

Pee-pee's are like flowers
Sometimes they wilt
But then they grow again,
or they die. IDK.
The moral of the story is
enjoy pee-pees while you can
Because when they get old
they wilt forever.
This was supposed to be
a love poem
Well shit.
U R A Q T
Yeah.
Your cheeks are like Roses
in full bloom.
Fuck yeah, that was smooth
as shit.
Sammy also wrote a love poem
bu mine has pee-pee's
SO,
Mine is better. And I sacrificed
AT Least, 2 Virgins. I promise.