Melange

Raghav

Mix it with mine, with yours
if the othordox ways crime
ingnorance tricks the men
sting again
like porcupine
skin complexion
won't give direction
hail to mulatto
italiano
farrago
anything with a twist yo
for the night flows hot like sirocco
mix with all for the ritual.
Win skin like Marlon Brando
in the last tango
now I'm single
in the disco
club schizo
when the disk spins loud colloyuial go.
Juices up
loosen up
let the lust overflows my cup pop.
Mix it with mine, blend it with yours.
Seeking a true force melange.
Never mind
check the signs
intertwine,
cool: melange.
Ascetic aspects get no contact
amatory looks for hot sex,
screaming from your voice box, larynx
o yeah!
Steppin' to a girl that basically is way out of your league
out of reach,
but the peach
makes lips glisten,
blushin' your cheeks,
hold the courage and the guts
aided by Millerquads or Buds

alcohol creates the stud
to strut
in perfect duds
so much for phase one,
it takes one line to flake out son
as you glance
top - bottom, butt
gives the shakes on
shoot the gift
for swift quick linguistic
let libido uplift,
arrange the melody
on the Freud theraphy tip
figure you have potential,
she wetting lips.
It was a test,
now your perfect match
cos' the fire is lit.
Background unknown
but the sex drives the prone
get the conversation on,
and dig out ones skulls to bone.

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