

Insane Clown Posse, Lockdown

Spittin and cussin you know Im pissed, with these iron bracelets on my f**kin wrists,
And Im headed for the county, with all of you mother f**kers all around me,
Dressed in my original county blue, with my fresh ass do rag and my rubber shoes.
Sixth months in a cement bedroom, make friends fast make em f**kin soon .
Five months left and I dont even smoke, ciaggarettes like money, so I guess Im broke.
Drop two months Im down to four, with the homies playin spades on the dirty ass floor,
Chillin with my home boy Bruno, hangin out at the rec we was playin uno,
And this crack heads gonna try and take my seat, so I whipped his ass and I caught another week.
Now Im starin at a plastic fork, 'cause the next five days Im in the hole.
One month left and Im goin kinda thin and theres stubbles on my god damn chin
Three days good time I guess I lucked out, my time is done let me the f**k out,
No more talkin my cock down,
Ill go f**k me a bitch, 'cause I outta this lockdown, lockdown (echos off)