

# The Unlocking

## The Roots

Hello?  
Yo, who dis?  
Yo, this [unverified]  
Yo, whattup man?Yo, whassup dude?  
This is the Black Ill  
Oh, whassup G?  
Y'know, yoWhat?  
We down in the studio yo  
Word?  
Yo, we got a jawnYo, is she live?  
Yeah, she's live  
Sup wit her?  
She's just, real nice to talk  
Sometimes I used to knock offWord how she be swingin'?  
Oh yeah, she's swingin' like that y'know it's on  
Oh, word?  
I called a couple other heads and shit y'knowAight, who else, who else, who else widdit?  
I mean she widdit like that?  
Yeah, you knowAin't no bullshit?  
The whole Reservoir Dog squad n shit  
We gon' be eight deep, oh aight, word  
So come on down, it's on yoAiiyyo it's it's it's just us?  
Yeah, it's just us  
Oh damn, whassup with some more jawns?  
Oh yes, it's just her and some weed y'know sayin'?Fuck some other shit  
Fuck it, aight, bet, what the?  
Y'know, whassup for real, for real  
Word, yo so come throughAight what time yo?  
Umm  
Like now?  
Yeah, come through noPeace  
PeaceI the voyeur, peer, as she begins her, ritual  
Paying sexual ties for few and untrue  
Words of admiration, translation sucker ass, lines of trash  
Spewing from first one's unskilled lips  
That beg for pussy tricks that make his dick go quickly limpShe pimps her innocence as Second One demands  
Entrance through the back door  
"Bend over bitch, you know this is what you were born for  
To dig those soft and lotion knees into the floor

And take it in, that sweetly spread ass like a real pro whore"Her subsequent screams seemed to praise  
Sent messages of pleasure and pain to his fuck tainted brain  
But her screams masked laughs at his dumb ass  
As he quicker comes, then third and fourth one just as dumb  
Invite themselves to join inThird One wants to hit the skins old fashioned style  
While Fourth One says, "Don't she got some DSL's  
Make a nigga joint just swell, to think? I wanna sink my inches  
Into that bitch's, berry-framed mouth"  
So one goes North, the other SouthTo sanctified places where in house spirits  
Will later wash away all traces, of their ill spoken words  
And complacent faces and then, like their minutemen, predecessors  
Lude, aggrandized sexual endeavors, end up rough'Cause neither one of them could keep that weak shit up  
Corrupt, fifth one steps to her  
Hip hop clothed just to  
Think he gonna impress her"Hey Slim, I heard you was a spinna sit on up  
Top this thing, black dick, and work it like a winner"  
With the quickness he got his pseudo-thickness all up in her  
But suddenly he, stops mid thrustSeems she nameless to 'cuz  
Got his stuff in a death cunt clutch  
He fast falls from the force of her tight pussy punch  
Just like the rest of that sorry ass bunchNow, here comes Six, ready to add  
His inactive shit to the mix  
Talkin' smack at that saying, "Girl, I'ma wax that ass  
And stick that slit so hard, you gonna be calling me God"So he proceeds to poke and prod  
With clumsy finger and wack sex slinger  
"Condoms make me last longer", wrong, 'cause her  
Motions of snatch, however detached from the situation  
'Cause his pre, pre, pre-ejaculationIt seems she just wastin' good pussy and time  
On dudes like number Seven, who ain't learned their lesson  
He wants to enter the flesh divine  
By dropping a kind of semi-sweet line"Your honey hole so fine and mile deep, I'm gonna leap  
Into you like an ocean do you right and make your head spin"  
So he jumped in and then, he drowned  
Got lost and found in her Tart CanalSlave to the waves, made him cum for days  
Eighth and last One turn arise  
Plys her with familiar lies  
Even more familiar still, 'cause him, she used to love  
But he never could quite see above, her moundA pound of flesh is all she was, no name no face or even voice  
So poised, she rises Phoenix from the flame  
Finally bored with their feeble fuck games  
She smooth reaches behind her and takes straight aim  
At eight shriveled up cocks with a fully loaded Glock  
Parts lips, not expressly made for milding dicksAnd then, she speaks, Your shrieks of horror bring me bliss  
I must admit the thought that I could shred your tips  
With eight quick flips excites me, see y'all fuck with the pussy

But I fuck with your minds, lack of soul and respect is the crime  
This was a set up, now tell me what, what's my name?

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