

House Of Pain, Shamrocks And Shenanigans (Bo

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 whore 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 and 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 been 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 car don't 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 mics, I last all night
I puff fat blunts, I rock fine scunts
Step up bold I'll knock 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 clique
You can't be down, punk, get off my dick
You make me sick, like strawberry Quick
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