

# On Point

## House Of Pain

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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  
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 When it's time to rock a funky joint, I'm on point  
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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 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 When it's time to rock a funky joint, I'm on point  
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When it's time to rock a funky jam, I'm the man 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  
Don't stand so close to me When it's time to rock a funky joint, I'm on point  
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