

Insane Clown Posse "The People"

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This one is for my people all the very people This one is
for my people

We got trees growin out the dirt for us to climb on
beats attackin your ears for us to ryme on

Our time with a bag of purp 3 5 dimes puttin shags to
work

We on both sides of the river all around the ocean
spinnin like a carousel stuck in fast motion

Like that champ out on his back flat on the map i been
doin that

We runnin bare foot on broken glass i cant belive it but
the shit is out there and were here to receive it

Catch me on the waterfalls with sexy ass mermaids
washin my balls

Were throwin rocks in the sky puttin craters on the
moon chillin with the creature from the black lagoon

Communication through your stereo for every body
listenin here we go

This ones for my people

The people

The very people

Listenin here

And it dont matter where (Out there)

This ones for my people

The people

The very people

Listenin here

And it dont matter where (Out there)

We flyin with the red wall needles gettin shot at floatin
on a iceberg wonderin were the pot at

Grease paint with a bottle of go fetch me a lette and im
outta the doo

We take you higher then lex luger always stay true to
scrubs universally on wanted juggalletes and thugs

I got a robotic arm and dont nobody know it i can rip
your whole head and throw it

We are a never ending story that only gets better as we
make our way through this life we live together

Hooptie ridin with my headphones on vision im in a
bentley on hologram chrome

The wicked shit will never die put some hatchet in your
ear holes real underground baby punchin through your
stereos
Somthin wicked for the chosin few so for everybody
listenin this goes to you

This ones for my people
The people
The very people
Listenin here
And it dont matter where (Out there)
This ones for my people
The people
The very people
Listenin here
And it dont matter where (Out there)

For my people livin downtown (it dont matter where)
For my people livin in the forrest (out there)
For my people livin in the dry desert and where the rain
pours(out there)
For my people in the jungle for my people in the
beatbox (out there)
For my people in the island for my people in the crops
(out there)
For my people in the snowstroms for my people in the
heatwaves (out there)
For my people bein born and all my people in the
graves (out there)
For my people in the swamp lands for my people of the
tundra (out there)
For my people in the penthouses and the others livin
under (out there)
For my people in oriente for my people of the seas (out
there)
For my people in the out back and my people from the
trees (out there)
For my people of the mountains for my people on the
road (out there)
For my people everywhere that call themselves
juggalos (out there)

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