

## Life at Risk

Insane Clown Posse

Waking up to a little baby crying  
Mom's yelling 'cause pop's got his fists flying  
It's nine in the morning and he's drunk  
One day, I feel that I'm gonna shoot that punk  
My bitch laying next to me in the bed  
I honestly don't give a fuck if the ho is dead  
The only honor in my life is my rag  
Without it, zip me up in a body bag  
Grab my brother's unloaded forty-four  
Take the money-back bottles and head for the store  
My neighborhood your life is a dare  
'cause there's factories pumping out black air  
And I'm breathing this shit everyday  
Living crazy, 'cause I'm dying anyway  
I see this tramp hangin under the bridge  
I tell her go home and watch her kids  
You listen to them cry and sob  
Take your sorry ass and find a motherfucking job  
See my homies hanging at the liquor store  
40s in the catch, dice rollin on the floor  
They say my friends'll never be any good  
But the president wouldn't of been shit  
If he was raised in my neighborhood  
My friends say the same old shit  
The southwest side have a hit on me  
I guess everyone's seen it  
When I slammed johnny's head into the cement  
It started all this crazy shit  
And now we never set out without a loaded clip  
And we headed up to the dunk rim  
Little boys on the court so we punked them out  
And I was thinking of my brother  
When he was pushed off the court he wanted to kill them fuckers  
Now I'm standing in the bad guys shoes  
Payin' my dues  
And I don't have no where to be  
Just another street hood in the inner city  
And a man is gonna ask for some change  
Give him a dollar, so he can go and fry his brain  
Fuck no, I push him out the way  
'cause that sad motherfucker got shit to say  
My homie was known for the mackin  
Now they got him doing 10 for car jackin  
And I'm thinkin that I'm next to go  
What the fuck I already live on death row  
So many out there want me  
Everybody wants to put a bullet in my head  
But I don't give a fuck if I die today  
Everyone alive is gonna die anyway  
What the fuck is life about  
Come home late and daddy blow your mouth out  
That's in the past now, I ain't soft  
Daddy hits me today and I'm a blow his fuckin head off  
For now the bullets close but miss  
Livin my life at a risk  
You know, j, man, you're right  
Too many motherfuckers out there are fake

People need to understand  
That if you get hit enough times  
Then you start hitting back  
All we are are pawns in the game board  
And if this is the way everyone's playin' it  
So be it, motherfuckers  
Count us in  
But the icp is playin for keeps  
Mackin is a game and everybody's playin  
Are you the one gettin played like a sucker  
I think I liked it better when I was a kid