Gimme a Beer

Diamond Rugs

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I want the kinda credit I just shine it and forget it the tellers they all know my name.
I want the kinda car where my stereo is better the damn things not falling apart.
I want the kinda hair I can look at and admire not a goofy little ball of flesh.
I want the kinda life that I can't leave behind I'll be a little ray of sunshine.
But, Oh....who cares?
Gimme a Beer!
I want the kinda girl she can dance she can twirl going out at night with her friends.
I want the kinda dog that listens when I call and pisses on my neighbors fence.
I want the kinda clothes so everybody knows here comes a confident man.
I want the kinda smile that radiates for miles man I cause a trafic jam.
But, Oh....who cares?
Gimme a Beer!
Gimme a Beer!
Gimme a Beer!I want the kinda watch so everyone will talk and say hey his is better than mine.
I want the kinda chains golden and untame don't look man you might go blind.
I want the kinda feline like a tiger or a lion and listen to my baby purr.
I want the kina house I'll sit down on the couch and say damn it feels good to be a gangster.
But, Oh....who cares?
Gimme a Beer!
Gimme a Beer!
Cause I want a Beer!
Gimme a Beer!
Gimme a Beer!
Gimme a Beer!
Gimme a...BEEEEER!!!

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