

American Bitches

Bloodhound Gang

[Verse 1]

Raise your hand if you like American bitches
Locked in girl on girl kisses
Well, I do You're just mad you can't score American bitches
So you're blowing up shit, which
Just goes to prove That eighteen year old bombs are dynamite
Yes, eighteen year old bombs are dynamite
(What kind of a man sits Indian style?)[Chorus]
Camping with your bros, as your playoff beard grows
Ain't gonna get your wack ass laid
Camping with your bros, as your playoff beard grows
Ain't gonna get your wack ass laid [Verse 2]
Trust me holmes, you would kill for American bitches
And the freedom of tits if
You only knew, who-hoo That eighteen year old bombs are dynamite
Yes, eighteen year old bombs are dynamite
(What kind of a man sits Indian style?)[Chorus][Verse 3]
Come to Infidelphia
And fall in love with the unholy
My boy knows this stripper that looks just like Angelina Jolie [Bridge]
Just
Don't bring up
What that club
You belong to does...
Dungeons & Dragons [Chorus][Outro]
Where I come from bras are booby traps
And soft targets have a bikini wax
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