

DJ Polo

"Talk Like Sex"

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"can't ya diggit, honey?"
"rated xxx"

For the ladies, one hundred and ninety-five pounds of
beef,
Chinky eyes, curly hair and gold teeth,
Swingin' with this here stud, you need practice,
I'm leaving floods of blood on your mattress,
I'll leave you holdin' your swollen backside and rollin',
Fillin' all three holes just like bowlin',
Don't ask me what the price is,
But it's more than your battery-operated devices,
And i come fully equipped,
With a temperature adjustment to heat up the tip,
For demonstrations, watch me slam her,
You'll notice the sound of steady poundin',
Like a jackhammer once on it, ya can't cop out,
I'm poundin' ya down until your eyeballs pop out,
I'm not your ordinary player,
Because you'll leave in a wheelchair, dear, after i lay
ya,
Get a grip on your headboard and hold on to it,
Or get sent right through it,
Bite your nipples when i lick 'em,
Not gentle when i stick 'em, huh,
I'll leave 'em lookin' like a rape victim,
Any girl who steps to it,
Ends up gettin' their stomach pumped like rod stewart,
I do a damn good job,
That's why -
Chicks are on my dick like a human shish kebab

Only nineteen and over permitted,
No matter how much young girls wanna be with it,
You ain't ready for the bed,
You still got a pussy like isaac hayes' head,
Come back in five years,
When ya grow some hairs and when ya started drinkin'
beers,
I'm hittin' hookaz by the dozen,
Makin' ya wetter 'cause i fuck better than your

husband,
Givin' ya girl back spasms,
Cause g rap has 'em orgasm after orgasm,
Change the sheets? ya must be kiddin',
Ya gotta change the whole box spri

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