## I Hope You Die

## **Bloodhound Gang**

You must die, I alone am bestI hope you 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 truckHauling 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 faceDie die lope vour Pinto begins to spin Takes out a disabled Vietnam veteran Mows down a Nobel Peace Prize winner And maybe some orphans having Christmas dinnerPerhaps 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 deadI hope this helps to emphasize I hope this helps to clarify I hope you dieI hope your cell mate thinks he's God But CNN refer to him as 'Bowling Ball Bag Bob' Serving time again for abuse of a corpse Only this time the victim's a Clydesdale horseWhile 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 VinceDie die lope 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 verbAnd 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 you flipped the bird the other dayI hope this helps to emphasize I hope this helps to clarify I hope you dieI hope you die

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