

# Over There Shit

## House Of Pain

Ladies and gentlemen

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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 because I'm sick like dat  
And you'll get kicked like dat 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 hlunts  
Ya got ya arm around ya girl but don't make me laugh kid  
Gettin' steam pressured, your girl's schemin' on the grafted  
Jail 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 Milky, 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 creator  
I'm down with psycho vader 'cuz I'm flava' like a plate a'

Corn 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, cops lock up your daughter

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 Milky, I don't care shit

I don't care  
I rock it page style 'cuz freed damaged ya  
If ya play me close punk I'm gonna' damage ya  
We got the FunkDoobie 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 around in my chamber and the safety's off  
Pullin' on the trigger, ain't nuthin' 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 then break down the lesson  
Here's the pop quiz, I gets Top Billin  
You can ask Giz  
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 Milky, I don't care shit  
I don't care

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