

The Fuck Yous

Insane Clown Posse

Fuck you

I wake up to a text tellin' me to eat shit
I walk out the house catch a brick in the lip
Waitin' for the bus it tried to hit me
Fuck it I'll walk a dog with rabies bit me
Get to my job it's fuck me I'm fired
Just started my fuckin' day I'm already tired
Asked a hottie for her number she sprayed me with mace
I gave a bum a dollar he spit in my face

I've learned to be okay with
Fuck you fuck you
I'm actually okay
I don't mind fuck you
I might even prefer
The fuck you fuck you
I'm actually okay
I don't mind fuck you

When I try to hit the blunt my name is skipped
I'm that nerd in the lunch room with no where to sit
I'm forever last pick cause I ain't physically fit
The whole world do me like Tila I get pelted with shit
I stick my hand out for a dap get kicked in the gut
It's fuckin' freezin' out here all doors slammed shut
Cops preachers and teachers nobody has time
I finally get to the front back to the back of the line

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I would rather be the fuckin' monster than to be the scared bitch
I would rather be a bum that needed than to be the pretty rich
I would rather be the lost and cheated than to be the schemin' one (I would rather be)
I would rather be the one who earns his teeth than the punk with all the luck

Fuck you-you-you-you-you

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