

## House Of Pain "Heart Full Of Sorrow"

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If I was to sit down and actually write out a list  
Of the MCs that missed it would be the constitution  
They play their caps backwards still saying wack words  
No power to durhust just a few yes men

Raising the question of who gave you a contract  
They should be fired you're officially retired

I see you make a little cash and start showing your ass  
You get laced up with jewels your crews acting like  
fools  
Playing hard rock surrounded by body guards  
Hoping no one pulls your cord you got me laughing  
pretty hard

Thinking you're the white hot man of the hour  
But you just cant figure how your flavor went sour  
Back in 89 PE fought the power and in 86 Big Daddy  
Kane was raw

And I was right there on the first floor of the Palladium  
You never played a venue local college or a stadium  
A young boys fiddin' pad fad is now a grown mans  
profession  
To earn this is a blessing

This skills have me guessing learn 'cause I'm testing  
Follow this down no question, no doubt check it out

You be either rhyiming in code or on some gangster  
node  
You all clockwork apocalypse you about to implode  
Collapsing on yourself 'cause your whole foundation is  
Built on lies don't apologize

'Cause once they watch you rise they wanna watch you  
fall  
And they'll all take a piece just like the Berlin wall  
And place it on their mantle like a souvenir  
And what they call a knick-knack is really your career

You ain't promise nothing but a pocket full of stress

Still there be people that would die for less  
You ain't promise nothing but a heart full of sorrow  
If they don't like the demo make a new one tomorrow

You ain't promise nothing but a pocket full of stress  
Still there be people that would die for less  
You ain't promise nothing but a heart full of sorrow  
If they don't like the demo make a new one tomorrow

When it's time to rise I'll open the archives  
When you be in dreams you got 85's  
Chrome down with the leather package  
You got a home of your own, you're holding acres

I got it made, season tickets to the Knickers and the  
Lakers  
Playing both coasts closed and European festivals  
Crowd scream decibels, Crowd scream decibels  
In your ear you wanna make rapping your career

From Arkansas to Minnesota I sell out the quota  
I be the wet dream making cream for promoters  
We keep the sh\*t right we don't be starting no fights  
And he wont hold out my dough 'cause I'm a put out his  
lights

And once the crew hits the stage the crowd gets  
involved  
We show love they show it back all problems solved  
You can boom shalock and jump to the sounds I pump  
But I ain't quitting till I'm shitting on Donald Trump

So take heed to the verses and styles and versions  
When you socialize with other MCs  
And boast your rhymes to company enemies  
And in any cases that feel is what you want

[Incomprehensible]  
She want to make money, money and take every honey  
Rap charges ain't funny but it boost your career  
Your penile style is now hanging from a tier

Now you wanna know fear to impress your peers  
Now your ass outta here the rap game goes on

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