

Delillos

"Metaphor Play"

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[Answering Machine Recording Intro]

(Hey it's me, I'm on my way I'll be there in a little while,
but um I wrote
something you know how you always saying that I don't
express myself to you
well, hope you like it I'm gonna read it to you when you
get home, see you
in a little bit, bye)

[Verse One]

Metaphor play Metaphor play
Baby, you got that picka peppa
Red devil spicy recipe with extra
Hot sauce kinda flavor
I mean if my soul got ashy elbows
Then your loving is a cocoa butter stick
Wrapped up in Jergens
Slick with some baby oil
On the side
If my day is a subway ride
Then your smile is an empty car
On the express track to my house
One little word out your mouth
Is a hundred free tokensâ€¦
Falling from the ceiling
Giving me that dizzy love feeling
Like you always do

[Chorus]

Metaphor play Metaphor play
Metaphor play
Metaphor play Metaphor play
Metaphor play

[Verse Two]

If my body is a temple
Baby
You keep it simple
Straight to the altar
Taste my wine
Ring my bells

Light my in-senses
With your flame your fire
'Cause baby
When you sing my name
You the whole damn choir
You the collard to my greens
The weak in my knees
I keep your teardrops
In my pockets when you cry
'Cause if my heart is a peach then baby
You be the cobbler and the pie
You be the sun to my cool sky
The pick to my afro
The touch up to my perm
The Erick to my Sermon
You be the needle on my record
Skippin'
Needle on my record skippin'
Needle on my record skippin'
Needle on my record skippin'

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Ohh Baby
You give me them kisses
That make me squirm in my seat
Just thinking 'bout you
Even on the bus
'Cause you my driver and my transfer
My plans for you and me
Are written in these metaphors
Metaphors metaphors
Star showers comets meteors
In between the sheets
Of night we fly
Damn baby we fly

-Chorus- X2

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