

Life Goes On

House Of Pain

Remember when the shit hit the fan
And the man wanted to know which way you ran? Life goes on
Life goes on
Life goes on
Life goes on Back it up, smack it up, pop your corn
I got more style than Son Doobie's got horn
Top o the morn, rise and shine
LA swine, got no spine Drop that stick pig, my crew's real thick
Drop your gun pig, and get a real dick
I got my gat 'cause I don't trust ya
Play me close and make me nervous, I'll bust ya LA's no joke, the cops don't care
They'll beat ya down till there's just a fuckin' hair
Of life left in ya, then they'll pin ya
Way out in wayside, watch your backside
White and black crime is what goes on And life goes on
And life goes on
And life goes on
And life goes on And on and on till the break of dawn
And on to the next day, ay yo by the way
Did you know about the science of creation
About the masons, about their nation Of disarm, this arm, a lega lega or a head
To the thirty third degree, you know that's me
Ease back, so ease off or I'll squeeze off
My clip, please don't trip or we's gonna flip The house of pain makes clouds a rains
On parades, I wear shades when it's sunny
Sometimes I rock funny, I ain't in it for the money
But I get mine before the show goes on And life goes on
And life goes on
And life goes on
And life goes on

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