

House Of Pain "On Point"

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I'm sick, demented, I came unrepresented
I rose from the grave, I had a close shave
The cops tried to lock me down
'Cause the Glock they found
Was stolen that's how I'm rollin'

Calvin Klein's no friend of mine
So I don't like Marky or the monarchy
Don't start me up like a Rollin' Stone
I leave you sulkin' like Macaulay Culkin
In 'Home Alone'

So 'Get A Grip' like Stephen Tyler
I used to trip with the Divine Styler
Back in the days there were Irish ways
And Irish laws to stand up for the cause

When it's time to rock a funky joint
I'm on point
When it's time to rock a funky jam
I'm the man

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Well it's the D to the A, double N Y BO
Y 'cause I rock shit like Ronnie Dio
It's a black day of rest quick run get your vest
I'm down with the Hill 'cause I still got the skill

To turn the party out it's all about the skyscraper
Your girl caught the vapors so I might videotape her
I make a lot of the paper so I don't have to scrape the
Bottom of the barrel I rock fly apparel
Now I could pull you car starting up the Harley
Davidson
I got the gun so the drama you could save it

Well it's the mad bum rushin' funky with percussion
From L.A. to Flushing I get your girlie blushin'
I'll cutcha' like the butcher but it and Joe the writer
The old rock a loop 'cause I'm super like Schneider

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I'm ill, retarded so don't ya get me started
I might lose my cool ya lose if we duel
'Cause I can stomp a hole in the sole of a monk
With the rhymes in my head and the beats in my trunk
I got the skill kid and I'm gonna' milk it

For all it's worth I'm gettin' mines on earth
So step to the next head or like Sadat X said
He's gone and that's it's supposed to be
Don't stand so close to me

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