

I'm Coming Home

Insane Clown Posse

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!

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 duckets, never hang out with the rich
I'd rather hang out with the crickets at the party store, bitch
Give me coney, 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

R: 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

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

R:

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

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

Nobody wants to be around the ghetto breed
But the ghetto got each other and that's all we really need
So what the fuck am I doing down here, I gotta land of my own
Eh yo, dawg, fuck it, huh, we going home

R: (9x)