

2 Skinnee Js "Brew Ha Ha!"

Visit "[Brew Ha Ha!](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

TGIF 'cause the stress ends soon
Got your friends on your couch, your disc rocking tunes
As you stand with your band in a room that is strewn
With Zeus juice, Froot Loops, and old Yoo Hoos

Rounds of high fives and cries of 'Yeah dude'
Smokin' cigarettes and sippin' witches brew
It's kid tested, mom approved
To make your Jimmy swagger like the duke

Dressed in your best threads for club lagoon
They got teeny bikinis with the real pontoons
You're out the door and down the avenue
The shit's getting ill like repute

Enter the strobe light, exit harvest moon
Greet throngs of paragons with your old platoon
They bet you to step to the one that's cute
As she stands with her man, hope he's chicken like
Perdue

If belligerence were affluence you'd be tycoon
Go to overthrow the prince and start a coo
But he's grown nuts like cashew, he must be
introduced
To your best friend, your best man and new right shoe

Brutes execute like John Wilkes Boothe
Controlled my choke holds, four blows cause broken
tooth
Fists bring the pain, rain like monsoon
Split the scene before you get the boot

You're the kind of guy who thinks that life is simply
passin' ya
The last gas is graspin' ya, heard the last laugh gets
laughed at ya
Is it comin' true, what your friend said in the last seats
in back of ya
No they're wrong, like the way George Bush spoke
Sadaam at ya

Assess the damages and cast all those tags the bullies
ran at ya
You're just disenchanted with Nasdaq like the cat back
in Atlanta was
You steal of the wheel, the deal with the deck they
handed ya
With your outcast you're out last as old fears have
handed ya

And so we have ya, on your way of having your first
crack at Pamela
She'll become the better half of ya
Just hope the rest does not pass without somebody
slappin' ya

Now your cruise acting rude, stupid talk being spewed
Going off half kinds with twice the attitude
It pulls lactic sick wanna kick like kung-fu
Watched too much Bruce Lee, Jet Li, and John Woo

Limbo, how low will you stoop
The sickness of fitfulness spreads like the flu
Run with the wolf pack, attack the chicken coop
Flexing on the next kid, who you run into?

Laughing while you turn his ass black and blue
Pounce and bounce him into ICU,
Hop a train or a taxi, head home like pigeons do
Smile as you greet the morning dew

Visit [2 Skinnee Js](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.