

# A Name I Call Myself

Souls of Mischief

He hah... hahaha!!  
Yo y'all want to know about hoes?  
Check it... yo  
Adam is the man that got more honies than a hive of  
bees I skeeze I'm pullin stunts like McGyver  
And I try ta, always be patient with a Miss  
But I diss, 'cause groupies always seem to make me pissed  
Huh, they gotta be frontin, wantin to start a phony friendship  
I never pretend to think I befriend be them hips  
and send dips, back to they moms with a grin  
But if she's a boo boo head I tell no-one that I got in  
Yo, skins friends I got a lotta, and I gotta  
bend them and then blend all the hottie  
Spurts be burstin like a mile a minute  
'cause I can either take it slow or yo I wild up in it  
I'm pulling, yes 'cause fully dressed or threadbare they're nice  
I twist my sides to tickle thighs when my head's there  
I now rips sets so foul dips spread my rep  
I sew the girls up like Schweppes, so many kids might fret  
Afterwards I'm bouncing dips like tits on chicks  
who be running track, then they be running back for more  
Rest assured, it's absurd for her to be your linga  
I get the finger, 'cause she can't get the stinga  
any longer, my dong can stretch and I'm stronger  
I got the daddy ding-a-ling to get you hot and bothered  
Get the kinks out when my stink in the pink shout and scream  
Butta second fling is but a dream  
From day one I played hoes in the schoolyard, my tool heartless  
but not for dips submerging it ain't hurt men to merge in  
My status, from baddest to Tims I'm pulling more hips  
than gravity, and after the skins get hit, I'm drowsing  
Arousing the next dousing the next thousand my saliva  
The liver ones 'cause I don't try to run in no dumb females  
Some be swell, but, my picks so why tricks  
get restricted to flicks with boo boo heads, I screw you dead  
Chorus:  
I call myself the man (8X)  
Niggaz cling, and get attached to things on the flute  
That's insane, I just be in and bang, get boots  
For gosh sakes, that broad shakes, her thang to the whole game  
The way the labia lips hang it's a sad shame  
Clapping when you're tapping, just hit the scraps and be at em  
The breasts sag like they're saddened  
The skins are wrinkled, dry, worn and battered  
Leave em shattered, she's as fly as a maggot  
The him I am, the man I'm him  
Bustin skins out, I been stout erect checkin dips  
when I'm wreckin lips and clitorises, hit her with this  
swinging from my you-know-what's so you know buttcheeks  
are clapping tapping the guts on the late with your date  
makes my ego read those lipstick marks on my penal tip  
They don't lie, penis took your dip to a fly despise  
my description, why, when I'm making them lips bend  
I hit it, I did it, I admit it  
I never quit it, yes I knock the boots like I was Riddick  
Bowe, get with it, hoe, I get with  
No, Boomerang broads with nasty toes

Keep your corns on your husk you muskrat  
But if she's fly, I try to bust that  
Gluttius maximus, I wax and bust  
I'm taxin just to be the mack man Plus  
Once I been with women, friendship done been the sole outcome  
How come skins can't work their way in?  
The question resting late night at her pad and  
Scheming to grab and season, 'cause she's in  
I fiend getting mad horny, transforming charges  
into swinging me, seemingly hard miss  
Let her know that I was on it  
Now I got dibs on that crib I'm