

Heiter Bis Wolfig "My Three Wives"

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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 from 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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