

Heart Full Of Sorrow (Dirty)

House of Pain

If I was to sit down and actually write out a list
Of the MCs that missed it would be the constitution
They play their caps backwards still saying whack words
No power to (durhust) just a few yes men
Raising the question of who gave you a contract
They should be fired you're officially retired I see you make a little cash and start showing your ass
You get laced up with jewels your crews acting like fools
Playing hard rock surrounded by body guards
Hoping no one pulls your cord you got me laughing pretty hard
Thinking you're the white hot man of the hour
But you just can't figure how your flavor went sour
Back in 89 PE fought the power and in 86 Big Daddy Kane was raw And I was right there on the first floor of
the Palladium
You never played a venue local college or a stadium
A young boys (fiddin' pad) fad is now a grown mans profession
To earn this is a blessing
This skills have me guessing learn cause I'm testing
Follow this down no question No doubt check it out
You be either rhyming in code or on some gangster node
You all clockwork apocalypse you about to implode
Collapsing on yourself cause your whole foundation is
Built on lies don't apologize
Cause once they watch you rise they want to watch you fall
And they'll all take a piece just like the Berlin wall
And place it on their mantle like a souvenir
And what they call a knick-knack is really your career You ain't promise nothing but a pocket full of stress
Still there be people that would die for less
You ain't promise nothing but a heart full of sorrow
If they don't like the demo make a new one tomorrow
You ain't promise nothing but a pocket full of stress
Still there be people that would die for less
You ain't promise nothing but a heart full of sorrow
If they don't like the demo make a new one tomorrow When its time to rise Ill open the archives
When you be in dreams you got 85s
Chrome down with the leather package
You got a home of your own
you're holding acres
I got it made
Season tickets to the Knickers and the Lakers

Playing both coasts closed and European festivals
Crowd scream decibels x2
In your ear you want to make rapping your career
From Arkansas to Minnesota I sell out the quota
I be the wet dream making cream for promoters
We keep the shit right we don't be starting no fights
And he won't hold out my dough cause I'm a put out his lights
And once the crew hits the stage the crowd gets involved
We show love they show it back all problems solved
You can boom shalock and jump to the sounds I pump
But I ain't quitting 'til I'm shitting on Donald Trump
So take heed to the verses and styles and versions
When you socialize with other MCs
And boast your rhymes to company enemies
And in any cases that feel is what you want
??
You want to make money money and take every honey
Rap charges ain't funny but it boost your career
Your penile style is now hanging from a tier
Now you want to know fear to impress your peers
Now your ass outta here the rap game goes on

Songwriters

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