

Bloodhound Gang, Lift Your Head Up High

Ashes to ashes and funks to funky
Daddy Long Legs is a mean ass honky
And Jimmy Pop ain't no heiny hobbit gaybe
Ain't no big meaty chunks in my thick brown graby
Cause I'm the Loch Ness the Loch Ness the Loch Ness monster
Jerry's kids are knockin' at my door, "Could you be a sponsor?"
tiny bubbles in my tub pull my finger Lawrence Welk
If you wanna look like Rocky Dennis better drink your milk
When I'm feeling oriental I gotta rub my chin
Gonna hold my water n like I'm Gunga Din
So have a taste of my bass cause the girlies got smiles
You're getting on my case like the Rockford Files
Crazy Eddie in the slammer cause he's giving it all away
John boy in the barn with a horse in the hay
No rhyme no reason no job no class
And we don't go near the ghetto cause they'd shoot our ass
Chorus:
Go go yeah yeah huh what?
I'm a legend in my spare time
(repeat)
If you ain't ever been to the suburbs
Don't ever come to the suburbs
ause you wouldn't understand the suburbs
Cause I' a huskin' a huskin' a huskin' your corn
I'm as deep as the plot to a gay porn
So uh-oh Spaghetios I forgot to hide away the body
I know that she's a hotty but damn that girl could party
So come to me momma it ain't no crime
I'm the skilled love doctor growlin' "What's your sign?"
I did the flamin' waffle with Ho Chi Min
Your girl's a dollar bill we don't know where she's been
J.F.K.'s head is a puzzle and your woman needs a muzzle
Barbara Eden in the bottle and now I'm gonna guzzle
You're too what? Shy shy huh what?
Hush hush yea? I knew why
Cause we're playing the Palladium you can't get on Star Search
Daddy Legs standing tall he can do the funky Lurch
And Jimmy Jimmy Pop is short for Jimmy Jimmy Popular
You know I know you know you're not the tough guy that you thought you
were
(Chorus)
Ha cha cha chatch
Come and lick my balls
Vive la my crotch
Cause your daddy thinks I'm lazy your momma thinks I'm crazy
But neither of them know that you are carrying my baby
And I'm the Amos I'm the Andy I'm the sticky Aunt Jemammy
I gave you mouth to mouth like Resuscitation Annie
It takes two of us to do this like Dean Martin Jerry Lewis
And your throat is swollen gloryholen' ya blew us
George Burns' pacemaker beats steady slow and low
That's why we got more hits then a dealer at a Dead show
(Chorus)