

# Top o' the Morning to Ya

House of Pain

She won't come  
Just when you want it

Ya see, I'm Irish but I'm not a leprechaun  
You wanna fight then step up and we'll get it on  
You gotta right to the grill, I'm white and I ill  
A descendant of Dublin with Titanic skill

I ducked and I swing, next thing your jaw's broken  
Punk I ain't jokin', you can bet you'll be chokin'  
On a fist full a nothin', meanwhile I'll be puffin'  
On a fat blunt, run punk, you don't know the half

Tryin' to talk shit, man, please don't make me laugh  
These Irish eyes are smilin', I'm buckwildin'  
The House of Pain is pumpin', start jumpin'  
Freak it, funk it, back seat junk it

If you can't get with it, you'll wind up sweatin' it  
Then you'll get a beatin' just like an egg  
It's so hard to run when you've got a broken leg  
But we can have a run off, the House of Pain'll come off

We got the cake that you're tryin' to get a crumb off  
The Irish stylee, the Celtic jazz  
No one has it, just us that's it  
If you try to take it, I got a big shileighly

I don't have dreads 'cause I shave my head daily  
You call me a skinhead, I call you a pin head  
Yo, where you been man, just like the tin man  
You got no heart, here comes the good part

I pick 'em, buck 'em, cut 'em up, and buck them down  
No fuckin' around  
Home boy ya get clown like Krusty, trust me  
You shouldn't play and by the way

Top o' the mornin' to ya  
(What's the hassle man?)  
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Top o' the mornin' to ya  
(Hey, are you givin' us a hassle man?)

Greetin's, salutations  
Peace to the nations of Zulu and Islam  
Crack the bottle, rev the throttle  
Put the gear in, now you're steerin' like Mario Andretti

So let me kick it, cause I can make a wicked  
Noise like a cricket  
Rubbin' his legs  
My rhymes are like eggs

I'll keep layin' 'em, I'll keep sayin' 'em  
This is the House of Pain, we're far from plain  
But we're not fancy, Ron and Nancy  
So just say no but I say go

Straight to hell, I kiss and tell  
So if you're a ho, all my friends know  
What you gotta say, let's hit the hay  
And have no delay, and yo by the way

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Extra extra, read all about it  
How could ya doubt it? Now scream and shout it  
The House of Pain soon will reign  
Over the hip hop scene and like golden green

I rip shit and back flip like a Jedi  
I roll with the groove and I'm smooth and you can bet I  
Come correct and get respect when I'm flowin'  
Collectin' my dough, I got your girlfriend ho-in'

And how do I know that she's funk?  
I know she's broke cause yo, the T's hung  
Like a Shetland pony, gettin' paid like Sony  
So never ever try to play me out like a phony  
'Cause I can get real thick like a bull with Mark Toneil

And by the way, top o' the mornin' to ya  
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{He who breaks the law goes back to the House of Pain  
He who breaks the law goes back to the House of Pain}