

The Ramones, Don't Bust My Chops

I'm sick and tired of you calling me names I'm sick and tired of your childish games
I'm sick and tired of your bullshit brats Cocaine stupor and anxiety attacks

Picked up the magazine, I see your face You're nothin' boy, a goddamn waste
With the lamest fashions on your back You're never happy, a hypochondriac

Don't bust my chops, baby, don't bust my chops
Don't bust my chops, baby, don't bust my chops Yeah

You're a styling queen and an alley cat Too many chocolates keep a fat man fat
You're a pain in the ass, and your on the loose All I get from you is your bad attitude

Dirty mouth, it's all I can bear Get outta here bitch, 'cause you're nowhere
Always wearin' that cheap perfume Can always tell when you're in the room

Don't bust my chops, baby, don't bust my chops
Don't bust my chops, baby, don't bust my chops Ah

Don't bust my chops, baby, don't bust my chops
Don't bust my chops, baby, don't bust my chops
Don't bust my chops, baby, don't bust my chops
Don't bust my chops, baby, don't bust my chops Alright