

# Mind Sex

## dead prez

It's time for some mind sex, we ain't got to take our clothes off yet  
We can burn the incense, and just chat  
Relax, I got the good vibrations  
Before we make love, let's have a good conversation Pardon me love, but you seem like my type  
What you doin' tonight? You should stop by the site  
We could roll some weed, play some records and talk  
I got a fly spot downtown Brooklyn, New York Now I know, you think I wanna fuck, no doubt  
But tonight we'll try a different route, how 'bout we start  
With a salad, a fresh bed of lettuce with croutons  
Later we can play a game of chess on the futon See I ain't got to get in your blouse  
It's your eye contact that be getting me aroused  
When you show me your mind, it makes me wanna show you mines  
Reflecting my light, when it shines, just takin' our time Before the night's through, we could get physical too  
I ain't tryin' to say I don't wanna fuck, 'cause I do  
But for me boo, makin' love is just as much mental  
I like to know what I'm gettin' into We could have mind sex, we ain't got to take our clothes off yet  
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Time for some mind sex Before we make love  
Yeah, what you know about mind sex?  
Before we make love African princess, tell me yo' interests  
Wait, let me guess boo, you probably like poetry  
Here's a little something I jotted down in case I spotted you around  
So let me take this opportunity Would you share a moment with me, over herbal tea?  
Take a walk verbally, make a bond certainly  
'Cause in my hand I bet your hand fit perfectly  
And it's like we floatin' out in space when you flirtin' wit me C'mon, a little foreplay don't hurt  
Imagine my chest under this shirt, your ass under your skirt  
It's like walking the hot sands and finding an oasis  
Opposites attract that's the basis Our sex is the wind that separates the yin from the yang  
The balance that means complete change, our aim  
Is to touch you in a delicate spot  
And once we get it started I ain't trying to stop But first we have mind sex, we ain't got to take our clothes off yet  
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Mind sex  
She smiles, I smile  
She walks, no she glides softly by me changing night into day  
She opens her mouth to speak, and so sounds ring in my head  
She speaks, and I want to dance to her rhythm  
She moves ever so gently, increasing my desires  
As I place my arms around her waist, hold and squeeze unto me  
I want to melt into her body, and discover the base of her warmth  
Her beautiful black body that, no human mind could ever conceive  
She's love, she's truth  
She's real, as real as the stars that shine in the heavens  
As real as the sun that bathes her body  
As real as the moon that glows and the birds that sing and the rose  
That blossoms in spring for she is that rose  
And not just any rose, but a black rose  
Black rose stands tall and stronger than any other plant  
A black rose, that stands as creator, of nations of black rose  
That never loses her petals, and blossoms all year  
round  
Black rose, sweet rose, thornless rose, eternal rose  
Please look my way, please look my way  
Please look my way, black rose

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