

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
And soft targets have a bikini wax

x4