

Juggalo Homies

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 a muthafucka? 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 cousin's 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 mornin'?
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 other room We talkin' about homies, homies
Talkin' about Road Dogs of mine
Our motha fuckin', homies, homies
We throwin' up clown love signs, Real Juggalo
Homies, homies
Talkin' about Road Dogs of mine
Homies, homies 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 beatin' him down
Your homies standin' on his back while you kickin' his head around
But responsibility is there, I can't lie tho
I'd of been plucked his fuckin' eye ball out with a chicken bone
I'm crazy as fuck, I'll rip your peircings off
And now my homies are holdin' 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 talkin' about like you and yours We talkin' about homies, homies
Talkin' about Road Dogs of mine
Our motha fuckin', homies, homies
We throwin' up clown love signs, Real Juggalo

Homies, homies
Talkin' about Road Dogs of mine
Homies, homies You don't like me, you can fuck on
Carnival ain't for everyone
Keep it in your click fuck the outside, baby
You don't like me, you can fuck on
Carnival ain't for everyone
Runnin' with the homies until I'm old like Grady 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, we're homies across the planet
Stickin' together like zippers on Michael Jackson's "Beat It" jacket
They got my back like a tat for that, I love ya'll
Hangin' till we old and gray like grandpas, Psychopathic Homies, homies
Talkin' about Road Dogs of mine
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Runnin' with the homies until I'm old like Grady You don't like me, you can fuck on
Carnival ain't for everyone
Keep it in your click fuck the outside baby
You don't like me, you can fuck on!
Carnival ain't for everyone!
Swingin' hatches on the daily with my crew actin' crazy Homies, homies
Talkin' about Road Dogs of mine, Real Juggalo
Homies, homies
We throwin' up clown love signs, Juggalo homie
Homies, homies
Talkin' about Road Dogs of mine
Homies, homies, homies You don't like me, you can fuck on
Carnival ain't for everyone
You don't like me, you can fuck on!
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You don't like me, you can fuck on
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