

# 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 kinda 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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