

American Bitches

Bloodhound Gang

Raise your hand if you like American bitches
Locked in girl on girl kisses
Well, I do

You're just mad you can't score American bitches
So you're blowing up shit, which
Just goes to prove

That eighteen year old bombs are dynamite
Yes, eighteen year old bombs are dynamite

(What kind of a man sits Indian style?)

Camping with your bros, as your playoff beard grows
Ain't gonna get your whack ass laid
Camping with your bros, as your playoff beard grows
Ain't gonna get your whack ass laid

Trust me holmes, you would kill for American bitches
And the freedom of tits if
You only knew, who (blew?)

That eighteen year old bombs are dynamite
Yes, eighteen year old bombs are dynamite

(What kind of a man sits Indian style?)

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Come to Philadelphia
And fall in love with the unholy
My boy knows this stripper that looks just like Angelina Jolie

Just
Don't bring up
What that club
You belong to does
Dungeons & Dragons

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Ain't gonna get your whack ass laid
Camping with your bros, as your playoff beard grows
Ain't gonna get your whack ass laid

Where I come from bras are booby traps
And soft targets have a bikini wax
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