House Of Pain, Ends

CHORUS:

Ends

Some people will rob their mother for the ends Rats snitch on one another for the ends Sometimes kids get murdered for the ends So before we go any further I want my ends

I knew this cat named Darrel who didn't have a dollar He was Harvard material, Ivy League scholar Had a Ph.D., had an M.B.A. But now he's waiting tables 'cause there's rent to pay Companyies downsizing, inflation's rising Can't find a job, he's feeling kinda stressed Doesn't even feel the effects when he's 'sessed Forgot to count how many times he been blessed So he falls off track, starts smokin' the crack And once it hits his brain it starts to chain react Sells the shirt off his back, shoes off his feet He's losing all his teeth now he's out in the street And all of a sudden he's like Jesse James Trying to stick up kids holding watches and chains But he's from business school and he's nervous with a tool So he ends up on his back in a bloody pool For the

CHORUS

I knew this chick named Sally she had a nice strut
And everywhere that I went she was up in the cut
Swingin that butt like place ya ad here
Only rappin' mens that rock the fly gear
Brand name wearin', champagne wavin'
Jewels around her neck, a lotta style she's cravin'
Ain't no savin' she's doin' all spendin'
If you do the lendin' she'll do the bendin'
Straight machine vendin' it's money for take
Shopping sprees get her on her knees
And if you hit her with the keys to your crib you actin' funny
Come home one day, find her countin' out your money
From the Wetlands all the way to the Apollo
If you're broke she's spittin', if you're rich she might swallow
For the

CHORUS

I knew these two home boys that made a lot of noise Makin' money on the block and kids was on they jock They was tougher than leather like Reverend Run DMC, they was totin' guns Holdin' weight, going outta state Stacking mad chips and pushin' phat whips Fly jewels and clothes and got no job And then one disappeared and one got robbed For the

CHORUS (2x)