Peyote

Three Dead Trolls in a Baggie

She goes by the nickname peyote,
Her real name is Iris
Appearance doesn't matter so im not gonna describe it
She was a dancer down at edit this portion
I cant name the spot they don't merit the promotion
But I been there look like any strip club
Everybody slicked up trying to get they dick sucked
Smoke and mirrors you know fake magic tricks
Like these people didn't come here just for ass and tits
But this one in particular was popular with midlife ballers
And white collar out of towners
Plus it attracted athletic individuals that came here to play against
The twins and the timber wolves
Safe to say she made the rent good
Twenty years of age a spot up in Kentwood
She had the car, the dog, and the kitchen sink
She had a drug free body didn't even drink
She had a sister who wouldn't stop giving her shit
For dropping out of art school to be a stripper
Iris was sick and tired of the questions
But big sis didn't understand the perspective
She knows her little sister isn't a slut
But she objectifies herself and contributes to the gluttony
Now here's Iris stealin' from the devil to buy some time
To make life something special
[Chorus:]Where did you go? When did you fall?
That little one, you all grown up
Oh how they've grown, those days are done
Under the gun, now you are dealt
Where did you go? When did you fall?
That little one, you all grown up
Oh how they've grown, those days are done
Look at us, who you to judge?
Her oldest sisters name was Jocelyn

Awfully slim, on a diet of bottled water and oxygen
She lives on higher water by the Target
And she dates a photographer, that's how she started modeling
She ain't no supermodel, this is Minneap for that you'd have to move to Chicago

Or maybe LA or NY
Now she does what she does here and she gets by
And her boyfriend gets a little currency
Taking photos for advertising agencies
Now he's gonna steal from the devil
Stick it to the man, revolutionary rebel
One afternoon after work he went to the strip club
Just to loosen up that shirt
He and a couple job associates are gonna sink them drinks
Like they about to be extinct
Never met his girlfriends little sister
But she recognized him from cell phone pictures
Any other circumstances she'd have hollered
But topless in heels is a little bit awkward
Eventually his friends leave
And when he gets up, she grabs him by the coat sleeve
Too drunk to catch what she says
But he did offer her three hundred on some head, like
[Chorus:]Where did you go? When did you fall?
That little one, you all grown up
Oh how they've grown, those days are done
Under the gun, now you are dealt
Where did you go? When did you fall?
That little one, you all grown up
Oh how they've grown, those days are done
Look at us, who you to judge?
When you do wrong it makes me want to do right
It also cancels out the guilt that makes the load feel light
It also gives some leverage to the morally impaired
So make mistakes for us to hold over your hair

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/