

Pogs & Slammers

Coast Modern

She's my passion orange guava
That body's hot as lava
Pogs and slammers
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When we come together
It's like cardboard meeting metal
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When I met her on the sidewalk she was throwing down
She had a skull and cross bones, and an evil clown
I whipped out my disk and presented it with pride
A single tear formed at the corner of her eye

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We made a simple trade in the parking lot
An eyeball for a spider, I felt like a hot shot
She left satisfied, what more can I say
Seems like both of us had a pretty slammin' day

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