

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 casualies

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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