

# Fishbone, Beergut

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  
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 Budweiser

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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 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

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