

Homies (feat. Anybody Killa and Twiztid)

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

Joseph Bruce;Jr. PuwalPublished by

TWISTED HARMONY;UNIVERSAL MUSIC-Z SONGS Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent
9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>