

Life Goes On

House Of Pain

Remember when the shit hit the fan
And the man wanted to know which way you ran?

Life goes on

Life goes on

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Life goes on

Back it up, smack it up, pop your corn
I got more style than Son Doobie's got horn

Top o the morn, rise and shine

LA swine, got no spine

Drop that stick pig, my crew's real thick

Drop your gun pig, and get a real dick

I got my gat 'cause I don't trust ya

Play me close and make me nervous, I'll bust ya

LA's no joke, the cops don't care

They'll beat ya down till there's just a fuckin' hair

Of life left in ya, then they'll pin ya

Way out in wayside, watch your backside

White and black crime is what goes on

And life goes on

And life goes on

And life goes on

And life goes on

And on and on till the break of dawn

And on to the next day, ay yo by the way

Did you know about the science of creation

About the masons, about their nation

Of disarm, this arm, a lega lega or a head

To the thirty third degree, you know that's me

Ease back, so ease off or I'll squeeze off

My clip, please don't trip or we's gonna flip

The house of pain makes clouds a rains

On parades, I wear shades when it's sunny

Sometimes I rock funny, I ain't in it for the money

But I get mine before the show goes on

And life goes on

And life goes on

And life goes on

And life goes on

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