

# Ramones - Don't Bust my Chops

Tom: **G**

[ **G Bb C D** ] x3  
[ **C D** ]  
**G Bb C D**

I'm sick and tired of you calling me names  
I'm sick and tired of your childish games  
I'm sick and tired of your bullshit brats  
Cocaine stupor and anxiety attacks  
Picked up the magazine, I see your face  
You're nothin' boy, a goddamn waste  
With the lamest fashions on your back  
You're never happy, a hypochondriac

**G C Bb G**  
Don't bust my chops, baby, don't bust my chops  
Don't bust my chops, baby, don't bust my chops

[ **C D C** ] x4

You're a styling queen and an alley cat

Too many chocolates keep a fat man fat  
You're a pain in the ass, and your on the loose  
All I get from you is your bad attitude  
Dirty mouth, it's all I can bear  
Get outta here bitch, 'cause you're nowhere  
Always wearin' that cheap perfume  
Can always tell when you're in the room  
Don't bust my chops, baby, don't...

[ **C D C** ] x4  
[ **G Bb C D** ] x3  
[ **C D** ]  
Don't bust my chops, baby, don't...  
Don't bust my chops, baby, don't...  
[ **C D C** ] x4

G:	Bb:	C:	D:
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-5-	-8-	-5-	-7-
-5-	-8-	-3-	-5-
-3-	-6-	---	---

## Acordes

