

Crop Circle

[Armando Flores](#)

Come on I was born underwater, I dried out in the sun
I started humping volcanos baby when I was too young
I started surfing the madhouse, and I decided to stay
I got an itch in my cosmic pocket and it wont go away Instead of dragging your swamp for your lost love
Come to me Im your living crop circle, yeah, alright Like a lamb to the slaughter, like a peach in the sun
Ill curl you up in my flame pit baby until your way over done
I came up from the ground, I came down from the sky
And Im grabbing her knees like a worm with a mission
'Cause Im made out of salt and Im made out of coal
And I live like a King in a some mansion Instead of make you a man, make you a monkey
Throw your head in the living crop circle, yeah Let me tell you about it
Let me tell you about it, come on
Come on, come on I said
"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Im your living crop circle
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Im your living crop circle
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Im your living crop circle
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Im your living crop circle"

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