Beergut

The Onyas

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 withinBeergut - gettin' in the way of things
Beergut - no longer can he see his nuts
Beergut - he will keep drinkin' till he throws upHe's got the dunlap disease
His gut is troubled trapped
When his gut lap over his belt buckle
When he chuckle it pinch the 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 budweiserBeergut - gettin' in the way of things
Beergut - no longer can he see his nuts
Beergut - he will keep drinkin' till he throws upThen we leave from the bar
We go to the homestead
Get a six pack and turn on the tv
Roll a joint and 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 moreBeergut - gettin' in the way of things
Beergut - no longer can he see his nuts
Beergut - he will keep drinkin' till he throws up

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