

# What's That Smell

House of Pain

Baby, because  
(I say, "Lord, have mercy")  
This is for all you dirty bitches out there  
Suck up on this motherfuckin' nuts  
(I say, "Lord, have mercy")

Say stop! Hey, what's that sound?  
Everybody look what's goin' down  
I'm everlastin', forever on a roll  
I'm rockin' to the boat, steamin' gray matter tone

I ain't sayin' I'm God but you can graft this  
Chances are if I'm a star, I'd be Johnny Mathis  
On some smooth shit, I'd be gaming all the honeys  
Hitting Hugh Hefner with his Playboy Bunnies

Check the Sunday funnies, I'd be reading Doonesbury  
See me after dark, love, shit be getting scary  
I'll freak you like Carrie on the night of the prom  
Let's keep it cool and calm, I'll start stroking your palm

Work my way up your arm, start kissing your ear  
Maybe, licking your lips, then pulling your hair  
Yeah, I freak the back spasm to get the orgasm  
And if my legs cramp, girl, I lick that stamp  
I got it sewn love, so you ain't got no worries  
Hold up, wait a second, my vision's gettin' blurry

Stop, hey, what's that smell  
Someone laced dust all up in my L  
Bitches start sweatin' once the pockets swell  
Let's take it back fourteen billion cells

Periodic measures to say my rhymes  
Too much of this dope need growth-type slow  
Off a poet's tree, let me blow my leaves  
Shake off my roots and pull up my sleeves

Break a branchling wist stick  
Lyrics for the mystical  
Yo fancy, shake your chancy  
Our transystem is torn MCs  
I hymn-zen, then I'm casualties

Pot smoke-seeds, relativities  
Seize it, I be on every first ability  
Of chaos, a higher form of infinity  
Gettin' me virtually supreme ID

Reflectors and tackers  
At which my faster phrased words  
Super-lax, break raps and MCs jump off wacks  
Revolves and steers and still sees time stilt  
I work for Real Bill Divine, it's lyrical chill

I say, "Stop", hey, what's that smell?  
Someone laced dust all up in my L

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