

Thug City (Tree City Sessions)

Dance Gavin Dance

Haha!

Dance Gavin Dance baby!

Downtown Battle Mountain Twoooooooo! First it's the casting call, but I'm playing basketball

My wife she notifies that I missed a call on my phone

Now why are you snooping, when you should be cooking

If you read my texts one more time! If you fill the pageant bowl I will be masterful

Well full of liquid comedy, namaste, your baller bag is on its way

Red full of lexicons, polishing megatron

If you beat the ho, you tell your bros, I need this yo! Stop and don't panic, I've got a plan,

Let's both pretend you didn't take that one night stand,

So hide your face, collect your things; this is what we call the walk of shame,

Oh, pretty lady, I know the cost at the gate, you're almost there. Next it's the pinnacle of me being cynical

Can I be the lynch pin compelling to judge a lottery

Baggy and awfully, bumpy and blistery, brutally homeless and fluffy Hey there, pretty girl, I'm already in your head,

Hey there, pretty girl, I'm already in,

Hey there, pretty girl, don't hide what's inside,

Hey there, pretty girl, don't hide what's inside. (So nice, so nice to meet you.) Lift your head for the last time,

Lift it higher and higher and high,

How can you love what you can't see?

How can you love what you can't touch? Hey there, pretty girl, I'm already in your head,

Hey there, pretty girl, I'm already in,

Hey there, pretty girl, don't hide what's inside,

Hey there, pretty girl, don't hide what's inside. (So nice, so nice to meet you.) I tell them personal tastes are fine

We've been over this a million times

You'll never unhinge those biased chromosomes alone

Lyrics provided by

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