

## **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, 'cause 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, 'cause IÃ!?! outta this lockdown,  
lockdown (echos off)

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