

On Point (Lethal Dose Remix)

House of Pain

I'm sick, demented, I came to represent it
I rose from the grave, I had a close shave
The cops tried to lock me down 'cause the glock they found was stolen
That's how I'm rollin' Calvin Klein's no friend of mine
So I don't like Marky or the monarchy
Don't start me up like a Rollin' Stone
I leave you sulkin' on my load like Macaulay Culkin in Home Alone
So get a grip like Stephen Tyler
I used to trip with the Divine Styler
Back in the days there were Irish ways
And Irish laws stand up for the cause
When it's time to rock a funky joint, I'm on point
When it's time to rock a funky jam, I'm the man
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Well, it's the D to the A, double N Y B O Y
'Cause I rock shit like Ronnie Dio
It's a black day of rest quick run get your vest
I'm down with the Hill 'cause I still got the skill
To turn the party out it's all about the skyscraper
Your girl caught the vapors so I might videotape her
I make a lot of the paper so I don't have to scrape the
Bottom of the barrel, I rock fly apparel
Now I could pull your card starting up the Harley Davidson
I got the gun so the drama you could save it
Well it's the mad bum rushin', funky with percussion
From L.A. to Flushing, I get your girlie blushin'
I'll cutcha' like the butcher but it ain't Joe, The Writer
The old rock a loop 'cause I'm super like Schneider
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I'm ill, retarded, so don't get me started
I might lose my cool ya lose if we duel
'Cause I can stomp a hole in the soul of a monk
With the rhymes in my head and the beats in my trunk
I got the skill kid and I'm gonna' milk it
For all it's worth I'm gettin' mines on earth
So step to the next head or like Sadat X said
He's gone, and that's how it's supposed to be

Don't stand so close to me

Lyrics provided by
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