

Buttcheeks

6 Dogs

Eyes wide open
Drowning, I'm choking
Worry 'bout a buttcheek
Bitch, you can miss me
Playing ukulele
I don't even play though
Looking at the night sky
Damn, I feel like Plato
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But I'm still feeling empty
Got a faraway feeling
Playing hide and seek, yeah
I don't know what I'm seeking
Monte Carlo creaking
Loud pack reeking
Yeah, I feel like I'm Bill, woah
'Cause the way that I'm geeking

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Tripped on my lace
'Cause I think it was laced
Yeah, my head's on the rug
Fuck, it was laced
Hit the ground with my face
At least it's Persian

Tear drops on a keyboard
Non-stop to the top floor
Crocodile drop top
Wipe your eyes, yeah, you'll see more
Hear the wind through the tall trees
Feels good, yeah, that cool breeze
Nights like this, yeah

Yeah, I really need these

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