One Way

Bloodhound Gang

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 yeah, back to the side I jump up, I swing
When I'm using knock 'em sock 'em ya know I'm playing it to winThe 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 got 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 holdOne 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 getchaI'm a gangster, no, I'm a gangster bitch
Your momma gave me head, your girlie gave me the itch
So scratch it till 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 comin' in in stereo, rounder than a Cheerio
Quick to fill your fix and I'm dizzier than a merry-goRock 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 libertyOne 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 getchaDi 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 toastYou went for the cherry, you went bobbing for the apple
But the apple it be rotten and you had to eat the scrappple
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' up your sherbert and dropping all your Tiddiley Winks
Whoops goes my arm, I think it's outta socket
Come over here little girlie I got some candy in my pocketOne 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 getchaOne 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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