

Esham

"Black Orchid"

Visit "[Black Orchid](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[esham]

What's up honey? don't mind me askin, but how your
ass been?

And fuck that chatty nigga, if he's a has been

I got twenty, 'cause I'm good and plenty

To get the dollars, get the dick, if you gettin any

You gotta work that pussy fast, work that pussy slow

It don't matter 'cause these bitches know I got the
phatter dough

Ain't no trick, but I gotta trick dick like hoodini

I want ya fine ass on my dick like the genie

Grant my wishes, blow your hugs and kisses in the
wind

G-string up ya ass, all I see is pussy skin

And nigs don't know about my titty bar ho

She be dancin til the break of dawn wit no panties on

Dough, lickin her lips, her pussy smells on my
fingertips

She's ill, I think I fucked her wit the dollar bill

For real, her titties, look so ferm, I might burn

If I run up in her raw, wit the super sperm

She got a

[chorus 4x]

Work that pussy fast, work that pussy slow

Work that muthafucka, outta baller's cash flow

[esham]

Something surprise me about your eyes

They make my dick rise, and then your ass got me
hypnotized

Watch you put dollars up ya pussy, ho

They make my dick swell, and you the reason why
these niggas roll

Big cash flow, watch your ass ho

Pussy for days, got nigs, runnin thru a maze

Gotta funny way of lookin at me, know I wanna skeez ya

Then I got the other pussy, put it in the freezer

Dollar strapped around you leg, on the rubber band

I know deep down you could never love a move

Only the money, go to get yours, at all cost

Pussy ain't nothin, but a way to take a lost
I gotta let these hoes know, that I ain't no trick
I'm just a nigga wit a dick, and a mind that's sick
So pull your panties to your knees, 'cause I aim to
please
I bet that pussy get hot, like a hundred degrees, when
you

[chorus 4x]

[esham]

I see the way every nigga is scopin, hopin
He can get a change at your kinda romance
Every nigga in the house, got one thing on they mind
Seein the back of your head, watchin that ass from
behind
Tell me somethin, if you wasn't workin at this club
Would you be lookin at me like you was fuckin me
Or better yet be duckin me
I don't want anything from you, you don't nothing from
me
If this was back in the day, you be fuckin for free
I sit and daze and reminisce on how I used to bone her
I told the waitress to rush over another corona
I give the bitch a hundred dollars just to dance on my
lap
I tell the dj slow it down, 'cause this bitch is all that
I want the time to go slow, and my dough even slower
I wanna fuck ya pussy, but I don't even know her
I can't go out like the next man
God damn, bitch, do you know who the fuck I am, gotta

[chorus 4x]

Visit [Esham](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.