## House Of Pain, Shamrocks And Shenanigans Bo

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

## [CHORUS]

Boom sha lock lock boom

All right now

Boom sha lock lock boom

A little louder

Boom sha lock lock boom

Everybody

Boom sha lock lock boom

All right now

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

F\*\*\* 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 Cadilac king

It ain't no thing

My car don't 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

## [CHORUS]

I rock mad styles I hop turnstiles I rock all mics I last all night I puff fat blunts I rock fine scunts Step up bo I'll knock 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 clique You can't be down, punk, get off my d\*\*\* You make me sick Like strawberry Quick 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

[CHORUS]