

## **The Ramones**

# **"Don't Bust My Chops"**

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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  
I can always tell when you're in your 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  
Yeah, don't bust my chops, alright

