

I'm A Swing It

House of Pain

I'm a swing it
Watch me bring it
To the next level
The graphic devils
Gettin' funky like the Nevilles
Brothers from the bayou,
So why you want to trip
Just play the sideline kid
And wait for me to trip
'Cause I can feel it in the air tonight
But yo I'm not Phil Collins
I'm more like Henry Rollins
'Cause I search and destroy
Retoy with the plot
Tryin' to get what I got
Ya might get shot
Hot damn I'm a slam ya like ONYX
Then teach ya how to write a rhyme
Like hooked on Phonics
Mother Goose ain't got shit on me
'Cause I get loose at the jam and wreck the whole party
I make em' jump and mosh
Oh my gosh
There slamin in the pit
When I'm kickin my shot
They're buggin at the eyes
'Cause I got mad styles
And ain't a damn thing funny
I get money in piles
Some people thought I died
That's just a rumor though
Others thought I fell off
But now I'm numero uno
Dos not cuatro
word to cool Kieth
I'm a break up your teeth
When I die (die)
Bury me (me)
Hang my balls from a cherry tree (tree)

Let them get ripe and take a bite
And if they don't taste right then don't blame D (D)
You need to quit swingin
The styles that I'm bringin
The funk knuckle dragon
The kids on the wagon
I'm not the 12 stepper
Don't play me like a lepper
My mic sounds nice
But it's not Salt-n-Pepa
Well it's the man with the plan
To get all your skins
The tip of my dick is where the line begins
So hoe's form a line
Take off that swine
Strip your ass butt naked
Let's see if you can take it
'Cause I'll make you feel...
LIKE A NATURAL WOMEN!
'Cause I keep it comin'
I'm the Everlastin'
Free style assassin
My soul and my goal is to bring a little passion
To your girl's life like the Daily Sun
Throw her down on the bed
And tie her up wit ropes
I'm just another rager with a Dairy Face
Punk motherfuckers beef and rhyme my race
You need to step back kid and give me some space
So I can cold spark the party when I'm rockin the place
Danny Boy's arrivin'
I Stand six five and a half, don't laugh kid
The outlaw biker with my big shit kicker
On a highway to hell
'Cause I never tell
Well it's the funk back breaker
We heat it up like Jamaica
Don't bring your woman to the party cause I'll take her
Hit the deck 'cause I'm down with the Hoolis
I got a trunk full of funk like the groovy doolies
I'm not the man but I'll asked who was he
Quick's hot the hair do just like Ruth Buzzy
Runnin' 'round town like ya been to jail son
But ya hit the swap meet to get your hair and your nail done
Get off my sack

'Cause your shit is wack
Ya dis me and I'm a dis ya back
I'm a swing it (X4)

Songwriters

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