

House Of Love

"Top O' The Morning To Ya"

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You see I'm Irish but I'm not a leperchaun, you wanna
fight then step up and we'll get it on
You get a right to the grill, I'm white and I'm ill

An ascendent of Dublin with titanic skill

I duck and I swing next thing your jaw's broken, punk I
ain't jokin, you can bet you'll be chokin

On a fist full of nuttin', me while I'll be puffin on a fat
blunt, what punk, you don't know the high

Try to talk shit man, please don't make me laugh

These Irish eyes are smilin, I'm buck whilin',

The House of Pain is pumpin, start jumpin

Freak it, funk it, backseat trunk it

If you can't get wit it, you'll wind up sweatin' it

Then ya get a beat and your just like an egg, it's so
hard to run when you got a broken leg

But we can have a runoff, the House of Pain will come
off, we got the cake that your tryin to get a crumb off

The Irish style, the celtic jazz, no one has it, just us
that's it

If you try to take it I got a big shelele, I don't have
dreads cause I shave my head daily

You call me a skin head, I call you a pinhead, yo where
ya been man, just like the tinman

You got no heart, here comes the good part, I pick em',
pluck em', cut em' up and buck em' down, no fuckin
around

Homeboy ya get clowned like Krusty, trust me you
shouldn't play, yo and by the way, Top O' Tha Morning
To Ya

(chorus) Top O'Tha Morning To Ya (4x)

Greetings, Salutations, peace to the nations is over in
Islam

Crack the bottle, rip the throttle, put the gear in, now
your steerin,

Like Mario Andretti, so let me kick it, cause I can make
a wicked noise like a criquet,

Rubbin his legs, my rhymes are like eggs, allowed to
keep layin em', I'll keep sayin em"

This is the House of Pain, we're far from plain, but
we're not fancy, Ron and Nancy

So just say No, but I say go, straight to hell, I kiss and
tell

So if your a ho, all my friends know, whacha gotta say,
let's hit the hay

And have no delay, and yo by they way, Top O'Tha
Morning To Ya

(Chorus)

Extra, extra, read all about it, how could you doubt it,
not scream and shout it

The House of Pain soon will reign over the hip-hop
scene in white gold and green

I rip shit and backflip like a Jedi, I'm roll with the groove
and I'm smooth and you can bet I

Come correct and get respect when I'm flowin, collectin
the dough I got your girlfriend hoin

And how do I know that she's sprung, I know that she's
sprung cause yo Pe-te's hung

Like a shetland pony gettin paid like Sony, so never
ever try to play me out like a phony

Cause I can get real thick like a bowl of malted meal

And by the way, Top O'The morning to you

(Chorus)

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