

House and the Rising Sun

House of Pain

I rock the ill shit, ya 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 ya 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 if we're 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 Doobie
Don't ya fuck around, I'll smack your knuckles with a ruler
Just like a nun from a catholic school
I'll make ya drool, and play the fool
Snatch ya by the ears, smack ya 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 Jedi
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 hay bee
Son will 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 prevThe Dooby funk fellow, smooth like a jello
Some say mellow, complicated like a dello
The 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
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That's what it is y'all
That's what it is, that's what it isI 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 ya for a ride to where I reside
Put your face in my pillow, and have ya weepin' like a willow
I tax that but, wax that ass
Floss a nut in your teeth, then wait for you to beefThat's what it is y'all
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Songwriters

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