

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