

I got a room down in hollywood
The rent was cheap,
The street was cool
But there was an old man
Who lived right next to me
He was so wretched
He ate up everything
The day I moved in
I got weird feelings
I played my guitar
He hit the ceiling
He ran out into the hall and he yelled
"watch out, son, I've got a taser gun!
Watch out, son, I've got a taser gun!"
He's on the loose
He's got the juice
Like a mad dog with no teeth

He left me notes
Said all kinds of things
"you little creepy slob,
Why don't you get a job?
Why don't you cut your hair?
Why don't you get out of here?
Why don't you move away?
Why don't you just get lost? "
He spent his days
Down in adult book stores
Bringing home all kinda weirdos
And blasting his tv back at me
So one day I get pissed
We got into a fight
I kicked him in the nuts
He yelled with all his might
"watch out, son, I've got a taser gun!
Watch out, son, I've got a taser gun!"
You son of a bitch
I think it's startin to itch
He's got the taser gun
(spoken: mr. handjob)