

The Roof Is On Fire

Bloodhound Gang

The roof the roof the roof is on fire
The roof the roof the roof is on fire
The roof the roof the roof is on fire
We don't need no water let the motherfucker burn
Burn motherfucker burn

Hello my name is Jimmy Pop and I'm a dumb white guy
I'm not old or new but middle school fifth grade like junior high
I don't know mofo if y'all peeps be buggin' givin' props to my ho 'cause she fly
But I can take the heat 'cause I'm the other white meat known as Kid Funky F ried
Yeah I'm hung like planet Pluto hard to see with the naked eye
But if I crashed into Uranus I would stick it where the sun don't shine
'Cause I'm kind of like Han Solo always strokin' my own Wookiee
I'm the root of all that's evil yeah but you can call me Cookie

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Yo yo this hardcore ghetto gangster image takes a lot of practice
I'm not black like Barry White no I am white like Frank Black is
So if man is five and the Devil is six than that must make me seven
This honky's gone to heaven
But if I go to hell well then I hope I burn well
I'll spend my days with J.F.K., Marvin Gaye, Martha Raye, and Lawrence Welk
And Kurt Cobain, Kojak, Mark Twain and Jimi Hendrix's poltergeist
And Webster yeah Emmanuel Lewis 'cause he's the Anti-Christ

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Everybody here we go
Ohh Ohh
C'mon party people
Ohh Ohh
Throw your hands in the air
Ohh Ohh
C'mon party people
Ohh Ohh
Wave 'em like you don't care
Ohh Ohh
C'mon party people
Ohh Ohh
Everybody say ho
Ohh Ohh
C'mon party people
Ohh Ohh
Everybody here we go