

## Gang Bloodhound

### "Mama Say"

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It goes one two three when I'm kicking the funky lyrics

I'm busting up vocabulary I want you all to hear it

I'm busting up the rhythm 'cause I'm busting up the rhyme

I'm kicking down the stop posts cause I wanna kicks the time

I'm digging down some knowledge cause you know I never hide it

When i'm pulling down your panties 'cause I want to get inside it

Like a boa a boa a boa constrictor

Gonna drop off your drawers shoot straight for your sphincter

I could roll my rhymes but I would be faking

Jimmy Jimmy Pop is not Jamaican

J I double M Y Pop go

I run the show like Don Pardo

With a Bugaloo Bee on the beboo tip

My hit will make you trip cause I'm quadradipped

I'll do the Popeye Pluto I'll freak the funkfazooto

Not Latino what I mean though fuzzy dice like Menudo

Rubber baby buggy's bumpers

Punky's Brewsters now I hump her

With my itsy bitsy teeny weenie shrunken small white  
peenie

So rinse spit swallow brain blank kinda hollow

Not to deep leap wow oh kinda shallow

Cause we're in your face like Ed Gein

Purple rain purple rain

Mama say mama sa mama cu sa

Mama say mama sa mama cu sa

Naughty by nature and white by choice

And the sound of my voice makes your panties moist

Cause I'm finger lickin' happy like a gay proctologist

So like a dyke with hollow tits I'll rip the mike with hollow  
tips

Yeah he's in control like Sherman Potter

And I got more balls than the Harlem Globetrotters

Jimmy Pop Jimmy Pop rah rah rah

Mama say mama sa mama cu sa

Now I'm floating out your pipes like a Village People  
sump pump

I always take a swallow cause you know I never get  
enough

So batter up Bruce Banner if you think you're going to  
measure up

You can't be the top dog gotta be the Scooby Pup

Step to the bass drum always gotta have fun

If you add two halves you'll always get the total sum

My steps are correct and my mike is always checked

And when a punk is in effect you know he's gonna get  
wrecked

I don't want to start no blasphemous rumors  
But I think that Sinbad's got a lousy sense of humor  
Little children unattended better get my poison candy  
Don't care about y'all as long as we feel dandy  
And I get the poon from Judy Blume  
Mr Hooper's dead so why don't you give me his broom  
So come on chickey baby let's go make some noise  
What? No I'm not the guy from the Beastie Boys  
Mama say mama sa mama cu sa  
Mama say mama sa mama cu sa

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