

House Of Love

"Guess Who's Back"

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I got the skills
To pay the bills
I don't pop pills
But I send chills
Up your spine when I rhyme
I get wicked
You got a booger pick it
Sippin' on the forty
Ya know it makes me horny
Spread them legs
Grab my ass
Fire up the grill and crack the kegs
Nobody fear
The party's here
Everlast is comin'
The funky drummer's drummin'
Ya only came backstage
To make the front page
To get me locked up
Or get yourself knocked up
But I ain't with it
Even if I did it
I got a hundred homeboys to say I didn't hit it
My name's Everlast
I got the funky rhymes
I make more papers than the LA Times
I don't do lines
But I puff blunts
I don't rock fronts
But I stuff stunts
Fill 'em to the brim like a cup of coffee
If ya don't know me
Homey, back up off me
'Cause I ain't soft, see, I'll fly ahead
You wind up dead
You made your bed
Now ya gotta lie in it, don't bother tryin' it
Take my advice
Homeboy, think twice
Before you step up step back
Or catch a smack

Guess who's back

[CHORUS]

(He's back) Guess who's back
(Everybody gonna scream)
(He's back) Guess who's back
(Everybody gonna scream)
(He's back) Everybody he's back

He's back from the dead
With the shaved head
Don't start to trip
Dip, I brought my lead
Just in case you wanna fuck around
I'll stare ya dead in the face
And then I'll buck ya down
I'll put ya six feet deep
Some say talk's cheap
But I make big bucks
Servin' up punk ducks
By the pound
I got the sound
I never been checked
I only get wrecked
I kick the willy drag
Let my pants sag
Don't give up the booty
'Cause I ain't no fag
Checkin' out check it
I'm prone to wreck shit
If ya dig this joint
Check the next shit
I'm Everlast and it's a natural fact
That the white man's back

[CHORUS]

I'll eat you up like some butter cups from Reese's
I come in peace
But you'll leave in pieces
That's how I'm livin'
That's how it goes
Everyday I'm sleepin'
Every night I'm doin' shows
Always gettin' hoes when there's hoes to get got
Always wear my hat so I never need a shot
Always drink a beer before I write a rhyme
And if I have to drive I avoid the one time
Stay between the lines and I won't get pulled over
I don't need luck 'cause I got a four leaf clover
Yeah I'm Irish

Word to the motherland
But on the other hand
I love America, apple pie, mom and all that
My pockets stay fat
Step the fuck back
Play me close and you catch a mean dose
Of my fist
Homeboy you get dissed

[CHORUS]

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