

# House of Pain Anthem

## House of Pain

House Of Pain Anthem  
I'm a wood peckin' peckerwood  
Take me out, ya never could  
Act up in my neighbourhood  
You better not, my aim is good  
The House Of Pain is not a gang  
Just a funky Irish name  
A Celtic savage makin' cabbage  
With corn beef on the side  
Irish pride is what I got  
I got alot so don't dispute it  
Constantly I'm suited  
If ya got a gun then shoot it  
Pick any beat I rock it  
I'm always in the pocket  
You try to ill, I grab my gat  
And now you see my cock it  
Next I pull the trigger  
I don't care if you're bigger  
You try to con yourself you're bulletproof  
But how ya figure?  
The caps that I'll be poppin'  
They'll have your body droppin'  
You thought you knew the deal  
But now you feel your heartbeat stoppin'  
I'm moppin' up the comp  
That's short for compitition  
I write my lyrics like  
The Irish mob in Hell's Kitchen  
The House Of Pain in effect, y'all  
I say the House Of Pain is in effect  
You know the House Of Pain is in effect y'all  
And anyone that steps up in gettin' wrecked  
I'm a beer drinkin' fighter  
The bike in Easy Rider  
I only roll my spliffs  
With the extra easy whitters  
Papers to vapors  
Is what you'll all be catchin'  
Meanwhile I'll be snatchin'  
Up your hoes and all your dough  
The styles that I'll be kickin'

You know they're finger lickin'  
Good, the peckerwood never could play the victim  
Only the offender  
I go out on a bender  
Drink a case of brew  
And then disgrace the crew  
But only if it's mickeys  
I never wear no dickeys  
Only wear the Levi's  
My whole family cries

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