

# Yummy Down On This

## Bloodhound Gang

Ouch, it won't reach my mouth  
If I could do it myself  
I'd probably never leave the house  
But I can't, so here's where you come in  
Giving it different strokes  
Just like Arnold DrummondHummin', hmm hmm  
Good like Campbell's  
And you'll handle the sack  
Like the quarterback Randall  
Cunningham like Joanie loves Chachi  
They call him Ralph Mouth  
'Cause he's down on potsieRocky chasin' the chicken  
Watch the plot thicken  
With the cock when your lickin'  
Me like Apollo your creed my mission  
You go down for the count  
I countdown ignitionBlast off, you're a rocket scientist  
A genius what I mean  
Is you suck at this  
So escargot  
'Cause my snail needs frenchin'  
You must be five stars  
'Cause my staff's at full attentionYummy  
Down on this  
Down on this  
Down on thisYummy  
Down on this  
Down on this  
Down on thisYummy  
Down on this  
Down on this  
Down on thisYummy  
Down on this  
Down on this  
Down on thisDinner for one  
I know you got your reservations  
Starvation like a third world nation  
So do it for the children  
And I'll make a donation

My fly's in your eyes  
Let me rise to the occasion  
In my underoos  
I tend to be brief  
So when you're sinkin' your teeth  
Deep into my beef  
You can fondle but it's kind of  
Like McDonald's realize it's  
Just a Happy Meal  
So you can't Super Size it  
Told to hold the pickle  
Then you went and blew it  
Gherkin off and the  
Special sauce comes included  
But you knew it did  
So concentrate like Tropicana  
To eat a chiquita  
You need to grow the banana  
So can ya Bob like Dylan  
On my Peter like Criss?  
'Til it's Chubby like Checker  
C'mon baby do the twist  
It's all in the wrist  
Like table tennis  
So beat me  
Like Betty Crocker cake mix  
Yummy  
Down on this  
Down on this  
Down on this  
Yummy  
Down on this  
Down on this  
Down on this  
Yummy  
Down on this  
Down on this  
Down on this  
Yummy  
Down on this  
Down on this  
Down on this  
Suck it, suck it, suck it  
Suck it, suck it, suck it  
Suck it, suck it, suck it  
Suck it, suck it, suck it  
Suck it, suck it, suck it  
Suck it, suck it, suck it  
Suck it, suck it, suck it  
Suck it, suck it, suck it  
Suck it, suck it, suck it  
Suck it, suck it, suck it  
If you were a Hindu  
I could aim for the dot  
Yummy down on this  
Yummy down on this  
Yummy down on this  
Yummy down on this  
throbbing pole of hot man chicken  
And feel free to wiggle dunk these purple bulldog cheeks

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