

# 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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