

# Feel It

## House of Pain

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, we got Bo, Duke and Daisy goin' to go see Boss Hogg. Then ya got Kooter fixin' over them cars...  
I don't need a glock cause I'm not a hard rock  
Got bitches on my jock, like New Kids On The Block  
I can't lose like Parker Lewis, I'm undefeated  
Step into my sector, homeboy, you'll get greeted  
By the 380 colt mustang in my pocket  
I had a few drinks already, don't make me cock it  
Cause if I have to cock it, well then it's gettin' shot  
And if it's gettin' shot, well, yo, you're gettin' bucked down  
I don't fuck around, I ain't got time for punks  
But I got time to smoke all the skunk Philly blunts  
Stunts gather round, check out the sound  
And let's get down to do the nasty, freaky, funky  
Stinky, junky, let's bump uglies in the nighttime  
Between the sheets  
Cause I rock fly rhymes over funky beats  
The Celtic ruin, the legion of doom  
Now gimme the track, or with the fat back doom  
Now gimme some room, and I'll explode  
Cock back my hammer, then squeeze off my load  
So hit the road, Jack, and don't come back no more  
Or I'll be moppin' up the floor with your crew of soft core  
Punk pussy bitches, jail house snitches  
On stage, I get wrecked and I collect my riches  
I get the funky style, and like Gomer Pile  
You'll be 'Surprise surprise surprise!' as I  
Rise to the top, fuck a punk cop  
I'm always hip-hop, only a pimple goes pop  
So you better quit, zit  
I came to rip shit  
Blastin' with the Soul Assassins  
Askin' the question, teachin' the lesson  
Bringin' the West Coast back to the East Coast  
Where it all started, what're you, retarded  
You're startin' to trip from that Jheri curl drip  
Soakin' in your brain, the House Of Pain  
Is causin' pain, and feelin' pain  
So feel it

Just feel it  
Feel it  
Just feel it  
C'mon, y'all, feel it

Back to the rhyme, I'm always on time  
A lime to a lemon, yo, a lemon to a lime  
I rock the old school style and it's futile  
To step up, cause you'll get swept up  
Like dust, or I just might bust and unload my clip  
Unless you're a punk, then I'll just pop you in the lip  
And show you the deal, now how did that feel  
You know I'm killin' any pig that squeals  
I'm fillin' up reels of tape with my fly rhymes  
And I've got a subscription to High Times  
Son Dooby's in the back, the Mexican Ralph Emms is on the track  
My DJ Lethal, he's on the cut

When I bust a dope rhyme, it's like bustin' a nut  
So let me jerk off on the mic and get it sticky  
When I drink a brew it's either Guinness or mickeys  
I'll put your head out just like a fuckin' Malboro  
Don't fuck with me, punk, you know that I'm thorough  
Bred like a race horse, right-in-your-face force  
Feedin' you beats, straight off the streets  
So catch me catch me, if you can  
You know I'm the man like Chewbacca knows Han  
Solo, bolos are what I'll be throwin'  
When I be flowin', I get the job done  
Cause I'm number one, the Prodigal Son  
I left and I came back, but not with the same rap  
And not with the same style, I'm known to get buckwild  
The luck of the Irish spreads like a virus  
So feel it