

# House Of Pain, Shamrocks And Shenanigans (Boyz n the Hood)

I kicks the flava, like Steven King writes horror

If I was a Jew then I'd light a menorah  
I got rhymes for ya, excuse me senora  
Are you a hore or are you a lady?  
Is it Erica Boyare or Marcia Brady?  
Let me know hon, the deed'll get done  
Just assume the position, I'll take my rod  
And then I'll go fishin', I'll get your river flowin'  
When it comes to givin' pleasure, I'm every woman's treasure  
I came to work your body, so let me do my job  
I've never been laid off, my rhymin' skill paid off  
Cause now I'm makin' records, now I'm makin' tapes  
Steady bustin' suckers in bunches like grapes  
Makin' all the papes, scoopin' up the loot  
Puttin' suckers on the run, pull my gun and then I shoot  
I never been a front, I never a fraud  
I gotta natural skill, for that I thank the Lord  
Cause I feel blessed, I'm casually dressed  
I always got my gun, but I never wear a vest  
I'm quick on the draw like the horse named McGraw  
From the cartoon boom sha lock lock boom

Chorus

(boom sha lock lock boom)  
All right now  
(Boom sha lock lock boom)  
A little louder  
(Boom sha lock lock boom)  
Everybody  
(Boom sha lock lock boom)  
All right now

Breaker, breaker, here comes the caper  
Straight with the taper, the lyric skyscraper  
Hit ya like a lyrical murderer  
I know ya think I have, but yo  
I never heard of ya  
Just because you heard of me kid  
Fuck around until you do the lifetime bid  
I'll put you in the dirt, and leave your ass for dead  
When it comes to tools, T's the sharpest in the shed  
Cause I'm the 55 Cadillac king  
It ain't no thing, my cargo ring  
We'll bust you in the crib  
I got the skill, you gots to chill  
Cause I bring doom, I got the boom sha lock lock boom

Chorus

I rock mad styles, I hop turnstiles  
I rock all mikes, I last all night  
I puff fat blunts, I rock fine scunts  
Step up bo, I'll kock out your gold fronts  
Everlast, that's my name  
My unique rhyme style's my claim to fame  
The House Of Pain's the name of my clip  
You can't be down, punk, get off my dick  
You make me sick, like strawberry Quik  
Your style is wack, you ain't the mac  
So yo step back, get off the crack  
And sing a new tune like boom sha lock lock boom

Chorus (2x)