

Feel It

House of Pain

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, we got Bo, Duke and Daisy goin' to
go see Boss Hogg. Then ya got Kooter fixin' over them cars...
I don't need a glock cause I'm not a hard rock
Got bitches on my jock, like New Kids On The Block
I can't lose like Parker Lewis, I'm undefeated
Step into my sector, homeboy, you'll get greeted
By the 380 colt mustang in my pocket
I had a few drinks already, don't make me cock it
Cause if I have to cock it, well then it's gettin' shot
And if it's gettin' shot, well, yo, you're gettin' bucked down
I don't fuck around, I ain't got time for punks
But I got time to smoke all the skunk philly blunts
Stunts gather round, check out the sound
And let's get down to do the nasty, freaky, funky
Stinky, junky, let's bump uglies in the nighttime
Between the sheets
Cause I rock fly rhymes over funky beats
The Celtic ruin, the legion of doom
Now gimme the track, or with the fat back doom
Now gimme some room, and I'll explode
Cock back my hammer, then squeeze off my load
So hit the road, Jack, and don't come back no more
Or I'll be moppin' up the floor with your crew of soft core
Punk pussy bitches, jail house snitches
On stage, I get wrecked and I collect my riches
I get the funky style, and like Gomer Pile
You'll be 'Surprise surprise surprise!' as I
Rise to the top, fuck a punk cop
I'm always hip-hop, only a pimple goes pop
So you better quit, zit
I came to rip shit
Blastin' with the Soul Assassins
Askin' the question, teachin' the lesson
Bringin' the West Coast back to the East Coast
Where it all started, what're you, retarded
You're startin' to trip from that Jheri curl drip
Soakin' in your brain, the House Of Pain
Is causin' pain, and feelin' pain
So feel it

Just feel it
Feel it
Just feel it
C'mon, y'all, feel it

Back to the rhyme, I'm always on time
A lime to a lemon, yo, a lemon to a lime
I rock the old school style and it's futile
To step up, cause you'll get swept up
Like dust, or I just might bust and unload my clip
Unless you're a punk, then I'll just pop you in the lip
And show you the deal, now how did that feel
You know I'm killin' any pig that squeals
I'm fillin' up reels of tape with my fly rhymes
And I've got a subscription to High Times
Son Dooby's in the back, the Mexican Ralph Emms is on the track
My DJ Lethal, he's on the cut

When I bust a dope rhyme, it's like bustin' a nut
So let me jerk off on the mic and get it sticky
When I drink a brew it's either Guinness or mickeys
I'll put your head out just like a fuckin' Malboro
Don't fuck with me, punk, you know that I'm thorough
Bred like a race horse, right-in-your-face force
Feedin' you beats, straight off the streets
So catch me catch me, if you can
You know I'm the man like Chewbacca knows Han
Solo, bolos are what I'll be throwin'
When I be flowin', I get the job done
Cause I'm number one, the Prodigal Son
I left and I came back, but not with the same rap
And not with the same style, I'm known to get buckwild
The luck of the Irish spreads like a virus
So feel it