

Lock Down

Insane Clown Posse

Spittin' and cussin' and you know I'm pissed
With them iron bracelets on my fuckin' wrists
And I'm headed for the county
With doughnut-eatin' mother fuckers all around me
Dressed in my original county blues
With my fresh do-rag and my rubber shoes
Six months in a cement bedroom
Make friends fast, make 'em fuckin' soon
Five months left, I don't even smoke
Cigarettes are like money, so I guess I'm broke
Drop two months, I'm down to fo'
With the homies playin' spades on the dirty-ass flo'
Chillin' by my home boy Bruno
Hangin' out at the rec and we was playin Uno
And this crack head's gonna try and take my seat
So I whipped his ass and I caught another week
Now I'm starin' at a plastic bowl
'Cause the next five days, I'm in the hole
One month left and I'm growin' kinda thin
And there's stubbles on my God damn chin
Three days good time, I guess I lucked out
My time is done, let me the fuck out
No more talkin' my cock down
I'll go fuck me a bitch 'cause I'm outta this lock down, lock d
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