## **On Point**

**House of Pain** 

I'm sick, demented I came unrepresented I rose from the grave I had a close shave The cops tried to lock me down 'Cause the Glock they found Was stolen That's how I'm rollin' Calvin Klein's No friend of mine So I don't like Marky Or the monarchy Don't start me up like a Rollin' Stone I leave you sulkin' Like Macaulay Culkin In Home Alone So Get A Grip Like Stephen Tyler I used to trip With the Divine Styler Back in the days There were Irish ways And Irish laws to stand up for the cause When it's time to rock a funky joint I'm on point When it's time to rock a funky jam I'm the man (4x) Well it's the D to the A, double N Y BO Y 'cause I rock shit like Ronnie Dio It's a black day of rest Quick run get your vest I'm down with the Hill 'Cause I still got the skill To turn the party out It's all about the skyscraper Your girl caught the vapors So I might videotape her I make a lot of the paper So I don't have to scrape the Bottom of the barrel I rock fly apparel Now I could pull you car Starting up the Harley Davidson I got the gun So the drama you could save it Well it's the mad bum rushin' Funky with percussion From L.A. to Flushing I get your girlie blushin' I'll cutcha' like the butcher But it and Joe the writer The old rock a loop 'Cause I'm super like Schneider

When it's time to rock a funky joint I'm on point When it's time to rock a funky jam I'm the man (4x) I'm ill, retarded So don't ya get me started I might lose my cool Ya lose if we duel 'Cause I can stomp a hole In the sole of a monk With the rhymes in my head And the beats in my trunk I got the skill kid And I'm gonna' milk it For all it's worth I'm gettin' mines on earth So step to the next head Or like Sadat X said He's gone And that's it's supposed to be Don't stand so close to me When it's time to rock a funky joint I'm on point When it's time to rock a funky jam I'm the man (4x)