Weatus, Punk Ass Bitch

she wriggles and she wraggles she gigglesand 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, quido, pass-gas that you have got no class, no style no social skills, no comprehension

chorus X2