

## Ends

## House of Pain

Ends, some people will rob their mother for the ends  
Rats snitch on one another for the ends  
Sometimes kids get murdered for the ends  
So before we go any further, I want my ends

I knew this cat named Darrell, he didn't have a dollar  
He was Harvard material, Ivy League scholar  
Had a PhD., had an M.B.A.  
But now he's waiting tables 'cause there's rent to pay

Companies downsizing, inflation's rising  
Can't find a job, he's feeling kind of stressed  
Doesn't even feel the effects when he says  
Forgot to count how many times he been blessed

So he falls off track, starts smokin' the crack  
And once it hits his brain, it starts to chain react  
He sells the shirt off his back, shoes off his feet  
He's losing all his teeth, now he's out in the street

And all of sudden he's like Jesse James  
Tryin' to stick up kids for their watches and chains  
But he's from business school and he's nervous with the tool  
So he ends up on his back in the bloody pool

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I knew this chick named Sally, she had a nice strut  
And everywhere that I went, she was up in the cut  
Swinging that butt like race you out here  
Only rapped the Benz and rocked the fly gear

Brand name wearing, champagne waving  
Jewels around the neck, life style she's craving  
Ain't no saving, she's doin' enough spending  
You do the lending, she'll do the bending

Straight machine vending, it's money for take  
Shopping sprees get her on her knees  
And if you hit her with keys to your crib, you acting funny  
Come home one day, find her counting out your money  
From the Wetlands, all the way to the Apollo  
If you're broke she's spittin', if you're rich she might swallow

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I knew these two homeboys that made a lot of noise  
Making money on the block, kids was on they jock  
They was tougher than leather like Reverend Run  
DMC, they was toting guns

Holdin' weight, goin' out of state  
Stackin' mad chips and pushin' phat whips  
Fly jewels and clothes and got no job  
And then one disappeared and one got robbed

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