

Quincy Punx, Beer Brigade

wake up in the morining with nothing to do
gotta start the day off with a case of brew
hit the street at noon with beer stinkin breath
go down to the river with a 20 pack of green death
liquored up and pissed off on a saturday
night if the beer runs out theres gonna have to be a fight
scrounging for change just to buy a half rack
well i guess it beats smoking crack
its quantity not quality that counts
its best when its served in mass amounts
rather spend the evening getting drunk
than getting laid BEER BRIGADE
falling down shit faced totally drunk
stupid dirtyminded fucking river rat punx
sitting around sluggin down the malt liqour
listening to GG and trying to be sicker
drinkin to get drunk who cares about taste
pop a PIGS EYE and pour it in your face
drinkin to remember just drinkin too forget
drinkin cause we just dont give a shit
BEER BRIGADE