

House Of D

Slim Wray

There's a drunk'n Irish man dead asleep on the floor
He smells so bad, you think he never showered before
And Tio's spit'n me a rhyme
He wants me to sing on the ouside

When you spend a second night in a cell, you know it's for real

I said, "Hey officer, I didn't maim, rape or steal"
He said, "Not problem, so sit there real still"
I'm eat'n cheese off stale bread
Pass on milk so I don't use the can

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The call girl banshees stomp, scream and shout
Their sunken eyes say what the story's about
She say, "Hey you there with the pretty hair...
Is that a man, or is that a girl there?"

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Well it's on your mind how to spend that time
You wish the hours away
All day

It's like a holiday when they're call'n names
We all rush the gate
Like fish in a bowl at feed'n time

Andreas is strung-out, beg'n for some corn flakes
Dishawn is here for drive'n without registration
We're staring at those cold bars
But the other side is where the real thugs are

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