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Bloodhound Gang "Rang Dang"

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So set your phasers on kill if ya will so catch the feeling Got your head a pumping a back and forth until it hits the ceiling

Now I'm wheeling, dealing, stealing, Johnny's apple seeds

Slapped you with a baseball bat upside the head until it bleeds

Showing 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 kinda 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 saying? You think you start praying, it's not a game you're playing

Pump one, pump two, listen to the shotgun blast I'll blast that sorry ass when you're all outta gas

Well, I freak like cerebral pals, I'll get inside your drawers For alarm there is no, 'cause I funk like Lou Rawl Basco Roscoe P. Coltrane 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 candycane

Rang dang diddlela dang a dang, baby Rang dang diddlela dang a dang, baby Rang dang diddlela dang a dang, baby You might say no but I hope you mean maybe

Rang dang diddlela dang a dang, baby Rang dang diddlela dang a dang, baby Rang dang diddlela dang a dang, baby You might say no but I hope you mean maybe

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 nothing as I push your buttons When I talk you're gonna listen like I'm E.F. Hutton Like Lionel Richie's 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 coming 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 coming again like Jesus And when I resurrect I'll be damned if I don't please you Our Jimmy Pop that art in hell hear it Fill me with your Holy Spirit

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Einie 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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