

# Epiphany

Jill Scott

Watching,  
Watching as he took the holder off his shoulder  
Fire in his eyes, hands getting bolder  
Quiet, quiet  
Growing excited  
Dug him for his bank account, but really for  
his private  
Damn about a mindset  
Really wasn't into that  
Needed me some pleasing, jon looking real fat  
Laidback was his foreplay  
All that was needed, needed was some of that  
Started simple  
Massaging on my temple  
Pinching on my mountain peaks  
That a sisters into  
I responded, 'Mmmmm.'  
You like the sound, I like makin' it more  
I fell for the rock and shore  
Enough, he brought it close so I could really see  
Up close he slid between my breast  
Sweaty with lust and sweat  
  
Rode Mt. Saint Scott 'til ooooo  
Creamy lava landed on my skin and neck  
Blended with my all day Chanel scent  
This freaking was incredulent, decadent  
Flip side, stomach meets sheets  
He plows inside as if he's making beats  
As if this year's harvest depended on it  
Bendin' on it  
Back on my back old fashioned is renewed  
Red toenail polish on whitewalls  
Documenting this freaking, ahhhhh  
I must'  
Remember'  
To thank him'  
Later.  
No, no, no,

No,no,no  
I take charge of ship  
Moving with my back and my hips  
Like my ancestors did  
Speaking the Bantu,Ranga and tonga  
But I've gotta stop all that to make it longer,  
But it's too late  
I put him to sleep  
Curled all up,spasm all in his feet  
Feeling all proud like I did something deep  
Ain't really nothin'it's the way that it be  
North Philly sister repin'hard like me  
But why do I feel so empty?

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