

# I'm a Swing It

House of Pain

On and just on, and (10x)

I'm a swing it  
Wach me bring to the next level  
To grab DeNevel's  
Getting funky like the devil  
Brothers from the Bijou  
So why you wanna trip  
Just play the side lines  
Kid, and wait for me to slip  
Cause I can feel it in the ait tonight  
But yo I'm not Phil Collins  
Or, unlike Henry Rollins  
Cause I'm search and destroy  
You wanna toy wit the plot  
Tryin to get what I got  
You might get- shot  
Hot damn manna's son  
Ya got ebonics  
They teach ya how to write  
I'm writing like I'm hooked on phonics  
Mother goose aint got shit on me  
Cause I'll get loose at the jam  
And wreck the whole party  
I make 'em jump and mosh  
Oh my gosh  
Just slammin in the pit  
While I'm kickin my shit  
They buggin in the isles  
Cause I got madd styles  
And aint a damn thing funny  
I get money in piles  
Some poeple thought I'd die  
Thats just a rumour, though  
Others thought I'd follow up  
But now I'm numero-  
Uno, Dos, not Quattro  
Word to Kool Keith  
I'm a break up ya teeth

When I die, Bury me (me)  
Hang my balls on the cherry tree (tree)  
Let them git ripe  
Then take a bite  
And if they don't taste right  
Then dont blame D

You need to quit swingin,  
The styles that I'm bringin  
The Funk knuckled dragon  
Who gits on the wagon  
I'm not the 12 stepper  
Dont play me like a lever  
My mike sounds nice  
But it's not salt and pepper

Well it's the man

With the plan  
To get all your skins  
The tip on my dick  
Is where the line begins  
Wit all those former lines  
Take off that swine  
I'll git your ass Butt-naked  
Lets see if you can take it  
Cause I'll make you feel  
Like a natural woman  
Cause I keep it comin  
I'm the everlastin'  
Free style assassin  
With soul in my goal  
Is to bring a little passion  
To your girl's life  
like the daily soaps  
Throw down on the bed  
And tie her up with ropes

The Lyrics keep on and just on and  
The Lyrics keep on and just on and  
The Lyrics keep on and just on and  
On and just on and on and just on and (2x)

On and just on, and (10x)

I'm just another ranger with the Derry face  
Punk motherfucker in the prime of my race  
You need step back, kid  
And give me some space  
and rock the cold shot  
At the party  
When I'm rockin the place  
Danny Boy's arrivin  
With the standar 65  
In the heft dont laugh kid  
The graft is survivin  
The out law bike  
With my bitch thats on the  
Highway to hell  
Cause I never tell

Well it's the funk back breaker  
Weeded up like Jamaica  
Dont bring your woman to the party  
Cause I'll taker  
Hit the deck  
Cause I'm down wit the hoolies  
I got a trunk  
Full of funk  
Like the Groovey Doolies  
I'm not the man  
Brotha asked who was he  
Quik's got the hair do  
Just like Ruth Buzzy  
runnin' round  
Like you been to jail, son  
But ya hit the swatly  
To get your hair and your nails done  
Get off my sack  
Cause your shit is wack  
Ya diss me

And I'm a diss you back

On and just on, and (10x)