

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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