

Icp (Insane Clown Posse) "Lockdown"

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Spittin and cussin you know Im pissed, with these iron
bracelets on my fuckin
wrists,
And Im headed for the county, with all of you mother
fuckers all around me,
Dressed in my original county blue, with my fresh ass
do rag and my rubber
shoes.
Sixth months in a cement bedroom, make friends fast
make em fuckin soon .
Five months left and I dont even smoke, ciaggarettes
like money, so I guess Im
broke.
Drop two months Im down to four, with the homies
playin spades on the dirty ass
floor,
Chillin with my home boy Bruno, hangin out at the rec
we was playin uno,
And this crack heads gonna try and take my seat, so I
whipped his ass and I
caught another week.
Now Im starin at a plastic fork, cuz the next five days
Im in the hole.
One month left and Im goin kinda thin and theres
stubbles on my god damn chin
Three days good time I guess I lucked out, my time is
done let me the fuck out,
No more talkin my cock down,
Ill go fuck me a bitch, cuz IæŠ! outta this lockdown,
lockdown (echos off)

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