

Gang Bloodhound

"I Hope You Die"

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You must die I alone am best!

I hope ya flip some guy the bird

He cuts you off and you're forced to swerve

In front of the Beatles' tour bus

A Bookmobile and a Mack truck

Hauling hazardous biological waste

The light turns red you have no brakes

And "Hard Copy" gets it all on tape

So you can see the look on your face

Die Die Die Die Die Die Die

Die Die Die Die Die Die Die

I hope your Pinto begins to spin

Takes out a disabled Vietnam Veteran

Mows down a Nobel Peace Prize Winner

And maybe some orphans having Christmas dinner

Perhaps even the British Royal Family

And the Rabbi that's clutching the bottle-fed puppy

And we can't forget the newlyweds

And those Jerry's Kids are as good as dead

I hope this helps to emphasize

I hope this helps to clarify

I hope you die

I hope your cellmate thinks he's God

But C.N.N. refer to him as "Bowling Ball Bag Bob"

Serving time again for abuse of a corpse

Only this time the victim's a Clydesdale horse

While he masturbates to photos of livestock

He does the "Silence of the Lambs" dance to Christian
Rock

Eats feces and quotes from "Deliverance"

And fights with his imaginary playmate Vince

Die Die Die Die Die Die Die Die

Die Die Die Die Die Die Die Die

I hope he grins like Jack Nicholson

And forces you to play a game called "Balls On Chin"

And whatever happens next is all a blur

But you remember "fist" can be a verb

And when you finally regain consciousness

You're bound and gagged in a wedding dress

And the prison guard looks the other way

'Cause he's the guy ya flipped the bird the other day

I hope this helps to emphasize

I hope this helps to clarify

I hope you die

I hope you die

