

# Insane Clown Posse, Homies (Mike E. Clark Mix)

Homies yeah thats my dog  
Homies cause were down by law  
Homies everything that we are  
Homies yeah thats my dog  
Remix!

Let me ask you this about this life we live  
And let me try to swerve some of this attention you give  
To them distant ass relatives over ham dinner  
If they really missed you so much,  
Why don't they just call a muthafucka?  
If you wasn't blood would you still have love  
Or in fact does the blood make you think you have to love?  
Look, I probably love my family more than anybody here,  
But my homies are family too, third cousins get outta here  
Who was you with when you got tattooed?  
And who was you trippin with when you did them mushrooms?  
And who the fuck threw up all over you car  
And then felt worse than you about the shit in the morning?

Who loaned you money homie, who owes you cash? (WHO?)  
Who taught you how to use the bong for the grass? (WHO?)  
I don't know much, but I gotta assume  
When you hit your first neden  
Your homies was in the other room  
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Have you ever had a job that you truly despise?  
Like I like dont know maybe dishwashin  
Or fuckin flippin fries  
Then you got this boss who think he the Don Mega,  
Because he the head manager, Chief Chilli Fry Maker  
All you can vision is ya'll beating him down,  
Your homies standin on his back  
While you're kickin his head around  
But responsibility is there, I can't lie though,  
Id of been plucked his fuckin eyeball  
Out with a chicken bone  
Im crazy as fuck, Id rip your piercings off,  
And now my homies are holding me back so I don't look soft

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Me and my homies stay tight like a noose  
And if you step to one of us,  
You better step the whole crew  
I never knew that I could depend,  
That I could have some friends, thats down to the very end  
Well thats my homeboys excuse me, my family,

And when we conquer the world, we mackin' on the galaxy  
Cause the skys the limit and we ain't finished,  
And if my homies gonna ride than you know I'm with it

Puff it and pass it and I give it to my homies yall  
Hit it and quit it then I give it to my homies yall  
I got the world around my finger with my homies yall  
And everything is obsolete unless I hear my homies call  
We world wide with homies across the planet  
Stickin together like zippers on a  
Micheal Jackson &quot;Beat It jacket  
They got my back like a tat, for that I love yall,  
Hangin till we old and gray like grandpas

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