## House Of Pain "What's That Smell?"

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Baby, because
(I say, "Lord, have mercy")
This is for all you dirty bitches out there
Suck up on this motherfuckin' nuts
(I say, "Lord, have mercy")

Say stop! Hey, what's that sound? Everybody look what's goin' down I'm everlastin', forever on a roll I'm rockin' to the boat, steamin' gray matter tone

I ain't sayin' I'm God but you can graft this Chances are if I'm a star, I'd be Johnny Mathis On some smooth shit, I'd be gaming all the honeys Hitting Hugh Hefner with his Playboy Bunnies

Check the Sunday funnies, I'd be reading Doonesbury See me after dark, love, shit be getting scary I'll freak you like Carrie on the night of the prom Let's keep it cool and calm, I'll start stroking your palm

Work my way up your arm, start kissing your ear Maybe, licking your lips, then pulling your hair Yeah, I freak the back spasm to get the orgasm And if my legs cramp, girl, I lick that stamp I got it sewn love, so you ain't got no worries Hold up, wait a second, my vision's gettin' blurry

Stop, hey, what's that smell
Someone laced dust all up in my L
Bitches start sweatin' once the pockets swell
Let's take it back fourteen billion cells

Periodic measures to say my rhymes Too much of this dope need growth-type slow Off a poet's tree, let me blow my leaves Shake off my roots and pull up my sleeves

Break a branchling wist stick Lyrics for the mystical Yo fancy, shake your chancy Our transystem is torn MCs I hymn-zen, then I'm casualies

Pot smoke-seeds, relativities Seize it, I be on every first ability Of chaos, a higher form of infinity Gettin' me virtually supreme ID

Reflectors and tackers
At which my faster phrased words
Super-lax, break raps and MCs jump off wacks
Revolves and steers and still sees time stilt
I work for Real Bill Divine, it's lyrical chill

I say, "Stop", hey, what's that smell? Someone laced dust all up in my L Bitches start sweatin' when the pockets swell Let's take it back fourteen billion cells

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