

We're Gonna Bring the Party to You

Bloodhound Gang

Hold up, how do I look?
Fucked up like Bobby Brown's cheque book
Ozzy Osbourne stopped doing Mai-Tai-Chi
The type that made Diddy lose his P
Where we are is where the line begins
This ain't your Mom (not any dick gets in)
Then there's no way you'll get past her
She'll dress like an extra from a beer commercial

Here comes trouble, shut the front door
You need to not give a shit a little more
Tomorrow's not here and yesterday's gone
It's half past fuck it with the caps lock on

V-I-P between two bean diddlers
Fucking with them forties like Adolf Hitler
Retard and feathered, withdrawn and quartered
Hands in the air like we jumped the border
J-Lo rent's got something to show me
While her fat friend pretends that she doesn't know me
Do it for Johnny! Bring it home for Jerome!
Fuck them college girls like Stafford Loans

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Tomorrow's not here and yesterday's gone
It's half past fuck it with the caps lock on

An asshole, why sure what's that?
What would Johnny Cash do?
We're gonna bring the party to you!
You'll be pissing someone else's blood before we're through
We're gonna bring the party to you!

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Up out on the roof, twist off the wine tops
Slow dance with girls as the Miami bass drops
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[x2]