

# Rotgut

## State

In the scrotum of your dreams  
You turn your first trick for free  
Cocktails, catnip and cocaine  
I doubt you'll be in the hot rain  
Make a thick squeal  
When you cop a feel  
It rots your gut but that's not enough for you  
Induce the red morning sun  
I spit on the cock of passion  
My heart beating in your head  
But I leave coke in the front bed  
Sweet honeycomb and lockjaw  
Sting like a bee and say aah  
Two cats that hung each of our lies  
Build it 'cause soon we're more chaste

Lyrics provided by

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