

WHITE HASSLE

IT'S FOUR IN THE MORNING
HAD A ROUGH NIGHT
GOT BACK FROM IRVING PLAZA
THOUGHT I'D STOP IN FOR A BITE
PUT UP WITH ALL THE DRUGGIES
ONLY PLACE OPEN LATE
A LITTLE SHORT ON MONEY
AND THE BURGERS ARE 28 CENTS

IT'S MY TURN AT THE WINDOW
GOT NUMBER 48
FOUR BURGERS, LARGE ORANGE,
FRIES, AND ONION RINGS
I AMN'T GETTING SMART WITH YOU
YOU'RE LUCKY YOU'RE IN THAT CAGE
IF YOU WERE STANDING NEXT TO ME
I'D PUNCH YOU IN THE FACE

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU GET SO MAD
I PAID YOU ALL IN CHANGE
YOU HAVE TO COUNT THE LITTLE COINS
WHAT A FUCKIN PAIN
YOU'RE JUST A PAIN IN MY ASSHOLE
SAFE BEHIND YOUR LITTLE SCREEN
GOT A COP IN WITH YOU TOO

YOU THINK THAT YOU ARE REAL TOUGH
YOU HIDE BEHIND YOUR CAGE
I'D TAKE ALL MY MONEY
AND THROW IT IN YOUR FACE
REAL TOUGH GETTING TOUGH WITH ME
WHEN I CAN'T GET AT YOU
I'M NOT HERE FOR YOUR ATTITUDE
I JUST CAME FOR THE FOOD

I DON'T WANT NO WHITE HASSLES
I JUST CAME FOR WHITE CASTLES

NEW YEARS EVE

LIGHT WENT ON BUT NOT IN TIME — SHE'S STILL DEAD
RED LIGHTS PIERCED RIGHT THROUGH MY MIND —
I COULDN'T STOP NOT IN TIME —
NOW SHE'S DEAD, SHE'S DEAD, SHE'S DEAD —

APOLOGIES CAN'T BRING HER BACK
I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO IT, IT'S NOT MY FAULT
SHE'S STILL DEAD

DOOR FLEW OPEN SHE FLEW OUT — SHE'S STILL DEAD
HER SKULL WAS SMASHED ON IMPACT —
HER LIFE WAS SHATTERED ON THE STREET —
SHE MAKES NO SOUND THE CROWD LOOKS ON —

WHY'S EVERYBODY STARING AT ME
IT'S NOT MY FAULT STOP LOOKING AT ME
SHE'S STILL DEAD

SHE COMES TO HAUNT ME WHEN I DRINK — SHE'S STILL DEAD
HOP IN MY CAR AND TRY TO ESCAPE —
LIGHT WENT ON BUT NOT IN TIME —
RED LIGHTS PIERCED RIGHT THROUGH MY MIND —

SMALL TALK

HOW ARE YOU? WHO CARES?
WHY EVEN TALK IF YOU GET NOWHERE
IDLE TALK FOR IDLE MINDS
I GOT BETTER THINGS TO DO THAN WASTE MY TIME

WHY BOTHER

WHATEVER YOU SAY IT'S ALL THE SAME
NOTHING'S SAID AND NOTHING'S GAINED
FILL MY MIND WITH YOUR WORTHLESS FACTS
YOU DON'T EVEN CARE SO WHY EVEN ASK

GOING TO A FUNERAL

ANOTHER RELATIVE UP AND DIES
EVERYONE SITS AROUND AND CRIES
NO ONE LIKED HIM ANYWAY
FORGET ABOUT 'EM IN ANOTHER DAY

GOING TO A FUNERAL
SIT AROUND AND CRY
GOING TO A FUNERAL
NOBODY CARED HOW HE DIED

HE WAS A REAL Y ROTTEN PERSON
EVERYONE HOPES HE GOES TO HEAVEN
HE LOOKS REAL NICE IN HIS COFFIN
I'D RATHER GO TO 7-11

CORPORATE DISNEYLAND

RIGHT HERE IN NEW JERSEY
THE CORPORATE DISNEYLAND
MANY OPPORTUNITIES
FOR AN EDUCATED MAN
GO TO SCHOOL, GET MARRIED,
MOVE RIGHT DOWN THE BLOCK
LEAD THIS SHELTERED SHUT IN LIFE
AND SUCK THE BOSS'S COCK

BIG MAN KNOWS ALOT
SITTING AT HIS DESK
BUT NO ONE ASKED A QUESTION
SO GIVE YOUR MOUTH A REST
COMPANY OWNS YOUR HOUSE
COMPANY OWNS YOUR TOWN
COMPANY OWNS YOUR MIND AND SO
COMPANY OWNS YOUR MIND AND SO

TRANS AM (THE SAGA CONTINUES)
RAP BY CAPTAIN LENNY SABLENDORIO
(FIGURE IT OUT FOR YOURSELF DUDE)
BROOM!!
BROOM!!
I'M A CAR!!

SIGHTSEEING

NOT MY IDEA OF A VACATION
I WANT REST AND RELAXATION
DON'T WANNA GO OUT AND SEE THE SIGHTS
SIGHTSEEING REALLY BITES

MARVEL AT THE LAND FORMATIONS
AND THE ANTIQUE RESTORATIONS
I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENED HERE
RATHER SIT BACK AND DRINK A BEER THAN —

WALK AROUND IN BERMUDA SHORTS
STAY IN OVER PRICED RESORTS
AND BUY SOME STUPID SOUVENIERS

STOP OFF AT A PLACE OF INTEREST
WALK AROUND AND TAKE SOME PICTURES
STROLL AROUND LIKE A JERK
SIGHTSEEING'S FOR THE BIRDS

DRIVING AROUND ON A CROWDED BUS
WITH SMELLY PEOPLE REALLY SUCKS
DON'T WANT TO SLEEP IN TOURIST TRAPS
DON'T WANT TO SLEEP WITH BUGS AND RATS OR —

WORLD WAR IV

WE'RE STILL ALIVE, HOW DID WE SURVIVE
WE'RE HAIRLESS ZOMBIES, WITH MELTED DOWN EYES
WE LIVE IN CAVES, WE LIVE UNDERGROUND
WE'RE THE LAST FORMS OF LIFE TO BE FOUND
WE THRIVE ON RADIATION, WE EAT DIRT
WE LIVE FROM DAY TO DAY
GO FOR WALKS IN THE INVISIBLE RAIN
WE NEED PLUTONIUM FOR OUR STERILE BRAINS

WE WANT RADIATION YES WE WANT RADIATION
CAN'T WAIT FOR WORLD WAR 4

WE'RE EASY TO SPOT CAUSE WE GLOW IN THE DARK
FLOURESCENT BLOOD FLOWS THROUGH OUR VEINS
SOMETIMES WE WONDER OUTSIDE
TO SOAK UP GAMMA RAYS
WE CRAWL AROUND ON OUR KNEES
CRITICAL MASSES ARE WHAT WE NEED
HOPE SOME DAY WE FIND SOME COMMIES
SO WE CAN START WORLD WAR 4

CLEAN & JERK

GRADUATED HIGH SCHOOL, NEVER TOUCHED A BOOK
BEING THE STAR ATHLETE, WAS ALL IT EVER TOOK
PACKED AND LEFT FOR COLLEGE, NEVER LEARNED TO READ
GOT A FOOTBALL SCHOLARSHIP, THAT'S ALL YOU'LL EVER NEED

NO MORE TROPHIES, CHEERLEADERS TOO, ALL WASHED UP AT 22
NO MORE STARDOM, NO MORE FAME, MOTHER'S DISSAPPOINTED AND
YOUR DAD IS SO ASHAMED, LIVING BACK AT HOME AND YOUR JOB
IS PUMPING GAS!! STUPID JOCKS THEY SMELL LIKE SWEAT!

YOUR PICTURE IN THE PAPER, HEAD BEGINS TO SWELL
TOO MUCH OF THAT NIGHT LIFE, YOUR BODY GOES TO HELL
PICKED UP BY THE COWBOYS, GET CUT THE FIRST YEAR
SENT DOWN TO A FARM TEAM, SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR CAREER

RAH-JAH!

ASSAS INATE MR.'R'
HE TEACHES OUR KIDS TO BE NICE
THEY'RE TAUGHT TO BE SUBSERV ENT
BRAINWASHED TO BE SQUARE

MR.'R' IS A CHILD MOLESTER
LITTLE GIRL WANNA COME INSIDE
HE USES KIDS LIKE PUPPETS
HE WANTS TO RUN THEIR LIVES

BAN HIM OFF OUR TV. SCREEN
HE'S LOST ALL TOUCH WITH REALITY
HE WANTS YOU TO LIVE IN HIS FANTASY
MR.'R' DOES LSD

CASTRATE MR.'R'
LINCH HIM UP IN A TREE
GONNA BURN, RAPE, PILLAGE, PLUNDER
HIS LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE

GONNA TRASH MR.'R'S NEIGHBORHOOD

VEIN HEAD SEZ:

THANK
JIMMY D!
NOW GET
OUT OF
BED!



ALMOST FORGOT!
THANKS TO PAT +
LEADING EDGE.

MIDDLE AGE WHORE

MIDDLE AGE WHORE
I SEEN ONE IN THE STORE
SHE'S ALL FAT AND UGLY
STILL DRESSES LIKE SHE'S TWENTY
MIDDLE AGE WHORE
HER LIFE IS PRETTY BORING
CHEATING ON HER HUSBAND
CAUSE HE'S LIVING AT THE OFFICE

I SEEN HER AT THE BAR
SHE DRIVES A FANCY CAR
WEARS SO MUCH MAKE-UP
SHE LOOKS JUST LIKE A CLOWN
MIDDLE AGE WHORE
HER LIFE IS PRETTY BORING
CHEATING ON HER HUSBAND
CAUSE HE'S TOO BUSY WORKING

MIDDLE AGE WHORE
MET A MIDDLE AGE JOCK
WENT BACK TO HIS APARTMENT
SHE PULLS OUT HIS COCK
HE STROKES HER LIBIDO
SHE SUCKS ON HIS EGO
MIDDLE AGE WHORE
MIDDLE AGE WHORE

LET HARVEY AND ME BE THE BEST OF FRIENDS
BEFORE MY DAY BEGINS I WANNA MAKE IT END
SHUT OFF THE ALARM AND PULL UP THE SHEET
AND PRETTY SOON I'LL BE BACK ASLEEP
WANNA SLEEP FOR A YEAR WAKE UP AND TAKE A NAP
TO Tired TO ROLL OVER AND LIGHT A CIGARETTE
WORRY ABOUT MY PROBLEMS WHEN I WAKE UP NEXT
I'M GOING BACK TO BED CAUSE I'D RATHER BE ASLEEP
HANGING IN CLUBS TILL THE SUN COMES UP
WHY AM I HERE I THINK I MUST BE LUTS
WELL SOMETIMES I REALLY THINK
THAT I SHOULD BE AT HOME IN BED ASLEEP

SLEEP

ROCK & ROLL GAS STATION

PUMP GAS, KICK ASS
FIX FLATS & SMOKE GRASS

ROCK & ROLL GAS STATION
ROCK & ROLL
ROCK & ROLL GAS STATION
BANG YOUR HAND

TUNE UP, SMOKE BUTTS
MAG WHEELS & HIGH HEELS

HEY DUDE, FILL ER UP MAN

A BIG THANKX AND KISS ON THE LIPS TO: MARGARET + JENNIFER, LENNY,
PAT DUNCAN + WFMU, JOHNNY STIFF, SANDY + NICOLE, STEVE, MANNIE,
MITCH, LINDA, JEFF O, TWO TONE, BILL BARTELL + GASATANKA, TIM
COMISKEY, HELGE + HOLLENQUAL, JACK RAPID, BRIAN + ANTHRAX,
JEFF ROBERTS (PFFFTT!), JIM SPAD, JEFF SPAZ, SEX BOMB, MIKE
MINDLESS, DILLON, BRIAN + WORTH MENTIONING, BRUCE GALLANTER,
MIKE VRANEY, TOM BERKENBUSH, PUSHEAD, TIM YONANNON (NOW YOU
KNOW WE'RE BROWN-NOSE), BEDLAM, MENTAL DECAY, MY THREE SONS
SACRED DENIAL, STETZ, 76% UNCERTAIN, ZIGGY J., PLEASED YOUTH, D.R.I.,
D.K.'S, CH 3, BORSCHT, FLAG OF DEMOCRACY, FALSE PROPHETS, AGNOSTIC
FRONT, PRAPISM, TIPS N THURS, WWF, AND THANKS TO EVERYONE WHO
HELPED US ON TOUR, LENT US EQUIPMENT, AND GAVE US FOOD OR A
PLACE TO STAY. THANKS MOM + DAD AND THANK YOU, YA BIG LUNKHEAD!!

A.O.D. BE:

PAUL RICHARD GUITAR, VOCALS
BRUCE WINGATE GUITAR
JACK STEEPLES BASS
DAVE SCOTT DRUMS

COVER PHOTO: LINDA
BACK PHOTO: JENNIFER
INNER PHOTOS: SANDY STEEPLES,
JEFFO, LINDA, VICKI