

# Devils In the Soup

Esham

Shit, you been talkin' might have once been true  
But I don't think this time your mother fucking punk will do  
Ladies and gentlemen here he is  
The man that can party  
And this pussy belongs to me  
Let's hear it for Mr....

Now I know it's like that fearin'  
But you still wanna hear this unholy spirit  
Still gettin' done by none  
Pulled up a dress and fucked a nun  
The walls sweat blood from thinkin' bout sex  
As your clit gets wet  
Your hot like fire, you desire  
More than pleasure, much more higher  
Your nipples on your chest start to bleed  
The soup is gettin' hot, time to feed  
Your heaven is burnin'  
As your masturbatin', but still you're yearnin'  
The fire is gettin' very hot  
As you stick your finger in the soup inside the pot  
You begin to stir it  
Lick your finger to taste it, but it's not done yet  
I smell white virgin  
Operatin' on yourself like a medical surgeon  
Something you love to do  
Who would thought it was you  
The devil's in the soup

The devil's in the soup  
Break out the mix and spoon, and stir it up with all you got  
The soup is gettin' hotter and hotter, runnin' all down the side of the pot  
Juice is on the covers  
I think I smell a lil' tumor inside that soup  
So what you puttin' in it?  
The basic four fingered food groups  
All alone, cuz you feed for a minute, and meat and bones  
So the devil's in your soup  
Your panties all wet from spillin' that soup  
Home made, never stored in cans  
Always made with hands  
I think your startin' to stick to the pot  
That means, soup's too hot  
It's so hot, it burns  
So stick a spoon in it, and give a couple turns  
And I thought you was a good girl  
Never let nobody inside your world  
So the devil's in the soup  
How'd you let the devil get inside your soup?  
Been thinkin' about sex  
Next thing you'll know, you'll be wearin' a cotex  
When the walls come down  
And the soup's in the cupboard there too be found  
You've committed sin  
But when the devil's in the soup, it'll happen again

Masturbatin, demonstratin', good love

Knowin' damn well, that ain't what you thinkin' of  
You're thinkin' about cumin'  
For the first time, your out ya mind  
You don't know what you doing  
But it feels so good, you think you're screwin'  
You feel something tingle  
As you giggle, and start to wiggle, but still single  
Playin' that Esham tape  
So much love, and so much hate  
Your emotions run wild  
Feelin' more like a woman, and less like a child  
Get ready for the fountain  
Cuz you'll be cumin around the mountain  
Any minute with the soup  
Cuz the devil's still tastin', as she's wastin'  
Soup in her clothes, but she's the only one that knows  
About that dish  
Squaggy juice, which smells like fish  
And she loves to fix it  
Her favorite part is when she mix it  
Virgins want to have fun to  
But when they do  
The devil's in the soup

Oww!

Oww!

Oww!

Oww!

The devil's in the soup!

The devil's in the sooooooup!

The devil's in the soup!