

# Homies (feat. Twiztid) (Mike E. Clark mix)

## Insane Clown Posse

I know you ain't there  
That's why I just want to let you know something bro  
You all know I love you  
You all know you're my homies  
And eh, alright we'll talk later, peace Let me ask you this about this life we live  
And let me try to swerve some of this attention you give  
To them distant ass relatives over ham dinner  
If they really missed you so much  
Why don't they just call in [Unverfied]  
If you wasn't blood, would you still have love?  
Or infact does the blood make you think you have to love? Look, I probably love my family more than anybody  
here  
But my homies are family too, 3rd cousins' get outta here  
Who was you with when you got tattooed?  
And who was you trippin' with when you did them mushrooms?  
And who the fuck threw up all over your car?  
And then felt worse than you about that shit in the morning?  
(Friends ya'll) Who loaned you money, homie?  
Who owes you cash?  
(Who?)  
Who taught you how to use the bong for the grass?  
(Who?)  
I don't know much but I gotta assume  
When ya hit ya first neden, ya homies was in the next room We talkin' about homies, homies  
Talkin' 'bout Road Dogs of mine  
Our motha fuckin' homies, homies  
We throwin' up clown love signs  
(Real Juggalo) Homies, homies  
Talkin' 'bout Road Dogs of mine  
Homies, homies  
(Man, that's my dawg) Have you ever had a job that you truly despise?  
Like I don't know maybe dish washin' or fuckin' flippin' fries  
And you got this boss who thinks he's the Don Mega  
Because he the head manager  
(Chief Chili Fry Maker)  
All you can vision is ya'll beating him down Your homies standing on his back  
While you kicking his head around  
But responsibility is there, I can't lie tho'  
I'd of been plucked his fucking eye ball out with a chicken bone

I'm crazy as fuck, I'll rip your piercings off  
 And now my homies are holding me back so I don't look soft  
 When you snuck the car out who did you get?  
 (Who?)  
 And when you got caught, who you blame the shit?  
 (Who?)  
 Who can you relax around and scratch your balls?  
 (Who?)  
 Homies, I'm talking about like you and yours  
 We talkin' about homies, homies  
 Talkin' 'bout Road Dogs of mine  
 Our motha fuckin' homies, homies  
 We throwin' up clown love signs  
 (Real Juggalo) Homies, homies  
 Talkin' 'bout Road Dogs of mine  
 (Yeah, Yeah)  
 Homies, homies  
 If you don't like me, you can fuck off  
 Carnival ain't for everyone  
 If you don't like me, you can fuck off  
 Carnival ain't for everyone  
 Me and my homies stay tight like a noose  
 And if you step to one of us you better step to the whole crew  
 I never knew that I could depend  
 That I could have some friends that's down to the very end  
 Well, that's my homeboys, excuse me, my family  
 And when we conquer the world, we mackin' on the galaxy  
 'Cuz sky's the limit and we ain't finished  
 And if my homies gonna ride, ya know I'm with it  
 Puff it and pass it and I give it to my homies ya'll  
 Hit it and quit it and then I give it to my homies ya'll  
 I got the world around my finger with my homies ya'll  
 And everything is obsolete unless I hear my homies call  
 We world wide were homies across the planet  
 Sticking together like zippers on a Michael Jackson  
 "Beat it jacket"  
 They got my back like a tat for that, I love ya'll  
 Hanging till we old and gray like grandpa's  
 (Psychopathic) We talkin' about homies, homies  
 Talkin' 'bout Road Dogs of mine  
 Our motha fuckin' homies, homies  
 We throwin' up clown love signs  
 (Real life Juggalo) Homies, homies  
 Talkin' 'bout Road Dogs of mine  
 Homies, homies  
 If you don't like me, you can fuck off  
 Carnival ain't for everyone  
 Keep it in your click, fuck the outside, baby  
 If you don't like me, you can fuck off  
 Carnival ain't for everyone  
 Runnin' with the homies until I'm old like Grady  
 If you don't like me, you can fuck off  
 Carnival ain't for everyone

Keep it in your click, fuck the outside, baby  
If you don't like me, you can fuck offSwingin' hatches on the daily with my crew actin' crazyWe talkin' about  
homies, homies  
Talkin' 'bout Road Dogs of mine  
Our motha fuckin' homies, homies  
We throwin' up clown love signs  
(Real life Juggalo)Homies, homies  
Talkin' 'bout Road Dogs of mine  
(Juggalo homies)  
Homies, homiesIf you don't like me, you can fuck off  
Carnival ain't for everyone  
If you don't like me, you can fuck off  
Carnival ain't for everyone

Songwriters

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