

Worship the "D"

Saafir

Now I'm takin' my shroud and I'm
puttin'
It on my head, not even a semi-fraud
More like a demigod in bed-post
I be hostin' a buck fifty is the rate
So the shower comes late. They call
Me get 'em sick 'cause I be fillin'
'Em wit dick. So I get a dance and a
Candle 'cause I got handles. When I
Drop a load in the cock, block this if
You can. They try 'cause they see
that
I'm the mutha fuckin' man.
Demanding
The dick, commanding the bitch to do
my bidding, I'm not kidding when it
comes
To rockin' the cradles cat. I don't jock
Brats. Let's use the synonym of gats
They play with 22's, I'm like an h-k
Double M caliber, when I'm in the
trim
Stabbin' the guts like a butcher. Put
Ya in a trance. Watch me hump you.
I got muscles in my ass so I hump
fast
At last the eyes meet mine, within her
Abyss I see concepts for the rhyme.
Dimes
Will be dropped definitely when I see
You, about how you served the
hobos the
Butt like EU, leave you to me in two
Or three weeks I'll have you whole
wells
Fargo cargo. I know fools who be
sellin'
It, that's why niggas like me is damn
near

Celibate. So the next time she puts
in an
Order, even if it's a lick, tell her to bob
Twice and worship the dick I got a rep, ah, like salt 'n' pepa
'cause
I'll push definitely my nuts will please
Like the aborigines, I'm from the
bush
From the land down under the
asshole.
I mash ho's into potatoes. I love to
break
A fake ho and then make her over.
Shit,
I'll do Sybill, I'll make the hips swivel
And swerve. I'm licking every curve
till
They're sprung on my tongue. I won't
Get caught down in the vault 'cause
my
Lungs help me catch wreck. Yeah
baby
I'm nasty, but I'm not gonna tell you
what
I'll do, 'cause you'll lose reality, you'll
Be acting under the age of 2, like
goo-goo,
Loo-loo, yes daddy, fuck me honey,
like
I owe you money. Gotcha girl, now
you'll
Spread the word and tell ya friends
on
The low and lady if you try to play me
Then I'll take your dough. I'll keep the
Style simple, so I won't lose you,
ho's.
I'll bruise you in between the thighs,
if you're
Lookin' for the high, I won't be the
syringe
For the binge. They want me to hit
the crack
Like a dope fiend. It's all good,
but I hope

You're clean. 'Cause if you're not
then you'll rot. Cause ah...Saafir
won't tell you if
Your shit smell like shit. From 10
paces
Back you'll be worshipping' the dick. A true blue collar, when I'm hollerin' a
Point. They wanna fade blunts,
so I can
Play the cunts. I'm like hunts - slow &
thick
I'm so raw they've got alters for my
shit
And a little incense lit, of course.
Short on
Cash, don't trip 'cause Saafir will fuck
for
Fits. They make pit stops so I can
tune-up
the cock, brakes are free, but rape, it
Ain't me. Can u dig it? I don't wanna
serve
It if the bitch don't wanna give it. I'm
Like ribbit - leap to the next freak,
why
Test the ho, I might get lucky and
fuck
Me a bisexual. No discrimination as
long
As I'm facin' the guts, and not some
under
Cover nigga wit some undercover
nuts
Before you bow down to Saafir I
wanna see if ya
Shit gotta spill, 'cause if not you'll
catch a
Clip - you'll go out.

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