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 rainMake a thick squeal
When you cop a feel
It rots your gut but that's not enough for youInduce the red morning sun
I spit on the cock of passion
My heart beating in your head
But I leave coke in the front bedSweet 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

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