

House of Pain Anthem

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I'm a wood peckin' peckerwood
Take me out, ya never could
Act up in my neighbourhood
You better not, my aim is good
The House Of Pain is not a gang
Just a funky Irish name
A Celtic savage makin' cabbage
With corn beef on the side
Irish pride is what I got
I got alot so don't dispute it
Constantly I'm suited
If ya got a gun then shoot it
Pick any beat I rock it
I'm always in the pocket
You try to ill, I grab my gat
And now you see my cock it
Next I pull the trigger
I don't care if you're bigger
You try to con yourself you're bulletproof
But how ya figure?
The caps that I'll be poppin'
They'll have your body droppin'
You thought you knew the deal
But now you feel your heartbeat stoppin'
I'm moppin' up the comp
That's short for compitition
I write my lyrics like
The Irish mob in Hell's Kitchen

The House Of Pain in effect, y'all
I say the House Of Pain is in effect
You know the House Of Pain is in effect y'all
And anyone that steps up in gettin' wrecked
I'm a beer drinkin' fighter
The bike in Easy Rider
I only roll my spliffs
With the extra easy whitters
Papers to vapors
Is what you'll all be catchin'
Meanwhile I'll be snatchin'
Up your hoes and all your dough
The styles that I'll be kickin'
You know they're finger lickin'
Good, the peckerwood never could play the victim
Only the offender
I go out on a bender
Drink a case of brew
And then disgrace the crew
But only if it's mickeys
I never wear no dickeys
Only wear the Levi's
My whole family cries