Poetic Sex

R. Kelly

Yeah
My sex is poetic
I'm about to get you mad pregnant
YeahThe first RnB porn
My mic be the knife
I'mma take a stab at it OK
Allow me to paint the picture your mind being the canvas
I take you spiritually high, your plane never be landing
No navigation locating that spot
When I hit that you yell out God, that's the G spot
Sex
That'll bring you close to tears
When I spit it it's like I popped a molly in your ear
You feel it between your thighs your heart beat starts to rise
Your pupils is dilantin' you believe you can fly man
Niggas can't fuck me, world in my hands
These niggas can't even hold palm in their hands
Pull up in that bassline snatch you up with these hits
Tie you up with my lyrics
Now you're abducted by this shit ohOoh baby (baby)
Come and feed me baby (feed me baby)
Girl put your body on a dinner plate
I just can't get enough of your buffet
And I'm so hungry
Baby feed me
All I can eat baby, II know
A lot of things on your mind
Let me carry them
Get you so wet
Welcome to the aquarium
Murdering every bar
Shit I'm a barbarian
Who is he? How dare they make a comparison
Up and down up and down on my elevator
See I'm the type of nigga that'll elevate ya
Just let that soak in
And I ain't gonna bathe off that shit, I'mma soak in
It's poker
And I'm goin' all in

I got you so open all I gotta do is fall inm, uh
And I turned your man to Aaron Hall
My lyrics got a big dick and I just fucked the shit out of y'all
PoeticOoh baby (baby)
Come and feed me baby (feed me baby)
Girl put your body on a dinner plate
I just can't get enough of your buffet
And I'm so hungry (I'm so hungry)
Baby feed me
All I can eat baby, I (yeah)Send her in the shop once I touch her with this taser tongue
Shirt on the clothes line you could say shawty hung
Never caught up but you could say a nigga sprung
Put that up to my ear 'cause I like to hear where you're from
Hop up in my rocket ship, we gon' tell them haters bye, bye
(bye bye bye) Yeah
And I'ma represent my sex like I represent my city Chi
(Chi, Chi, Chi, Chi) Yeah
Smoking on my melody yeah you could say we getting high (high)
Yeah (yeah)
And now I got the munchies bout to eat it call it dinner time
Yeah, okayPussy my address just being honest
And they say home is where the heart is
I'm just metaphorically speaking
Like a ceiling with a hole I'mma have you leaking and I
promise you gonna love it
Girl my sex rich them niggas is on a budget
I make it talk need no translation
I'm swimming in it need no flotation
Lock me up in it need no probation
My girl no temptations
Bout to make you sweat huh I turn up the Fahrenheit
Drink from any fountain black or white, shit that's equal rights
I ain't talkin' hands when I tell your ass to make it clap
Ten out of ten times you came shit that's a stating facts
And I love the things you do with your lips when you looking back
Put that pussy right up on my head that't a fitted cap uhOoh baby (ooh baby)
Come and feed me baby (come on and feed me baby)
Girl put your body on a dinner plate
I just can't get enough of your buffet
And I'm so hungry, baby feed me
All I can eat babyMy sex is poetic
Girl let me get you mad pregnant

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