

# National Disgrace

## Atmosphere

[Slug](I pledge allegiance to Budweiser and free drugs)  
Peace to Rick James, Anna Nicole Smith, Bill Clinton  
And Motley Crue

And anyone else who has ever utilized their 15 minutes  
Of fame to realize their true dreams of being an  
Absolute jerk off, just to keep the masses entertained  
This goes out to learning from the mistakes of others  
Bring it on now  
Come on  
I said come on  
I said come on

[Verse 1]They call me a jerk, once they get to know me  
But they don't stop calling, they read me well  
It's no work if I was phony, I'd win a trophy  
Who needs to make records when there's seeds to sell  
Freak the bell, and make it all spin crooked  
God please help, too much grim to look at  
Grab the tree by the limb and shook it

Like, "Have you seen my self esteem, where the hell'd you put it?"

Oh wait, never mind, I found it in a bottle  
Drunk at the Troubadour talking to a model  
Wrecked the rental on Santa Monica Boulevard  
I was headed to the El Rey to slap a security guard

[Chorus]Rowdy, stubborn, loud and arrogant  
As American as apple pie and embarrassment

Package the kid's face, put it on display  
Look ma!, another national disgrace  
Dumb and ignorant, drunk and belligerent  
Open up your heart y'all, come on and let me in  
Package the kid's face, put it on display  
Look ma!, another national disgrace

[Verse 2]The liquor gets hold of the head liver's soul  
Blurry on Sixth Street and Red River Road

Last thing I remember was the Ogden Theatre  
Backstage bathroom making out with all three of ya  
Kicked out of Topcats... for where I put the vomit at  
Finally passed out in a laundry mat  
Malnourished and topless, slurring and obnoxious

Like, "Yo, we got this!"  
The Zodiac Killers 'bout to rock this  
At the Great American Music Hall, pissin on the box office  
Pick apart the detail, alcohol and females  
All around the world same song  
Houseton and Ludlow, Maxfish, Vampire  
You poor the beer and I'll bring the satire  
No prob, I'll play the part of doorknob and make it look  
So good you're gonna wish that it was your job  
[Chorus][Verse 3]It's all about the hangovers, and late checkouts  
Maid banging on the door like, "Wake up! Get Out!"  
But Come on mami, y'all probably don't want me comin'  
Out like a Zombie brushing teeth in the lobby  
This is a career, not a hobby  
Ain't no reason to fear what you wanna see  
Hey paparazzi, don't you wanna watch me quote the  
Fonzi and then crash his Mazaradi?  
Sweat pants, t-shirt, mesh hat, blue blockers  
Feeding Jack D. to a room full of teenie boppers  
Howdy neighbor, take a shot for flavor  
Let's debate whether or not we should punch the waiter  
I'm just kidding, let's love each other  
It goes lick, swallow, suck, and order another  
Do what you like, don't nobody care  
It's a sign of success only in America  
[Chorus][Chorus End: 4x]I didn't cooome to start no trouble or hurt no one  
I'm just heeere to get drunk, party, and have some fun

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