

We Are the Knuckleheads

Bloodhound Gang

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If you would be the peanut butter then I would play the jelly
I'll peel apart your bread and then I'll penetrate your belly
Your blood stains mighty bad I wash it off with Coast
Now I'll take my jelly and spread it on your toast
No one rhymes faster the mic is my blaster
So grasp some Shasta the mighty mic master
Givin' ya communion with your lips on my cup
Pump pump pump pump me up
Now if you're the waterboy then I'm the heavyweight contender
I'm gonna mix you all up like a Black and Decker blender
If you would be the Telstar then I'd have to be Defender
I'll be out in just four weeks I was a first offender
You're a dumb ass stupid Vera and I'm the one that Flo calls Mel
Puttin' holes right through your body like Harvey Keitel
You're a broken down Big Wheel I'm a banana-seated Schwinn
Take the butt of your gun and smash their nose in
I'm a Lego Eggo maniac I'm stickier than some Fun Tak
Trip to the store and get another six pack
Bomb droppin' like at Ground Zero
Like Colonel Klink is gettin' fucked by "Hogan's Heroes"
Oh eenie meanie miney moe ya took your shot ya missed
I wasn't a good boy this year I'm not on Santa's list
I gave your girl some sausage and then I slit your wrists
Now I'll take your ass out like my name was Burgess Meredith

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Fast fast quick Bic light ass when ya pass gas
You threw it like a girl that's why ya got picked last
And Mr. Easy Does It never did it now did he
Jesus is coming so look busy
And you and your chumps are gonna get your lumps
I got "The Goose That Laid The Golden Egg" ya got goosebumps
'Cause I'm black y'all it's a fact y'all
And if ya try to take what's mine I'll take it back y'all
I wish all skinheads smelled like Mr. Clean
And that girl from Jersey really was nineteen
'Cause the whole damn world would be peachy keen
With Rip Taylor on the cover of every magazine
So go Rip Rip Rip Rip Taylor
Rip Rip Rip Rip Taylor

Rip Taylor Rip Taylor
Your girlfriend we nailed her
My mom's got opposable thumbs
Your mom's Weezie Jefferson
I'd rather eat fresh heiny chow
And I ain't crazy about no God damn butthole no how
Batter roll and whip ya like a fuckin' cannoli
If Satan had a hockey team then I'd be the goalie
'Cause we're dumber than driftwood dumber than your mama
Dumber than a supermodel dumber than Kwanzaa

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