

# Friggin In The Riggin

## Anthrax

Music by the Sex Pistols. Lyrics by 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 Friggin' in the riggin'

Friggin' in the riggin'

Friggin' in the riggin'

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

Friggin' in the riggin'

Friggin' in the riggin'

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

Friggin' in the riggin'

Friggin' in the riggin'

There was fuck all else to do 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  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
There was fuck all else to do  
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!  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
Friggin' in the riggin'  
There was fuck all else to do  
This here was the story  
About our fuckin' roadies  
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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>