Xzibit F/ Method Man, Jayo Felony "House of Pain Anthem"

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I'm a wood peckin' peckerwood Take me out, ya never could Act up in my neighbourhood You better not, my aim is good The House Of Pain is not a gang Just a funky Irish name A Celtic savage makin' cabbage With corn beef on the side Irish pride is what I got I got alot so don't dispute it Constantly I'm zooted If ya got a gun then shoot it Pick any beat I rock it I'm always in the pocket You try to ill, I grab my gat And now you see me cock it Next I pull the trigger I don't care if you're bigger You try to con yourself you're bulletproof But how ya figure? The caps that I'll be poppin' They'll have your body droppin' You thought you knew the deal But now you feel your heartbeat stoppin' I'm moppin' up the comp That's short for compitition I write my lyrics like The Irish mob in Hell's Kitchen

Chorus

The House Of Pain in effect, y'all I say the House Of Pain is in effect You know the House Of Pain is in effect y'all And anyone that steps up in gettin' wrecked

I'm a beer drinkin' fighter
The bike in Easy Rider
I only roll my spliffs
With the extra easy riders
Papers to vapours
Is what you'll all be catchin'

Meanwhile I'll be snatchin'
Up your hoes and all your dough
The styles that I'll be kickin'
You know they're finger lickin'
Good, the peckerwood never could play the victim
Only the offender
I go out on a bender
Drink a case of brew
And then disgrace the crew
But only if it's Mickey's
I never wear no dickeys
Only wear the Levi's
My whole family cries

Chorus

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