

Poetic Sex

R. Kelly

My sex is poetic
I'm about to get you mad pregnant
Yeah

First RnB [?]
My mic be the knife
Imma take a stab at it ok
Allow me to paint the picture your mind being the canvas
I take you spiritually high your plane never be landing
No navigation locating that spot
When I hit that you yell out God
That's the G Spot
Sex
That'll bring you close to tears
When I spit it it's like I popped a molly in your ear
You feel it between your thighs you heart beat starts to rise
Your pupils is dilatin' you believe you can fly man
These nigga's can't fuck me
Rolled in my hands
These nigga's can't even hold palm in their hands
Roll up in that bassline
Snatch you up with these hits
Tie you up with my lyrics
You're abducted by this shit

Oh baby
Come and feed me baby
Girl put your body on a dinner plate
I just can't get enough of your buffet
And I'm so hungry
Baby feed me
All I can eat babe

A lot of things on your mind
Let me carry them
Get you so wet
Welcome to the aquarium
Murdering every bar
Shit I'm a barbarian
Who is he?
How dare they make a comparison
Up and down up and down on my elevator
See I'm the type of nigga that a elevate ya
Just let that soak in
And I ain't gonna bathe off that shit, imma soak in
It's poker
And I got you all in
I got you so open all I got to do is fall in
And I turned your man to Aaron Hall
My lyrics got a big dick and I just fucked the shit out of y'all
Poetic

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Sitting in the shop once I touch her with this taser tongue
Shirt on the clothes line you could say shawty hung
Never caught up but you could say a nigga sprung
Put that up to my ear cause I like to hear where you're coming from
Hop up in my rocket ship
We gon tell them haters bye
Yeah
And I represent my sex like I respresnet my city Chi
Yeah
Smoking on my melody and you could say we getting high
Yeah
And now I got the munchies bout to eat it call it dinner time
Yeah
Pussy my address
Just being honest
And they say home is where the heart is
I'm just metaphorically speaking
Like a ceiling with a hole imma have you leaking
And I promise you gonna love it
Girl my sex rich them nigga's is on a budget
I make it talk need no translation
I'm swimming in it need no flotation
Lock me up in it need no probation
My girl no temptations
Bout to make you sweat huh
I turn up the Fahrenheit
Drink from from any fountain black or white
Shit that's equal rights
I ain't talking hands when I tell your ass to make it clap
Ten out of ten times you came shit that's stating facts
And I love the things you do with your lips when you looking back
Put that pussy right up on my head that's a fitted cap
Uh

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Girl put your body on a dinner plate
I just can't get enough of your buffet
And I'm so hungry
Baby feed me
All I can eat babe

My sex is poetic
Girl let me get your mind read