

You Boyz Make Big Noize

Slade

Hey, Mister man with a guitar in your hand,
You're a rubber legged looney in a scruff-bag band,
Hey there my man get that piggy off your back,
Well, A decent sort of chap wouldn't talk a load of c-rap.

You with the mouth, your headin' on collision,
Got to try to use your 20-20 vision,
Hey Mister Clean your shirt is white as snow,
Do you want to wreck a record on your DJ show.

(Chorus)

Well the wind don't blow, mama don't know
Say you got a lot to say
I know that you big boyz make a big noize
Nobody get in the way.

A wee drop of rocket fuel gets you in the guts,
It's better that the nutter who nuts you in the nuts,
One piece of drastic plastic is a hit,
Then a master ghetto blaster drops you in the head.

(Chorus)

Hello sailor, do you wanna buy it,
It ain't my cup of tea, don't knock it before you try it,
Dirty shirts can smell really mean,
Gleamo washes not only white, not only bright, but clean.

Mister Man, do you really wanna rock it,
Funny money burns a hole in your pocket,
Lady danger lookin' good as ever,
Can't afford her, need the never never.

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

Here come the Boyz who make a lot of row,
Mama, Mama, Mama Weer All Crazee Now.