

Weezer

"B.O.S"

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Wanna-be's here, and cheeseheads there, dicks
Give me shit about my hair! Fuck'em all, they can
Blab if they want. It's their fucking lives, we will
Haunt. Posuers, wankers, mersheads, the Crues. the
Ratt's, the W.A.S.P.'s. They all got sucker follo-
Wers that spend a high cost, I'm not here for cash,
I just wanna thrash. For stupid groups like those
We laugh when they all pose. I like my music best
Cause it pukes of all the rest.

[Chorus:]

Get in out face...and your bloody guts
Will spill

Too many trendy's, crowdin up the streets, it's
Their followers that are very weak. Don't they
Realize they look too neat! If they really want
Excitement, they should jump in out slam pit!...

Maybe they'll enjoy it, or may they'll
Regret it and run out like hell.
Super high P.A. dives clearing all the crowd.
All rockers left, cus were just too loud!
Army boots stomping and elbows swinging...
Bodies bruised up and battered heads stinging!!

[Repeat Chorus. Beginning.]

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