

# I Hope You Die

Bloodhound Gang

...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!,  
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!.