

House Of Pain "Over There Shit"

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Ladies and Gentlemen [2x]

Here's the new shit I'm on
We can all get along
But if ya step to me wrong
I'm gonna bang ya like a gong
And I don't need a gang to do it
I creep solo
Beat ya till ya dead
Put out ya freakin head
That's how I do
Because I'm sick like dat
And you'll get kicked like dat
If ya fakin' the funk
I got a trunk full of beats
And a head full of rhymes
I got stains on my sheets
From all the good times
That I spent with ya Hookers
Some were good lookers
And some were just stunts
After too many blunts
Ya got ya arm around ya girl
But don't make me laugh kid
Gettin steam pressured
Your girl's schemin' on the grafted
Jail faced Celt
Backed up
Catch a welt
From the buckle
Of my belt
Now tell me how that felt

Oooh I'm on some of the over there shit [3x]
I'm on some Milky I don't care shit
I don't care...

It's the return of the livin dead
Put all concerned to bed
I'm alive and kickin'
Ask any girl I'm stickin
Back once again

I never shot the heroin
Or hit the glass pipe
Ass wipe
Stop the rumor
I'll kill ya like a tumor in your colon
I'll leave your shit all swollen

Get off my dick cause thick is how I'm rollin'
The Soul Assassinator'll
Get ya open like a crater
I'm down with psycho vader
cause I'm flava' like a plate a'
Corn beef and cabbage
I'm a savage on the set
Don't do nuthin' you'll regret
Because you'll end up gettin' wet like water
I'm out for slaughter
Cops lock up your daughter

[Chorus]

I rock it page style cause freed damaged ya
If ya play me close punk I'm gonna' damage ya
We got the FunkDoobie in the House
With the Mickey Mouse
I spot a hooker then I'm runnin up in ya blouse
I ain't a bitch so don't play me soft
I got a round in my chamber and the safety's off
Pullin' on the trigger
Ain't nuthin brave
But I'm a sick fucker
Like a red-neck trucker
And I just might buck ya down
You're starin' down my barrel
So ya jump around
Ya try to get away
But I'm too quick to pull
So don't try to gas me
Punk, my tank's full
I ain't got the time
I don't need the fuel
Punk we can duel
I'll take ya ass to school
Then break down the lesson
Here's the pop quiz
I get's top billin'
You can ask Iz

[Chorus]

