group was during the record release party for the *Riddle Box* album.

Golden Goldies is: Violent J (Golden Jelly), Shaggy 2 Dope (Gold D), Jumpsteady (Golden Gram), Billy Bill (Gold Double B), Alex Abbiss (Gold Rocks), Mike E. Clark (Gold Digger), Rich Murrell (Golden Warrior), Frank G (Golden Frank), Keith (Gold Teeth), Josh (Rold Gold), Kelly Eubanks (Gold Spud), Fink the East Side G (Golden Toby), and Matt Mackalantie (Gold Spakalantie).

Title: *ICP's Strangle-Mania*
Format: Video
Description: All of the footage for this tape was taken from bootleg wrestling tapes that featured bloody and ruthless wrestling matches from Japan. ICP did the hilarious commentary for all the matches, pretending they were actually there witnessing them. This tape is truly a classic.

Title: "The Joker's Wild Show"
Format: Sampler, *Riddle Box*
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This sampler was used primarily to promote in Dallas, TX, during Psychopathic's big push to be noticed outside of the Michigan area. In three months time the *Riddle Box* album went from about 50 copies sold in Dallas to 17,000, proving to Jive that the album could sell outside of Michigan if they would only work it.

Title: "Mr. Rotten Treats"
Format: Single
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This 2nd Annual Hallowicked show single was given out for free on cassette only. There were two sold-out Hallowicked shows at the Royal Oak Theater in Michigan, on October 30th and 31st. During the first show, Violent J picked up a girl over his head and threw her into the crowd, which safely caught her.

The management was so pissed that they called Joe and Alex into their office after the show and threatened to cancel the second show. After tense negotiations, where Psychopathic employees, ICP, and venue security faced-off, the show wasn't cancelled. During the next show Violent J threw three girls into the crowd, and bouncing 2-Liters off the tops of security guards' heads. Afterwards, ICP was banned from the theater until it came under new management, many years later.

Title: Riddle Box *
(3rd Joker's Card)
Format: LP
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Status: Gold
Description: The Riddle Box character represents the vision many see when they die. When you turn the crank, what comes out determines if you go to Heaven or Hell. This was the first album ICP did with the help of a major label. The Battery Records logo that appears on this album is actually Jive Records, but they didn't believe in the album enough to stamp their official name on it.

Jive did everything in their power to cash in on the local following that ICP had in Detroit, while doing nothing to promote it elsewhere. This caused a bitter rivalry between Jive and ICP. When Jive saw how popular ICP became after they managed to leave their label, they re-released the *Riddle Box* album with a ten-minute sampler at the end, hyping up an unknown rock group on Jive named Hed PE. This desecration of ICP's album is by far one of the most diabolical moves that any label has ever performed in the music industry, ever. Psychopathic put a stop to their production, but not before around 35,000 were made.

Title: *Coup Detroit*
Format: LP, song: "Get Yo Ass Off The Couch"
Artist: Coup Detroit
Description: As a personal favor to Mike E. Clark, Joe went to see a band called Coup Detroit perform. Mike E. Clark hoped that Psychopathic would be interested in signing them. The band for the most part was unimpressive, except for the lead guitarist, Rich Murrell.

Nonetheless, Joe took an interest in the band, tried to work on their image, and did a track with them. He also had plans for Rich Murrell to form a super-group by getting rid of his other band members, and replacing them with the best local talent in the Detroit area. This would never come to be, and instead, Rich Murrell began working for Psychopathic. He no longer works full time, but to this day he is still brought in to work on ICP's albums and ring announce for Juggalo Championshit Wrestling.

Title: *The Great White Hype* (soundtrack)
Format: LP, song: "Chicken Huntin'"
Artist: various
Description: ICP was well paid for the use of their song in the soundtrack of this movie. The movie, however, flopped at the box office, and the song's beat was only used in one cut.

Title: *No Heroes*
Format: LP, song: "Runnin' Out of Time" (remix)
Artist: Humble Gods
Description: The band Humble Gods was touring with ICP just before this album was released. They approached ICP with the idea of doing a track together on their upcoming album, which ICP quickly agreed to. This solidified a long-term friendship between the bands. Most of the members of Humble Gods would later go on to form Kottonmouth Kings.

Title: *Tunnel of Love*
Format: EP
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This EP focused mostly on ICP's demented view of love. During the era of this EP, Psychopathic sent out a pink *Tunnel of Love* van with flowers on it to promote the album. Unfortunately, people didn't quite get what the van was about, and would yell homosexual insults at the drivers. After numerous fights, a frustrated Billy Bill finally pulled the van over and ripped off all the wrapping. Today, that van is considered to be one of Psychopathic's funniest mistakes.

Title: *Tunnel of Love* (X-rated version)
Format: EP
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This EP was put out around the same time as *Tunnel of Love*, and has the pornographic cover featuring Shaggy 2 Dope and two girls that ICP originally intended. Unfortunately, no stores would ever carry the product so it was put out on the down low and sold mostly at shows. Today it is very hard to manufacture due to the cover, and is one of ICP's rarest CDs. This X-rated version also includes an extra track, making it even more sought-after than the standard version.

Title: "Witches and Warlocks"
Format: Single
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: For the 3rd Annual Hallowicked show, this EP was given out for free on cassette only. It contains the songs from all three Hallowicked shows, along with a special 12-minute interview of ICP talking about some strange stuff.

1997

Title: *A Carnival Christmas* (reissued)
Format: EP
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: The second release of this EP featured two less tracks. The ones taken off were considered outdated. This was the first time that the new Juggalos gained during the

Riddle Box and The Great Milenko era saw *A Carnival Christmas*, so it sold extremely well, even with two less tracks.

Title: *The Great Milenko* *
(4th Joker's Card) (Hollywood version)
Format: LP
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Status: Platinum
Description: The Great Milenko character is the master of illusion. He has the ability to cast aside people's self delusions, so they can see what they truly are. For most, this is a hideous, horrible reflection of their evil souls.

This is the album that was pulled off the shelves by Disney, hours after its release, due to pressures from a boycott by Southern Baptists. The ominous intro for this album was done by Alice Cooper, while Steve Jones and Slash did guitar for two different songs. The album came in four colors: red, green, purple, and the very rare gold version.

Title: *The Great Milenko* *
(4th Joker's Card) (Island version)
Format: LP
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Status: Platinum
Description: This re-release includes the three tracks that were taken off by Hollywood because of their graphic content. This album is what gave ICP strong nationwide recognition, even though it barely got any radio play.

and no MTV support. This version also came in four colors.

Title: "Halls of Illusions"
Format: Single, *The Great Milenko*
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This song includes guitar done by Slash. It was the first single from *The Great Milenko* album, and Island tried hard to get MTV and radio to pick up on it, but they did not. ICP has never had any support from the music industry, but they remain a huge success in the business due to their tremendous underground following.

Title: "Halls of Illusions"
Format: Video
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This video features a man on a nightmarish carnival ride, witnessing the horrors of his everyday life. All the props in this video were made from scratch, and all the people who appeared were professional actors. This video had one of the highest budgets of any ICP has ever made.

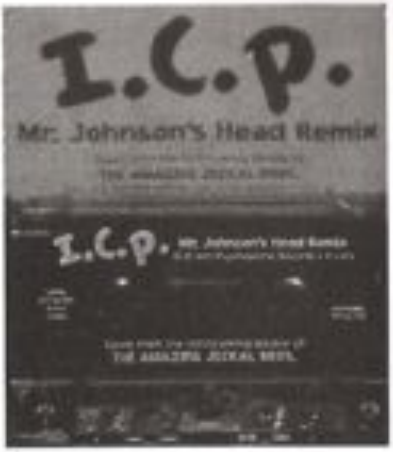
Title: "Hokus Pokus"
Format: Video
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This video features ICP, Twiztid (without makeup), and Myzery in a comical portrayal of ICP first working at, then destroying, a shoe store. They then flee the scene, pursued by security guards. The graveyard scene in this video sucked,

because the entire video was filmed during the day to avoid overtime costs.

Title: "How Many Times"
Format: Video
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This video features the wrestling legends Honkey Tonk Man, Greg "The Hammer" Valentine, and The Bushwackers. It begins with ICP in a room trying to adjust a TV set. Wrestlers keep appearing and disappearing, as the camera zooms close in and then away from Violent J's face. In the end, the camera pans way back to reveal that ICP is in one of many cages belonging to a carnival freak show. The whole concept of the video was thought up by Violent J, and came out to be one of their best videos, ever.

Title: *In The Kingdom of The Blind*
Format: LP, song: "We Down With The Cow"
Artist: various
Description: When Mancow first took notice of the band he fell in love with them, and became a big supporter on his daily radio show. To return the love ICP did this track for his album, plus many live interviews on his show. Mancow changed his tune, however, after ICP missed two interviews back-to-back, due to illnesses. Because of his overly sensitive nature, he took it as a personal insult, and from that day forth began dissing ICP.

Title: "Mr. Johnson's Head" (remix)
Format: Single
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This 4" annual Hallowicked show single was given out for free on cassette only. Rich Murrell did the voice of the teacher for this remix, and the voices of the real children were used for the classroom noise, to give the song a spookier and more realistic sound.



Title: *Mutilation Mix* *
Format: LP
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This album is a collection of some of the best songs, as chosen by ICP, from the first three Joker's Card albums and all previous EPs. In-between the songs are recordings of various personalities leaving funny messages on an answering machine, commenting on ICP and the *Mutilation Mix* album. These messages where left on the answering machine at Joe's house, but the artists were aware that the recordings were being used for this album. This album was originally titled *Half Way There*, because it was produced in the middle of the Jokers Card series.

Title: "Piggy Pie"
Format: Video
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This low-budget performance video was shot on a stage

with the freak show set that ICP used on a tour. Also appearing in this video is a caged Ape Boy, whose character sometimes tours with ICP.

Title: *Shockumentary* *
Format: Video
Status: Gold
Description: This is the video that was put together by Island, with the purpose of spotlighting the Insane Clown Posse phenomenon, so that the outside world could get a glimpse into the band's life and underground following. Many people from Psychopathic make guest appearances on this video, which highlights the experience of one Juggalo on his way to an ICP concert.

1998

Title: "Echoside"
Format: Single, originally for *Dark Lotus: Tales from the Lotus Pod*, used on *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers*
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: Only a thousand of these all-black CDs were ever made. They were only sold at a record store in Garden City, Michigan, for one night starting at midnight. The purpose of the single was to generate hype for the long-awaited Dark Lotus album. The "Echoside" song was then used instead on *The Amazing Jeckel*

Brothers album, because the Dark Lotus album took a lot longer to record than planned.

Title: *Forgotten Freshness, Volumes 1 & 2* *
Format: Double LP
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Status: Gold
Description: This is a bigger collaboration of rare and unused tracks by ICP, in a double CD set. Volume 1 is the CD put out in 1995, while Volume 2 is an all new collection of unusual releases.

Title: "Halls of Illusions"
Format: Single, *The Great Milenko* – vinyl
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: An Island promotional tool, this was released in Europe, in an attempt to get DJ support for *The Great Milenko* album.

Title: "Hokus Pokus" (three European versions)
Format: Single, *The Great Milenko*
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This single was released in Europe as part of Island Records' big push to make ICP blow up over there. In a further attempt to get recognition, Island hired Jason Nevens to do the remix for this song.

Title: "Hokus Pokus"
Format: Single, *The Great Milenko* - vinyl
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This '45 was another Island promotional tool, used exclusively in Europe.

Title: "Join the Show"
Format: Cassette, 12-minute interview
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This very rare cassette features the first released interview of ICP, who address then current Psychopathic issues, and stranger stuff.

Title: *Mostasteless* (Psychopathic Release)
Format: LP, various songs
Artist: Twiztid
Description: After the group House of Krazees fell apart, the two most talented rappers, Jamie and Paul, approached Joe about signing with Psychopathic. Joe took them under his wing, with a vision of making them into Psychopathic's next big act. Slowly, over time, everyone at Psychopathic began to share his vision. ICP and Twiztid became closely intertwined, doing many tours together, and tracks on each other's albums, including this one.

Title: *Mostasteless* (Island Release)
Format: LP, various songs
Artist: Twiztid
Description: After signing to Island, Twiztid did a re-release of the *Mostasteless* album, removing tracks because of un-cleared samples, and adding entirely new tracks in their place. This was Twiztid's big push to get nationwide recognition, and it worked.

Title: *Para La Isla*
Format: EP, song: "Witching Hour"
Artist: *Myzery*
Description: Finally being signed to Psychopathic after two tours, *Myzery* dropped his first EP. ICP did a track on his album in order to show their support. Psychopathic and *Myzery* would eventually part ways after a turbulent relationship.

Title: "Psychopathic Sampler"
Format: Sampler
Artist: various
Description: This featured one track each from ICP, Twiztid, and *Myzery*, as well as a special written statement from Alex Abbiss, detailing how Psychopathic would run things in 1998.

Title: "Pumpkin Carver"
Format: Single
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This was the 5th Annual Hallowicked show single given out for

free on CD only. The song featured ICP, Twiztid, and Kottonmouth Kings.

Title: *WWF: The Music, Volume 3*
Format: LP, song: "The Greatest Show."
Artist: various
Status: Double Platinum
Description: WWF approached ICP with the idea of doing a song for their new wrestling alliance, The Oddities. After doing the song ICP, joined The Oddities and began wrestling for the WWF over the course of the next few months. This song was used when they walked down to the ring, sometimes even being performed live by ICP.

Title: *WWF Summer Slam*
Format: Video
Description: This video features ICP accompanying the wrestling alliance known as The Oddities to the ring, while performing their song, "The Greatest Show." This was a dream come true for ICP, as this event was held in Madison Square Gardens, in New York. The Oddities defeated their opponents, Kaientai.

Title: *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers* * (5th Joker's Card)
Format: LP
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Status: Platinum
Description: The Amazing Jeckel Brothers are Jake and Jack Jeckel. Jake is good, and cares for the well-being of people, while Jack is sinister and evil. When you die these two spirits juggle your sins.

For each sin you committed in your life a ball is added to their juggling act, making it harder for them to perform. If they drop a ball you go to Hell, if not, you will enter into Shangri-La. To make matters worse, Jack is trying to mess Jake up, just for the fun of it.

This album features a track with ODB, and another with Snoop Dog. It comes in two different versions. One cover features Jack, and the other, Jake.

Title: "The Amazing Maze"
Format: Single, *The Pendulum* #1
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: Chaos! Comics signed on to do a 12 part comic book series about ICP, called The Pendulum. Each comic book in the series was written by Jumpsteady, and was supposed to come with a CD containing a brand-new song by ICP. Unfortunately, due to the pressures of touring, producing albums, writing books, etc. the band could not always provide a totally new

track for this series. That is why "The Amazing Maze" also appears on the previously released album, *Psychopathics from Outer Space*.

Title: "Another Love Song" (radio version)
Format: Single, *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers*
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: Distributed to radio stations everywhere, this was the second single from *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers* that Island worked.

Title: "Another Love Song"
Format: Video
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: Filmed in the deserts of California, this video also features Twiztid. They go from their overheated car, to an abandoned gas station, to a restaurant, and finally end up in a trailer park, which they destroy, as chickens fly everywhere. All the while, a beautiful phantom woman taunts them. It took the film crew two hours to chase down and retrieve all the scattered chickens that were running around after the shoot.

Title: *Backstage Sluts*
Format: Video
Description: This porno was filmed inside ICP's tour bus during The Amazing Jeckel Brothers Tour. ICP appears in the video throwing lunchmeat at a girl's ass, and holding the spotlights used to film the various sex scenes. The director did not have to pay ICP for the usage of the bus, but he did leave a box for the band that contained about 200 porno movies.

Title: "The Dirt Ball"
Format: Single
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This single was only available inside a 1999 issue of *Alternative Press Magazine* featuring ICP on the cover. *Alternative Press Magazine* and *Circus Magazine* have always shown ICP a lot of love.

Title: *Dumpin'* *
Format: LP
Artist: Psychopathic Rydas
Description: This album is a collaboration of all the bands on Psychopathic Records at the time of its release, doing old school gangster raps over jacked and un-cleared beats. Hard, gritty, and bloody, the ruthless

members of the Rydas are: Bullet (Violent J), Full Clip (Shaggy 2 Dope), Foe Foe (Monoxide Child), Li'l Shank (Jamie Madrox), Twin Gats (Myzery), and Cell Block (Blaze).

Title: "Fuck the World" (radio version)
Format: Single, *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers*
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This single was distributed by Island to radio stations across the country, in the hopes that they would spin it. This promotion is in itself quite amazing, as the song uses the word *fuck* 93 times. The single was an editor's nightmare, but they somehow pulled off a radio-friendly version of perhaps the most explicit song ever made. This song was also used on commercials aired on cable TV to promote the album.

Title: "Mad Professor"
Format: Single, *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers*
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This song features many voices of different characters being killed by the Mad Professor (Violent J) for spare parts. All of these voices were done by Jamie Madrox of Twiztid.

Title: "Ozzfest Sampler"
Format: Sampler, song: "Another Love Song"
Artist: various
Description: Island paid to have "Another Love Song" added onto the Ozzfest sampler. It was passed out for free during the Ozzfest tour as a way to promote ICP to a new audience. ICP was approached to do this tour, but they declined the offer, because they wouldn't be allowed to throw Faygo during their performance.

Title: "Party Mix" (radio version)
Format: Single, *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers*
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: The party mix is actually the songs, "Boogie Woogie Wu" and "The Neden Game," mixed together by a radio station in Phoenix. Island pressed it up and distributed it to radio stations across the nation. In some areas it was received with a lot of love. This mix is also known as "Boogie Mix."

Title: "Phat or Wack"
Format: Sampler, *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers*
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This was a very funny sampler, featuring a game show where contestants rate each song they hear from ICP's *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers* and Twiztid's *Mostasteless*. Jamie Madrox provided the voice of the game show host. The ending is most surprising, and features a song

from the Detroit legend himself, Danny K.

Title: *Psychopathics from Outer Space* *
Format: LP
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: Perhaps one of the most unique albums put out by Psychopathic, this features rare and new songs by ICP, Twiztid, Blaze, and Psychopathic Rydas, with a special track featuring Ice-T. Also on this album, is the very famous and funny diss song targeting Eminem, entitled "Slim Anus."

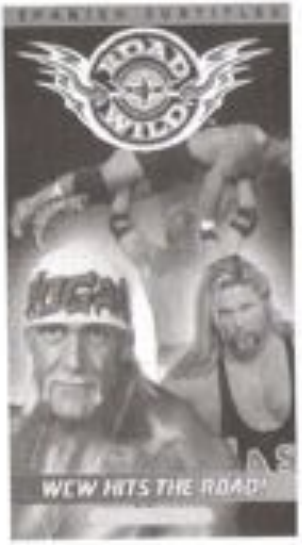
This album, as well as Psychopathic Rydas' *Dumpin'*, came out on Joe and Joey Records instead of Psychopathic. The reason for this was that both albums were put out while ICP was still on Island Records, and they didn't want to be sued by releasing something without their approval.

Title: Sleepwalkers
Format: Single
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: A give-away from the 6th annual Hallowicked show.

Title: *Strangle Mania 2*
Format: Video
Description: This tape came to be because of the success of the first tape. This time joined with Jamie Madrox, ICP does the commentary over the super-bloody matches. Barbed wire, glass, weapons, fire, chainsaws, and even thumbtacks are used in the video. Even through all the violence, you can't help but laugh at ICP's comments about these unwitting wrestlers.

Title: *WCW Mayhem*
Format: LP, song: "Take It."
Artist: various
Status: Gold
Description: WCW, interested in ICP, approached them about doing a song, and wrestling for their organization. This song was primarily used as Vampiro's introduction music, and then for the wrestling alliance known as The Dead Pool, consisting of ICP, Vampiro, and Raven.

Title: *WCW Road Wild*
Format: Video
Description: ICP with Vampiro, against Eddie Guerrero, Billy Kidman, and Rey Mysterio Jr. is the first match on this video. It is very high-powered, with lots of action, but after Shaggy is accidentally kicked by Vampiro, Rey is able to get the pin on him. Raven is also ringside during this match, and shows signs of turning against The Dead Pool.



Title: "$50 Bucks"
Format: Single, *The Pendulum* #3
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This song was used for *The Pendulum* #3 comic, though it was also on the previously released *Psychopathics from Outer Space*.

Title: "Ain't Nuttin' But a Bitch Thang"
Format: Single, *The Pendulum* #6
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This song was first released on the ICP website for free download, then used as the song for *The Pendulum* #6, and later for Spencer's *Dark Carnival Action Figure* CD. It is a clever diss song, directed toward the teen pop star, Eminem.

Title: *Big Money Hustlas* *
Format: Video
Status: Gold
Description: Not enough can be said about this cult classic. ICP was raised to a new level of recognition when they released this comical movie. Featuring Rudy Ray Moore (Dolomite), Harland Williams, Mick Foley (Man Kind), Fred Barry (Rerun), and a whole cast of Psychopathic stars and employees, this movie made a huge impact upon its release.

Big Money Hustlas did, however, experience a lot of difficulties in the production phase, due to the director going over budget by close to $1,000,000, and literally bankrupting his company. He tried to hold the

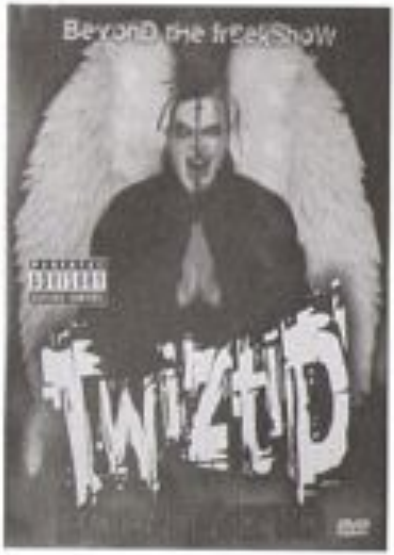
movie for ransom until Island came up with the money he spent without their approval. In the end he lost his feeble struggle, and to avoid jail, he handed it over. The special DVD version of the movie features humorous commentary by ICP and Rude Boy.

Title: *Bizaar* *
Format: LP
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: The other half to *Bizzar*, both CDs contain entirely different songs and CD booklets. ICP said at the time of the release, that these CDs were the best works of music they ever made. Initial sales for these albums caused some concern at Psychopathic. This was contributed to the confusion of the two nearly identically packaged CDs, and the mistake of dropping three albums on the same day (the third being Twiztid's *Freek Show*).

Title: *Bizzar* *
Format: LP
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This is one of the two album set dropped on Halloween. These double albums created a bit of confusion for non-die-hard Juggalos, and stores everywhere, because their names and covers are so similar. The booklets that came with the CDs were two of the most elaborate ever put out by any band, and contained games, pictures, riddles, and much more. Of special interest were hidden pictures behind the trays of both CDs. Also, some of the CDs were actually CD-

ROMs, featuring the videos for "Let's Go All the Way" and "Tilt-A-Whirl."

Title: *Blaze Ya Dead Homie*
Format: EP, song: "Shittalkaz"
Artist: Blaze
Description: Blaze was a long-time friend of Twiztid. After cutting a few demo tracks in the studio, Psychopathic was very excited to sign this talented rapper. Blaze's debut EP had support from both Twiztid and ICP.



Title: *Born Twiztid: Beyond the Freakshow*
Format: Video
Description: This funny documentary of Twiztid's life features an interview with ICP, who comment on their side of the story. Of special interest is that ICP did this interview in Twiztid's face paint.

Title: *The Cryptic Collection*
Format: LP, song: "Meat Cleaver"
Artist: Twiztid
Description: This Twiztid CD includes rare and unused tracks including "Meat Cleaver," which featured all of Psychopathic Records' artists at the time showing love for the label.

Title: *Freek Show*
Format: LP, various songs
Artist: Twiztid
Description: Twiztid's second album was more successful than the first, and proved they were well on their way to climbing the underground latter to success. ICP, as always, continued to show their friends and label mates support, by doing songs on this album.

Title: "The Greatest Show"
Format: Single, *The Pendulum* #4
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: Even though this song appeared first on *WWF: The Music, Volume 3*, the version of the song on *The Pendulum* #4 is uncensored.

Title: *Hallowicked 2000*
Format: EP
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: All previous Hallowicked songs appear on this CD, plus three new tracks: two from ICP and one from Twiztid. This CD came in the special Hallowicked Box Set that also contained special editions of ICP's *Bizzar* and *Bizaar* CDs, and Twiztid's *Freek Show* CD, each with totally different booklets than the ones for sale in stores. The box set also included was a T-shirt, sticker, flat, and letter of authenticity. Only 2,000 of these sets were ever made.

Title: *Heavy Metal 2000* (soundtrack)
Format: LP, song: "The Dirt Ball"
Artist: various
Description: This was the most prestigious soundtrack ICP has ever done, because the movie had a high budget, received a huge promotional push, and was supposed to become a blockbuster hit. Not only did the song not appear anywhere in the actual film, however, but the movie basically flopped as well.

Title: *High Society*
Format: LP, song: "Wickit Klowns"
Artist: Kottonmouth Kings
Description: ICP, continuing their relationship with the Kottonmouth Kings, not only did several tours together, but this track as well. Later on, tension would begin brewing when the Kottonmouth Kings did a show with ICP's arch enemy, Eminem, as well as doing a tour with Eminem's side project, D-12. This tension would continue to worsen when Twiztid and the Kings couldn't meet eye-to-eye on a planned tour, causing its cancellation. All things being considered, the current relationship between ICP and the Kings is surprisingly neutral.

Title: "I Don't Care"
Format: Single, *The Pendulum* #2
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This ICP and Twiztid track was originally slated for the Dark Lotus album, but would later be put on Twiztid's *Cryptic Collection 2*.

Title: "I Don't Care"
Format: video
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This video appears on *JCW, Volume 2*. It is composed of JCW highlights, and was nicely edited together by Rude Boy and Psychopatrick.

Title: "Jacob's Word"
Format: Single
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This was given out for free to anyone who donated five canned goods to the hungry on the third leg of the Wicked Clowns from Outer Space Tour. This single is an ultra rare and treasured collector's item.

Title: *JCW, Volume One* *
Format: video
Status: Gold
Description: The launch of Juggalo Championshit Wrestling made a big impact on the wrestling world, and soon it would become the biggest wrestling promotion aside from WWF. This success inspired the making of this video, which features some of the bloodiest matches ever witnessed. For the first time, many Juggalos saw some of the most popular wrestlers from the Strangle Mania videos in a new light. The main event on this tape features ICP vs. Doink the Clown(s).

Title: "Let's Go All The Way" (radio version)
Format: Single, *Bizzar Bizaar*
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This was distributed to radio stations by Island/Def Jam in an attempt to get radio support for *Bizzar Bizaar*. This song is a remake of the '80s song from the band Sly Fox.

Title: "Let's Go All the Way"
Format: Video
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This video had a very high budget, and features a strange assortment of people who normally would hate one another, but now are unified under the power of the Dark Carnival. The main float was put together by a production team, and was seen for the first time by ICP just before filming began. ICP was slightly disappointed because it featured a Jeckel Brothers face the video was for the *Bizzar Bizaar* albums.

Many extras were provided by the street team, as both this video and "Tilt-A-Whirl" were shot back-to-back over the course of two days. Of special interest is the band, Perpetual Hype Engine, who appears on one of the floats. At the time they were about to be signed to Psychopathic, but the deal unfortunately fell through. Also making an appearance was Hollywood Chuck Hogan from JCW, and Hack Benjamin from *Big Money Hustlas*.

Title: "Mystery Sampler"
Format: Sampler, *Bizzar Bizaar*
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: Violent J does an eerie intro for this sampler, talking about the music emanating from the darkest corners of existence, while Rude Boy does the outro. About a hundred thousand of these samplers were passed out all across the nation. This was done over a two-month period of time, by the biggest street team ever put out by Psychopathic: 10 vans and 20 people. Half of this street team was composed of Juggalos who were hired based on Internet applications.

Title: *Pendulum #7*
Format: EP, *The Pendulum #7*
Artist: Psychopathic Rydas, featuring Insane Clown Posse
Description: To make up for all the previously released songs ICP put in *The Pendulum* comics, they decided to make this CD an EP, containing three new tracks. At one point, there was talk of each member of Psychopathic Rydas doing a solo album. The idea was scraped, but not before three songs were made for the project.

These songs appear only on *The Pendulum #7* EP, two of them from Bullet (Violent J), and one from Full Clip (Shaggy 2 Dope). Of special interest is Full Clip's, "Whut Rydas Do for Money," where Rude Boy makes a special appearance, rapping and singing on the song.

Title: *Race Riot*
Format: LP, songs: "House of Horrors", "Terrible", and "Cunt Killers"
Artist: various
Description: This CD features various rap artists all contributing tracks to one album. The song "Cunt Killers" is an Esham song that Violent J sings a verse on. Twiztid also made an appearence on this album with their song "Rock the Dead".

Title: "Take a Bite Outta Rhyme Sampler"
Format: Sampler, song: "Posse on Broadway"
Artist: various
Description: This sampler was used to promote the album, and featured only a portion of the song.

Title: *Take a Bite Outta Rhyme*
Format: LP, song: "Posse on Broadway"
Artist: various
Description: This album is a collaboration of artists remaking famous rap songs. ICP chose this Sir Mix-A-Lot song, because the original was an old school favorite of theirs.

Title: "Tilt-A-Whirl" (radio version)
Format: Single, *Bizzar Bizaar*
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This was also a song Island/Def Jam was trying to get spun on the radio. Only a few of these promotional CDs were ever made, making them exceedingly rare.

Title: "Tilt-A-Whirl"
Format: Video
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This performance video was shot at a carnival graveyard in California. The carcasses of broken-down carnival rides are sent to this junkyard, where they are eventually sold for scrap parts. It made an excellent location for this video.

Many of the monsters and carnies used in the video were actually Bizzar Bizaar Street Team members who either flew or drove to LA. Also making appearances in the background, with dirty faces, are Billy Bill, Rude Boy, Nate the Mack, and Jumpsteady. ICP wanted them in the video to represent where it all began.

Title: "Toxic Love"
Format: Single, *The Pendulum* #5
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This funny and strange song would only appear later on the *Hallowicked 2000* EP. Juggalos were very happy to receive this song with

their comic, as it is considered by some to be a masterpiece.

Title: "We Don't Die"
Format: Video
Artist: Twiztid
Description: This video features Twiztid on a giant ouija board. Its strange twist ending reveals that the people they are burning and burying in an open grave are actually themselves. ICP, Blaze, and Rude Boy are in the background of most of this video, and help to carry the bodies to the grave.

Title: *When the Smoke Clears*
Format: LP, song: "Just Another Crazy Click,"
Artist: Three 6 Mafia
Status: Platinum
Description: Three 6 Mafia, seeing ICP wrestling on TV for WCW, took an interest in the group, and wanted them on their album. After conversing on the phone with them over a few weeks, the bands became friends, and Three 6 even wore ICP merchandise in their video for "Sippin' on Some Syrup." Their friendship continues to this day, and there are serious talks of doing collaborations in the future. As a special note, ICP has never charged ANY band to do a track on their album.

Title: *1 Less G in The Hood*
Format: LP, various songs
Artist: Blaze
Description: Blaze's first full-length album proved him to be Psychopathic down for life. Support for the album was given again by both Twiztid and ICP.

Title: *Bi-Polar*
Format: LP, song: "Insane Killas"
Artist: Vanilla Ice
Description: Vanilla Ice, being a friend of ICP's, approached them with the idea of doing a track together. They immediately agreed, and in exchange, Vanilla Ice made an appearance at a Juggalo Championshit Wrestling show they were taping in Cleveland. During a match, Mad Man Pondo was talking a lot of trash. Suddenly Vanilla Ice appeared, came to the ring, and beat him down, staple gunning him in the forehead.

Title: "Confessions"
Format: Single, *The Pendulum #8*
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This song appears only with *The Pendulum #8*.

Title: *Cryptic Collection 2*
Format: LP, various songs
Artist: Twiztid
Description: Another collection of rare and unused tracks by Twiztid, that again features ICP. The CD featured two covers which when put together made one complete image.

Title: *Dark Carnival Action Figure CD*
Format: EP
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This was only available if you bought a Dark Carnival ICP Action Figure at any Spencer's Gifts store. This CD appeared inside of both the Violent J and Shaggy 2 Dope action figure boxes. The songs include "Toxic Love," "Jacob's Word," "Ain't Nothin' But a Bitch Thang," and "Posse on Broadway."

Title: *Forgotten Freshness, Volume 3* *
Format: LP
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This is the third installment of all the rare and unused tracks of ICP. Featured here is the hidden track, "Family Song," featuring Violent J and Jumpsteady rapping with various family members, including their mom! Also of special interest is "The Mom Song," featuring Violent J and Rude Boy honoring their mothers. Originally this song was made as a birthday present to give to their moms, whose birthdays are only two

days apart. Special guests on this album include Three Six Mafia, Vanilla Ice, and Psychopathic's new band, Zug Island.

Title: *Hallowicked 2001*
Format: EP
Artist: various
Description: This CD was given away for free at the 2001 Hallowicked show held on the Michigan State Fair grounds, and features three tracks, one each from ICP, Twiztid, and Blaze.

Title: *JCW, Volume 2* *
Format: Video
Status: Gold
Description: This video was put together during a month-long nationwide JCW tour. Featured on this gut-wrenching video are the wrestling legends King Kong Bundy, The Animal, Honky Tonk Man, and Abdullah the Butcher. Also making a special appearance is Vanilla Ice, who staple guns and beats down Mad Man Pondo.

Many wrestlers were hurt during the taping of this show, including Shaggy 2 Dope, who had to be rushed to the hospital after sustaining injuries from a fall from the top of a steel cage. That match was not included in the video.

Title: *The Juggalo Show* (box set)
Format: 8-CD set
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: In 1998, a radio station in Detroit agreed to let ICP do an hour-long radio show, called *The Juggalo Show*. It aired once a month at midnight. The show featured plenty of hilarious skits, showcasing the very talented Jamie Madrox doing a slew of entertaining characters.

ICP played their personal favorite songs, and in general made it a very unconventional and entertaining radio program. *The Juggalo Show* Box Set was released at the 2nd Annual Gathering of the Juggalos convention, and features all three radio shows that were aired before the radio station went off the air. It also contains one show that was made, but never broadcast.

Title: "Psychopathic Sampler"
Format: Sampler
Artist: various
Description: This sampler features a very frightening narration by Violent J about the Lotus and bringing Blaze back from the dead. It also contains samples of songs from various Psychopathic projects, including Dark Lotus, Blaze, and the ill-fated Marz. Marz, a non-Psychopathic artist, was featured on the sampler because he was in the process of being signed by Psychopathic at the time, though that later fell through.

Title: "R U Wicked"
Format: Single, *The Pendulum* #10
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This song is an original that only appears with *The Pendulum* #10 comic.

Title: "Run"
Format: Single, *The Pendulum* #11
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This song for The *Pendulum* #11 appears on no other CD.

Title: *Ryden Dirtay* *
Format: LP
Artist: Psychopathic Rydas
Description: This second, and highly anticipated, Psychopathic Rydas album met with much success. Twin Gatz (Myzery) was no longer part of the Rydas, because he had been dropped for good from Psychopathic Records. This album was also released on Joe and Joey Records.

Title: "Superstar"
Format: Single, *The Pendulum* #9
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This song appears on no other releases, and features Psychopatrick as the voice of the truck driver.

Title: *Tales From the Lotus Pod* *
Format: LP
Artist: Dark Lotus
Description: This was one of the most anticipated albums of ICP's career. It was finally released at the

2nd Annual Gathering of the Juggalos convention. It featured ICP, Twiztid, Blaze, and Marz. Marz soon became too difficult to deal with professionally, and all ties with him were severed.

Title: *XPW Redemption*
Format: Video
Description: Shaggy teams up with Vampiro in an intense match against Halloween and Damien 666, who are two of XPW's high-flying Mexican luchadores. Violent J had to sit this match out because he had a very bad case of poison ivy. Vampiro and Shaggy win the match when Vampiro gets the pin against Damien.

2002

Title: "The 6th Sampler"
Format: Sampler
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: About 100,000 of these samplers were made, and distributed all across the United States, to help promote the coming of the 6th Joker's Card, *The Wraith: Shangri-La*. This sampler is unique, because it has no music from *The Wraith: Shangri-La*. Instead, it focuses on the history of ICP. Included on the sampler is a song by Violent J, explaining who ICP is, a medley of past songs by ICP, and a recording of a live seminar ICP did at the 2002 Gathering of the Juggalos

convention, where they discuss the career of ICP from start to present.

Title: *Acid Rain*
Format: LP
Artist: Esham
Description: This greatest hits album (featuring four new songs) is Esham's first Psychopathic release. It features not only guest appearances by ICP on songs, but also narration by Violent J. Esham being signed to Psychopathic has been long in the working, but fortunately has finally come true. For many, this union solidifies Psychopathic's position as the greatest underground rap label on the planet.

Title: *Big Money Hustlas* (soundtrack)
Format: LP
Artist: various
Description: Available only on the Big Money Hustlas Tour, this CD features a smattering of the most-popular songs from *Big Money Hustlas*, including several new songs made specially for this soundtrack.

Title: *The Chaos Theory*
Format: EP
Artist: Jumpsteady
Description: This album was originally going to be put out six years prior. There was even an ad for it that appeared in ICP's *Tunnel of Love* EP back in 1996. ICP appears in the song, "Ninjas In Action," which features every artist on Psychopathic at the time. Also appearing in the song is

Legs Diamond, who was also supposed to drop an album on Psychopathic back in '96.

Title: Hallowicked 2002
Format: Single
Artist: various
Description: This CD was a give-away to all Juggalos who attended the 2002 Hallowicked Show in facepaint. It features two songs, including a remake of the classic ICP song "Dead Body Man" redone by Blaze Ya Dead Homie.

Title: *Hatchet History*
Format: LP
Artist: various
Description: This features various songs from all the artists ever on Psychopathic Records. Even artists no longer on Psychopathic make a special reappearance here. At the beginning of the CD is an old radio commercial for a show ICP did in Detroit in 1994. Also appearing in-between some of the songs, is dialog from a home video ICP shot of themselves and some friends back in 1992.

Title: "Homies"
Format: Single
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This was originally a promo CD made for the song "Homies" off of *The Wraith: Shangri-La*. It was later reproduced by Shock Records in Australia and sold as a single. The Australian version of this single

features the highly-popular "Juggalo Chant", originally on "The 6th Sampler" and the high-bandwidth version of InsaneClownPosse.com.

Title: "Homies"
Format: Video
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: Together with Twiztid, Blaze, Esham, Anybody Killa, and a ton of Juggalos, ICP filmed this video in Los Angeles. It showcases love for your homies. Of special interest is the fact that Twiztid did not wear makeup for the filming of this video.

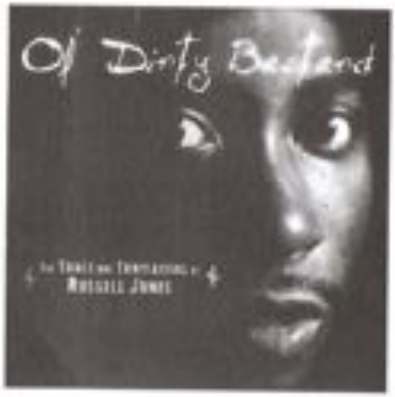
Title: "ICP Picture Disc"
Format: Single, *The Wraith: Shangri-La* - vinyl
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This 12-inch vinyl has a picture of ICP on both sides, one of which features them dressed as bloody surgeons. It contains two songs from *The Wraith: Shangri-La* album, "Hell's Forecast" and "Murder Rap."

Title: *The Pendulum Tome* (CD)
Format: LP
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This album contains almost every song that appeared on the CD singles included with the individual comic books, of the 12-issue *The Pendulum* series. This CD is only available with *The Pendulum Tome* graphic novel. It features all 12 issues of *The Pendulum* series in one book, along with a prologue and special Halloween comic issue. It contains the

entire adventures of Insane Clown Posse, as they battle the evil villain, Killnor, and his demonic influence over humanity.

Title: "Skantaclaws"
Format: Single, *The Pendulum* #12
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This song for *The Pendulum* #12 appears on no other CD.

Title: *Tales from the Lotus Pod* (re-release) *
Format: LP
Artist: Dark Lotus
Description: This version is considered to be the true Dark Lotus album. All of Marz's lyrics were removed, and replaced with all new Anybody Killa lyrics. Two tracks were also added. This version was a vast improvement, and marked the beginning of a rise in Anybody Killa's popularity.



Title: *The Trials & Tribulations of Russell Jones*
Format: LP, song: "Dirty & Stinkin'"
Artist: Ol' Dirty Bastard
Description: ODB, while still serving time in prison, managed to record this album which features a slew of other artists. Since ICP had ODB do a track for *The Amazing Jeckel Brothers*, ODB returned the favor by wanting ICP on his new album.

Title: "The Wraith: Shangri-La"
Format: Single, *The Wraith: Shangri-La* – vinyl
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This was a promotional tool given out to DJs across the United States by the Psychopathic Street Team, in the hopes that they would spin it in their clubs. This disc only contains two songs, "Homies" and "Maybe," from *The Wraith: Shangri-La* album. Each song appears in four different forms: street, radio, instrumental, and a cappella. Only a few hundred were made, making this an extremely rare item.

Title: *The Wraith: Shangri-La* * (6th Joker's Card)
Format: LP
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Status: Not available at time of print
Description: The Wraith exists in shadow and earth, Heaven and Hell, life and death. He is the final vision that we must all face upon our death, for he is the Grim Reaper; the one who carries us to our final destination in the afterlife. The legendary 6th and final Joker's Card album was the most anticipated release of ICP's career. With it, ICP tells all the secrets for those who haven't figured them out yet. Most notable is track 17, where they reveal the truth behind the Dark Carnival.

This album is by far the best and most magical album that ICP has ever released. The second part of *The Wraith*, known as *Hell's Pit*, is

scheduled to be released in 2004. It is rumored to be the most ruthless album ICP has ever released, intending to be a glimpse of Hell, and all its horrors.

Title: *The Wraith: Shangri-La* (6th Joker's Card)
Format: LP – vinyl
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: This release contains two 12-inch discs (in a binder) that together contain the entire *The Wraith: Shangri-La* album. It was only released on Psychopathic's online store, HatchetGear.com, making it a rare collector's item. Also included is a giant picture of ICP against a cloud background.

2003

Title: *Cracked Tiles*
Format: LP
Artist: Zug Island
Description: This album is the first rock album that Psychopathic has ever put out. It was a project heavily influenced and inspired by Joe Bruce, who wrote all the lyrics that appear on the album, and Mike P, who created all the music. This lead to the creation of the original, amazing Zug Island rock band, who – if the dream comes true – will be heard the world over.

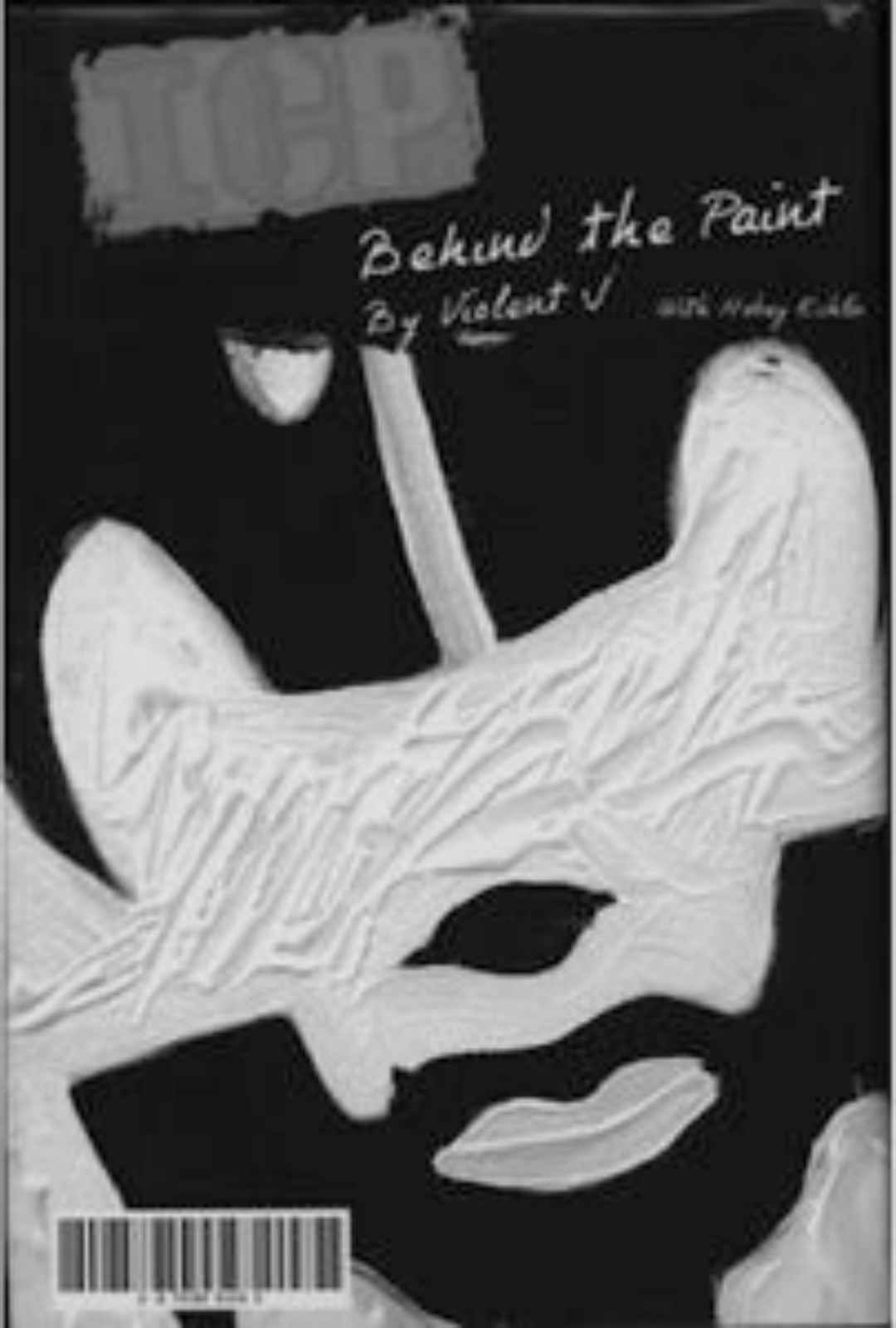
Title: *The Green Book*
Format: LP
Artist: Twiztid
Description: This much-anticipated Twiztid album is their biggest, and to many, their best work yet. They continue to surprise the music world with creative and talented rap flows that only improve with each new album. Not only does ICP appear on a track, but Legs Diamond as well. Twiztid at this point in their careers, are headlining their own tours, and have become undisputed giants in the Juggalo world.

Title: *Hatchet Warrior*
Format: LP
Artist: Anybody Killa
Description: Anybody Killa started as Blaze's hype man on stage, but after hearing him spit on the mike, and perform live on so many shows, many Juggalos demanded an album from this talented performer. In fact, the Juggalo response could be called somewhat of a phenomenon.

Here he spits his unique flow and rap voice on his own album, to fulfill his destiny of becoming a star. ICP worked closely with ABK on this album, and has showed him much love during his rise. They appear here on three different tracks.

Title: *Wizard of the Hood*
Format: EP
Artist: Violent J
Description: This bizarre and very entertaining EP is Joe's personal project. The songs, together, tell a musical story that is a comical remake of the classic *The Wizard of Oz*. Making special appearances, are various Psychopathic artists portraying different characters. It is a true testament to Joe's never-ending supply of creativity.

Title: *The Wraith: Shangri-La* (6th Joker's Card)
Format: DVD Audio
Artist: Insane Clown Posse
Description: Working with cutting edge technology and the magic of the Lotus Pod Studio, *The Wraith: Shangri-La* was re-mastered in 5.1 surround-sound, giving the album an even greater audio presence than ever before. Many fans who have listened to this masterful blend of technology and musical wizardry now refuse to listen to the album any other way because the audio is just that good.


ICP
Behind the Paint
By Violent J