

**American Bitches**  
**Bloodhound Gang**

*verse 1*

**G** **D** **C** **C**  
Raise your hand if you like American bitches  
**G** **D**  
Locked in girl on girl kisses  
**C** **Am**  
Well, I do

**G** **D** **C** **C**  
You re just mad you can t score American bitches  
**G** **D**  
So you re blowing up shit, which  
**C** **Am**  
Just goes to prove

**C** **Am** **G** **D**  
That eighteen year old bombs are dynamite  
**C** **Am** **G** **D**  
Yes, eighteen year old bombs are dynamite  
**D**  
What kind of a man sits Indian style?

*Chorus*

**G** **D** **C**  
Camping with your bros, as your playoff beard grows  
**Am**  
Ain t gonna get your wack ass laid  
**G** **D** **C**  
Camping with your bros, as your playoff beard grows  
**Am** **Em** **Em**  
Ain t gonna get your wack ass laid

*verse 2*

Trust me holmes, you would kill for American bitches  
And the freedom of tits if  
You only knew, who-hoo

That eighteen year old bombs are dynamite  
Yes, eighteen year old bombs are dynamite  
(What kind of a man sits Indian style?)

*Chorus*

*verse 3*

**C**  
Come to Infidelphia  
**Am**

And fall in love with the unholy

**G**

**D**

My boy knows this stripper that looks just like Angelina Jolie

Bridge

**C**

Just

**Am**

Don t bring up

**G**

What that club

**D**

You belong to does...

**D**

Dungeons & Dragons

*Chorus*

Outro

**G**

**D**

**C**

Where I come from bras are booby traps

**Am**

x4

And soft targets have a bikini wax