

Shamrocks and Shenanigans (Butch Vig Mix)

House Of Pain

Alright, now
Boom sha lock lock boom
Boom sha lock lock boom
Boom sha lock lock boom
Boom sha lock lock boomI kicks the flava, like Steven King writes horror
If I was a Jew then I'd light a menorah
I got rhymes for ya, excuse me, senora
Are you a hore or are you a lady?
Is it Erica Boyare or Marcia Brady?Let me know hon, the deed'll get done
Just assume the position, I'll take my rod
And then I'll go fishin', I'll get your river flowin'
I'm always in the knowin'
When it comes to givin' pleasure
I'm every woman's treasureI came to work your body, so let me do my job
I've never been laid off, my rhymin' skill paid off
'Cause now I'm makin' records, now I'm makin' tapes
Steady bustin' suckers in bunches like grapes
Makin' all the papes, scoopin' up the loot
Puttin' suckers on the run, pull my gun and then I shootI never been a front, I never a fraud
I gotta natural skill, for that I thank the Lord
'Cause I feel blessed, I'm casually dressed
I always got my gun but I never wear a vest
I'm quick on the draw like the horse named McGraw
From the cartoon 'Boom Sha Lock Lock'(Boom sha lock lock boom)
Alright now
(Boom sha lock lock boom)
Everybody
(Boom sha lock lock boom)
Alright now
(Boom sha lock lock boom)Breaker, breaker, here comes the caper
Straight with the taper, the lyric skyscraper
Hit ya like a lyrical murderer
I know ya think I have but, yo, I never heard of yaJust because you heard of me, kid
Fuck around until you do the lifetime bid
I'll put you in the dirt and leave your ass for dead
When it comes to tools, T's the sharpest in the shed'Cause I'm the 55 Cadillac king
It ain't nothing, my cargo ring
We'll bust you in the crib
I got the skill, you gots to chill

'Cause I bring doom
I got the boom sha lock lock boom(Boom sha lock lock boom)
 Alright now
 (Boom sha lock lock boom)
 Everybody
 (Boom sha lock lock boom)
 Alright now
 (Boom sha lock lock boom)
 A little louderA preacher in the dirt
 A preacher in the dirt
A preacher in the dirtI rock mad styles, I hop turnstiles
 I rock all mikes, I last all night
 I puff fat blunts, I rock fine stunts
Step up, bo, I'll knock out your gold frontsEverlast, that's my name
 My unique rhyme style's my claim to fame
 'The House Of Pain's' the name of my clip
You can't be down, punk, get off my dickYou make me sick, like Strawberry Quik
 Your style is wack, you ain't the mac
 So yo, step back, get off the crack
And sing a new tune like boom sha lock lock boom(Boom sha lock lock boom)
 Alright now
 (Boom sha lock lock boom)
 Everybody
 (Boom sha lock lock boom)
 Alright now
 (Boom sha lock lock boom)
 A little louder(Boom sha lock lock boom)
 Alright now
 (Boom sha lock lock boom)
 Everybody
 (Boom sha lock lock boom)
 Alright now
 (Boom sha lock lock boom)
 A little louder(Boom sha lock lock boom)
 Alright now
 (Boom sha lock lock boom)
 Everybody
 (Boom sha lock lock boom)
 Alright now
 (Boom sha lock lock boom)
 A little louder(Boom sha lock lock boom)
 Alright now
 (Boom sha lock lock boom)
 Everybody

(Boom sha lock lock boom)

Songwriters

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