

House Of Pain, Jump Around

Pack it up pack it in
Let me begin
I came to win
I won't tear the sack up
Battle me that's a sin
Punk you'd better back up
Come on throw your hands up
Get up stand up come on!
Try and play the role and the whole crew will act up
If you've got the feeling jump across the ceiling
Yo I'll bust em in the eye
Muggs is a funk fest someone's talking junk
Feel it, funk it
And then I'll take the punks home
Amps it are junking
And I got more rhymes than there's cops that are dunking
Donuts shop
Sure 'nuff I got props from the kids on the Hill
Plus my mom and my pops

Refren

I came to get down (2x)
So get out your seats and jump around
Jump around (3x)
Jump up Jump up and get down.
Jump (18x)

I'll serve your ass like John MacEnroe
If your steps up, I'm smacking the ho
Word to your moms I came to drop bombs
I got more rhymes than the bible's got psalms
Anyone stepping to me you'll get burned
And just like the Prodigal Son I've returned
So if you come to battle bring a shotgun
Cause I got lyrics and you ain't got none
But if you do you're a fool, cause I duel to the death

I gots the skill, come get your fill
Try and step to me you'll take your last breath

Cause when I shoot ta give, I shoot to kill

Listen to the sound that pounds, I jump around
I'm no clown, I get down
To the funk, listen to the wig out
And step to the rear, dear, cause I'm here
The P to the E to the T E rockin'
The runs in your stockin'
Blood stains the ground
So hon, put the lock in
Chillin' with the House Of Pain
Huh, I jump around

I'm the cream of the crop, I rise to the top
I never eat a pig cause a pig is a cop
Or better yet a terminator
Try'n to play me out like as if my name was Sega
Like Arnold Schwarzenegger
But I ain't going out like no punk bitch
Get used to one style and you know I might switch
It up up and around, then buck buck you down
Put out your head then you wake up in the Dawn of the Dead
Spitting out lyrics homie I'll wet ya

I'm coming to get ya, coming to get ya