

Macc Lads, Fluffy Pup

Well, I spent last night trying to chuck me bird,
She were clinging to me leg like an old sick turd,
I said your tits are too small and your legs are too short,
I want a fit bird from the Sunday Sport,
I can't hear me records when you sit on me face,
And then she mouths off in front of me mates,
But you told me that you loved me,
I never f**king did,
You used fer bring me flowers,
I said shut your f**king grid,
You acted dead sweet and you called me fluffy pup,
You can cook you can f**k you can do the washing up,
Now I've had enough, come on f**k off,
Get stuffed.

Well I took her one side, and we started chatting,
I said tell the lads that and I'll kick your twat in,
Now piss ofback your mother's 'cos I've had enough,
Say another word, get a boot up chuff,
You're spotty and your ugly and you smaell like Billingsgate,
And then she mouths off in front of me mates...

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Well, I stormed off 'cos I were going crazy,
When I got to the chippy I had one foot in the gravy,
She got a seven foot dad,
Well just about,
And he was going to rip me liver out,
I said here you are grandad, your turn to hold her,
There's half a pint of gravy and a chip on me shoulder...

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