

# House Of Pain, What's That Smell

I say Lord.. Have Mercy.

I say...

Stop! Hey, what's that sound?  
Everybody look what's goin' down.

I'm Everlastin'.  
Forever on a roll  
I'm rockin' to the boat,  
Steamin' gray matter tone.  
I ain't sayin' I'm God, but you can graft this.  
Chances are if I'm a star, I'd be Johnny Mathis.  
On some smooth s\*\*t, I'd be gaming all the honeys.  
Hitting Hugh Hefner with his Playboy Bunnies.  
Check the Sunday funnies, I be reading Doonesbury.  
See me after dark, love, s\*\*t be getting scary.  
I'll freak you  
Like Carrie on the night of the prom  
Let's keep it  
Cool and calm  
I'll start stroking your palm.  
Work my way up your arm,  
And start kissing your ear.  
Maybe licking your lips, then pulling your hair.  
Yeah I freak the back spasm, to get the \*\*\*\*\*.  
And if my legs cramp, girl, I lick that stamp  
I got it sewn, love  
So you ain't got no worries.  
Hold up, wait a second.  
My vision's getting blurry.

Stop. Hey.  
What's that smell?  
Someone laced dust all up in my L.  
B\*\*\*\*es start sweatin' once the pockets swell.  
Let's take it back 14,000,000 cells.

Periodic measures  
To say my rhymes.  
Too much of this dope  
Need growth-type slow  
Of a poet's tree, let me blow my leaves  
Shake off my roots and pull up my sleeves.  
Break a branchling wist stick.  
Lyrics for the mystical.  
Yo fancy, shake your chancy.  
Our transystem is torn MCs  
I hymn-zen, then I'm casualies.  
Pot smoke-seeds, relativities  
Seize it, I be  
On every first ability  
Of chaos, a higher form of infinity  
Gettin' me virtually supreme ID.  
Perfecters and tackers  
At which my faster phrased words  
Super-lax, break raps, and mc's jump off wacks.  
Revolves and steers,  
And still sees time stilt.  
I work for Real Bill Divine, it's lyrical chill.

I say...  
Stop! Hey! What's that smell....etc.