

I'm A Swing It

House of Pain

I'm a swing it
Watch me bring it
To the next level
The graphic devils
Gettin' funky like the Neville Brothers from the bayou
So why you wanna trip?
Just play the sideline kid
And wait for me to trip 'Cause I can feel it in the air tonight
But yo I'm not Phil Collins
I'm more like Henry Rollins 'Cause I search and destroy
Retoy with the plot
Tryin' to get what I got
Ya might get shot Hot damn I'm a slam ya like ONYX
Then teach ya how to write a rhyme
Like hooked on Phonics
Mother Goose ain't got shit on me 'Cause I get loose at the jam
And wreck the whole party
I make em' jump and mosh
Oh, my gosh The're slamin' in the pit
When I'm kickin' my shot
They're buggin' at the eyes
'Cause I got mad styles
And ain't a damn thing funny
I get money in piles Some people thought I died
That's just a rumor though
Others thought I fell off
But now I'm numero uno Dos not cuatro
Word to Kool Kieth
I'm a break up your teeth
When I die
(Die)
Bury me
(Me) Hang my balls from a cherry tree
(Tree)
Let them get ripe and take a bite And if they don't taste right
Then don't blame D
(D) You need to quit swingin'
The styles that I'm bringin'
The funk knuckle dragon

The kids on the wagon I'm not the 12 stepper
Don't play me like a lepper
My mic sounds nice
But it's not salt-n-pepa Well, it's the man with the plan
To get all your skins
The tip of my dick
Is where the line begins So hoe's form a line
Take off that swine
Strip your ass butt naked
Let's see if you can take it 'Cause I'll make you feel
Like a natural women
'Cause I keep it comin' I'm the everlastin'
Free style assasin
My soul and my goal
Is to bring a little passion To your girl's life like the Daily Sun
Throw her down on the bed
And tie her up wit ropes
I'm just another rager with a Dairy Face
Punk motherfuckers beef and rhyme my race You need to step back kid
And give me some space
So I can cold spark the party
When I'm rockin' the place Danny Boy's arrivin'
I stand six five and a half, don't laugh kid
The outlaw biker with my big shit kicker
On a highway to hell
'Cause I never tell Well, it's the funk back breaker
We heat it up like Jamaica
Don't bring your woman
To the party cause I'll take her Hit the deck
'Cause I'm down with the Hoolis
I got a trunk full of funk
Like the groovy doolies I'm not the man
But I'll ask who was he?
Quick's hot the hair
Do just like Ruth Buzzy Runnin' 'round town
Like ya been to jail son
But ya hit the swap meet
To get your hair and your nail done Get off my sack
'Cause your shit is wack
Ya, dis me and I'm a dis ya back
I'm a swing it, I'm a swing it
I'm a swing it, I'm a swing it

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