

Insane Clown Posse, Homies (Mike E. Clark Mix)

Homies yeah thats my dog
Homies cause were down by law
Homies everything that we are
Homies yeah thats my dog
Remix!

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 in fact 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, third 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 you car
And then felt worse than you about the shit in the morning?

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 you hit your first neden
Your homies was in the other room
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Have you ever had a job that you truly despise?
Like I like dont know maybe dishwashin
Or fuckin flippin fries
Then you got this boss who think he the Don Mega,
Because he the head manager, Chief Chilli Fry Maker
All you can vision is ya'll beating him down,
Your homies standin on his back
While you're kickin his head around
But responsibility is there, I can't lie though,
Id of been plucked his fuckin eyeball
Out with a chicken bone
Im crazy as fuck, Id rip your piercings off,
And now my homies are holding me back so I don't look soft

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Me and my homies stay tight like a noose
And if you step to one of us,
You better step the whole crew
I never knew that I could depend,
That I could have some friends, thats down to the very end
Well thats my homeboys excuse me, my family,

And when we conquer the world, we mackin' on the galaxy
Cause the skys the limit and we ain't finished,
And if my homies gonna ride than you know I'm with it

Puff it and pass it and I give it to my homies yall
Hit it and quit it then I give it to my homies yall
I got the world around my finger with my homies yall
And everything is obsolete unless I hear my homies call
We world wide with homies across the planet
Stickin together like zippers on a
Micheal Jackson "Beat It jacket
They got my back like a tat, for that I love yall,
Hangin till we old and gray like grandpas

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