

Wheatus "Punk Ass Bitch"

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She wriggles and she wraggles, she jiggles and she jaggles

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 swagger, 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 no class, no style, no social skills, no comprehension

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-

It's just a testimony that you're full of bologna, that you're a stupid

Shit ass, a meat head, Guido, pass-gas

That you have got no class, no style, no social skills, no comprehension

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

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

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 swagger, you think you're gonna shag her

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