

Erotic Poetry

Esham

Yo, check this out
Now, some people say that I'm too nasty
The ones that don't know, I say, yeah, when you ask me
The freakiest brotha on the planet
Sometimes, I don't even understand it, goddamn it
Young ladies, young bitches, young hoe's
Smack on your hoe, it's how it goes, so here goes, nothing
All you hoe's know what time it is
You know my dick, so you know what kind of rhyme it is
I get ill on the mic, but still
I don't like pigs, but I like the reel feel
I'm not Luther Vandross or Freddie Jackson
Some freaks be askin', why I be taxin'
I dunno, that's the type of brotha I am
If your father don't think I'ma fuck you, tell yo momma I am
I'm the freaky dick brotha on the give it up to
For those who know of me, this is erotic poetry
Now I'm the K I S S I N G B A N D I T
E S H A M, is on the, M I C
Now I make the kinda poetry, that make you wanna get with me
All the hoe's say, "Please won't you hit me?"
I'm not Casanova, Esham's in the joint
I make the fuck songs that get straight to the point
I don't make love songs, 'cuz I don't do that
And if I bust a wack rap like that, you'll say, "Who's that?"
A bunch of hoe's didn't get it
I let the rhythm hit 'em, and they loved the way I did 'em
I get freak bones, bust nuts on G bones
Hoe's give the jaw bone, when we all alone
So, I don't understand, when you say I'ma nasty man
You should be sayin' nasty hoe, 'cuz I like to do it slow
So I like to hit ya like a man would
I like to fuck, I like to fuck it, like a man should, yo
This goes out to the hoe's who know of me
Trashy, but still classy, erotic poetry
Now when I say, bitch or hoe, I mean no disrespect
But the name Esham, you'll never forget
So all you hoe's gather 'round, while I break it down
Esham's in the house, and I'm the talk of the town

Now some hoe's think, I exaggerate with the ink
But when you stop and think, how do I know your pussy's pink?
I've got a dirty mind, and I love hoe's
But my ideal of love is different from yours, and my love goes
Wham, bam, thank you ma'am
When you wake up I'm gone and all you can say is, damn.
He love me like, he love me like, he love me like no other
And when I left yo' crib, I went and fucked yo' mother
I'll do anything to please you
Anything you want me to do, just ask, and I'll lead you
This goes out to those that know of me
Trashy, but still classy, erotic poetry
Now I got game, like Parker brothers
Play monopoly on top of me, while we do each other
Roll a dice on your chest, I hit seven, I won
By the time I roll eleven, I bet ya cum
When you get fast go, you get a fuck free card
And a guarantee that all night the dick will stay hard
Just if you run back, side to side
Till ya cum, till ya can't cum no more from inside
If you say I'm nasty, you hoe's, you grow up
'Cuz I'll do things to you that will make the average man throw up
Like put your foot and cut the grass with the mower
Lick it up high, then lick it down lower
A shame, ain't no shame to my game
'Cuz you only live once and tellin' lies is lame
So I'll be mean to the people who know of me
Still gettin' pussy from the ladies, singin' erotic poetry

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