

Girls

De La Montagne

Red solo cups and high legs shaking their asses on the beat in the fire exit
Youth full of love to give, desire and fear, acting silly like a bunch of monkeys
I like girls, when they're smiling, not those who are watching themselves in the mirror
My favorite game is air fucking boys by the back and catch their long hair in my mouth
Saliva melting with sweat, salty lips and cheap tips, table dance someone catch you if you fall
I like girls, when they're smiling, not those who are watching themselves in the mirror at the party where I'm
grinding on the floor
Hey Budy Wassup ?
Blur streets are shaking, Memory blinding, It's early morning, Crocodile tears, Alcohol cry, I can't do no more :
Party is over

Lyrics submitted by De La Montagne.

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