

Weatus, Punk Ass Bitch

she wriggles and she wraggles
she giggles and she gaggles
you stand and watch her pass by
your line of vision ass-eye
you think that 'cause she smiles
that you turn all her dials
but you don't see them later
while in the elevator
you nag her and you swag her
you think you're gonna shag her
a man about the town-a
get funky, let's get down-a
machismo and machasma
it turns into miasma
but you have got class, no style
no social skills, no comprehension

chorus:

i can't deal with this idiot
yeah, i must admit
that he's a punk ass bitch

you open up your mouth-a
amazed at what comes out-a
it's just a testimony
that you're full of bologna
that you're a stupid shit-ass
a meato, guido, pass-gas
that you have got no class, no style
no social skills, no comprehension

repeat chorus X2

you know you want to spangle
but you can't seem to angle
one gives you attitude-a
your reason to be rude-a
you think that 'cause she smiles
that you turn all her dials
but you don't see them later
while in the elevator
you nag her and you swag her
you think you're gonna shag her
a man about the town-a
get funky, let's get down-a
machismo and machasma
it turns into miasma
but you have got class, no style
no social skills, no comprehension
you open up your mouth-a
amazed at what comes out-a
it's just a testimony
that you're full of bologna
that you're a stupid shit-ass
a meato, guido, pass-gas
that you have got no class, no style
no social skills, no comprehension

chorus X2