

## Beergut

Fishbone

My friend yousta be thin He's get  
all the women We'd go kick it at the bar  
But his drinkin' went too far He could see  
over his belt The brotha was slim and svelte  
But the gut snuck up while he wasn't lookin'  
And the beer stood firm within

Beergut  
Gettin' in the way of things  
Beergut,  
no longer can he see his nuts,  
Beergut  
He will keep drinkin' till he throws up

He's got the dunlap disease His gut is  
troubled trapped When his gut lap over his  
belt buckle My Hommie's arms and  
legs are thin His Gut is filled with Heineken  
40 ounce chug-a-lugs of Old English  
Saint Ides Budweiser Micky's Big Mouth

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Then we leave from the bar We go to the  
homestead Get a six pack and turn on the  
TV ...roll a joint and take it...  
toke it to the head.

Then when the munchies take over  
We will raid the convenience store  
Grubbin' and scarfin' and fucked up  
And the Beergut grows some more

Beergut