

Call From KC Poet Camile

Tech N9ne

Go deep nigga.
You got big feet and big hands
Working like you said you can
I'm laying here thinking why did I even give you a chance?
Nigga making love you for what?
'Cause in the back of my head, I'm screaming 'Bust your nuts so
I can get up'
'Ooh aah, daddy. You feel so good' is what I'm screaming
But, your dick is like wet wood is what am meaning.
Talking about putting in work, tearing out my seams
Not with that little beaty ass thing...
Nigga, you sweating like a mother fucker
And. I don't feel shit
Why did I even let you hit?

Pass me my vibrator so I can finish this
'Is it good to you mommy?
And, I'm saying yes.
But, truth is my pussy stretched
She was horny ready to go, come ready to flow
But, your dick ain't even big enough to blow, you know
Walking around Killer City thinking you the man...
Nigga, I could've done a better job with my hand.
So, the next time you on your way to my place,
You won't need a condom.
Your tongue is bigger than your dick daddy
Imma ride your face
I love you Tech N9ne!
You inspire me