

## X-Files

## House of Pain

Truly, I say truly  
Truly, Truly

Well if Jesus is your Lord  
Then Praise your God  
And if Islams's your Thing-  
Allah U Akbar  
And If you represent the 6 pointed star  
Well, then my Hebs back home told me say Shalom  
I put grooves in the mix  
I make moves like the Knicks  
I'll take ya strait up the lane  
And block you out the frame  
Then I freez it  
Believes it  
You needs it like heroin  
Before you git your fight on  
Kid, get your stare on  
Here come the Don Dada  
Makin' ghettos red hotter  
I drop the boom bada  
Like Jake LaMatta  
I can single you out  
And isolate you like Mato  
I'm undefeted like Rocky Marciano  
I hit you right below the belt  
Now you singin' Saprano  
Talk what ya talk  
Still you dont know what I know

Something for ass  
Something for cash  
Some do the knowledge  
Some do the math  
Some stick to the road  
Some stray from the path  
Some do the knowlege  
Some do the math

Now East Coast- West Coast  
Wonderin' what's the beef  
It's goin down rough  
Like swallowin teeth  
I say word to Din Lizzy  
kid, I get busy  
And I'll knock all of ya'll  
Off this wonder wall  
Cause on a daily basis  
I rock like Oasis  
Quick to be your style  
From a Fetus to a child  
I kill 14 billion cells  
Fuffin L's  
Stompin devils on all 9 levels of L  
check the transmission  
Hear the transition  
Observe the technition

In fly night vision  
you high-light reels  
I lace my drug deals  
As you skim and check feels  
Off chics in high heels  
It's all bright and sunny  
When your holdin big money  
My Sonics got youth  
As my mud got honey  
I can be the king of grunge  
If I blow my sponge away  
there's a little black spot on the sun today  
Which I dont care if my souls are dead  
so come on and feel the sting of the true pain king

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(2x)