

Keep It Comin'

House of Pain

Uh huh, come on
Smokin' up an L
Might kill a brain cell
But I might as well
I'm on a highway to hell
Totally consumed
By an aerie feelin' I hear pigs squealin'
Soldiers of fortune
Are torchin' huts
The girls on them TV's
Are shakin' their butts
I'm hyperventilatin'
I might be hallucinatin' Yo, I got a chill
I'm feelin' sort of ill
I'm goin' mad
But aren't ya glad
I used Dial
I'm goin' out like style Uh and ya don't quit
Yeah, keep it comin'
And ya don't stop
They say
Uh and ya don't quit I got complexes
Ya can't figure out
My dad said
"He's a bum, kick the nigger out"
My head's fucked up but I lucked up
And got a hit record
Now I'm well respected
I can go places I never went before I still dress the same so it must be my name
I can't deal with who's real and who's not
Who treated me the same
When my record wasn't hot
They said I couldn't eat too
So I put my cake down
I think I'm having a breakdown Uh and ya don't quit
Yeah, keep it comin'
And ya don't stop
They say
Uh and ya don't quit It's not paranoia

I got something for ya
It's made of chrome
And it'll burst you dome
No joke, my gun'll
Blow a fuckin' tunnel Right through your body
Free John Gotty
I'll leave with you hotty
And I'll take her home
Lay her down on her back
And I'll make her moan Uh and ya don't quit
Yeah, keep it comin'
And ya don't stop
They say
Uh and ya don't quit Uh and ya don't quit
Yeah, keep me cummin'
And ya don't stop
Soul Assassins and ya don't stop
FunkDoobie and ya don't stop
Cypress Hill and ya don't stop
House of Pain and ya don't stop
Soul Assassins and ya don't stop

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