

Bloodhound Gang, The Roof Is On Fire

The roof, the roof, the roof is on fire,
The roof, the roof, the roof is on fire,
The roof, the roof, the roof is on fire,
We don't need no water let the motherfucker burn,
Burn motherfucker burn.
Hello my name is Jimmy Pop and I'm a dumb white guy,
I'm not old or new but middle school fifth grade like junior high,
I don't know mofo if y'all peeps be buggin' give props to my ho cause she all fly,
But I can take the heat cause I'm the other white meat known as 'Kid Funky Fried',
Yeah I'm hung like planet Pluto hard to see with the naked eye,
But if I crashed into Uranus I would stick it where the sun don't shine,
Cause I'm kind of like Han Solo always stroking my own wookie,
I'm the root of all that's evil yeah but you can call me cookie,
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The roof, the roof, the roof is on fire,
We don't need no water let the motherfucker burn,
Burn motherfucker burn.
Yo yo this hard-core ghetto gangster image takes a lot of practice,
I'm not black like Barry White no I am white like Frank Black is,
So if man is five and the devil is six than that must make me seven,
This honkey's gone to heaven,
But if I go to hell then I hope I burn well,
I'll spend my days with J.F.K., Marvin Gaye, Martha Raye, and Lawrence Welk,
And Kurt Cobain, Kojak, Mark Twain and Jimi Hendrix's poltergeist,
And Webster yeah Emmanuel Lewis cause he's the anti-christ,
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The roof, the roof, the roof is on fire,
The roof, the roof, the roof is on fire,
We don't need no water let the motherfucker burn,
Burn motherfucker burn.
Everybody here we go,
Ohh Ohh,
C'mon party people,
Ohh Ohh,
Throw your hands in the air,
Ohh Ohh,
C'mon party people,
Ohh Ohh,
Wave 'em like you don't care,
Ohh Ohh,
C'mon party people,
Ohh Ohh,
Everybody say ho,
Ohh Ohh,
C'mon party people,
Ohh Ohh,
Everybody here we go.