

Ends

House of Pain

Ends, some people will rob their mother for the ends
Rats snitch on one another for the ends
Sometimes kids get murdered for the ends
So before we go any further, I want my ends

I knew this cat named Darrell, he didn't have a dollar
He was Harvard material, Ivy League scholar
Had a PhD., had an M.B.A.
But now he's waiting tables 'cause there's rent to pay

Companies downsizing, inflation's rising
Can't find a job, he's feeling kind of stressed
Doesn't even feel the effects when he says
Forgot to count how many times he been blessed

So he falls off track, starts smokin' the crack
And once it hits his brain, it starts to chain react
He sells the shirt off his back, shoes off his feet
He's losing all his teeth, now he's out in the street

And all of sudden he's like Jesse James
Tryin' to stick up kids for their watches and chains
But he's from business school and he's nervous with the tool
So he ends up on his back in the bloody pool

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I knew this chick named Sally, she had a nice strut
And everywhere that I went, she was up in the cut
Swinging that butt like race you out here
Only rapped the Benz and rocked the fly gear

Brand name wearing, champagne waving
Jewels around the neck, life style she's craving
Ain't no saving, she's doin' enough spending
You do the lending, she'll do the bending

Straight machine vending, it's money for take
Shopping sprees get her on her knees
And if you hit her with keys to your crib, you acting funny
Come home one day, find her counting out your money
From the Wetlands, all the way to the Apollo
If you're broke she's spittin', if you're rich she might swallow

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I knew these two homeboys that made a lot of noise
Making money on the block, kids was on they jock
They was tougher than leather like Reverend Run
DMC, they was toting guns

Holdin' weight, goin' out of state
Stackin' mad chips and pushin' phat whips
Fly jewels and clothes and got no job
And then one disappeared and one got robbed

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