

Rang Dang

Bloodhound Gang

So set your phasers on kill if ya will so catch the feelin'
Got your head a pumpin' a back and forth until it hits the ceilin'
Now I'm wheelin' dealin' stealin' Johnny's apple seeds
Slapped you with a baseball bat upside the head until it bleeds
Showin' no mercy step like Solomon Grundy
Hit ya with a table leg like I was Ted Bundy
I bludgeoned you you're bloodied you think it's kind of funny
First I'll take your money and then I'll swipe your honey
Dip slip to the A.M. what is that you're sayin'?
You think you start prayin' it's not a game you're playin'
Pump one pump two listen to the shotgun blast
I'll blast that sorry ass when you're all outta gas
I freak like cerebral pals I'll get inside your drawers
For alarm there is no cause I funk like Lou Rawls
Basco Roscoe P. Cotrane
I wish I had a membrane so that I could go insane
Red Light Green Light you know I always win this game
You can be my gingerbread and I'll be your candy cane

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You might say no but I hope you mean maybe

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No chance in hell but I could tell you crave me
Frisky from the whiskey and the thrills you gave me
Taste great but less filling so thrilling
Come unannounced like automatic billing
And you can't do nothin' as I push your buttons
When I talk you're gonna listen like I'm E.F. Hutton
Like Lionel Richie up "All Night Long"
Jimmy Pop don't do nobody wrong
Stop flop flip and flop
Panties drop now I'm on top
So "Wiggle It" just a little bit
I won't kiss your ass to get a piece of it
You said you wanted to do it now you're comin' around to it
I'm the one that sowed the seed but you're the one that grew it
Take it blow by blow like Reginald Denny
I do it all the time how many?
Many Frauleins I'm comin' again like Jesus
And when I resurrect I'll be damned if I don't please ya
Our Jimmy Pop that art in hell hear it
Fill me with your Holy Spirit

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Eenie meanie miney moe
Which of you girls will be my ho?
Cross your fingers grit your teeth
'Cause the Bloodhound Gang makes holes in beef
We make holes in beef
We make holes in beef
We make holes in beef
We make holes in beef
So watch your back straight to the attack
I'll spin you around like your name was Pat Sajak
Tag your ass out and no tag backs
You psycho nymphomaniac

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