

The 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's gonna get some probably underage and
dumb
And everybody knows that the Daddy eats his young
Lupus in the lavatory making a big stink
Macing up the toilet seat and pooping in the sink
M.S.G.'s tanked up and wizzin' in a cup
Waiting 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 beer-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. McFeelie 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? Yea for a pygmie
Aw! What do you know? You're probably going 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 m@n@ge Ã trois you and me and Heineken

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(and I'm pretty fuckin' drunk)

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
Your 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 buttering 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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