

## **The Bloodhound Gang**

### **"One Way"**

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Jimmy Pop's not a pooper not a pauper but a popper  
And I got more pop than Orville Redenbacher  
And I got more gravy than the whole Gravy Train  
When I'm kooky going loopy like a man insane  
I won't be around when the world ends  
So the only thing that I'll recycle is your girlfriend  
Aww back to the side I jump up I swing  
When I'm using Knockem' Sockem' ya know I'm playing  
it to win  
The Nina the Pinta the Santa Maria  
See you later salamander cause I wouldn't want to be  
ya  
I'm a chip I'm a Pringle cause you know I gots the flavor  
Pop me up in your mouth like I was a Life Saver  
Ain't got no soul but I got more than Don Henley  
I'm whiter than Casper but I'm not that friendly  
Marco Polo you tried to fly solo  
Make your thoughts vocal I'll put ya in a choke hold

One way or another I'm gonna find ya I'm gonna getcha  
getcha getcha getcha  
One way or another I'm gonna find ya I'm gonna getcha  
I'll getcha

I'm a gangster no I'm a gangster bitch  
Your momma gave me head your girlie gave me the  
itch  
So scratch it 'til the bass beats fast listen to the  
shotgun blast  
In the oven you'll get burned or in the tank that you'll  
get gassed  
Fake-o like Bacos never mistake though  
Showing up painted up fresh from Macco  
Now I'm coming in in stereo rounder than a Cheerio  
Quick to fill your fix and I'm dizzier than a merry-go  
Rock this obnoxious I'm truly not nice  
Cause I'm blood sucking evil like Muppets On Ice  
Arriba arriba I'm the under achiever  
Gonna Leave It To Beaver I'm the Daydream Believer  
I'm like Mothra man with my big wingspan  
And your the mother fucking Jap that killed my

offspring Chan

I'm a Menace To Society I'm gonna fill the prophecy  
First I'll drink your Genesee and then I'll take your  
liberty

One way or another I'm gonna find ya I'm gonna getcha  
getcha getcha getcha

One way or another I'm gonna find ya I'm gonna getcha  
I'll getcha

Di Di Mao

You burn village down

You bring family over we all Wang Chung

I'm a tarantula in your Chiquita

And when you're peeling back the skin I'm gonna see  
ya

I'm gonna bite ya I'm gonna bite ya

I'm Jimmy Pop I'll tell you straight up I don't like ya

Cause I'm cold kicking lyrics till the day I die

Many fail to copy but at least they still try

Busting up vocabulary is what I do most

I'm gonna spread your legs like butter and gobble ya  
up like toast

You went for the cherry you went bobbing for the apple

But the apple it be rotten and you had to eat the  
scrappple

Scrapple? Pig meat from a pig pen hog leftovers your  
girlfriend

So I flex to the effects and I don't care what nobody  
thinks

I'm eating up your sherbert and dropping all your  
Tiddiley Winks

Whoops goes my arm I think it's outta socket

Come over little girlie I got some candy in my pocket

One way or another I'm gonna find ya I'm gonna getcha  
getcha getcha getcha

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