

The Arrogant Sons Of Bitches, Go Ska!

pick it up, pick it up
pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, pick it up and give me a pizza
give me a, give me a steak
yeah, that's what i meant to say, that must be it

I heard a rumor and it's hard to ignore
everybody is saying punk's not cool anymore
So I called all my friends just to make sure
then I went down to the record store
Took all my CDs of Rancid and traded them in for Inspector 7
Shaved off my Mohawk, I got a bald head
got a tattoo that says "I'm gonna skank till I'm dead"

Nobody likes the punks these days
LET'S GO SKA WE CAN START TODAY!
I wanna be cook in a Rastafarian way
LET'S GO SKA, MAN WE CAN START TODAY!

YEAHHHHHHHHH

Hey what's the matter little bugger?
I wanna learn how to skank!
You wanna learn how to skank?
Yeah
Go ahead, try, pick it up
Ok ... Ow ... God damn it!
Ok, now you gotta get some checkerboard sneakers and suspenders
Pick it up, Pick it up, Pick it up
There ya go ... now you're ska-ing like a pro, Pick it up!

Politics Schmolitics, we can get some food
and we can write songs about being rude
I got a mohawk, a bad attitude, a checkerboard tie and a three-piece suit
I'm glad that I found this sound
And I hope there's cheap tattoo removal when this trend dies down
I wanna be cool the Rastafarian way
LET'S GO SKA! HEP HEP HEP HEY!