

# Insane Clown Posse, I'm Coming Home

I live my life in the gutter  
And this gutter is who I am  
Take me back home to my gutter  
And I swear I won't ever leave again!

[Violent J]

Hey, I'm coming home  
Home to the criminals and crooks  
Home to the gangbangers shooting dirty looks  
Home to the killer cops beating on my ass  
Home to my '72 Velarick, praying it will last  
Pass by the rich bitches trying to play me out  
Dawging on my neighborhood, don't know what it's about  
So now I'm clockin dunkets, never hang out with the rich  
I'd rather hang out with the crooked at the party store, bitch  
Give me codey, dawg, with a little smog  
Cuz it tastes better than the poisonous fog  
Seeping from the sewers in my slummy neighborhood  
But the ghetto got love and the love is all good  
So I don't give a fuck about your mansion by the lake  
You can suck my dingaling until your neck breaks  
Cuz all I wanna do is hang with the zombie  
In the zone, break out with the Faygo, I'm coming home

[Chorus (1x)]

Home to the creatures, home to the crooks  
Home to the fools readin witchcraft books  
Home to the monsters roaming the land  
I wanna come home but ya don't understand

[Shaggy 2 Dope]

Bitch, I'm coming home and I'm not alone  
Jokers and freaks, and their dead body bones  
Every single thing that you never wanna see  
Add it all together and you got me  
I know nobody gives a fuck about your punk ass rules  
Keystone coppers and your hypocrite schools  
I'd much rather lay around the streets of the gutter  
And make dirty phone calls to your rich mother  
Caught her passed midnight and I'm waking up the dead  
Then we playin kickball with somebody's head  
We got skinny dipping in the barrels of toxic waste  
After that I pour myself a little taste  
So tell your daughter that she's nothing but a fat bitch  
And all my homies don't care if the hoes rich  
Somebody out here, please, let me know where there's a phone  
I need to call my mother and tell her I'm coming home

[Chorus (1x)]

[Violent J]

And I'm coming home, chicken chicken bones  
Sugar plum bushes, and ice cream cones  
All these fake people sayin hi to one another  
Then they sit around and talk shit about each other  
Watering they grass, digging in they ass  
Trying to make sure they didn't lose any cash  
Working hard, all your life, and now you're finally rich  
But look at you, you're just another whack bitch

[Shaggy 2 Dope]

Crawl in the slum that's where I'm from  
Murderers and slaughterers, so that's what I've become  
Spare a little change cuz I just ran out of gas

Reach for your quarter and I'll stick your fuckin ass

[Violent J] Nobody wants to be around the ghetto breed

But the ghetto got each other and that's all we really need

[Shaggy 2 Dope] So what the fuck am I doing down here, I gotta land of my own

[Violent J] Eh yo, dawg, fuck it, huh, we going home

[Chorus (9x)]