

Live Squad f/ 2Pac, Notorious B.I.G., Scarface "House of Pain"

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[Intro: Scarface]

Ugh, born in hell, is back

[Verse 1: 2Pac]

When the motherfuckin' dust kicker, who can you trust?
do have you the heart to see a nigga?
Before you bust, my name is spoken on the tongue of
so many foes
Bustin' motherfuckers out the blocks and I ain't even go
Now how the hell do you explain, my claim to fame
From doin' fix to bustin' tricks out the fuckin' frame
Got these bitches on my jock, niggaz on my block
Jealous-Ass-Suckers got it duckin' for my fuckin' glock
And bustin' niggaz ass is to stay alive
Skinny-Ass-Player watchin' victim motherfuckers fry
They ask me how I'm livin? how I'm a hustler?
Buckin' busters til they die
Now it's on in the ghetto you ain't heard?
Niggaz got they AK's headin' for the bird
Aimin' at them skin head bitches let them rain
Givin' them, wettin' them, welcome to the house of
pain...

[Chorus: X2]

House of pain, house of pain, house of pain, house of
pain
welcome to the house of pain

[Verse 2: Stretch]

don't run, got this nigga and he knows that we stressin'
he better count his blessings, and get ready for this
lesson
cause Stretch about to teach him, when I reach him with
the Mack
and leave that ass down on this mothafuckin' pack-Jack
slide you somethin' that a nigga don't take
cause mamms runnin' treasure, I'ma see her in this
fuckin' wake
make way, that nigga play me the other day
I'm walking with my son, and the nigga had somethin'
to say

aiy, the nigga tried to diss boy, he got it twisted
he should've watch Americans Most, I'm listed
for killin' mothafuckers like him
so I'ma bring him to the House of Pain and kill him with
this grim
Flim, flam, goddamn, I'ma mack mothafucker
before I'ma choke him and smoke him
I'ma smack him with my fuckin' gun
son you make your lavish dig and I don't know the
name
so welcome to the House of pain...

[Chorus: X2]

House of pain, house of pain, house of pain, house of
pain
welcome to the house of pain

(*Coughing*)

[Verse 3: Notorious B.I.G.]

The country bud got me chokin'
I'm on a mission to the point motherfuckers think I'm
smokin'
Yeah that sick nigga Biggie wit the H-shot fifth
Wit the extra clip for that extra shit
Don't you know that killin' is thrillin'
All the blood spillin, is all up on the drug dealin'
A broad gangster my daddy was a thug
Had a .38 wit the hallow point slug
So when he lit shots
Niggaz dropped quicker than bootlegger, sells his
liquor
A little nigga tried to squeeze .22's in my Reebok shoes
Payin' dudes, while kids was on their one's and two's
Now I'm much older, colder, fuck a holster
Got the Mac .11's swingin' from my shoulder
It's a damn shame I got to put my mom through the
strain
I'm livin' in a house of pain...

[Chorus - repeat to fade]

House of pain, house of pain, house of pain, house of
pain
welcome to the house of pain

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