

Mope

Bloodhound Gang

We gonna drop this next bomb
For a money makin' playa that ain't with us no mo'
Yeah, Notorious B.I.G. Hell no, we gonna do this
For a gangbangin' thug that never seen it comin'
Yeah, Tupac Shakur Nah bitch, I'm talkin' 'bout
Motherfuckin' Falco and shit
What? Falco? Ooh, rock me, Amadeus, ooh, rock me, Amadeus
Ooh, rock me, Amadeus, ooh, rock me, Amadeus
Ooh, rock me, Amadeus, ooh, rock me, Amadeus
Ooh, rock me, Amadeus, ooh, rock me, Amadeus
Ooh, rock me, Amadeus Tried to OD on the Cold-Eeze
'Golden Girls' got me 'Sweatin' To The Oldies'
Hanging out like Double Ds sip Long Island Iced Teas
Wrote to Mayor McCheese "Send a Shamrock Shake please" Three o' clock on the dot, time to cruise for eighth
graders
Rather tape the Weather Channel so that I can watch it later
Reruns of reruns, so what's happenin'?
Dee's knocked up and Rog on crack again Deep throat a whole Nutty Buddy
Make whoopie to a batch of Silly Putty
Make a Spam and Colgate sandwich and ate it
Go through "National Geographic" and draw panties on the natives So I like to dance naked in front of my pets
But my cat was inattentive so I sent him U.P.S.
Playin' 'spin the bottle' with my mom
I watch "Cops" with no pants on Must've blown a fuse nothing going on
Lamer than the Pope, climb the walls like King Kong
Buggin' out like Tori Spelling's eyes
Deader than the parents on a 'Party of Five' Luciano Pavarotti on a treadmill
Not going nowhere, slim chance we will
Less hip than Bo Jackson, bored like wood
Dick around like 'Frankie Goes To Hollywood' Relax, don't do it, when you wanna go to it
Relax, don't do it, when you wanna come
Relax, don't do it, when you wanna go to it
Relax, don't do it, when you wanna come Nowhere to go, I can't wake up late
Just sit around and wait for my Old Spice to activate
Stalemate, jailbait in 'My So-Called Life' imprisonment
Amazing what a good breakfast pickles make, isn't it? I like to pretend I'm speed reading
Never lose the sight of the thrill of sneezing
Don't need a shower today, just some Brut by Faberge
Smell the ass of my jeans, clean, they'll do another day And I recycle, I sniff my own farts

I dial the wrong number, hope a conversation starts
I mean I might as well be listenin' to Journey
Givin' myself a mullet hook the Flowbee to the Kirby
Make a prank call pretendin' I'm a mime
Get stuck in traffic just to pass the time
Sent a letter in the mail in Braille to Johnny Quest
Send me back my Etch-A-Sketch
Must've blown a fuse, nothing's going on
Lamer than the Pope, climb the walls like King Kong
Buggin' out like Tori Spelling's eyes
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Dick around like Frankie Goes To Hollywood
Relax, don't do it, when you wanna go to it
Relax, don't do it, when you wanna come
Relax, don't do it, when you wanna go to it
Relax, don't do it, when you wanna come
I'm mighty tighty whitey and I'm smugglin' plums
When you wanna cum
I'm mighty tighty whitey and I'm smugglin' plums
When you wanna cum
I'm mighty tighty whitey and I'm smugglin' plums
When you wanna cum
Yo yo yo yo! What it is, motherfuckers?
Aww shit, here comes Pac-Man
Hey Pac-Man, what's up?
Me, you bitches, I'm high on crack, wanna freebase?
No Pac-Man, drugs are bad, nope, can't help you man
Pussies, whoa, holy shit!
Must've blown a fuse, nothing's going on
Lamer than the Pope, climb the walls like King Kong
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Relax, don't do it, when you wanna go to it
Relax, don't do it, when you wanna come
Relax, don't do it, when you wanna go to it
Relax, don't do it, when you wanna cum
Holy macaroni, holy macaroni
Holy macaroni, holy macaroni
Holy macaroni, holy macaroni
Holy macaroni, holy macaroni

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