One For The Road

House Of Pain

Check it out, everybody in the house, check it out
The House of Pain is in full effect
Call me the corn fed, pecker wood, redneck cracker
White bread, shit kickin', Irish beat jacker
Comin' with the style of a Celtic rebel
Those who ain't on my level call me the blue eyed devil
But that's just because they don't know what I know
And that's just because they can't flow like I flow
I rip shit, dip shit, so what you gotta say
Why you wanna play, I fuck you up with no delay
And knock your motherfucking fronts out
Smoke my Philly blunts out, my Buddha never runs out
I turn the little scunts out
And I got the hookers callin' me pops
Once their cherry pops, ever last gets all the props
I'm hittin' skins from here to Copenhagen
I bed the wenches 'cause you know I'm a pagan
The House of Pain, that's the name of my crew
You don't like it, tough luck, what the fuck you gonna do
Nothin', you ain't sayin' nothin'
You need to start puffin' and relax
Or you'll wind up gettin' taxed

For your money, for your jewels, for your car, for your ho
My crew, they start trippin' while I'm rippin' up the show
Mickey mouse, you know he's in the house
I said mickey mouse, you know he's in the house
One for the road, this is one for a road
For my man Matt champ, this is one for the road
Tura lura lura, tura lura lie
Tura lura lura, that's an Irish lullaby
No need to act fly, you'll be sayin' nighty-night
The place you're in is right if you're lookin' for a fight
Step up, your blood, I spill it
Put on the beat, I kill it
I'll burn ya like some bacon that's been fryin' in my skillet
Move over sizzlean, my favorite color's green
But I'll beat ya black and blue, 'cause I'm always with my crew
Mickey mouse, you know he's in the house

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