PartyIsntOver Campfire Bimmer

rozzi24

Uhm, I said, the party isn't over
We can still dance, but I don't have no rhythm
So fucking take a chance with me
The party isn't over, we can still dance girl
But I don't have no rhythm
So fucking take a chance with a nigga
Like me, like meUhm, I said, the party isn't over
We can still dance, but I don't have no rhythm
So fucking take a chance with me
The party isn't over, we can still dance girl
But I don't have no rhythm
So fucking take a chance with a nigga
Like me, like meYeah, uhm
All I needed was a stick, grab the marshmallows
Mother fuckers getting lynched and burned
I earned it, my flog gnaw badge is looking good
On this brand new jacket
The donuts on the flag waving over the cabin
Now grab them graham crackers and pass them over here
Hurry, quickly I need a piece of Hersheys
Darker than the corners of the bushes we be lurking
I centered the mellow over the graham
Heated it too long now it's melting over my hand
Fuck it, I'll bite it, I burnt it, but I liked it
Camping with my niggas, its so fucking excitingWe're making smores by the campfire
Camp flog gnaw, golf wang summerSat by the fire
To witness gentle, but radical
Transformation ceased to be mindless
Create our own sweetness
At last growing the heartYou remind me of my bimmer
A lot of trunk space, the perfect two seater
You got a lot of drive Im trying to keep up
But it's not a lot of miles on ya meter
You remind me of my bimmer
See your ignition, baby girl I'm trying to key up
And your head lights are off I'm trying to see 'em
But it's not a lot of miles on ya meter
So let me start it up and smashPop some Tame Impala, your man got a lame impala
(And it's dark outside)

And I'm sharing slurpees and you ain't even begin to swallow
(Ooooooo)
Youre fucking nuts, green top we coupled up
Run my fingers through em as you wax and buff my muffler
Cause I fingered you, you think the fucking ring is coming up?
(Ooooooo)
Maybe, I dont know, I think youre chill
(Ride for)
Riding on my pegs, and my back against your legs
And a seatbelt is needed if I get between 'em, yeahYou remind me of my bimmer
A lot of trunk space, the perfect two seater
You got a lot of drive Im trying to keep up
But it's not a lot of miles on ya meter
You remind me of my bimmer
See your ignition, baby girl I'm trying to key up
And your head lights are off I'm trying to see 'em
But it's not a lot of miles on ya meter
So let me start it up and smashMmmm , It'll get dark outside soon (ride for it)
Where the streetlights sing (ride for it)
You don't have to lie girl to kick it its cool
We moving slowYou remind me of my bimmer
A lot of trunk space, the perfect two seater
You got a lot of drive Im trying to keep up
But it's not a lot of miles on ya meter
You remind me of my bimmer, smash
You remind me of my bimmerWhere you been man?
I had a drop off to make real quick. Hey you've seen Salem?
Oh she with that new dude, wolf, or, Darnell, whatever his name is.
Fuck that nigga man. Hey you know where they went?
I seen 'em going down by the lake.
What the fuck!
You good man? You need some sherm? I got some.
I got a can of these baked beans too.

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