

Punch Drunk

House of Pain

You know I rock microphones like they got back bones
And I'll roll on your show like some biscuit dough
Yeah you steady bitin' styles off the next man's flow
Think your Jackson, but your name ain't Bo
I'm only hittin' chicks fine as Madelyn Stone
Got a closet in my crib where the hydroponic grow
Act like you know, Lee tokes the chronic
It ain't the season, the reason's strictly economic
So pour the jinn and tonic
Punk the Tony Bennet
If wifey ain't watchin', hon, I'm runnin' up in it
I make it hot and spicy like some wavos rancheros
Then hit the Knick game with my man Don Terros
And if the Knicks are winnin', then Spike Lee's grinnin'
So next I hit the spot with Stretch Armstrong spinnin'
Sippin' whiskeys to my favorite cuts
Watchin' all the earthpieces shake their butts
Some people think I'm nuts 'cause I act a little funny
But play me soft, I'll beat ya down like ya stole money

Politickin' with your chickens, it's time to get loose
(Sample: It's the wicked pain inflicted with the Mickey's deuce deuce)
Throw your hands in the air and shake your caboose
(Sample)

I see a million goin' out on the bottle
The heavyweight champ never was a role model
I keep it idle, with my B-boy bravado
From downtown Brooklyn all the way to Colorado
Yeah, someone play the lotto, kid, if you feel lucky
I'm not a toy, but I'll hunt you down like Chucky
You must be buggin' 'cause I heard you want to buck me
You just trippin', 'cause your woman wants to me

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(Sample)

Yo, we're par for the course when behind closed doors
You never go for yours when it matters the most
Ya like to, brag and boast, and drink and make a toast
But ya don't come close kid, you're comin' up ghost
Plus you playin' high post like you got
But your girl's on my jimmy tryin' to give me besos
Before you vanish, kid that's spanish for kisses
I'm nuttin' up, I'm cuttin' up, the first man that disses

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