Muphin "Liquor Intake/Hungover State"

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Ah man I've had too much to drink I don't feel so good [Verse 1] From in underage access, to in excess To obsessed, possessed with alcohol's presence Got me acting like a peasant, many a mistake But I still sip it at the present, whiff it from my breath Scull the beer, finish off the dregs, pass out on the bed Wake up with my face feeling red And my head aches, a mistake to take more cash to the counter An all nighter, all rounder, I found the liquor really only makes you sicker, I'm quick ta rip the mic on drunken nights, though my sight ain't 20/20 And now my bottles empty, but I still got plenty of energy Informed the watermelon is a good remedy for the morning after, I've tried to quit many a time But I guess I'll have to try harder ...try a little bit harder First came the Spumante, then the Jim Beam Tap dripping dreams, then carrots and kidney beans Then streams of beer, which led to dehydration I used to drink only on the special occasions Now I do whilst sitting in front of the Playstation Maybe while skating, or when the barbie's blazing Thought I was just phasing, it used to have me chasing the chicks Hoping to get licked, then I got the drunken nicotine fix With a strong stomach, nowadays it's rare for me to ever be sick You know? To blow fucking chunks with the pineapple lumps? And to think it's all supposed to be just a bit of fun [Verse 2] It all began as rebellion, getting pissed, kissed and always telling Tripping, slipping and yelling But I fell in the trap, now I sip the beer from longies Cans, stubbies, and sometimes even off tap Put a brew in my lap, I try to knock it back But my mind just snaps, now emcees would you give it up just for your raps? Perhaps, well I know I could Probably should, would it really make a difference? Save the money and spend it on better equipment More CDs on the underground shipment I'm living in a world that's dependent, not an alcoholic The beer is my friend when I'm feeling blue Takes me away, would you like to come too? But it ain't the land of the true, it's filled with misconceptions like my name, shit ain't really changed I still pop the cells sitting within my brain

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