

S.A.S. "Rude Boy"

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Hey Rudeboy, I see you walking down the street in your
\$200 suit and your spit shine Doc Martens on, on your
way downtown to see a Ska show. Rudeboy, you're so
cool.

Rudeboy. Skinhead. Asshole.

You tell me you believe in the Spirit of '69, Rudeboy.
Man, you were in fucking diapers back then, who are
you kidding? And what is Ska music? That's like
second-rate beach blanket music.

Rudeboy. Skinhead. Asshole.

I see you lowlife rudeboys walking down the street, I
just wanna mash your brains in, and eat your fuckin'
eyeballs, and cut your bellies open, and fuckin' wipe
my ass on your entrails!

Rudeboy. Skinhead. Asshole.

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