

Souls of Mischief

"A Name I Call Myself"

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He hah, ha ha ha
Yo, y'all wanna know about hoes?
Check it, yo

Adam is the man that got more honies than a hive of
bees
I skeeze I'm pullin? stunts like McGyver
And I try ta always be patient with a miss
But I diss, ?cuz groupies always seem to make me
pissed
Huh, they gotta be frontin?, wantin? to start a phony
friendship
I never pretend to think I befriend, be them hips
And send dips, back to they moms with a grin
But if she's a boo boo head, I tell no one that I got in

Yo, skins friends I got a lotta and I gotta
Bend them and then blend all the hottie
Spurts be burstin? like a mile a minute
?Cuz I can either take it slow or, yo, I wild up in it
I'm pulling, yes, ?cuz fully dressed or threadbare
they're nice
I twist my sides to tickle thighs when my head's there
I now rips sets so foul dips spread my rep
I sew the girls up like Schweppes, so many kids might
fret

Afterwards I'm bouncing dips like tits on chicks
Who be running track, then they be running back for
more
Rest assured, it's absurd for her to be your linga
I get the finger, ?cuz she can't get the stinga
Any longer, my dong can stretch and I'm stronger
I got the daddy ding-a-ling to get you hot and bothered
Get the kinks out when my stink in the pink shout and
scream
Butta second fling is but a dream

From day one I played hoes in the schoolyard, my tool
heartless
But not for dips submerging, it ain't hurt men to merge
in

My status from baddest to Tims, I'm pulling more hips
Than gravity, and after the skins get hit, I'm drowsing
Arousing the next dousing the next thousand my saliva
The liver ones ?cuz I don't try to run in no dumb
females
Some be swell, but my picks, so why tricks
Get restricted to flicks with boo boo heads, I screw you
dead

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Niggaz cling and get attached to things on the flute
That's insane, I just be in and bang, get boots
For gosh sakes that broad shakes, her thang to the
whole game
The way the labia lips hang, it's a sad shame
Clapping when you're tapping, just hit the scraps and
be at ?em
The breasts sag like they're saddened
The skins are wrinkled, dry, worn and battered
Leave ?em shattered, she's as fly as a maggot

The him I am, the man I'm him
Bustin? skins out, I been stout erect checkin? dips
When I'm wreckin? lips and clitorises, hit her with this
(Boom bow bang)
Swinging from my you-know-whats so you know
buttcheeks
Are clapping tapping the guts on the late with your date
Makes my ego read those lipstick marks on my penal
tip
(Ha-hah)
They don't lie, penis took your dip to a fly despise
My description, why, when I'm making them lips bend

I hit it, I did it, I admit it
I never quit it, yes, I knock the boots like I was Riddick
Bowe, get with it, hoe, I get with
No, Boomerang broads with nasty toes
Keep your corns on your husk, you muskrat
But if she's fly, I try to bust that
Gluttius maximus, I wax and bust
I'm taxin? just to be the mack man Plus

Once I been with women, friendship done been the sole
outcome
How come skins can't work their way in?
The question resting late night at her pad and
Scheming to grab and season, 'cuz she's in
I fiend getting mad horny, transforming charges
Into swinging me, seemingly hard miss
Let her know that I was on it
Now I got dibs on that crib I'm welcome back, 'cuz I'm
Kotter

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