

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

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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
scrapple

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

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