

# Over-there Shit

## House of Pain

Ladies and Gentlemen (2x)

Here's the new shit I'm on  
We can all get along  
But if ya step to me wrong  
I'm gonna bang ya like a gong  
And I don't need a gang to do it  
I creep solo  
Beat ya till ya dead  
Put out ya freakin head  
That's how I do  
Because I'm sick like dat  
And you'll get kicked like dat  
If ya fakin' the funk  
I got a trunk full of beats  
And a head full of rhymes  
I got stains on my sheets  
From all the good times  
That I spent with ya Hookers  
Some were good lookers  
And some were just stunts  
After too many blunts  
Ya got ya arm around ya girl  
But don't make me laugh kid  
Gettin steam pressured  
Your girl's schemin' on the grafted  
Jail faced Celt  
Backed up  
Catch a welt  
From the buckle  
Of my belt  
Now tell me how that felt

Oooh I'm on some of the over there shit (3x)  
I'm on some Milky I don't care shit  
I don't care...

It's the return of the livin dead  
Put all concerned to bed  
I'm alive and kickin'  
Ask any girl I'm stickin  
Back once again  
I never shot the heroin  
Or hit the glass pipe  
Ass wipe  
Stop the rumor  
I'll kill ya like a tumor in your colon  
I'll leave your shit all swollen  
Get off my dick cause thick is how I'm rollin'  
The Soul Assassinator'll  
Get ya open like a crator  
I'm down with psycho vader  
cause I'm flava' like a plate a'  
Corn beef and cabbage  
I'm a savage on the set  
Don't do nuthin' you'll regret  
Because you'll end up gettin' wet like water

I'm out for slaughter  
Cops lock up your daughter

I rock it page style cause freed damaged ya  
If ya play me close punk I'm gonna' damage ya  
We got the FunkDoobie in the House  
With the Mickey Mouse  
I spot a hooker then I'm runnin up in ya blouse  
I ain't a bitch so don't play me soft  
I got a round in my chamber and the safety's off  
Pullin' on the trigger  
Ain't nuthin brave  
But I'm a sick fucker  
Like a red-neck trucker  
And I just might buck ya down  
You're starin' down my barrel  
So ya jump around  
Ya try to get away  
But I'm too quick to pull  
So don't try to gas me  
Punk, my tank's full  
I ain't got the time  
I don't need the fuel  
Punk we can duel  
I'll take ya ass to school  
Then break down the lesson  
Here's the pop quiz  
I get's top billin'  
You can ask Iz