

# Blackalicious, 40 Oz. For Breakfast

A forty ounce for breakfast gets a brother through the day  
I guess I shoulda had a V8 instead anyway  
Let me contemplate my thought, something back to a time  
When my fridge was full of booze but in my pocket not one dime  
I remember back on Willis Ave, with my ace boom homey Mark Black  
I would start the day off hearin' the sound of the fo' oh, crack  
I went to work blitzed so eventually I got dissed  
And caught a shocker when my supervisor said, "You're dismissed"  
Now as I stare at my last check now my mind  
Is stressed and depressed  
I spell relief, S T I D E S, yes, with a little excess less the worry  
Why go job hunting today?  
When I can sit back and smoke this sack and drink  
And feel my problems shrink away  
And by now the rent's due in two weeks  
But inside my mind that's just another problem brew can delete  
I got evicted to the point where the court martial came to my door  
And said, "Get this kid, get your bags and split  
You don't live here no more"  
And now I'm ass out, I'm so damn hungry  
I feel like I'm gonna pass out  
I asked my brother for a handout and he hooked me  
Though I knew he had doubts  
And rightfully so 'cause I had new shit to deal with  
I'm so confused I have no control of my life I think I'll get lit  
So as my problems compile, I steady smile, oh yes  
Sippin' on that forty ounce that's leadin' me to a path of nowhere  
So as I think about tomorrow, I hesitate and say  
"A forty ounce for breakfast will get me through the day"  
A forty ounce for breakfast gets a brother through the day  
I guess I shoulda rolled a joint up instead, anyway  
Seems like every time I start, I don't know when it's time to say when  
Now my mental gets all blurred and inside talk the ill behavin'  
Coolin' with my boys, no names need to be mentioned  
At a party with some brothers, I don't know I'm chillin' in some E and J  
With a forty OZ to wash the shit down  
And plus a lot of marijuana now I need to sit down  
I can't remember the last time I was this blew out of my cranium  
My ears and head begin to hum aloud as the room spun, anyway  
Next thing I know I blacked out woke up with vomit all over my coat  
Start talkin' out my ass I can't see straight but yet I quote  
And I don't know what came over me, I started dissin' both my homies  
That I used to freestyle with and now I'm askin' them to show me  
What they got not thinkin' straight I don't know why I posed the challenge  
Now my ego is erupting as if I was Mt. Saint Helen's  
Some shit was said I know I can't erase and now shit ain't the same  
I wish I had just one more chance to live that day again  
I strain 'cause this bid was to find a true friend  
And loose them to booze in my system just ain't how I'm livin'  
Nothin' I could really say to mend up how someone else feels  
And so I guess I gotta wait and see if maybe the wounds will heal  
And I really didn't mean a word I said though I can't prove that  
Now the only thing that I can really say is, I went out  
And out I went and now and then I get irate and say  
A forty ounce for, nah, a forty ounce for, fuck  
Just one more forty, just one more, I'll make this last day  
A forty ounce for breakfast can get me through the day