

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 Quatro
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 assasin
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)