I'm Coming Home

Insane Clown Posse

I lived my life in the gutter
And this gutter is who I am
Take me back home to my gutter
And that's where I won't ever leave, againHey! I'm comin' home, home to the criminals and crooks
Home to the Gangbangers shootin' dirty looks
Home to the killer cops beatin' down my ass
Home to my 72 Vallary prayin' it will last
Past all the rich bitches try'na play me out
Doggin' on my neighborhood, don't know what it's about
So now I'm clockin' nuggets, never hangin' with the rich
I'd rather hang out with the crookeds at the party store, bitchGimme Coney, Dawg, with a little smog
'Cuz it tastes better than the poisonous fog
Seen it 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 Zombies in the Zone
Break out with the Faygo, I'm comin' homeHome to the creatures, home to the crooks
Home to the fools readin' witchcraft books
Home to the monsters roamin' the land
I wanna come home but ya don't understandBitch, I'm comin' home, and I'm not alone
Jokers and freaks and the dead body bones
Every single thing that ya never wanna see
Add it all together and ya got me
Ah, nobody give a fuck about your punk ass rules
Keystone coppers and your hypocrite schools
I'd much rather lay around the streets and the gutter
And make dirty phone calls to your rich motherPut up last midnight and I'm wakin' up the dead
Then we playin' kickball with sombody's head
We go skinny-dippin' in the barrels of toxic waste
After that, I pour myself a little taste
So tell your mother that she's nothin' but a fat bitch
And all my homies don't care if the hoe's rich
Somebody out here, please let me know if there's a phone
I need to call my mother, and tell her I'm comin' homeHome to the creatures, home to the crooks
Home to the fools readin' witchcraft books
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