

# We Are The Knuckleheads

## Bloodhound Gang

Who's the knuckleheads?

We are the knuckleheads

Who's the knuckleheads?

We are the knuckleheads

Who's the knuckleheads?

We are the knuckleheads

Who's the knuckleheads?

We're the knuckleheads

If you would be the peanut butter then I would play the jelly

I'll peel apart your bread and then I'll penetrate your belly

Your blood stains mighty bad I wash it off with Coast

Now I'll take my jelly and spread it on your toast

No one rhymes faster the mic is my blaster

So grasp some Shasta the mighty mic master

Giving ya communion with your lips on my cup

Pump pump pump pump me up

Now if you're the waterboy then I'm the heavyweight contender

I'm gonna mix you all up like a Black And Decker blender

If you would be the Telstar then I'd have to be Defender

I'll be out in just four weeks I was a first offender

Your a dumb ass stupid Vera and I'm the one that Flo calls Mel

Puttin' holes right through your body like Harvey Keitel

You're a broken down Big Wheel I'm a banana-seated Schwinn

Take the butt of your gun and smash their nose in

I'm a leggo-Eggo maniac I'm stickier than some Fun Tack

Trip to the store and get another six pack

Bomb dropping like at ground zero

Like Colonel Klink is getting fucked by Hogan's Heroes

Eenie meanie miney mo you took your shot you missed

I wasn't a good boy this year I'm not on Santa's list

I gave your girl some sausage and than I slit your wrists

Now I'm taking your ass out like my name was Burgeous Meredith

Who's the knuckleheads?

We are the knuckleheads

Who's the knuckleheads?

We are the knuckleheads

Who's the knuckleheads?

We are the knuckleheads

Who's the knuckleheads?

We're the knuckleheads  
Fast fast quick Bic like ass when ya pass gas  
You threw it like a girl that's why you got picked last  
And Mr. Easy does it never did it now did he  
Jesus is coming so look busy  
And you and your chumps are gonna get your lumps  
I got the goose that laid the golden egg you got goose bumps  
'Cause I'm black why'all, it's a fact why'all  
And if you try to take what's mine I'll take it back why'all  
I wish all skinheads smelled like Mr. Clean  
And that girl from Jersey really was nineteen  
'Cause the whole damn world would be peachy keen  
With Rip Taylor on the cover of every magazine so go  
Rip Rip Rip Taylor  
Rip Rip Rip Taylor  
Rip Taylor Rip Taylor  
Your girlfriend we nailed her  
My mom's got opposable thumbs  
Your mom's Weezie Jefferson  
I'd rather eat fresh heiny chow  
And I ain't crazy about no god damn butthole no how  
Batter roll and whip ya like a fuckin' kanoli  
If Satan had a hockey team theni'd be the goalie  
'Cause we're dumber than driftwood dumber than your mama  
Dumber than a supermodel dumber than Kwanza  
Who's the knuckleheads?  
We are the knuckleheads  
Who's the knuckleheads?  
We are the knuckleheads  
Who's the knuckleheads?  
We are the knuckleheads  
Who's the knuckleheads?  
We are the knuckleheads

Songwriters

FRANKS, JAMES M. / BOWE, MICHAEL Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>