

Blackalicious

"40oz. for Breakfast"

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A forty ounce for breakfast gets a brother through the day
I guess I shoulda had a V8 instead anyway
Let me contemplate my thought, something back to a time
When my fridge was full of booze but in my pocket not one dime

I remember back on Willis Ave, with my ace boom
homey Mark Black
I would start the day off hearin' the sound of the fo' oh, crack
I went to work blitzed so eventually I got dissed
And caught a shocker when my supervisor said,
"You're dismissed"

Now as I stare at my last check now my mind
Is stressed and depressed
I spell relief, S T I D E S, yes, with a little excess less the worry
Why go job hunting today?
When I can sit back and smoke this sack and drink
And feel my problems shrink away

And by now the rent's due in two weeks
But inside my mind that's just another problem brew
can delete
I got evicted to the point where the court martial came
to my door
And said, "Get this kid, get your bags and split
You don't live here no more"

And now I'm ass out, I'm so damn hungry
I feel like I'm gonna pass out
I asked my brother for a handout and he hooked me
Though I knew he had doubts

And rightfully so 'cause I had new shit to deal with
I'm so confused I have no control of my life I think I'll
get lit
So as my problems compile, I steady smile, oh yes
Sippin' on that forty ounce that's leadin' me to a path of

nowhere

So as I think about tomorrow, I hesitate and say
"A forty ounce for breakfast will get me through the
day"

A forty ounce for breakfast gets a brother through the
day

I guess I shoulda rolled a joint up instead, anyway
Seems like every time I start, I don't know when it's
time to say when
Now my mental gets all blurred and inside talk the ill
behavin'

Coolin' with my boys, no names need to be mentioned
At a party with some brothers, I don't know I'm chillin' in
some E and J
With a forty OZ to wash the shit down
And plus a lot of marijuana now I need to sit down

I can't remember the last time I was this blew out of my
cranium
My ears and head begin to hum aloud as the room
spun, anyway
Next thing I know I blacked out woke up with vomit all
over my coat
Start talkin' out my ass I can't see straight but yet I
quote

And I don't know what came over me, I started dissin'
both my homies
That I used to freestyle with and now I'm askin' them to
show me
What they got not thinkin' straight I don't know why I
posed the challenge
Now my ego is erupting as if I was Mt. Saint Helen's

Some shit was said I know I can't erase and now shit
ain't the same
I wish I had just one more chance to live that day again
I strain 'cause this bid was to find a true friend
And loose them to booze in my system just ain't how
I'm livin'

Nothin' I could really say to mend up how someone else
feels
And so I guess I gotta wait and see if maybe the
wounds will heal
And I really didn't mean a word I said though I can't
prove that
Now the only thing that I can really say is, I went out

And out I went and now and then I get irate and say
A forty ounce for, nah, a forty ounce for, fuck
Just one more forty, just one more, I'll make this last
day
A forty ounce for breakfast can get me through the day

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