

House Of Pain, Beef Jerky

I walk through the valley of death 600 deep
Waking up dead from the sleep
Just like a diamond
Watch me shine
Bright like the sun
Make you wanna pull a gun
And buck 2 shots
For the peckerwood rockin'
Put down your glock
Or your block I'll be knockin'
And dead off your shoulders
Head will roll
Peckerwood P
Funk assassin of soul
Is in control
So have no fear
I'm in this for real
Make it crystal clear
I get a little better each and every year
It's called improvement
Your style's a bowel movement
I'm taking you back to mount CulMcClarín
My whole family's stoned but there aint one sharin'
So whatcha looking at
Huh, why you starin'
Just take a picture
Before I have to hit ya
Ease back kid, gimme some space
Or Whoop there it is upside your face
Chorus 1
'Cause a hero aint nothin' but a sandwich
And a legend aint nothin' but a car
So shoot dope in your veins
And get some fame
And maybe one day you'll be a star
You know a hero aint nothin' but a sandwich
And a legend aint nothin' but a car
So go blow out your brains to get some fame
And maybe one day you'll be a star
I live in the house
And it's full of pain
But still out the frame
I'm going insane
I stay on point like a sniper
Chillin' in the viper room
Before it became a tomb
Take the low road
And you hit rock bottom
And keep low riding
All the way to Saddam
And back to Gamora
Now you're set the vault
Dirty little fuckup
Raising hell
But next year we'll all talk about how you fell
Because you're judged on how your records sell
Chorus 2
A hero aint nothin' but a sandwich
And a legend aint nothin' but a car
So get locked up in chains to get some fame
And maybe one day you'll be a star
You know a hero aint nothin' but a sandwich
And a legend aint nothin' but a car
So go blow out your brains to get some fame

And maybe one day you'll be a star
And maybe one day you be a star(4x)
Let's break it down
To the bear root essence
Count your fingers
Then count your blessings
True confessions
Ask the questions
Substitute your answers with your obsessions
I take to the break of dawn of time
I do it all the time
But you know it don't come easy
Cause I turn on the TV
I see more and more pain and less and less glory
And it's the same ol' story
Ya see year after year the programs sphered
But I aint subscribing
Till there's live executions on Pay-Per View
Word to Donahue
Put on Melrose Place
Whoop there it is upside your face
Chorus 3
Cause a hero aint nuthin but a sandwich
And a legend aint nuthin but a car
So shoot dope in our veins
To get that fame
And maybe one day you'll be a star
You know a hero aint nuthin but a sandwich
And a legend aint nuthin but a star
So go blow out your brains
Like Kurt Cobain
And maybe one day you'll be a star
Mabey one day you'll be a star (4x)