

On Point

House of Pain

I'm sick, demented, I came unrepresented
I rose from the grave, I had a close shave
The cops tried to lock me down 'cause the Glock they found
Was stolen that's how I'm rollin' Calvin Klein's no friend of mine
So I don't like Marky or the monarchy
Don't start me up like a Rollin' Stone
I leave you sulkin' like Macaulay Culkin In home alone so get a grip
Like Stephen Tyler I used to trip
With the Divine Styler back in the days
There were Irish ways and Irish laws to stand up for the cause
When it's time to rock a funky joint, I'm on point
When it's time to rock a funky jam, I'm the man
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Well, it's the D to the A, double N Y B O Y
'Cause I rock shit like Ronnie Dio
It's a black day of rest, quick run get your vest
I'm down with the hill 'cause I still got the skill
To turn the party out, it's all about the skyscraper
Your girl caught the vapors, so I might videotape her
I make a lot of the paper, so I don't have to scrape the
Bottom of the barrel, I rock fly apparel
Now I could pull you car, starting up the Harley Davidson
I got the gun so the drama you could save it
Well, it's the mad bum rushin, funky with percussion
From L.A. to Flushing, I get your girlie blushin'
I'll cutcha' like the butcher but it and Joe, The Writer
The old rock a loop 'cause I'm super like Schneider
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I'm ill, retarded, so don't ya get me started
I might lose my cool, ya lose if we duel
'Cause I can stomp a hole in the sole of a monk
With the rhymes in my head and the beats in my trunk
I got the skill kid and I'm gonna' milk it
For all it's worth, I'm gettin' mines on earth
So step to the next head or like Sadat X said
He's gone and that's it's supposed to be

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