

Stuffed And Sick

Destroyer

Stuffed and sick to the stomach
With a gutful of the goods you grow
I cringed at the crack
After the fact, you said, just hit it

Bottoms up, there goes the businesss
Better blow it, better quit it
Dotted Is (crime?)
I tried to trade (this raping?) for (a trimming?)
Oh, oh, oh

Conratulations, your fellowship set sail
And though I know
I am not the one
You're gonna spend it on and on

Yes, I guess
I'm not the one you'll spend it on and on and on

Still, let's make a deal
Don't go back to Portugal
I'll refrain from Spain