

# I Hope You Die

## Jinks Feat. Beautiful

You must die, I alone am best  
I 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 truck  
    Hauling 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 face  
    Die die die die die die  
    Die die die die die die  
    I hope your Pinto begins to spin  
    Takes out a disabled Vietnam veteran  
    Mows down a Nobel Peace Prize winner  
And maybe some orphans having Christmas dinner  
    Perhaps 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 dead  
    I hope this helps to emphasize  
    I hope this helps to clarify  
    I hope you die

I 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 horse  
    While 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 Vince  
    Die die die die die die  
    Die die die die die die  
    I hope 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 verb  
    And 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 day  
I hope this helps to emphasize  
I hope this helps to clarify  
I hope you die  
I hope you die

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