

# Choose Your Poison

## House of Pain

I say hey now c'mon ya'll  
If there's money in your pocket  
And your walkin tall  
make your way to the bar  
And get your poison chose  
And drink it old school style  
In your B-Boy pose

I get off Madd flows  
Like a pack of eskimo's  
On the dog sled in the blizzard  
Cause I'm the wizard of (oz)  
Ah, Shit I'm gonna wreck ya set  
And you stepin to me is just an emty threat  
Something I cant sweat  
Kid, you never see my worry  
I've never been caught  
But my hands may be dirty  
5 years from 30  
Come check my age  
If ya cant pop  
Simply turn the page  
And I'll engage  
Wit that kid thats been swiftless  
Stickin to the roof of your mouth like some chippin  
Peanut butter  
Ya know know my style's butter  
Cause every word I utter  
Rock's the sky's from the gutter  
I make ya shudder  
When I rock your soul  
I do dames the way I like  
I get mike's controlled  
Well if ya get bold  
Well then ya get bit  
Cause your knowlege is a trick  
Kid, It's makin me sick

I say hey now c'mon ya'll  
If there's money in your pocket  
And your walkin tall  
make your way to the bar  
And get your poison chose  
And drink it old school style  
In your B-Boy pose  
(3x)

I'm Danny Boy  
With the Hard Core style  
I'll punch you suckers in the mouth like a root canal (Root Canal!)  
You get me started and I'm hard to stop  
I got 45 caliburs ready to pop  
And when I pop off  
You drop off  
You get blown out the frame  
Cause the more shit change  
The more things stay the same

And I got no respect for your area  
From Brooklyn to Dublin  
I keep your ass fumblin'  
Cause I'm the fuckin ball busta  
Brooklyn heart breaker  
House of Pain pimp money maker

I say hey now c'mon ya'll  
If there's money in your pocket  
And your walkin tall  
make your way to the bar  
And get your poison chose  
And drink it old school style  
In your B-Boy pose  
(2x)

I got rhymes finese  
I got rhymes galore  
I got rhymes for peace  
I got rhymes for war  
I got rhymes for heads  
I got rhymes for skins  
I got rhymes  
Kid your crew aint got no wins  
So step up if you wanna get your head cracked  
Run up if you wanna get your skull knocked  
Play the hard rock baby get your ears boxed  
I'll kill you all  
Just like I was the small pox  
I'll kill ya livestock  
just like I was anthrax  
Come see me live  
Then crazy like the Band Sax

I say hey now c'mon ya'll  
If there's money in your pocket  
And your walkin tall  
make your way to the bar  
And get your poison chose  
And drink it old school style  
In your B-Boy pose  
(2x)