

Coupe subbed dyke creek and a baller round of cigars, life on mars
cheap stew a moor and the loo. The looo, sold round two
veers off into the distance, dykes a bike, mines a galloff, a mission of miss, three quarters of wish
and a sum of wit, total aint bigger, slumped like bb hooker, a g strang is cleffed, chef.

The send off like someone hip daz with her breeze and maz on the trumpet, wail for me doggy boi.
Wave1: text the text, so when you run up to a man in a honker jeff honors, just let him honor.

Bb pull it, rush it off the ground and mull it, perp a troop a scoop and a woop, just hidden away
from plain sight, off the beaten track a smack and a ton of smack, ass like the hat just mac, off to the
shop three plaid til dawn or mocken be the mood a bit lued if not chewed, so haha ya wee pecker,
basic school run, drop on the stairs and down, bit down, all bugged up on no. the point decimal a ref
and jeff, we mean the jeffe good fellow, so drink up

match attack a slow game, once had trice gain. Drac gon in one. Fuck well chatter pls.

Dick van dyke a dyke on a bike with a bitch on hold, solid gold principles on fine dining and
persations an ass for the tash, you could say.
Muy biemp

data again, date me friend if I got two bigs to move shes in the ditch, then began the spirale into
descend a madmans best friend or a sad mans last lend, a coupe with the cooch. And peoeple say I
write hiphop.

Seat sed #