Analog

Menagerie

I can grab the fireworks
And soda all the cookies we can eat
Make you nauseous but be cautious this is not dawsons creek
We could sneak away, fuck it, you can bring a eighth
Im not gon smoke but im just asking baby could you meet by the lake
Bring a towel, baby, meet by the lake
Bathing suit is going down
We can count the shooting stars
Summer never has to end, with me
Imma give it to her she want that summertime,
Imma give it like no other kind, she knows im hers
And damn right shes mine, we both know it so when we separate everythings fine.
Her phone ringing in her purse, damn right its me,
Im her nigga nigga, come for mines in summertime Ima

bust that trigga nigga,
Catch us venice beachin cause she wanna go shoppin,
Sundown at the club cause she like to get it poppin,
Sangria on my freedminds cause she like to get it poppin,
No ecstasy for her, but she wanna get it poppin,
Drop toppin in I measure her pleasure and then I drop in,
When she get out of place I quantanize, she is my concubine,
I am her porky pine, I poke her face, her throat for taste, give me head like im in her mind, I
know her analyzation so when she try to fake, summer time in the boat of love, meet me by the lake.
I packed a couple sandwiches inside that basket
And brought some extra towels if anyone was asking
We should take a dip, in that lake quick
And then we split, then do something that's beyond what we both can imagine
Watch the sunset we can watch the sunset there goes a rainbow

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