

# House Of Pain, Never Missin' A Beat

Listen up, learn, you'll get your turn  
I'm sendin this out to all it may concern  
The party master Everlast is here  
Before we begin I'm gonna make this clear  
I take no short cuts, Bilal adds dope cuts  
If girls were around I'd grab and grope butts  
And if she got a man and he tries to step up  
It's ashes to ashes and dust gets swept up  
Tryin to step to me, boy, you must be sick  
Got a nine in my pocket, takin heads out quick  
I make my music loud, my parents proud  
There's not an artist alive drawing a better crowd  
Than the Everlasting operator droppin a groove  
To make you get up and dance while I bust this move  
And talk about myself, I don't need a partner  
Bilal has the cuts, then I'll help start the  
Show, let a lyric flow and you'll know  
I make you jump up out your seats, scream and say "ho!";  
You fall back down completely exhausted  
Once you had the sound, but now it seems you lost it  
You're worn out, you can't take no more  
Since Everlast and Bilal took control of the floor  
So jump out your seat, move your feet cause the beat's complete  
I'm never missin a beat

(Never missin a beat) --&gt; George Clinton

There's no need for askin, I'm the Everlastin  
My mind is a poll and I'm gonna cast in  
The ocean of words and pull out a new rhyme  
And if it feels good, then I'll do it two times  
Or maybe three, four, or even five times  
When I'm done Bilal cuts up my rhyme  
He's my partner, not a stand-in  
On a 'highway to heaven' just like Mike Landon  
And when it comes to battles my boy's a sure win  
He's been in more scandals than J.R. Ewing  
Busted up more parties than five-o  
When it comes to a fight my boy's good to go  
So step on stage, we duke it out like men  
I beat you down with every word that flows out my pen  
And I was the Green Hornet Bilal'd be Kato  
Right by my side kickin up dust  
And if a sucker acts stupid, grab my gat and bust  
You can't run away cause my clip holds ten rhymes  
If you been beaten once, I'll beat you ten times  
Worse than you ever been beaten before  
I don't drop my mic unless my throat gets sore  
And that don't happen because when I'm rappin  
My rhymes'd beat Gregory Hines if they was tappin  
So jump our your seat, move your feet cause the beat's complete  
I'm never missin a beat

(Ain't it funky)

Lyrical and linguistic, somewhat artistic  
Some call me a devil, others call me mystic-  
al like a crystal ball  
And if you step to me you'll take a fall  
Just like the Roman Empire  
Feel the wrath of a devil's hellfire  
Callin me a devil, some think it's a diss  
To me it's just a name, it's not stones and sticks  
You can't hurt me, I got a positive outlook

Readin my good book  
Or maybe some philosophy like Socrates and Plato  
Step to me with drugs, I just say no  
But I'll drink some lemonade if it's ( ? )  
I'm down with DLC and the Styler  
The D-i-v-Einstein of rhyme  
Is down with me cause he knows that I'm  
On my way I will not stray  
From the path of knowledge that'll earn my pay  
I think for myself, I take advice  
And if I did it wrong once, then I do it twice  
I check my steps, make sure they're correct  
And that's why me and DLC get respect  
So jump our your seat, move your feet cause the beat's complete  
I'm never missin a beat