

# Pass the Jinn

## House of Pain

Cockni O'Dire Watch out, bust the style I be kickin'  
I play the gig role and bite your head off like a chicken  
I'm the lord of the rings like Bilbo Baggins  
Return of my dragon, pants be saggin' Science be droppin', thoughts be buildin'  
My instinct's primal, tappin' your spinal  
I'll smack Mike and Janet for the whole freakin' planet  
Don't take me for granted, 'cause my eyes be slanted From the phat back of blade, I must consume  
'Cause my soul's on the verge of impending doom  
So make room, for the crew with kegs of brew  
Doin' what we do, so what's the matter with you Divine Styler  
Cockni O'Dire I bow my head to the east five times a day  
I put my face in the dirt every time I pray  
To disrupt the jinn in me, 'cause the sin in me's  
Tryin' to take over and make my soul crossover  
I'm steady rollin' with my head [unverified] up 'Cause my system pumps loud, everybody's on my nuts  
And everybody wants to know who lives the phattest  
The black 850 representin' my status  
Plus, I got the baddest, house on the hill  
My bank account's full, but my soul's empty still Divine Styler  
Cockni O'Dire I said take me from your House of  
Pain  
See my style's maintained, 'cause my membrane's sane  
So put down your juice, pass your jinn  
Push up on a skin, I begin to win  
There ain't, no need to worry about where I've been If I pass my jinn I begin to win  
I say, put down your juice, pass the jinn  
Push up on a skin I begin to win  
There ain't, no need to worry 'bout where I've been  
If I pass my jinn I begin to win Divine Styler

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