

Reggaejunkiejew

Ween

I don't know where you're comin' from
But I wish you'd go away
And I don't know where you get your money from
But I wish I didn't have to be the one to pay And I'm not sure how to say this
And I'll seal it with a kiss
Do up a bag and drop dead, motherfucker
So I can hang out with Chris, oh What can you do
When your world's been invaded by a reggaejunkiejew
And what can you do
When the things that made you happy now only make you blue Take a permanent vacation, get the fuck out of
town
Go see Jamaica, motherfucker, let your dreadlocks down
All that you speak is bullshit and all the people you know
Maybe, some people like to eat it but I think you're a dick What can you do
When your world is invaded by a reggaejunkiejew
And what can you do
When the things that made you happy now only make you blue come on Matzofarian, reggaejunkiejew
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Matzofarian, reggaejunkiejew Matzofarian, reggaejunkiejew
Matzofarian, reggaejunkiejew
Matzofarian, reggaejunkiejew
Matzofarian, reggaejunkiejew, fuck you Reggaejunkiejew, fuck you
Reggaejunkiejew, fuck you
Reggaejunkiejew, fuck you
Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you Jew, 'jew, 'jew, 'jew, 'jew, 'jew, 'jew, 'jew, 'jew, 'jew, 'jew

Songwriters

MELCHIONDO, FREEMAN Published by

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