

# 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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