

# House Of Pain, On Point (Lethal Dose Remix)

I'm sick, demented, I came to represent it  
I rose from the grave, I had a close shave  
The cops tried to lock me down 'cause the glock they found was stolen  
That's how I'm rollin', Calvin Klein's no friend of mine  
So I don't like Marky or the monarchy  
Don't start me up like a Rollin' Stone  
I leave you sulkin' on my load like Maculay Culkin in Home Alone  
So get a grip like Stephen Tyler  
I used to trip with the Divine Styler  
Back in the days there were Irish ways  
And Irish laws stand up for the cause

## CHORUS (4x)

When it's time to rock a funky joint, I'm on point  
When it's time to rock a funky jam, I'm the man

Well it's the D to the A, double N-Y-B-O  
Y, 'cause I rock shit like Ronnie Dio  
It's a black day of rest quick run get your vest  
I'm down with the Hill 'cause I still got the skill  
To turn the party out it's all about the skyscraper  
Your girl caught the vapors so I might videotape her  
I make a lot of the paper so I don't have to scrape the  
Bottom of the barrel, I rock fly apparel  
Now I could pull your card starting up the Harley Davidson  
I got the gun so the drama you could save it

Well it's the mad bum rushin', funky with percussion  
From L.A. to Flushing, I get your girlie blushin'  
I'll cutcha' like 'The Butcher' but it ain't Joe 'The Writer'  
The old rock a loop 'cause I'm super like Schneider

## CHORUS (4x)

I'm ill, retarded, so don't get me started  
I might lose my cool ya lose if we duel  
'Cause I can stomp a hole in the soul of a monk  
With the rhymes in my head and the beats in my trunk  
I got the skill kid and I'm gonna' milk it  
For all it's worth I'm gettin' mines on earth  
So step to the next head or like Sadat X said  
He's gone, and that's how it's supposed to be  
Don't stand so close to me