

Good Night

RZA

Ahh... love is love... yeah...
Digi, Digi, bong, bong, banging you long
Whop, pop, who pop, then bang bang boom
Shabobalee, shabizzy..

Good night, here's your kiss
Sleep well and make a wish
Don't be scared, I won't bite
I keep you warm, and hold you tight

Your dynamite antics, drove me to your magic
Merrily down the stream, you got me going frantic
Enchanted by your kiss, the apple's gigantic
In your Atlantic abyss, I'mma sink my Titanic
Granted your wish can be captured on candid camera
Oh shit, I got to pamper you
With this hand-trick gambit, open handed
Edible panties, no need for the hamper
We can spread out on the floor like Pampers
Chanting Karma Sutra, you got me speaking Spanglish
Mamacita, f**k semantics
God damn it, you understand it?
I'm about to blow like somebody pushed the panic
You fever the gene that Yacub sub-planted
Shape and mold ya body just like ceramics
Big valley rodeo style, above to stand with
Dream, dream, cream, cream
Legs open, I'm in between
You quench and scream, I split your gene
My chi, my yi, my shit, my jig
My lee, my con, crown me Kong King
Bottles of Ginseng, Jamaican ting
Wood root, it's the ultra sheen
Your flower being blossomed, pollinate like Spring

Love, love, love is in the air, fireplaces, winter time
Bottles of wine, cuddled up with a friend of mine
She a dime, and in her physical prime
So every time we grind, she get a chill up her spine
Sign is Virgo, she from Chicago
She like my slow flow, and like my turbo
I'm like yo, we can burn the herbal
I got the purple, and you in my circle
By them hips I can tell she fertile
So I'mma take my time and as slow as a turtle
And I like her verbals, that wine she gurgle, got her acting terrible
And that ass is durable, had her bent over in the Bentley convertible
The girl was beautiful, my flow was surgical, and now I'm preferable

When tonight chime, I taste your kiss
I make a wish, for you
When tonight chime, I feel your kiss
I make your dreams come true

She was gorgeous, wit an ass that make you cum fast like Porsches
Face look like a portrait, body like a fortune
Mills in small bills, and tar heels, flexing sex appeal

Got my mind pondering, wandering how the sex would feel
First to kill she'd be an assassin, main part of her attraction
Was a chance to fast, stopped her and asked her name
Compliment of the elegance, she blushed, respond with intelligence
Her scent was heaven sent
Offered me a drink, beautiful with dead presidents
A few drinks later, we back at her residence
Surprised, in 35, I was deep between her thighs
When she came, she cried, looked me deep in my eyes and said