

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)
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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

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