Mama Say

Bloodhound Gang

It goes one two three when I'm kicking the funky lyrics
I'm busting up vocabulary I want you all to hear it
I'm busting up the rhythm 'cause I'm busting up the rhyme
I'm kicking down the stop posts 'cause I wanna kicks the time
I'm digging down some knowledge 'cause you know I never hide it
When I'm pulling down your panties 'cause I want to get inside it
Like a boa a, boa a, boa constrictor
Gonna drop off your drawers, shoot straight for your sphincter
I could roll my rhymes but I would be faking
Jimmy, Jimmy Pop is not Jamaican
J I double M Y Pop go
I run the show like Don Pardo
With a Bugaloo Bee on the beboo tip
My hit will make you trip 'cause I'm quadradipped
I'll do the Popeye, Pluto I'll freak the funkfazooto
Not Latino what I mean though fuzzy dice like Menudo
Rubber baby, buggy's bumpers
Punky's Brewsters now I hump her
With my itsy bitsy, teeny weenie
Shrunken small white peenie
So rinse spit swallow brain blank kinda hollow
Not to deep leap wow oh kinda shallow
'Cause we're in your face like Ed Gein
Purple rain, purple rain
Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa
(Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa)
Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa
(Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa)
Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa
(Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa)
Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa
(Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa)
Naughty by nature and white by choice
And the sound of my voice makes your panties moist
'Cause I'm finger lickin' happy like a gay proctologist
So like a dyke with hollow tits I'll rip the mike with hollow tips
Yeah, he's in control like Sherman Potter
And I got more balls then the Harlem Globetrotters
Jimmy Pop, Jimmy Pop, rah, rah, rah

Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa

Now I'm floating out your pipes like a Village People sump pump
I always take a swallow 'cause you know I never get enough
So batter up Bruce Banner if you think you're going to measure up
You can't be the top dog gotta be the Scooby Pup
Step to the bass drum always gotta have fun
If you add two halves you'll always get the total sum
My steps are correct and my mike is always checked
And when a punk is in effect you know he's gonna get wrecked
I don't want to start no blasphemous rumors
But I think that Sinbad's got a lousy sense of humor
Little children unattended better get my poison candy
Don't care about y'all as long as we feel dandy
And I get the poon from Judy Blume
Mr Hooper's dead so why don't you give me his broom
So come on chickey baby let's go make some noise
What? No I'm not the guy from the Beastie Boys
Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa
(Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa)
Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa
(Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa)
Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa
(Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa)
Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa
(Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa)
Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa
(Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa)
Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa
(Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa)
Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa
Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa
Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa
Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa
Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa
Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa
Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa
Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa
Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa
Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa
Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa
Mama say, mama sa, mama cu sa

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/