

## 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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