

Gang Bloodhound

"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
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
I'll getcha

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