

## **Bloodhound Gang**

# **"You're Pretty When I'm Drunk"**

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One night me and the crew hit the road on a mission  
To slurp free brew and go fuzzy flounder fishin'  
Kayjees on the hi-fi and the keg was bottomless  
Until we brought Skip O' Pot2mus

And Daddy gonna get some, probably underage and  
dumb

And everybody knows that the Daddy eats his young  
Lupus in the lavatory, makin' a big stink  
Messin' up the toilet seat and poopin' in the sink

M.S.G.'s tanked up and wizzin' in a cup  
Waitin' for a sprinkle genie to come and drink it up  
'Cause I'm the one bottle willy with the 12 Horse Ale  
After that I get silly like Soupy Sales

Now it's midnight and I'm completely boofy blitzed  
A six of Shlitz and the Jew brew Manischewitz  
With my beers, tinted glasses, I'm ready to bitty battle  
I'm hungry like the wolf but I'll end up tending cattle

'Cause you're pretty when I'm drunk  
(You're pretty when I'm drunk)  
You're pretty when I'm drunk  
(You're pretty when I'm drunk)  
You're pretty when I'm drunk  
(You're pretty when I'm drunk)  
You're pretty when I'm drunk  
(And I'm pretty fuckin' drunk)

Here she comes, a funky fried cutie  
Mr.Jimmy Pop Ali is gonna get some booty  
'Cause I'm Mr.Mcfeelite with a speedy delivery  
You'd think I was a ditch, the way this chick was diggin'  
me

But maybe I should check and see if this is where I  
wanna be  
Hey Lupus is she cute? Yeah, for a pygmie  
Aw, what do you know? You're probably goin' home  
alone  
And it wouldn't be the first time that I gave a dog a

bone

Plus beauty, it's only skin deep  
It's in the eye of the beholder and my beholder's about  
to tweak  
I could tap that barrel, in fact I know I can  
It's a ménage à trois, you and me and Heineken

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Regrets I've had a few  
First and foremost I'd like to mention you

For the sake of conversation, we'll call you the Brand  
New Heavy  
You're a mix between an Ugnaut and Eugene Levy  
You can call it big-boned, I prefer to call it gut  
You're Buddha, you're Shamu, you're Jabba the fuckin'  
Hutt

You had harpoon scars and your boobies were hairy  
I smelt tuna melt but I wasn't gonna worry  
It was 3 a.m. and I wasn't gettin' squat  
So I rolled you up in flour and aimed it for the wet spot

I was butterin' rolls like a soup kitchen Christian  
Then it hit me, something bit me while my little rod was  
fishin'  
I was deep sea fishing, I took a fat chance  
But how was I supposed to know that Jabberjaws lived  
in your pants

At that junction I came to realize  
That only Frank Purdue likes thighs that size  
Fatty fatty boom ba latty, I gotta lament  
That you were not a girl, you were an experiment

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(And I'm pretty fuckin' drunk)

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