

# The Ultimate Bohab

## Gwar

He proudly sports his rare GWAR hoodie  
When he puts it on it gives him such a woodie  
Zit-scarred and unpopular  
He's at the show alone  
Running his mouth to no one at all  
Later he cries bitter tears  
He met his idol and he got punched  
All he wanted was an autograph  
The smell of his acne, it's heavily bunched  
He fell down and everyone laughed  
You're the Ultimate Bohab  
Stricken with gout  
If you don't have any drugs then get the fuck out  
Bohab!  
Bohab!  
It's your dream come true  
Your crummy fanzine got a GWAR interview!  
You'll ask the questions, it all goes to tape!  
If you're really lucky, you might get raped!  
But not by a dude, that would be gay!  
But if that's what the band wants I guess it's O.K.!  
We're not going to rape you...yet, so don't you fret it!  
You brought a woman with you, and now she's gonna get it!

'cause' this is how we roll, this is what we do  
We're fucking your girlfriend right in front of you  
And we know that's not your girlfriend, by the way...  
She's only with you because you got her backstage  
And you gave her...money  
You're the Ultimate Bohab  
Stricken with gout  
If you don't have any drugs then get the fuck out  
Bohab!  
Bohab!

Your pock marked face makes her sick  
As soon as she's in there she's getting the dick  
But not from you, from the entire band  
So whip out your cock and lay a wad in your hand  
Soon she is dead, but before we chuck her

Come on over here kid, there's still time to fuck her!

A festering hole where there used to be a crotch

We feed her to bears, all that's left is her watch

Bohab!

You gave your life with pride

But people that had known you didn't care that you had died

Bohab

The last issue did real well

Because your interview was suicide

You followed GWAR to Hell....

Lyrics provided by

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