

Bloodhound Gang "Yummy Down On This"

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Ouch, it won't reach my mouth
If I could do it myself
I'd probably never leave the house
But I can't, so here's where you come in
Giving it different strokes
Just like Arnold Drummond

Hummin', hmm hmm
Good like Campbell's
And you'll handle the sack
Like the quarterback Randall
Cunningham like Joanie loves Chachi
They call him Ralph Mouth
'Cause he's down on potsie

Rocky chasin' the chicken
Watch the plot thicken
With the cock when your lickin'
Me like Apollo your creed my mission
You go down for the count
I countdown ignition

Blast off, you're a rocket scientist
A genius what I mean
Is you suck at this
So escargot
'Cause my snail needs frenchin'
You must be five stars
'Cause my staff's at full attention

Yummy
Down on this
Down on this
Down on this

Yummy
Down on this
Down on this
Down on this

Yummy
Down on this

Down on this
Down on this

Yummy
Down on this
Down on this
Down on this

Dinner for one
I know you got your reservations
Starvation like a third world nation
So do it for the children
And I'll make a donation
My fly's in your eyes
Let me rise to the occasion

In my underoos
I tend to be brief
So when you're sinkin' your teeth
Deep into my beef
You can fondle but it's kind of
Like McDonald's realize it's
Just a Happy Meal
So you can't Super Size it

Told to hold the pickle
Then you went and blew it
Gherkin off and the
Special sauce comes included
But you knew it did
So concentrate like Tropicana
To eat a chiquita
You need to grow the banana

So can ya Bob like Dylan
On my Peter like Criss?
'Til it's Chubby like Checker
C'mon baby do the twist
It's all in the wrist
Like table tennis
So beat me
Like Betty Crocker cake mix

Yummy
Down on this
Down on this
Down on this

Yummy
Down on this
Down on this

Down on this

Yummy

Down on this

Down on this

Down on this

Yummy

Down on this

Down on this

Down on this

Suck it, suck it, suck it

Suck it, suck it, suck it

Suck it, suck it, suck it

Suck it, suck it, suck it

Suck it, suck it, suck it

Suck it, suck it, suck it

Suck it, suck it, suck it

Suck it, suck it, suck it

If you were a Hindu

I could aim for the dot

Yummy down on this

Yummy down on this

Yummy down on this throbbing pole of hot man chicken

And feel free to wiggle dunk these purple bulldog

cheeks

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