

I'm Coming Home

Johnny Mathis

I lived my life in the gutter! And this gutter is who I am!
Take me back home to my gutter and that's where I won't ever leave again! Hey! I'm comin'
home home to the criminals and crooks
Home to the gangbangers shootin' dirty looks.
Home to the killer cops beatin' down my ass
Home to my `72 Vallyary prayin' it will last.
Past all the rich bitches try'na play me out.
Doggin' on my neighborhood don't know what it's about.
So now I'm clockin' nuggets, never hangin' with the rich.
I'd rather hang out with the crooked at the party store, bitch!
Gimme Coney, dawg, with a little smog,
Cuz it tastes better than the poisonous fog.
Seen it from the sewers in my slummy neighborhood.
But the ghetto got love and the love is all good
So I don't give a fuck about your mansion by the lake.
You can suck my dingaling until your neck breaks.
Cuz all I wanna do is hang with the zombies in the zone.
Break out with the Faygo. I'm comin' home.
(chorus):
Home to the creatures, home to the crooks,
Home to the fools readin' witchcraft books,
Home to the monsters roamin' the land,
I wanna come home but ya don't understand. Bitch, I'm comin' home, and I'm not alone.
Jokers and freaks and the dead body bones.
Every single thing that ya never wanna see,
Add it all together and ya got me!
Ah, Nobody give a fuck about your punk ass rules.
Keystone coppers and your hypocrite schools.
I'd much rather lay around the streets and the gutter,
And make dirty phone calls to your rich mother.
Put up last midnight and I'm wakin' up the dead.
And we playin' kickball with somebody's head.
We go skinny-dippin' in the barrels of toxic waste,
After that, I pour myself a little taste.
So tell your mother that she's nothin' but a fat bitch,
And all my homies don't care if the hoe's rich.
Somebody out here, please let me know if there's a phone,
I need to call my mother, and tell her I'm comin' home.
(chorus) I'm comin' home. Chicken, chicken bone.
Sugar plumb wishes and Ice cream cones.
All these fake people sayin' hi to one another.
Then they sit around and talk shit about each other.

Watering the grass, diggin' in they ass,
Try'na make sure they didn't lose any cash.
Workin' hard all you life, and now you're finally rich.
But look at you, you're just another whack bitch! heh.
Call in the slum, that's where the bums,
Murderers, and slaughterers. So that's what I become.
Spare a little change, cuz I just ran outta gas,
Reach for your quarter and I'll stick your fuckin' ass.
Nobody wants to be around the ghetto breed.
The ghetto got each other, and that's all we really need.
So what the fuck I'm doin' down here? I got a land of my own,
Hey, yo, dawg, fuck it, we goin' home.(chorus)
(chorus)
(chorus)
(chorus)
(chorus)
(chorus)
(group chorus)
(group chorus)
(group chorus w/ fade out)
(group chorus w/ fade out)

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