

# Friggin' in the Riggin'

Anthrax

There was a bunch of roadies  
And this here is their story  
A scurvy bunch of evil twits  
Who never say they're sorry

They've traveled cross the nations  
Fuckin' paid vacations  
We love the schism that they make  
They're here for the duration

Friggin' in the riggin'  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
There was fuck all else to do

The captains name is Rick  
Whose "Bozo-do" is slick  
He really thinks he knows it all  
He's just a Jersey hick

Wanking, cranking, Georgie  
He always finds an orgy  
He rubs his balls and picks his nose  
He's horny Georgie porgie

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The kind of sleaze is Ring  
Polaroid's his thing  
He whipped it out, her teeth fell out  
And now it's in a sling

From LA we have Troy  
His fetish is Playboy  
A smelly trout, he'll eat it out  
Go wash your hands you're M.O.I.

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John Tempesta is The Joker  
The Adams apple choker  
Sandra Bernhard is his twin  
He'd probably even poke her

The B-boy was John Rooney  
He was a fuckin' loony  
He does a rap, he thinks he's black  
He's soft like Gerry Cooney

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Yo my name is Bill  
Dur, bouncing is my skill, duh,  
Smoke ten packs and use my plaque  
Duh, with my breath I'll kill

Thursby is the lard ass  
The monitors are his task  
The sound they made when the band played  
Was like Ed Trunk with bad gas

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The photobug is Ambo  
He'll fill up any hairy hole  
We'll blindfold you with dental floss  
You burnt out fuckin' bimbo

The bottom line is Z  
Oh please don't sit on me  
Go wipe your hemorrhoid ridden butt  
You 1960's hippie!

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This here was the story  
About our fuckin' roadies  
A scurvy bunch of evil twits  
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