

Warcloud, The Beer Song

"Oh yeah, oh-oh yeah" - sample repeated through out the song

(Intro: Holocaust)

The same, yeah, same old song
Same song, call it 'The Beer Song'
Fuckers, the beer song
Same old song, same song, call it 'The Beer Song'
Same old song, same song, call it 'The Beer Song'
Same old song, same song, call it 'The Beer Song', fuckers
Budweiser, beer, Millers, worldwide, for more, beer
This how we rock it, yo

(Chorus 2X: Holocaust)

We all cheer for big bottles of beer
We all cheer for big bottles of beer
Tall cans, short cans, small bottles, clear
We all cheer for big bottles of beer

(Holocaust)

Stone becomes red, yo champ, we drink beers
For nine hundred years, we'll bust you, so stand clear
Warcloud, call him the sleepwalker with fathoms
Of old Sam Adams, Budweiser, Miller and Tantrum
Grumpy drunk, lazy and crazy, I'm drunk tomorrow
Drinking big crates, I'll stagger and swipe your cargo
Six packs, twenty four packs and gun powder
I brought two kegs and my gun will turn you to chowder
Same old song, same song, call it 'The Beer Song'
Pop me up in North Long Beach, smoking a clear bong
Keep a heavy pistol, hip hop was kind of chalky
Kid, back up off me, I'll murder you kind of sloppy
I drink crazy beer, big beers in bad bars
From the tap, I'll squeeze eight mugs and date plug
Play hugs, as I stumble out late, with a great bottle
Grab a Harley's throttle, catch coffin straight from Chicago
Model broads love flashy little ones, sipping fiddle one
Pop you wit the gat, snap a brew and watch the dribble run

(Chorus 2X)

(Holocaust)

Same old song, same song, call it 'The Beer Song'
Rice, barley, wheat and hops to make the year long
Cigarette fell to the bottom of the beer can
I use sportsmen steel, faster than ears can
Now they fear man, and Warcloud was great
I smoke a big Dutch, statue at the bottom of Beer Lake
I lick off shots from a crop duster and bet
We'll gulp beer, sunrise to sunset
Same old song, same song, call it 'The Beer Song'
Rice, barley, wheat and hops to make the year long
Cigarette fell to the bottom, of the beer can
I use Sportsman Steel, faster than ears can
Now they fear man, and Warcloud was great
I smoke a big Dutch, statue at the bottom of Beer Lake
I lick off shots from a crop duster and bet
We'll gulp beer, sunrise to sunset
Same old song, same song, call it 'The Beer Song'
Same old song, same song, call it 'The Beer Song'

(Chorus 2X)

(Holocaust)

The dirty bat flies anyway, we love beers

Sip a frosty mug in a rowboat at winter times
Snowy forest days at Christmas and through the year
We all cheer for big bottles of beer
Skarekrow music, your beats the Stevie Wonder
I drag a rapper under, drink lagers the whole summer
Thunder mermaid hair in a bottle at the bar
He had a toy pistol and cotton for a beard
The cheerleaders cheered, blood on the mirrors smeared
My flow is architectonic and atmosphere
Cold beers, cold cans, cold bottles and kegs
I bust crazy shots at the legs if you square pegs
Crack a wooden stool on your chest, the place buckle
I hustle up a couple of Coors cans and chuckle
I'm laughing with the cat, you found my 'Book of Witches'
I'm at the Regal Beagle with the 'Three's Company' bitches
Drink with the pirates, cruising and never steer wrong
Same old song, same song, call it 'The Beer Song'

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro: Holocaust)

Same old song, same song, call it 'The Beer Song'
Same old song, same song, call it 'The Beer Song'
Same old song, same song, call it 'The Beer Song'
Yeah, yeah, yo we drink beers forever
Same old song, same song, call it 'The Beer Song'
Same old song, same song, call it 'The Beer Song'
Same old song, same song, call it 'The Beer Song'