

One Way

Bloodhound Gang

Ein. Zwei. Drei.

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 goin' loopy like a man insane
Ha ha I won't be around when the world ends
So the only thing that I recycle is your girlfriend
Aw yeah back to the side I jump up I swing
When I'm usin' Knock 'Em Sock 'Em ya know I'm playin' 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 LifeSaver
I 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 chokehold

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 back 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 oh like Bacos never mistake though
Showin' up painted up fresh from Maaco
Now I'm comin' in on 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 suckin' 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 you're the motherfuckin' Jap that killed my offspring Chan
I'm a "Menace II Society" gonna fill the prophecy
First I'll drink your Genesee and then I'll take your liberty

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Dii dii mao. You burn village down. You bring family over. We all Wang Chung

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I'm a tarantula tarantula in your Chiquita 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 kickin' lyrics 'til the day I die
Many fail to copy but at least they still try
Bustin' up vocabulary is what I do most
I'm gonna spread your legs like butter and gobble ya up like toast

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You went for the cherry you went bobbin' 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 eatin' all your sherbet and droppin' all your Tiddly Winks
Whoop goes my arm I think it's outta socket
Come over here little girlie I got some candy in my pocket

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