

Danny Boy, Danny Boy

House Of Pain

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Peckerwood, Peckerwood, tell me your tale
Please do explain why your skin's so pale
And you're so funky, now how can that be?
Like a bird in a tree on the TLPIt's the Irish intellect, no one disrespected
My shit'll get hectic real quick
This is the House Of Pain
And pain is one thing we're not 'cause we know we've gotStyle and fashion, smoke some hash and
I'm smackin' up girls like cars were crashin'
Danny Boy, Danny Boy, the pipes are callin'
Thought you was a winner, ya was, now you're all inThat's right, damn skimpy, ya can't get with me
I run the whole track and leave ya three laps back
Chop suey don't do me no good
I gotta have corn beef and cabbage, if I wanna manageI never eat pig but I'll fuck up a potato
I'm not a dago but pasta's all that
My pockets stay pha, so step the fuck back
You wanna move on me, you better bring an armyI rip shit daily, ask my man Tom Bailly
I'm rockin' the clock like if I was Bill Hailey
I'm cockin' my glock and I got my shileighly
So watch your lady, because I'm(Danny Boy)
Danny Boy
(Danny Boy)
You know it's Danny Boy(Danny Boy)
'S Danny Boy
(Danny Boy)
You know it's Danny Boy(Danny Boy)
'S Danny Boy
(Danny Boy)
You know it's Danny Boy(Danny Boy, Da Danny Boy)
(Danny Boy, Da Danny Boy)
Oh Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
(Danny Boy, Da Danny Boy)
(Danny Boy, Da Danny Boy)From glen to glen and down the mountainside

(Danny Boy, Da Danny Boy)

(Danny Boy, Da Danny Boy)

(Danny Boy, Da Danny Boy)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>