

Over There Shit

House of Pain

Here's the new shit I'm on, we can all get along
But if ya step to me wrong, I'm gonna bang ya like a gong
And I don't need a gang to do it, I creep solo
Beat ya till ya dead, put out ya freakin' head
That's how I do it cause I'm sick like that
And you'll get kicked like that if ya fakin' the funk
I got a trunk full of beats and a head full of rhymes
I got stains on my sheets from all the good times
That I spent with ya hookers, some were good lookers
And some were just stunts after too many blunts
Ya got ya arm around ya girl but don't make me laugh kid
Gettin' steam pressured, girl's schemin' on the grafted
Pale faced Celt, backed up, catch a welt
From the buckle of my belt, now tell me how that felt
Ooh, I'm on some of the over there shit
Ooh, I'm on some of the over there shit
Ooh, I'm on some of the over there shit
I'm on some Milk D, I don't care shit
I don't care
It's the return of the livin' dead, put all concerned to bed
I'm alive and kickin', ask any girl I'm stickin'
Back once again, I never shot no heroin
Or hit the glass pipe, ass wipe
Stop the rumor, I'll kill ya like a tumor in your colon
I'll leave your shit all swollen
Get off my dick 'cuz thick is how I'm rollin'
The Soul Assassinator'll get ya open like a crater
I'm down with psycho beta cuz I'm flava' like a plate a'
Corned beef and cabbage, I'm a savage on the set
Don't do nuthin' you'll regret
Because you'll end up gettin' wet like water
I'm out for slaughter, pops lock up your daughter
Ooh, I'm on some of the over there shit
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Ooh, I'm on some of the over there shit
I'm on some Milk D, I don't care shit
I don't care
I rock a paid style 'cuz free's amateur
If ya play me close punk I'm gonna' damage ya
We got the Funk Doobie in the house with the Mickey Mouse
I spot a hooker then I'm runnin' up in ya blouse
I ain't a bitch so don't play me soft
I got a round in my chamber and the safety's off

Pullin' on the trigger, ain't nuttin' brave
But I'm a sick fucker like a red-neck trucker
And I just might buck ya down
You're starin' down my barrel so ya jump around
Ya try to get away but I'm too quick to pull
So don't try to gas me punk, my tank's full
I ain't got the time, I don't need the fuel
Punk we can duel, I'll take ya ass to school
And break down the lesson, here's the pop quiz
I gets Top Billin, you can ask GizOoh, I'm on some of the over there shit
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