

# House and the Rising Son

## House of Pain

I rock the ill shit, you know I kill shit  
And then I build shit, get off my dills nit  
'Cause I don't play that, my style goes way back  
I kick my shit one time, dude, fuck the playback I go off my head, you know I shave my shit  
And you don't quit, I say you don't quit  
'Cause I'm the prodigal son, ya get well done  
Just like a steak, gimme a break Like Nel Carter  
There's tarter on your teeth, homeboy ya got beef  
Well then ya get broke, because my crew's no joke  
The house of pain Is kickin' up dirt and therefore inside the jam  
Ya know we're liftin' up skirts, grabbin' on the snatch  
Feelin' on the skin, I'm knockin' on your door  
Honey let me in 'Cause I'm down with the freak mo baby  
I'm at my sexual peak, young lady  
Ain't nobody cooler than my man Son Doolah  
Don't ya fuck around, I'll smack your knuckles with a ruler Just like a nun from a catholic school  
I'll make you drool, and play the fool  
Snatch you by the ears, smack you up like a queer  
Take a puff off my blunt, and then sip my beer Kick the mean style, leave bodies in a pile  
Everlast is my name, I'm from the house of pain  
You know that I never play the punk role  
'Cause I'm a white Irish man with a funk soul That's what it is y'all, that's what it is  
(That's what it is)  
That's what it is y'all, that's what it is  
(That's what it is) That's what it is y'all, that's what it is  
(That's what it is)  
That's what it is y'all, that's what it is  
(That's what it is) Smooth like Beretta, quicker than the Jeda  
You're soft like a feather, you little bed wetter  
Baby, baby, I heard you caught the rabies  
Bitin' on my shit, I have to say haybee Son'll be rockin' until tomorrow  
'Cause I've got the right one, like Ray Charles  
Follow, swallow, the funky pass the bottle  
'Cause I get rekked like if I crashed my auto I'll play it, I'll win it, I've done it, I did it  
Some say I'm kiddin' but right at this minute  
I'll freak it, I'll funk it and like a country bumpkin  
From Albuquerque, who's gonna carve the turkey? Ready, serve, entertain like Merv  
Griffin, sniffin' panties, I'm a perv  
The dooby funk fellow, smooth like a jello

Some say mellow, complicated like a delloThe freakin' who's speakin', freaks it every weekend  
'Cause I'll be trick or treatin', I used to drive a Lincoln  
Drivin', speedin', hey Rid, I'm readin'  
I make more money than that kid Alex KeatonThat's what it is y'all, that's what it is  
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That's what it is y'all, that's what it is  
(That's what it is)I rip flesh, yes y'all, run for the mess hall  
And get your grub while I'm rhymin' on your dub  
Gettin' play at the club, then I step to the pub  
And crack a brew, what the fuck ya gonna do?I rip shit, kill it, cut your gut and spill it  
Treat ya like a gas tank, take your ass and fill it  
And take you for a ride to where I reside  
Put your face in my pillow, and have you weepin' like a willow  
I tax that butt, wax that ass  
Floss a nut in your teeth, then wait for you to beefThat's what it is y'all, that's what it is  
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