

# 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