

## **Dr. Acula**

# **"Is This A Party Or A Dick Measuring Contest?"**

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The bar fills up and the drinks start mixing  
A cluster fuck of shame dispensed to lower your neck  
By the time the bar keep hits the table  
My sights are set on tonight's last pathetic attempt  
Movin like a huntress across the dance floor  
We meet at the waist and re-discover our flaws  
She's shaking hard when I sniffle so softly  
She drops her glass and knees right down to the floor  
As I show her to the basement apartment  
That has been built on endless nights like this  
I won't stop you on your knees baby please  
I understand that this might come as a shocker  
Don't get upset you were somewhat still worth it  
But at the top you gotta flip this shit fast

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