

House Of Pain "Guess Who's Back"

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Guess who's back
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Guess who's back

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 ax
Fire up the grill and crack the kegs
Nobody fear the party's here
Everlast is comin', the funky drummer's drummin'

You 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 Ever last, 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

He's back
Guess who's back
He's back
Guess who's back
He's back
Guess who's back
He's back
Guess who's back

He's back
Everybody's in the street
He's back
Everybody's in the street
He's back
Everybody's in the street
He's back
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 is back

He's back
Guess who's back
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He's back
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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 phat, step the fuck back
Play me close and you catch a mean dose of my fist
Homeboy, you get dissed

He's back
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He's back
Everybody's in the street

He's back
Everybody's in the street
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He's back
He-he-he's back

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