

Pass the Jinn

House of Pain

Cockni O'Dire

Watch out, bust the style I be kickin'
I play the gig role and bite your head off like a chicken
I'm the lord of the rings like Bilbo Baggins
Return of my dragon, pants be saggin'

Science be droppin', thoughts be buildin'
My instinct's primal, tappin' your spinal
I'll smack Mike and Janet for the whole freakin' planet
Don't take me for granted, 'cause my eyes be slanted

From the phat back of blade, I must consume
'Cause my soul's on the verge of impending doom
So make room, for the crew with kegs of brew
Doin' what we do, so what's the matter with you

Divine Styler
Cockni O'Dire

I bow my head to the east five times a day
I put my face in the dirt every time I pray
To disrupt the jinn in me, 'cause the sin in me's
Tryin' to take over and make my soul crossover
I'm steady rollin' with my head [unverified] up

'Cause my system pumps loud, everybody's on my nuts
And everybody wants to know who lives the phattest
The black 850 representin' my status
Plus, I got the baddest, house on the hill
My bank account's full, but my soul's empty still

Divine Styler
Cockni O'Dire

I said take me from your House of Pain
See my style's maintained, 'cause my membrane's sane
So put down your juice, pass your jinn
Push up on a skin, I begin to win
There ain't, no need to worry about where I've been

If I pass my jinn I begin to win
I say, put down your juice, pass the jinn
Push up on a skin I begin to win
There ain't, no need to worry 'bout where I've been
If I pass my jinn I begin to win

Divine Styler