

Finger Eleven, Shamrocks And Shenanigans

Boom sha lock lock boom.
Boom sha lock lock boom.
Boom sha lock lock boom.
Boom sha lock lock boom.

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, 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.

Boom sha lock lock boom.
Boom sha lock lock boom.
Boom sha lock lock boom.
Boom sha lock lock boom.

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

Boom sha lock lock boom.
Boom sha lock lock boom.
Boom sha lock lock boom.
Boom sha lock lock boom.

Puffin on a blunt,
Buck my shotgun, niggas didn't jump.
Lala la la lala la laaaaa.

Cypress Hill.
Cypress Hill.
Cypress Hill.

Don't push me, cause I'm close to the edge.
I'm trying not to lose my head.
It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder,
How I keep from going under.

It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder,
How I keep from going under.

?

Oh Oh Oh Oh.
Hanging Tough.
Oh Oh Oh Oh.
Hanging Tough.
Oh Oh Oh Oh.
Hanging Tough.
Oh Oh Oh Oh.

Listen up everybody if you wanna take a chance,
Just get on the floor and do the New Kids dance.
Don't worry about nothing cause it won't take long,
We're gonna put you in a trance with the funky song.

Hanging Tough.
Hanging Tough.
Hanging Tough.
We're rough.
Hanging Tough.
Hanging Tough.
Hanging Tough.

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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.

Boom sha lock lock boom.
Boom sha lock lock boom.
Boom sha lock lock boom.
Boom sha lock lock boom.

Boom sha lock lock boom.
Boom sha lock lock boom.
Boom sha lock lock boom.
Boom sha lock lock boom.

Ball tongue.
Ball tongue.
Ball tongue.
Ball tongue.
Ball tongue.
Ball tongue.
Ball tongue.
Ball tongue.