

Wrestling Lyrics

"Kool Keith- "Sex Style""

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"Now the first drop of juice is there for her to see
Honey, that's when she backs off and just lick her
teeth..."

Chorus:

(Sex style!) Niggas want it free
They dogs drink my piss (Girls pay a fee)
You want freestlye, that's right, the style is free
Niggas suck my dick and they girls drink my pee
I'm on some S&M shit you can't get with
Pull your panties down on stage and watch you sweat
quick
Suckers back to pull their style's transsexual
Lesbians dance with the funky heterosexual
You on the mic, and when you rhyme I start to jerk off
Let my dog lick you German Shepard want to bust off
I tell your legs and swat em, MC's having anal sex
Step around like a Tampax, and step up next
I enter New York, no problem with my dick out
California porno star, my ass you can lick out
Saying "What?" with sperm dripping down your
partner's butt
I see MC's in my face with their ass up
Let me put my cape on, my rubber and my mask up
Not no horror-core shit, this is porno-core
I'm in the club naked man, I'm the fucking pro
Niggas can't wax no ass, girls should let them know

Chorus x3

Back I wreck shit, so what nigga? I masturbate
See your girls' cocked back, her legs tied like a figure
eight

I'm on stage getting sucked by Madonna
Sticking piped in your ass until you stop the freesyle
drama

I pioneered this shit, you keep sucking dick
Your girl's in the crowd, hawking me for a naked flick
I got my silk underwear for the atmosphere
Piss in your face and urinate all in your hair
You name a group that's shit, I will pooper-scoop
Fuck with this, miss, I will damage on the premissis
Niggas step back with Dax grease, watch their ass twist
I rhyme any nigga, golden showers up in Greek Alley

Movie star bitches, MC's lining up in Cali
Drinking vodka, Absolut, sipping Tanqueray
Mc's jump off, I stung your rectum like a stingray
Girls heinie-wipe, MC's say my style is hype
Pussies relax, I'd rather fuck them with a cordless mic
Could rob a horse, pull your panties off and pay the
cost
Chorus x2
"May they beat his bowels with a ten-pound hammer til
his asshole
whistles the Star-Spangled Banner."
Now the nurse is here, Dr. Butcher to your anus
I don't care who your are, and if you think you're
famous
You could be waxed, seventy-five fucking rap groups
Bisexuals on stage eating fruit loops
Sugar smacks, I got the rhythm for your ass cracks
Bring your girl, she fantasize in my sex world
Chorus x3

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