

# Choose Your Poison

## House of Pain

Bitches, bitches, bitches, mutherfuckers I say hey now c'mon y'all  
If there's money in your pocket and you're walkin' tall  
Make your way to the bar and get your poison chose  
And drink it old school style in your B-Boy pose I get off Madd flows like a pack of Eskimo's  
On the dog sled in the blizzard 'cause I'm the wizard of oz  
Ah, shit I'm gonna wreck ya set  
And you stepin' to me is just an empty threat Something I can't sweat, kid, you never see my worry  
I've never been caught but my hands may be dirty  
5 years from 30 come check my age  
If ya cant pop simply turn the page And I'll engage wit that kid that's been shiftless  
Stickin' to the roof of your mouth like some chippin'  
Peanut butter, ya know know my style's butter  
'Cause every word I utter rock's the sky's from the gutter I make ya shudder when I rock your soul  
I do dames the way I like, I get mike's controlled  
And if ya get bold well then ya get bit  
'Cause your knowledge is a trick, kid, it's makin' me sick I say hey now c'mon y'all  
If there's money in your pocket and you're walkin' tall  
Make your way to the bar and get your poison chose  
And drink it old school style in your B-Boy pose Hey now c'mon y'all  
If there's money in your pocket and you're walkin' tall  
Make your way to the bar and get your poison chose  
And drink it old school style in your B-Boy pose I'm Danny Boy with the Hard Core style  
I'll punch you suckers in the mouth like a root canal  
You get me started and I'm hard to stop  
I got 45 calibers ready to pop And when I pop off, you drop off  
You get blown out the frame 'cause the more shit change  
The more things stay the same and I got no respect for your area  
From Brooklyn to Dublin, I keep your ass fumblin' 'Cause I'm the fuckin' ball busta  
Brooklyn heart breaker  
House of Pain pimp money maker I say hey now c'mon y'all  
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And drink it old school style in your B-Boy pose Hey now c'mon y'all  
If there's money in your pocket and you're walkin' tall  
Make your way to the bar and get your poison chose  
And drink it old school style in your B-Boy pose I got rhymes finese, I got rhymes galore  
I got rhymes for peace, I got rhymes for war  
I got rhymes for heads, I got rhymes for skins  
I got rhymes, kid your crew ain't got no wins So step up if you wanna get your head cracked

Run up if you wanna get your skull knocked  
Play the hard rock baby get your ears boxed  
I'll kill you all just like I was the small pox I'll kill ya livestock  
Just like I was anthrax  
Come see me live  
Then crazy like the Band Sax I say hey now c'mon y'all  
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And drink it old school style in your B-Boy pose Hey now c'mon y'all  
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