

House Of Pain "Feel It"

Visit "[Feel It](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Meanwhile back at the ranch
We got Bo Duke and Daisy goin' to go see boss Hogg
Then ya got Kooter fixin' over them cars

I don't need a glock 'cause I'm not a hard rock
Got bitches on my jock like New Kids On The Block
I can't lose like Parker Lewis I'm undefeated
Step into my sector homeboy you'll get greeted

By the 380 Colt Mustang in my pocket
I had a few drinks already don't make me cock it
'Cause if I have to cock it well then it's gettin' shot
And if it's gettin' shot well yo you're gettin' bucked
down

I don't fuck around I ain't got time for punks
But I got time to smoke all the skunk Philly blunts
Stunts gather round check out the sound
And let's get down to do the nasty freaky funky stinky
junky

Let's bump uglies in the night time between the sheets
'Cause I rock fly rhymes over funky beats
The Celtic ruin, the legion of doom
Now gimme the track or with the fat back doom

Now gimme some room and I'll explode
Cock back my hammer then squeeze off my load
So hit the road Jack and don't come back no more
Or I'll be moppin' up the floor with your crew of soft
core

Punk pussy bitches, jail house snitches
On stage I get wrecked and I collect my riches
I get the funky style and like gomer pile
You'll be surprise, surprise, surprise as I

Rise to the top fuck a punk cop
I'm always hip hop only a pimple goes pop
So you better quit zit I came to rip shit
Blastin' with the soul assassins

Askin' the question teachin' the lesson
Bringin' the West Coast back to the East Coast
Where it all started what're you retarded
You're startin' to trip from that Jheri Curl drip
Soakin' in your brain the house of pain
Is causin' pain and feelin' pain so feel it

Just feel it, feel it
Just feel it
C'mon y'all, feel it

Back to the rhyme I'm always on time
A lime to a lemon yo a lemon to a lime
I rock the old school style and it's futile
To step up 'cause you'll get swept up like dust

Or I just might bust and unload my clip
Unless you're a punk then I'll just pop you in the lip
And show you the deal now how did that feel
You know I'm killin' any pig that squeals

I'm fillin' up reels of tape with my fly rhymes
And I got a subscription of High Times
Son Dooby's in the back
The Mexican Ralph Emms is on the track

My DJ Lethal, he's on the cut
When I bust a dope rhyme, it's like bustin' a nut
So let me jerk off on the mic and get it sticky
When I drink a brew it's either Guinness or Mickey's

I'll put your head out just like a fuckin' Marlboro
Don't fuck with me punk you know that I'm thorough
Bred like a race horse right in your face force
Feedin' you beats straight off the streets

So catch, me catch me, if you can
You know I'm the man like chewbacca knows han
Solo, bolos are what I'll be throwin'
When I be flowin' I get the job done

'Cause I'm number one the prodigal son
I left and I came back but not with the same rap
And not with the same style I'm known to get buck wild
The luck of the Irish, spreads like a virus, so feel it

Feel it, just feel it
Feel it, just feel it
Feel it, just feel it
Feel it, c'mon on y'all, feel it
Just feel it, c'mon on

Visit [House Of Pain](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.