

## Where Is My 40?

MC Chris

I can't find my 40, 40  
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Where are the people  
Eager to leave  
And commit acts of evil

Stuck at my job  
I hear there's a rager  
Cell phone's exploding  
And c4 in my pager

I hear they be ladies  
Wearing tight clothing  
Hopefully somebody  
There will be holding

Late to the date  
That's great and I'm golden  
Can't wait to escape  
And be done with these doldrums

Can't wait to be wasted  
And plastered and puking  
Can't wait to debate  
Which country's need nuking

Can't wait to have vomit  
And blood on my breath  
Can't wait to digest  
If there's anything left

Must [?] on my door  
And take out the trash  
Do all my chores  
Impossibly fast

Be [?] in the bash  
Pop open a colt  
Five extra ounces  
Of glorious gold

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The dude at the deli  
Is smelly and smarmy  
Sells me a 40  
I'm horny for party

I buy party mix  
The kind that's generic  
I also buy condoms

Them ones that embarrass

Alcoholism  
Has millions of perks  
Traditional trove  
Of bubbles and burps

My Irish ancestry  
Has left me with lager  
I guess I'm a jigger  
Instead of a jogger

The caterwaul's cusp  
The bacchanal's brink  
I'm ready for belching  
And barfing and stink

Let's howl at the moon  
And croon while we drink  
Let's wake up the wind  
And begin like I'm Link

Anticipation  
My heart is beating  
This side is odd  
This side is even

The numbers decrease  
Smokers are mingling  
Every inch  
Of my body is tingling

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They duce (shooters)  
There's a world they call shots  
Whiskey and bourbon  
Was served so was schnapps

Goldschlager's exciting  
There's little gold flakes  
Aftershock shots  
And I'll puke on your face

Buttery Nipple  
Liquid Cocaine  
Who's the fuck  
Keeps loading up trays

Tomahawk Pickleback  
Then Kamikazes  
I feel no pain  
Nothing can stop me

Where was my stuff  
It was right here  
My shitty mix  
And my bag of beer

Now where did I place it

Where has it gone  
If somebody drank it  
Then fuckers it's on

Not in the fridge  
Start looking at culprits  
Ganker is guzzling  
Down my indulgence

Imagine the bottle  
The bottom with backwash  
Say that it's somewhere  
Or I'm getting my hacksaw

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