

Word is Bond

House of Pain

(Uh)

Word is Bond
Pop pop pop pop
Grab your chest
Now ya bleedin(punk)lead out ya asshole (4x)

I break it off
like a kit-kat
Casue ya cant git that
Worth while style
Underground sound
So now your frontin
Tryin to fake it
Complain ya never make it
And pretty soon you're open Butt naked
So your ass starts to rob and steel
Madd jealous cause my shit's got mass appeal
And now I'm rhymin wit Diamond D
With some brand new shit for the year of '93
I got a loop on my crate
And I'm duckin
The way I'm rhymin on the break
Till the brothers, fuck it
Ya know I got the funky sound
Ya still up un the air
Cause last year I said jump around
I'm rollin thick
So I know you see me
I got mad little white kids,
Wishin' they could be me
So dont step up Cause I'm a come out blastin'
You just a quickie
Punk, I'm Everlastin

Word is Bond
Pop pop pop pop
Grab your chest
Now ya bleedin(punk)lead out ya asshole (4x)

Now let me hear my man (my man, my man, my man)

Yo It's Diamond D
The psycotic, narrotic
Pizza idiotic
Smoke 'em
Boom thats exotic
With my man Everlastin'
Brotha's be askin me
For the Fee
Kid, my name aint Sebastion
Give 'em my mom's demo tapes
Foam'n at the mouth
Dreamin of makin papes
I know your thirsty
Lord have mercy
I got ten acts

And ya want to be the first, G
Come on, dad
Let me breathe yeah
Dont be the lint ball on my sleeve
Wanna be down and diggin wit the crates
Have dough in the pocket
And sleep way past 8
I know the feelin
Ya wanna be the one weelin and dealin
But your shit aint appealin
So make haste
I'll stick it to a like paste
Dont sleep
I got the 9 on my waist

Word is Bond
Pop pop pop pop
Grab your chest
Now ya bleedin(punk)lead out ya asshole (4x)

I lick shots for the Soul Assasins
I lick shots fot the Diamond D
I lick shots for the Everlastin
And I lick shots for the D-i-t-c
Yo I'm more respected
My neck's protected
So dont get started
Just disregard it
Cause I'm retarded
With an agrial stubin
When I see a bootleg
I take my record and dupe it
Scoop it
Just like a news reporter
I'm causin disorder
Because I'm sorta'
Sick of loosin money
When I work so hard
so if I catch ya bootleggin
I'm a pull your card

Word is Bond
Pop pop pop pop
Grab your chest
Now ya bleedin(punk)lead out ya asshole (4x)