Ugly
Ahhhhhhooooooooooo
Uglyyyy!
C'mon! Yeah! hey! all right
You got an ugly ass guy,
He got a problem with his dick.
You got a song with no soul,
Fucking don't mean a thing.
He got an ugly bouzy house,
He got a girlfriend on T.V,
That girl's something,
He can't sing for shit.

And I'm trying to be a person,
But they all say I'm worthless.
I'm trying to be a person,
But they all make me nervous.
This is my description of an ugliness.
Ugliness
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You got a dog face chic,
With basketball tit's.
Porno sucks,
That's the truth of it.
You got a bunch of dumb fat guys,
In a wrestling uniform,
Trying to fake they're playing music,
They ought to be killed.

And I'm trying to be a person,
But they all say I'm worthless.
I'm trying to be a person,
But they all say I'm worthless.
This is my description of an ugliness.
Ugliness

They got the chics, The money cars and all, but they ain't got no motherfuck in' balls.

They got the chics, The money cars and all, but they ain't got no motherfuck in' balls.

They got a fungus on their dick, They got bald heads and tupe's, They're in total control, Total fucking control, They're even parked in my space.

You got a song with no soul,

No truth no love.

Because the music sucks,

That's why little kids blow up.

Everybody needs a gun,

To express feelings,

That should be expressed by a real musician

And I'm trying to be a person,
But they all say I'm worthless.
I'm trying to be a person,
But they all say I'm worthless.
This is my description of an ugliness.
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They got the car the money house and all, but they ain't got no motherfuckin 'balls.

You see the cocksuckers on MTV, And they ain't even got a good CD.

Ugliness Ugliness Ugliness

Ugliness