

I'm The Least You Could Do

Bloodhound Gang

It always sucks refolding the kind of map
Needed when i get stuck where the sun don't shine the fact
Is if i just shut up my rubbered stamp could flag you as dumbIt ain't your mind you're givin' me a piece of
As it don't take Einstein to know that's just obscene but
It's been Buck Rogers' time since i hit other than rock bottomEven the odds of having you against me
With your crotchless jihad on blue balls evidently
Are all mighty good god so angel dust my soul like James BrownStreet legal whore hauling so much stunning
ass

Sell yourself short like Bridget at the Bunny Ranch
Do it all fours the satisfaction of getting fouledI'm the least you could do
If only life were as easy as you
I'm the least you could do, oh yeah
If only life were as easy as you
I would still get screwedI don't care if getting under someone that's
Beneath you fits the m.o. of conundrum as
You reckoned this was just a fancy word for rubbersI aim to get a bang out of working your
Weak spot that sets the bar so low just nerve can score
With no respect since oddly danger feels like pay dirtI'm the least you could do
If only life were as easy as you
I'm the least you could do, oh yeah
If only life were as easy as you
I'm the least you could do
If only life were as easy as you
I'm the least you could do, oh yeah
If only life were as easy as you
If onlyWhen my fumbling breaks you should
I thank your dad for the damaged goods
When my fumbling breaks you should
I thank your dad for the damaged goods
When my fumbling breaks you should
I thank your dad for the damaged goods
When my fumbling breaks you should
I thank your dad for the damaged goods

Songwriters

FRANKS, JAMES M.Published by

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>