

Macc Lads

"The Macc Lads' Party"

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Where's the fucking 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
fucking 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
fucking twat.
When the Macc Lads have a party then they do it
fucking right,
If we start it on a Monday then it ends on Sunday night.
You can come if your a Macc Lad,
You can fuck off if you're queer,
You can come if you're a fit crack,
But you've got to bring some beer.
(Repeat)

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