

Top O' The Morning To Ya

House Of Pain

She won't come
Just when you want it
Ya see, I'm Irish but I'm not a leprechaun
You wanna fight then step up and we'll get it on
You gotta right to the grill, I'm white and I ill
A descendant of Dublin with Titanic skill
I ducked and I swing, next thing your jaw's broken
Punk I ain't jokin', you can bet you'll be chokin'
On a fist full a nothin', meanwhile I'll be puffin'
On a fat blunt, run punk, you don't know the half
Tryin' to talk shit, man, please don't make me laugh
These Irish eyes are smilin', I'm buckwildin'
The House of Pain is pumpin', start jumpin'
Freak it, funk it, back seat junk it
If you can't get with it, you'll wind up sweatin' it
Then you'll get a beatin' just like an egg
It's so hard to run when you've got a broken leg
But we can have a run off, the House of Pain'll come off
We got the cake that you're tryin' to get a crumb off
The Irish stylee, the Celtic jazz
No one has it, just us that's it
If you try to take it, I got a big shileighly
I don't have dreads 'cause I shave my head daily
You call me a skinhead, I call you a pin head
Yo, where you been man, just like the tin man
You got no heart, here comes the good part
I pick 'em, buck 'em, cut 'em up, and buck them down
No fuckin' around
Home boy ya get clown like Krusty, trust me
You shouldn't play and by the way
Top o' the mornin' to ya
(What's the hassle man?)
Top o' the mornin' to ya
(What's the hassle man?)
Top o' the mornin' to ya
(What's the hassle man?)
Top o' the mornin' to ya
(Hey, are you givin' us a hassle man?)
Greetin's, salutations

Peace to the nations of Zulu and Islam
Crack the bottle, rev the throttle
Put the gear in, now you're steerin' like Mario Andretti

So let me kick it, cause I can make a wicked
Noise like a cricket
Rubbin' his legs
My rhymes are like eggs
I'll keep layin' 'em, I'll keep sayin' 'em
This is the House of Pain, we're far from plain
But we're not fancy, Ron and Nancy
So just say no but I say go
Straight to hell, I kiss and tell
So if you're a ho, all my friends know
What you gotta say, let's hit the hay
And have no delay, and yo by the way
Top o' the mornin' to ya
(What's the hassle man?)
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(What's the hassle man?)
Top o' the mornin' to ya
(Hey, are you givin' us a hassle man?)
Extra extra, read all about it
How could ya doubt it? Now scream and shout it
The House of Pain soon will reign
Over the hip hop scene and like golden green
I rip shit and back flip like a Jedi
I roll with the groove and I'm smooth and you can bet I
Come correct and get respect when I'm flowin'
Collectin' my dough, I got your girlfriend ho-in'
And how do I know that she's funk?
I know she's broke cause yo, the T's hung
Like a Shetland pony, gettin' paid like Sony
So never ever try to play me out like a phony
'Cause I can get real thick like a bull with Mark Toneil
And by the way, top o' the mornin' to ya
(What's the hassle man?)
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(What's the hassle man?)
Top o' the mornin' to ya
(Hey, are you givin' us a hassle man?)

{He who breaks the law goes back to the House of Pain
He who breaks the law goes back to the House of Pain}

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