

Macc Lads, Ben Nevis

He squidges in the van,
All twenty four stones,
He gets three kebabs and he eats them on his own,
Quick trouser cough Nevis touches cloth,
F**k f**k hide behind a truck, all the windows are steaming up.
Gas gas quick lads,
The air in here is turning brown,
Gas gas quick lads,
Get the f**king windows down,
Gas gas quick lads,
Nevis has gone and done a troof,
Gas gas quick lads,
I think the big fat twat has fallen through.
Ben Nevis filled the van with odour of turd,
Would have hung for less gas at Nurenborg,
Four chicken curries, eight tandories,
Boiled eggs, three kebabs f**k sake let him take command.
Gas gas quick lads,
Everyone's choked to death,
Gas gas quick lads,
Has us out with botty breath,
Gas gas quick lads,
Dig a trench, avoid the stench,
Gas gas quick lads,
Nevis is filthy, fat and flatulent.
Yooooo.
At a transport cafe he gets baked beans,
Wretched rasp blows a hole in his jeans,
Everybody choking, nobody smoking,
Looks round, blames the dog,
Covered in a smelly fog.
Gas gas quick lads,
What the f**k has he been eating,
Gas gas quick lads,
He must have had some rotton meat in,
Gas gas quick lads,
I've got tears in me eyes,
Gas gas quick lads,
I think a rat crawled up his arse hole,
I think a rat crawled up his arse hole,
I think a rat crawled up his arse and died.