

## Lambs

Billy Woods

Great American novel  
Ship in a bottle  
Secretly sip off the bottle, she slipped off, I followed  
Don't look gift horses in the mouth, check if they're hollow  
Ain't wrote shit, don't ask about it outside Plaza del Mercado  
Fuck outta here  
Shotgun on first  
I ran the wishbone with a smirk  
Pussy so (uhhh!) it was worth the gauntlet in Bensonhurst  
That's that thirst  
'97 mentality, we was smokin' dirt  
She hiked up her skirt  
Pulled the panties to one side, her moms was at church  
Hit it raw, she wasn't shy  
Sometimes wonder how we survived  
Seems like another life, so alive, so trife  
Her eyes alight, tyger burning bright  
Who dares!