

Life at Risk

Insane Clown Posse

Waking up to a little baby crying
Mom's yelling 'cause pop's got his fists flying
It's nine in the morning and he's drunk
One day, I feel that I'm gonna shoot that punk
My bitch laying next to me in the bed
I honestly don't give a fuck if the ho is dead
The only honor in my life is my rag
Without it, zip me up in a body bag
Grab my brother's unloaded forty-four
Take the money-back bottles and head for the store
My neighborhood your life is a dare
'cause there's factories pumping out black air
And I'm breathing this shit everyday
Living crazy, 'cause I'm dying anyway
I see this tramp hangin under the bridge
I tell her go home and watch her kids
You listen to them cry and sob
Take your sorry ass and find a motherfucking job
See my homies hanging at the liquor store
40s in the catch, dice rollin on the floor
They say my friends'll never be any good
But the president wouldn't of been shit
If he was raised in my neighborhood
My friends say the same old shit
The southwest side have a hit on me
I guess everyone's seen it
When I slammed johnny's head into the cement
It started all this crazy shit
And now we never set out without a loaded clip
And we headed up to the dunk rim
Little boys on the court so we punked them out
And I was thinking of my brother
When he was pushed off the court he wanted to kill them fuckers
Now I'm standing in the bad guys shoes
Payin' my dues
And I don't have no where to be
Just another street hood in the inner city
And a man is gonna ask for some change
Give him a dollar, so he can go and fry his brain
Fuck no, I push him out the way
'cause that sad motherfucker got shit to say
My homie was known for the mackin
Now they got him doing 10 for car jackin
And I'm thinkin that I'm next to go
What the fuck I already live on death row
So many out there want me
Everybody wants to put a bullet in my head
But I don't give a fuck if I die today
Everyone alive is gonna die anyway
What the fuck is life about
Come home late and daddy blow your mouth out
That's in the past now, I ain't soft
Daddy hits me today and I'm a blow his fuckin head off
For now the bullets close but miss
Livin my life at a risk
You know, j, man, you're right
Too many motherfuckers out there are fake

People need to understand
That if you get hit enough times
Then you start hitting back
All we are are pawns in the game board
And if this is the way everyone's playin' it
So be it, motherfuckers
Count us in
But the icp is playin for keeps
Mackin is a game and everybody's playin
Are you the one gettin played like a sucker
I think I liked it better when I was a kid