

GE ConXion F/ Samira

"40oz. for Breakfast"

Visit "[40oz. for Breakfast](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Gift of Gab]

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 everytime 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&J

With a forty O-Z 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 Helens
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

