

# Don't Bust My Chops

Ramones

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  
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  
Can always tell when you're in the room

Don't bust my chops, baby, don't bust my chops  
Ah

Don't bust my chops, baby, don't bust my chops  
Alright