

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
"Get In!" 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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