

Bloodhound Gang "Mama Say"

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It goes one two three when I'm kicking the funky lyrics
I'm busting up vocabulary I want you all to hear it
I'm busting up the rhythm 'cause I'm busting up the
rhyme
I'm kicking down the stop posts 'cause I wanna kicks
the time

I'm digging down some knowledge 'cause you know I
never hide it
When I'm pulling down your panties 'cause I want to get
inside it
Like a boa a, boa a, boa constrictor
Gonna drop off your drawers, shoot straight for your
sphincter

I could roll my rhymes but I would be faking
Jimmy, Jimmy Pop is not Jamaican
J I double M Y Pop go
I run the show like Don Pardo

With a Bugaloo Bee on the beboo tip
My hit will make you trip 'cause I'm quadradipped
I'll do the Popeye, Pluto I'll freak the funkfazooto
Not Latino what I mean though fuzzy dice like Menudo

Rubber baby, buggy's bumpers
Punky's Brewsters now I hump her
With my itsy bitsy, teeny weenie
Shrunken small white peenie

So rinse spit swallow brain blank kinda hollow
Not to deep leap wow oh kinda shallow
'Cause we're in your face like Ed Gein
Purple rain, purple rain

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Naughty by nature and white by choice
And the sound of my voice makes your panties moist
'Cause I'm finger lickin' happy like a gay proctologist
So like a dyke with hollow tits I'll rip the mike with hollow
tips

Yeah, he's in control like Sherman Potter
And I got more balls than the Harlem Globetrotters
Jimmy Pop, Jimmy Pop, rah, rah, rah
Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa

Now I'm floating out your pipes like a Village People
sump pump
I always take a swallow 'cause you know I never get
enough
So batter up Bruce Banner if you think you're going to
measure up
You can't be the top dog gotta be the Scooby Pup

Step to the bass drum always gotta have fun
If you add two halves you'll always get the total sum
My steps are correct and my mike is always checked
And when a punk is in effect you know he's gonna get
wrecked

I don't want to start no blasphemous rumors
But I think that Sinbad's got a lousy sense of humor
Little children unattended better get my poison candy
Don't care about y'all as long as we feel dandy

And I get the poon from Judy Blume
Mr Hooper's dead so why don't you give me his broom
So come on chickey baby let's go make some noise
What? No I'm not the guy from the Beastie Boys

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