

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!