

# The Entourage

Screeching Weasel

Here they are, the entourage  
It doesn't matter what your job is  
You'd all be right here sucking up in any case

Baby Fat, let me tell you what your problem is

Oh, I can't wait, this'll be great  
Please, proceed

You just don't know when to back off  
And someday somebody's gonna get sick of it

What! Beat up a guy in a wheelchair

You don't have to squash a cockroach to kill it

You bloated garden gnome  
You think you can huff and puff and blow my house down  
Well, have at it  
But you'll answer to Tommy Swank  
I'm his right hand man  
You're just the drunk he gave a job to out of pity

Oh, here we go

Hey Queeg, still selling weed  
What's it like to go doctor shopping  
Every week  
For your oxy contin

That big Swank must keep you around  
To serve as a personal circus clown  
Cause now  
You couldn't tech your way out of a paper bag

Stompanato the brain dead lush  
Need another barrel of bourbon there, Rummy?  
Holy cow, now he's shaking and sweating  
Hey, but he's good at pretending it's funny

Now here comes Jerry Japan  
What cruel prick let you pick out that name  
You poor son of a bitch  
You really think it sounds cool

Remember when your teenage girlfriend dumped you cause the zoloft left you impotent?  
But you're a badass now Aintcha Jerry don't worry nobody thinks you're a fairy  
Oh no  
Because they don't think about you at all  
Oh no  
Because they don't think about you at all