

# Bloodhound Gang, We Are The Knuckleheads (B

Who's the knuckleheads?  
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If you would be the peanut butter then I would play the jelly  
I'll peel apart your bread and then I'll penetrate your belly  
Your blood stains mighty bad I wash it off with Coast  
Now I'll take my jelly and spread it on your toast  
No one rhymes faster the mic is my blaster  
So grasp some Shasta the mighty mic master  
Giving ya communion with your lips on my cup  
Pump pump pump pump me up  
Now I drive real slow around 3 O'Clock  
I see the little girlies as I cut across the block  
I love it when they're young  
&quot;Get In!&quot; is what I say  
I think I love it most when there's a pickaxe through their head  
You're a dumb ass stupid Vera and I'm the one that Flo calls Mel  
Puttin' holes right through your body like Harvey Keitel  
You're a broken down Big Wheel I'm a banana-seated Schwinn  
Take the butt of your gun and smash their nose in  
I'm a leggo-Eggo maniac I'm stickier than some Fun Tack  
Trip to the store and get another six pack  
Bomb dropping like at ground zero  
Like Colonel Klink is getting fucked by Hogan's Heroes  
Eenie meanie miney mo you took your shot you missed  
I wasn't a good boy this year I'm not on Santa's list  
I gave your girl some sausage and than I slit your wrists  
Now I'm taking your ass out like my name was Burgeous Meredith  
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Fast fast quick Bic like ass when ya pass gas  
You threw it like a girl that's why you got picked last  
And Mr. Easy does it never did it now did he  
Jesus is coming so look busy  
And you and your chumps are gonna get your lumps  
I got the goose that laid the golden egg you got goose bumps  
Cause I'm black y'all, it's a fact y'all  
And if you try to take what's mine I'll take it back y'all  
I wish all skinheads smelled like Mr. Clean  
And spooks were only out on Halloween  
Cause the whole damn world would be peachy keen  
With Rip Taylor on the cover of every magazine so go  
Rip Rip Rip Taylor  
Rip Rip Rip Taylor  
Rip Taylor Rip Taylor  
Your girlfriend we nailed her  
My mom's got opposable thumbs  
Your mom's Weezie Jefferson  
I'd rather eat fresh heiny chow  
And i ain't crazy about no god damn butthole no how  
Batter roll and whip ya like a fucken' kanoli  
If Satan had a hockey team theni'd be the goalie  
Cause we're dumber than driftwood dumber than your mama

Dumber than a supermodel dumber than Kwanza  
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