

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

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

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