Come and Get Some of This

House of Pain

Step to this Irish mac daddy I'll light your ass up and smoke you like a fag With the whole crew we'll take you for a long ride Little did you know you on the wrong side, son I got the gun and I'm not scared to use it Put your life on the line, homeboy you lose it That's how it goes, homes I blow domes when I rock microphones I can get swift to the riff from an old jam I'm wise like an old man and don't take shit from no clan Or crew, or gang, or crew, or club The wack MC's tryin' to rhyme it with my dub Fuck the bullshit, the piece gets pulled quick Fourteen pulls on my trigger, that's the whole clip And if there's anyone still standin' thinkin' that they're runnin' shit They can come and get some of this over here If not, stand clear and you got nothin' to fear I'm livin' in a state of grace and it's a fucked up place I'll put my gun in your face, if you step up you'll get broke up It's no joke, blood I write rhymes, drink beer, fight, smoke bud That's all I do, it's all I need I buck down a little sucker just to watch him bleedThat's my style, it's how I do my thing This is the House of Pain and I'm the king I come real with it, can ya deal with it Or will ya run for shelter, though you barely felt the

House of pain in full effect

And if you come with disrespect you canCome and get some of this

Come and get some of this

You can come and get some of this

Come and get some of this

Some of this

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