

Going Down

Watsky

I'm going down
I'm going down
I'm going down
On you

I'm breathing deep then I leap in
I'm going under
Like eating that V's the key to how we can beat global hunger
Achieve total peace on earth
I'm a freak, I'm a local wonder
More lung capacity than Freddie Mercury vocal numbers
I plunder the briny deep
A spelunker plunging in, hunkering down in between those puffy pink walls
Like a fallout bunker
And if I never emerge to the surface don't gimme shit
In twenty years I'm back like Kimmy Schmidt (wassup)
Hold up, wait (Hold up, wait)
Cause I really gotta set one thing straight
I'm not chowing on the chocha so that you'll reciprocate
I just go in (go in)
No strings (no strings)
Tastes great (tastes great)
Fun times (vitamins!)
I got a wand tongue
I'm doing sorcery
If you don't want none
Well that's just more for me

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I'm going down on you like I like it but bruh I'm lyin'
Cause I don't like it, I love it that shit's my valentine
One tiny warning—I'm dining on your gourmet form until the morning
Performing like it'll stop global warming
My palate has got no equal
Talent could vanquish evil
And maybe make Rick Moranis be in the Ghostbusters sequel
One taste and I'm wailing "god bless!" (god bless!)
Until you quiver I will not rest (not rest)
Licking repeatedly like your beaver's a square reader
And my tongue is a VISA debit card that failed to process
It's like the Miracle Worker and I'm blind and I'm deaf and dumb
Plus each inch of my body's numb except for the tip of my tongue
And each Wikipedia topic's printed in microscopic raised ink on your clit
So the single option I got to know something about this wonderful globe that
We come from so locate your swollen bean and then probe the folds of it
Fiendishly til you cum about infinity times
And baby that isn't a crime

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Given our planet's gender ratio

It'd be a mockery glossing over fellatio (there he go)
Meaning that really fucking quick
I gotta touch on sucking dick
Many guys visualize giving BJs and say "eww"
But can we just please give smoking pole a calm objective view?
I'm pretty straight, but I'll state: sexuality's an arc
Maybe I can suck a flashlight so my soul will not be dark
Why couldn't I get se**** with a man at all?
At thirteen I was in my bedroom fucking stuffed animals
If I can bang an inanimate object can't I jam the crotch of a man in my jaw
and softly massage it?
Fellas vomit like "what if the sausage is smelling hella funky?"
Don't you wash your fucking junk, B?
Of course I wouldn't devour icky salami
But that goes the same for encountering stinky punani
So in this scenario where I brush my teeth with a penis
Let's assume that the penis we're dealing with sparkles the cleanest of all
Penis penis on the wall
With those well proportioned balls

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I'm going down
Down, down, down
I'm going down

So let's say you're okay with your lips around a cock
But you still can't wrap your mind around the final moneyshot
Don't give up! If the nut is what truly makes it foul
Then just get him close to busting and hand him a paper towel
Yup! No gravy on your chin!
Yup! Everybody wins!
Yup! Squirrel to an acorn
Dudes like to look at dicks in their straight porn
Put your hands up if you got hangups
Put your hands up if you got hangups
If I could get with it I'd have a wider ocean I'm fishing in
But I'm inhibited by my social conditioning
So where my head's at present the odds are gloomy
That I would agree to feast on a D that's presented to me
But I'm not officially ruling out
That at some point in my life I'll have a dingaling in my mouth