

House Of Pain "X-Files"

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Truly, I say truly
Truly, Truly

Well if Jesus is your Lord
Then Praise your God
And if Islams's your Thing-
Allah U Akbar
And If you represent the 6 pointed star
Well, then my Hebs back home told me say Shalom
I put grooves in the mix
I make moves like the Knicks
I'll take ya strait up the lane
And block you out the frame
Then I freez it
Believes it
You needs it like heroin
Before you git your fight on
Kid, get your stare on
Here come the Don Dada
Makin' ghettos red hotter
I drop the boom bada
Like Jake LaMatta
I can single you out
And isolate you like Mato
I'm undefeted like Rocky Marciano
I hit you right below the belt
Now you singin' Saprano
Talk what ya talk
Still you dont know what I know

[Chorus]

Something for ass
Something for cash
Some do the knowledge
Some do the math
Some stick to the road
Some stray from the path
Some do the knowlege

Some do the math

Now East Coast- West Coast
Wonderin' what's the beef
It's goin down rough
Like swallowin teeth
I say word to Din Lizzy
kid, I get busy
And I'll knock all of ya'll
Off this wonder wall
Cause on a daily basis
I rock like Oasis
Quick to be your style
From a Fetus to a child
I kill 14 billion cells
Fuffin L's
Stompin devils on all 9 levels of L
check the transmission
Hear the transition
Observe the technition
In fly night vision
you high-light reels
I lace my drug deals
As you skim and check feels
Off chics in high heels
It's all bright and sunny
When your holdin big money
My Sonics got youth
As my mud got honey
I can be the king of grunge
If I blow my spunge away
there's a little black spot on the sun today
Which I dont care if my souls are dead
so come on and feel the sting of the true pain king

[Chorus (2x)]

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