

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.