

bullshit

clipping.

Patron bottle empty on the floor of the Maybach
Leaking liquor slowly on a red stain weave track
Bentley curtains drawn see the stained glass
Chardonnay and Jesus, broken Reese's Pieces
Broken piece of Alanis Morissette poster mostly unnoticed
Covered over with Weezy and Ricky Rose's
And stripper booty mid tip drill
Midriff killin' the strut across the floor to guerrilla pimp
Filament glow
Lone pole, lone dancer, lone patron
Heavy bass and 808 thud, plus breakfast buffet
Sausage, eggs, and orange juice box
Tour jete, on stage, goldilocks, airborne, fishnets
Bleach-scented air, peach-scented hair, Nair-scented seat
Outside the sun rise repeats the usual
Armor All on the woodgrain
Morning again

The night is full of stars, (sunroof open)
If I had one (wind in the face), would you want it?
(Money in the mouth, strange metal taste)
The headlights on these cars, (bullshit)
I am walking, (can't see nothing) this is bullshit (can't see nothing)

Umbrella in a drink, under an umbrella on a beach towel
Brought by a set of big tits for a tip
Interchangeable Caribbean island
High-end sandals, striped sun burnt feet, french tips
Plastic ash trays, half ashed blunt
Hennessy orange in the afternoon sun
Rolex with more diamonds than gears
Ice sculpture inexplicably solid for years
Rainbow in the pool spray
Dude ill fitting, swimsuit, Gucci
Grill glare barely visible, no grin
Air sticky, hot water, still no swimming
Thousand thread count on the sheets
Jacuzzi bubbles in the bathroom, bubbly
On a heart-shape ice in a bucket
Platinum rope haphazard on the dresser like 'fuck it'

The night is full of stars, (white-collared shirt)
If I had one (open to the Third Reich), would you want it?
(Pass security, don't say nothing)
The headlights on these cars, (bullshit)
I am walking, (can't see nothing) this is bullshit (can't see nothing)

Gold flex in the concrete
Black gum with tread pattern from fresh sneaks
Gator boots clock paired with stiletto click
Cocked Wesson in a holster on a cops hip
151 in an Aquafina bottle
Fitted cap to the side
Catch the waddle on the liquor legs
Neon flicker, glitter in the air
Powder in a bag, moving sidewalk
To drab carpet with a floral pattern, 70s chic

To the panel walls
Sweat condensing on the windows, alcohol
And ammonia for the vomit puddle on the tile
Pipe to the lips, teeth missing from a smile
Clammy handshakes, pinky ring obsidian
A sequin on a plastic leaf reflecting what it sees
And about a million twisted faces floating over strained neck veins
Popping from adrenaline and wrapped about with fake chains

Nights to the stars, party and bullshit
Bacardi for the bitches, sip some rock by the pool shit
Cued up for the poolstick
You got to figure these triggers is going to pull shit, cool it
This some cool shit, party and bullshit
Fingers twisted like 'what the fuck you going to do shit'
Nights full of stars, can't see nothing, can't see nothing

The night is full of stars (glass mostly empty)
If I had one, (night 'most done) would you want it?
(Eyes red, skin pale, ain't no sun)
The headlights on these cars, (bullshit)
I am walking (can't see nothing), this is bullshit (can't see nothing)