

The Bloodhound Gang

"Asleep At The Wheel"

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Yo Bloodhound Gang and Rob Van Winkle together on this track Stop as we drop this bomb Blow up this place like another Vietnam Heavy like a Tyson blow to the dome Back up son give me room give me room To set it off like this don't give it up I'm all up in you till you just can't get enough Real hard to the bone you want more I sneak up on you like a sniper at your back door Phat flavor for your brain you know the time So check the wrath it's for real I'm gonna get mine Roll up on you like Eastwood Blowing up fifteens as I'm riding through your neighborhood I spreads butter like Parkay Real smooth with flow and even when I parlay Do what you feel and check the skill I'm in your grill peep this I got the raw deal I'm in your Jeep Grand Cherokee or Land Cruiser When you're rolling through the hood you want to use a Track like this all up in your eardrum So check the E.Q. and let them speakers hum And gets crazy like Prozac Hype enough to start a party and ill as a heart attack Round one round two knockout Straight to your head my round never lights out Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee Tah rah tah rah tah rah boom dee a Jimmy Jimmy y'all Jimmy damn Jimmy yea Gimme the mic Rob so I can take it away Got more lines than the welfare office Are you upset you'll never get to be as clever as this? Spreadin' quicker than your mom have a feel but don't cop it Yea I stole your beat but that's cause you dropped it Crude as oil unrefined but slick I'm gonna get you from behind like a gay convict Cause my name ain't Quasimodo but I still got a hunch That like the Jim Jones cult I'll take you out with one punch Yo

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