

I Am The Liquor, Randy

MC Lars

First, I wake up every morning wasted at the crack of noon
Put my Aviators on, then I fix a drinky poo
Because I've got a job to do, officer Jim Leahy
Doing doughnuts in my Chrysler, mind is hazy maybe crazy
I see Bubbles causing troubles with his kitties in the shed
And Julian, is sexy but he's messing with my head
And Ricky's growing sticky icky living out his car
Randy's snacking on those burgers on the buns he's going hard
But I love him and his belly, my assistant keeps me calm
When I want these trouble makers, Corey, Trevor, J-Rock, gone
So I drink and drink some more, stressed out by these hooligans
I think about my life, maybe I could me go to school again
Ex0wife is on the phone, so blasted I can barely see
Pouring out this bourbon for Phil Collins RIP
Meet Nova Scotia's finest, trailer park supervisor
L A to the H E Y, and no I didn't start that fire

I am the liquor
I am the peace
Nova Scotia's finest, Sunnyvale police

It's Officer Jim Leahy
Reporting for duty
Bo Bandy riding shotgun as I'm squeezing on that booty

Knock, knock, Ricky, who's there? Someone who cares
The liquor's calling the shots, 6 out of 10 I'm impaired
Feeling sloppy stalking Julian, just like the paparazzi (they call me)
Drunky the clown, they call me Liquoracci
And so I kick back on booze control
Watch the scotch do the thinking then I'm good go
I stay strapped so don't laugh when I tumble down the stairs
I know I'm not a real cop - so ask me if I care?
Smashing J-Roc's stereo, as I chug a fifth of whiskey
Gone in 30 seconds, getting frisky when I'm tipsy
Then I just might pee my pants, pass out on the floor
Nothing to see here, Randy please go shut the door
Chasing Loonies and Goonies, but I'm just doing my duty
Some salute me, some sue me, still sipping shooters, not choosey
The alcohol makes me moody up in my vodka jacuzzi
So woozy truly consumes me - and then I'm gone, absolutely - peace!

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Ah jeez Mr Leahy, they treat me like a pervert
Cause I won't put a shirt on. I'm grilling up the burgers with the
Cheese, Mr Leahy! With Bubbles as my hype man
You know I'm bout to rumble when I struggle out my white pants
Can't knock the hustle when I stand on the street
Sex work is real work and a man's gotta eat
That wasn't me in the original movie

Lucy says the baby's mine and I believe Lucy
We hooked up for a few weeks, we broke up it's no big loss
I hope it frigged Ricky up 'cause Ricky can frig off
Please Mr Lahey, I know we've fought, we both said
Nonsense, but I need you and not Ted Johnson
I'm your right hand man, even if I'm not so handy
I'm handsome - It's you and me, Lahey and Bobandy
Friggin' right, and that's how the story goes
Shout out to the Dunsworth family and Cory Bowles!

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