

Macc Lads, The Macc Lads' Party

Where's the f**king party?

Someone's in the kitchen eating pies and mucky tarts,
Bammy's in the bathroom and he's lighting up his farts.

Now Peter's supping bitter, he's getting really canned,
He locks himself in the bog and he's shagging Baggy Anne.

The Macc Lads are having a party, round at Mutley's place,
You'd better bring some ale my son or we'll smash you in the face.

Someone shouts "ale's run out, who's for tea or coffee?"
But Stez Styx pegs it down the road and breaks into to the offy.

And Charlotte's eating mushies, she's really off her box,
She's going to take her false teeth out and suck some scabby cocks.

The Macc Lads are having a party, round at Mutley's flat,
You'd better bring some ale my son or we'll kick your f**king twat.

The Macc Lads are having a party, round at Mutley's flat,
You'd better bring some ale my son or we'll smash your f**king twat.

When the Macc Lads have a party then they do it f**king right,
If we start it on a Monday then it ends on Sunday night.

You can come if your a Macc Lad,

You can f**k off if you're queer,

You can come if you're a fit crack,

But you've got to bring some beer.

(Repeat)