

## **Poor Righteous Teachers**

### **"My Three Wives Shakyla pt III"**

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featuring missjones

I met the strangest chick imported from Bangladesh

So what's your angle miss?

Weak wicked and dangerous?

She spoke the languages English and Arabic

Told me very quick she won't be sucking any dick

Say Wise Intelligent you're unlike most other men

A lot of brothers been filling me up with compliments

So where your body's been

That's all we need to know love

Can turn this raven to a dove

Or are you just gon' try to rise above

Her kiss bionic, stimulating like a roots tonic

Let's be platonic sister I ain't even hearing it

You got me fearing that love's among the actual facts

I gots to come correct, all wise right and exact

I want you mentally and physically reflecting me

You wants my agony penetrating sexually

You won't commit but you persist with this sex shit

I won't submit cause I'm Allah and God is dominant

The sex is good but I don't need another lover sis

I'm on this trip in pursuit of Miss Intelligent

Not my type but I felt like I could change a bit

Strange, I had this thing for Miss Bangladesh

Was it the way she used to feed me fruit and rock me  
well?

Her wet body and punanny drip the sweetest smell

Ain't hard to tell she was the bomb like Nas and  
Akinyele

Skin black, poom fat, sexy as hell.

Chorus (missjones)

I can't hate you, though I have tried

Ahhhh, ahhh, ahhh

I still really really love you

Love is stronger than pride

Africa, ain't quite over her

Scoping her, my style with Ethiopia

Direct descendant from the Queen of Sheba, Makeba

And King Solomon, Fela'sha in origin

The sweetest lips that my tongue ever taste

Cute face the softest thing my arms ever embraced

Displaced for centuries form the rest of her race

Erased from history, see we had that much in common

We used to kick it on the dock by the Red Sea

Or on the Nile in a boat made of papyrus leaves

She told the tales of the perfect love and I was it

I tell the tales of how I fell for Miss Bangladesh

Pure finesse, the moon reflected silhouette

As I caress the nipples of her naked breast

Chest to chest, one, flesh of my flesh

Bone of my bone Africa had it going on

She spoke "shalom", peace in Hebrew style

Her voice melodic and exotic like the Virgin Isles

No Madagascar, or how I was tempted to ask her

To be my wife but my conscience wouldn't let me trap  
her

I felt like I was being selfish to perceive the thought

And having sharks crowning me the thief of hearts

This sister had the kind of beauty Wise Intelligent

Thinks every brother on the planet should experience

Chorus

I can't hate you baby, though I have tried

Ahhhh, ahhhh, ahhh

I still really really love you

Love is stronger than pride

I stopped off to reminisce, it's a natural bliss

But yo, I fully miss her, sort of like this other sister

Me and her walked the sands of India

Me and India, took showers and plenty of

Baths together, made love in the rainy weather

Yet even better, I shared many orgasms with her

She took me home, disconnected the phone

Played the jazz of Billie Holiday and Nina Simone

She said a man is not a man if he's no worker man

Some old Patra shit, but I admit I was loving it

She said I did it for the love of the shit

So get it up hold it down like a son of bitch boy

It brings me joy making me make noise

But don't you know my roommate's trying to sleep next door

I said sure, let's swing up out of this piece

We swung the next episode, back seat of my jeep

Peep how we did creep, iller sex no sleep

She blamed it on me because she ain't no freak

Sing joy to the world the lord is come, let Earth receive her king

But how you mean, crack a tin relax and I'll explain

She called me names of ancient kings I called her queen

I was her first, she called me God I called her Earth

We just conversed on the first full moon of May

And Miss Bombay India still ain't over me.

Chorus

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