

Bloodhound Gang, No Hard Feelings

Ain't my job
To fuck you on your birthday
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To fuck you on your birthday anymore
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Maybe you got screwed but i dumped you 'cause you ain't nothin' but trash
I put out despite the fact that you're like a hawaiian punch moustache
Right under my nose thinking i'm so colonel klink oblivious
But how could i not see you got off scot-free 'cause i know this means it

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If i want to be repeatedly shit on i'll go make dutch porn
When roughly translated even your naked truth means squat and what's more
I'm missing you like a hijacked flight on september 11th
I don't know who got on you but i'm not wrong in thanking them since it

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Maybe it ain't your birthday but then again
Ya know i wouldn't give a fuck
When what i shoulda got is over ya sooner so now
I'm just gonna wrap it up

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[Four minute pause]

This is bam, and hidden track shit dicks out!