

Hey Ya Ho (feat. Chris Redd)

The Lonely Island

Yeah, yeah, whatRock hard, bitch disregard everything
Anything, anyone, everyone got a gun
Shit, don't have to tell me shit
Rip out my dick and take a shit
Think I'm not a alien, fuck you trick
I just took a shit (I'm a motherfucking dick)
My grandmama is hot it makes me sick
It makes me wanna make out with her and suck on her tits
But that's just me, I'm Hunter the hungry
Rather fuck you cause your girlfriend is fugly
Which in my books if for fun and giggly
Hehe-hehe-hehe
Teepee, teepee where I live
Eat raw meat like the Indians did, bitch
Hey ya, hey ya, hey ya ho
Hey ya, hey ya, hey ya ho
Hey ya, hey ya, hey ya ho
Hey ya, hey ya, hey ya ho, fuck your ho
Hey ya, hey ya, hey ya ho
Hey ya, hey ya, hey ya ho
Hey ya, hey ya, hey ya ho
Hey ya, hey ya, hey ya ho, what's up broNot a god damn thing
Not a god damn thing
Not a god damn thing
Not a god damn thing
Not a god damn thing
Not a god damn thing
Not a god damn thing
Not a god damn thing
Call friend, ring ding ding ding (Hello?)
I'm the lawnmower man, only more perverted
If you ain't seen that flick then your head is hurting
Fuck your whole team and that horse you rode in on
Seriously the horse looks great
I wanna fuck right now
Your horse looks great so you better get down
Song was a hit even though I gave a shit when I wrote it
Hey ya, hey ya, hey ya ho
Hey ya, hey ya, hey ya ho
Hey ya, hey ya, hey ya ho
Hey ya, hey ya, hey ya ho, fuck your ho
Hey ya, hey ya, hey ya ho

Hey ya, hey ya, hey ya ho
Hey ya, hey ya, hey ya ho
Hey ya, hey ya, hey ya ho, what's up bro

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>