

## Erotic Poetry

Esham

Yo, check this out...

Now some people say that I'm too nasty,  
The ones that don't know, I say, yeah, when you ask me.  
The Freakiest brotha on the planet,  
Sometimes, I don't even understand it, goddamn it.  
Young ladies, young bitches, young hoes,  
Smack on your hoe, it's how it goes, so here goes, nothing,  
All you hoes know what time it is,  
You know my dick, so you know what kind of rhyme it is.  
I get ill on the mic, but still,  
I don't like pigs, but I like the reel feel.  
I'm not Luther Vandross or Freddie Jackson,  
Some freaks be askin', why I be taxin',  
I dunno, that's the type of brotha I am,  
If your father don't think I'ma fuck you, tell yo momma I am.  
I'm the freaky dick brotha on the give it up to,  
For those who know of me, this is erotic poetry.

Now I'm the K-I-S-S-I-N-G-B-A-N-D-I-T,  
E-S-H-A-M, is on the, M-I-C,  
Now I make the kinda poetry, that make you wanna get with me,  
All the hoes say, "Please won't you hit me?"  
I'm not Casanova, Esham's in the joint,  
I make the fuck songs that get straight to the point.  
I don't make love songs, cuz I don't do that,  
And if I bust a wack rap like that, you'll say, "Who's that?"  
A bunch of hoes didn't get it,  
I let the rhythm hit 'em, and they loved the way I did 'em.  
I get freak bones, bust nuts on G-bones,  
Hoes give the jaw bone, when we all alone.  
So I don't understand, when you say I'ma nasty man,  
You should be sayin' nasty hoe, cuz I like to do it slow.  
So I like to hit ya like a man would,  
I like to fuck, I like to fuck it, like a man should, yo,  
This goes out to the hoes who know of me,  
Trashy, but still classy, erotic poetry.

Now when I say, bitch or hoe, I mean no disrespect,  
But the name Esham you'll never forget.  
So all you hoes gather 'round, while I break it down,  
Esham's in the house, and I'm the talk of the town.  
Now some hoes think, I exaggerate with the ink,  
But when you stop and think, how do I know your pussy's pink?  
I've got a dirty mind, and I love hoes,  
But my ideal of love is different from yours, and my love goes,  
Wham, bam, thank you maam,  
When you wake up I'm gone and all you can say is, damn.  
He love me like, he love me like, he love me like no other,  
And when I left yo' crib, I went and fucked yo' mother.  
I'll do anything to please you,  
Anything you want me to do, just ask, and I'll lead you.  
This goes out to those that know of me,  
Trashy, but still classy, erotic poetry.

Now I got game, like Parker brothers,  
Play monopoly on top of me, while we do each other.

Roll a dice on your chest, I hit seven, I won!  
By the time I roll eleven, I bet ya cum.  
When you get fast go, you get a fuck free card,  
And a guarantee that all night the dick will stay hard.  
Just if you run back side to side,  
Till ya cum, till ya can't cum no more from inside.  
If you say I'm nasty, you hoes you grow up,  
Cuz I'll do things to you that will make the average man throw up,  
Like put your foot, and cut the grass with the mower,  
Lick it up high, then lick it down lower,  
A Shame, ain't no shame to my game,  
Cuz you only live once and tellin' lies is lame.  
So I'll be mean to the people who know of me,  
Still gettin' pussy from the ladies, singin' erotic poetry.