

Bloodhound Gang, I'm The Least You Could Do

It always sucks refolding the kind of map
Needed when i get stuck where the sun don't shine the fact
Is if i just shut up my rubbered stamp could flag you as dumb

It ain't your mind you're givin' me a piece of
As it don't take einstein to know that's just obscene but
It's been buck rogers' time since i hit other than rock bottom

Even the odds of having you against me
With your crotchless jihad on blue balls evidently
Are all mighty good god so angel dust my soul like james brown

Street leagl whore hauling so much stunning ass
Sell yourself short like bridget at the bunny ranch
Do it all fours the satisfaction of getting fouled

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If only life were as easy as you

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I would still get screwed

I don't care if getting under someone that's
Beneath you fits the m.o. of conundrum as
You reckoned this was just a fancy word for rubbers

I aim to get a bang out of working your
Weak spot that sets the bar so low just nerve can score
With no respect since oddly danger feels like pay dirt

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