

You're Pretty When I'm Drunk

Bloodhound Gang

One night me and the crew hit the road on a mission
To slurp free brew and go fuzzy flounder fishin'
Kayjees on the hi-fi and the keg was bottomless
Until we brought Skip O' Pot2musAnd Daddy gonna get some, probably underage and dumb
And everybody knows that the Daddy eats his young
Lupus in the lavatory, makin' a big stink
Messin' up the toilet seat and poopin' in the sinkM.S.G.'s tanked up and wizzin' in a cup
Waitin' for a sprinkle genie to come and drink it up
'Cause I'm the one bottle willy with the 12 Horse Ale
After that I get silly like Soupy SalesNow it's midnight and I'm completely boofy blitzed
A six of Shlitz and the Jew brew Manischewitz
With my beers, tinted glasses, I'm ready to bitty battle
I'm hungry like the wolf but I'll end up tending cattle'Cause you're pretty when I'm drunk

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You're pretty when I'm drunk

(And I'm pretty fuckin' drunk)Here she comes, a funky fried cutie

Mr.Jimmy Pop Ali is gonna get some booty

'Cause I'm Mr.Mcfeelie with a speedy delivery

You'd think I was a ditch, the way this chick was diggin' meBut maybe I should check and see if this is where I
wanna be

Hey Lupus is she cute? Yeah, for a pygmie

Aw, what do you know? You're probably goin' home alone

And it wouldn't be the first time that I gave a dog a bonePlus beauty, it's only skin deep

It's in the eye of the beholder and my beholder's about to tweak

I could tap that barrel, in fact I know I can

It's a mnage trois, you and me and Heineken'Cause you're pretty when I'm drunk

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(And I'm pretty fuckin' drunk)Regrets I've had a few

First and foremost I'd like to mention youFor the sake of conversation, we'll call you the Brand New Heavy

You're a mix between an Ugnaut and Eugene Levy

You can call it big-boned, I prefer to call it gut
You're Buddha, you're Shamu, you're Jabba the fuckin' Hutt
You had harpoon scars and your boobies were
hairy
I smelt tuna melt but I wasn't gonna worry
It was 3 a.m. and I wasn't gettin' squat
So I rolled you up in flour and aimed it for the wet spot
I was butterin' rolls like a soup kitchen Christian
Then it hit me, something bit me while my little rod was fishin'
I was deep sea fishing, I took a fat chance
But how was I supposed to know that Jabberjaws lived in your pants
At that junction I came to realize
That only Frank Purdue likes thighs that size
Fatty fatty boom ba latty, I gotta lament
That you were not a girl, you were an experiment
Cause you're pretty when I'm drunk
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