

I Hope You Die

The Bloodhound Gang

You must die I alone am best!

I hope ya 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 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 cellmate thinks he's God
But C.N.N. 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 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 ya flipped the bird the other day

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