

Macc Lads, Twenty Pints

Sup up, lad, I've spilt more ale down me waistcoat
Than you've supped tonight.
Bonnington's or Willy's lads?
Willy's tastes like piss.
I've got ten pints down me neck the night,
He's blown some froth off his.
Now I've got to leave room for me chips,
So twenty pints is fine,
Hey you, you poof, you f**king cunt,
Get off that pint, it's mine.
Twenty pints of Bonnington's every Friday night.
Twenty pints of Bonnington's then we're outside for a fight.
You think you're one of the Macc Lads?
You look a bloody sight.
'Cos I've spilt more ale down me waistcoat,
Than you've supped tonight.
Peter.
And we'll all go down Limmoge's after closing time,
Hey you, you poof, you f**king cunt,
Get off that crack it's mine.
Twenty pints of Bonnington's every Friday night.
Twenty pints of Bonnington's then we're outside for a fight.
You think you're one of the Macc Lads?
You're too f**king tight.
'Cos I've spilt more ale down me waistcoat,
Than you've supped tonight.
'Cos I've spilt more ale down me waistcoat,
Than you've supped tonight.