

Hard 'N Phirm, Pi

When ink and pen in hands of men
Inscribe your form, bipedal "P";
They draw an altar on which
God has slaughtered all stability
No eyes could ever soak in all the places you anoint
And yet to see you all at once we only need the point
Flirting with infinity, your geometric progeny
That fit inside you oh so tight
With triangles that feel so right

3.1415926535897
932384626433 832 79
5028841971693993
7510582097494459

Your ever-constant homily says flaw is discipline
The patron saint of imperfection frees us from our sin
And if our transcendental lift shall find a final floor
Then Man will know the death of God where wonder was before

Yeah, I know this Pi shit backwards and forwards
Check it out

I did three chicks then I pointed at the door
A girl entered in so that made it four
I snapped one time in came another five
Add 'em all up and that makes nine
The average age 26.5
Now that's what I call gettin' some pi
Five of the chicks wore 6-inch heels
Two of the nine squealed like seals
514 was the area code
Qubec, Canada my winter abode
And my 1.3 million dollar chalet

Pi backwards, pi forwards, all night and all day

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1706798214808651
3282306647093844
6095505822317253
5940812848111745
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