

Hash Pipe

Weezer

I can't help my feelings;
I'll go out of my mind.
These players come to get me
'Cause they'd like my behind.
I can't love my business,
If I can't get a trick.
Down on Santa Monica,
Where tricks are for kids.

Oh, come on and kick me.
Oh, come on and kick me.
(Oh.) Come on and kick me.
(Oh.) You've got your problems;
(Oh.) I've got my ass wipe
(Oh.) You've got your big G's;
I've got my hash pipe.
ehh!

I can't help my boogies;
They get out of control.
I know that you don't care
But I want you to know.
The knee-stockin' flavor
Is a favorite treat
Of men that don't bother
With the taste of a teat.

Oh, come on and kick me.
Oh, come on and kick me.
(Oh.) Come on and kick me.
(Oh.) You've got your problems;
(Oh.) I've got my ass wipe
(Oh.) You've got your big G's;
I've got my hash pipe.
i've got my hash pipe
ehh!

Oh, come on and kick me.
Oh, come on and kick me.
(Oh.) Come on and kick me.
(Oh.) You've got your problems;

(Oh.) I've got my ass wipe.
(Oh.) You've got your big G's;
I've got my hash pipe.
I've got my hash pipe.
ehh!
I've got my hash pipe.
ehh!
I've got my hash pipe.

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