

# Shamrocks and Shenanigans

## House of Pain

Alright, now  
Boom sha lock lock boom  
Boom sha lock lock boom  
Boom sha lock lock boom  
Boom sha lock lock boom I kicks the flava, like Steven King writes horror  
If I was a Jew then I'd light a menorah  
I got rhymes for ya, excuse me, senora  
Are you a hore or are you a lady?  
Is it Erica Boyare or Marcia Brady? Let me know hon, the deed'll get done  
Just assume the position, I'll take my rod  
And then I'll go fishin', I'll get your river flowin'  
I'm always in the knowin'  
When it comes to givin' pleasure  
I'm every woman's treasure  
I came to work your body, so let me do my job  
I've never been laid off, my rhymin' skill paid off  
'Cause now I'm makin' records, now I'm makin' tapes  
Steady bustin' suckers in bunches like grapes  
Makin' all the papes, scoopin' up the loot  
Puttin' suckers on the run, pull my gun and then I shoot I never been a front, I never a fraud  
I gotta natural skill, for that I thank the Lord  
'Cause I feel blessed, I'm casually dressed  
I always got my gun but I never wear a vest  
I'm quick on the draw like the horse named McGraw  
From the cartoon 'Boom Sha Lock Lock'(Boom sha lock lock boom)  
Alright now  
(Boom sha lock lock boom)  
Everybody  
(Boom sha lock lock boom)  
Alright now  
(Boom sha lock lock boom)  
Breaker, breaker, here comes the caper  
Straight with the taper, the lyric skyscraper  
Hit ya like a lyrical murderer  
I know ya think I have but, yo, I never heard of ya Just because you heard of me, kid  
Fuck around until you do the lifetime bid  
I'll put you in the dirt and leave your ass for dead  
When it comes to tools, T's the sharpest in the shed 'Cause I'm the 55 Cadillac king  
It ain't nothing, my cargo ring  
We'll bust you in the crib  
I got the skill, you gots to chill  
'Cause I bring doom

I got the boom sha lock lock boom(Boom sha lock lock boom)  
    Alright now  
    (Boom sha lock lock boom)  
    Everybody  
    (Boom sha lock lock boom)  
    Alright now  
    (Boom sha lock lock boom)  
A little louderA preacher in the dirt  
    A preacher in the dirt  
A preacher in the dirtI rock mad styles, I hop turnstiles  
    I rock all mikes, I last all night  
    I puff fat blunts, I rock fine stunts  
Step up, bo, I'll knock out your gold frontsEverlast, that's my name  
    My unique rhyme style's my claim to fame  
    'The House Of Pain's' the name of my clip  
You can't be down, punk, get off my dickYou make me sick, like Strawberry Quik  
    Your style is wack, you ain't the mac  
    So yo, step back, get off the crack  
And sing a new tune like boom sha lock lock boom(Boom sha lock lock boom)  
    Alright now  
    (Boom sha lock lock boom)  
    Everybody  
    (Boom sha lock lock boom)  
    Alright now  
    (Boom sha lock lock boom)  
A little louder(Boom sha lock lock boom)  
    Alright now  
    (Boom sha lock lock boom)  
    Everybody  
    (Boom sha lock lock boom)  
    Alright now  
    (Boom sha lock lock boom)  
A little louder(Boom sha lock lock boom)  
    Alright now  
    (Boom sha lock lock boom)  
    Everybody  
    (Boom sha lock lock boom)  
    Alright now  
    (Boom sha lock lock boom)  
A little louder(Boom sha lock lock boom)  
    Alright now  
    (Boom sha lock lock boom)  
    Everybody  
    (Boom sha lock lock boom)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>

