Nakema

Bassholes

I was driving
Starving for some fish
I pulled over to a roadside barbe
And I beheld a dish
She was working the counter
long and svelte
Just like a lioness
Prowling the veldt

Well Nakema
I would sell my soul for you
But I would settle for a kiss or two

She took my order
Catfish and ice tea
I was munching and ogling her
Until she smiled at me
Then the kitchen door opened
and this weird dude in a hood
Said, "Yo, like some wimmen ?
Sure looks like you could !"

Nakema
I would sell my soul for you
I would settle for a kiss or two

What happened next
I will try to define
Everything went pitch black noir
I felt ice down my spine
I was dodging moonbeans
Moving away from the light
I bumped my head
on a sattellite

Nakema
I would sell my soul for you
I would settle for a kiss or two

Oh I passed Pluto

Then this dude in a robe
Long white beard
and he called himself Job
He said
"On earth your Nakema
is the essence of right
You just got too close, that's all
to her spiritual might."

Nakema
I would sell my soul for you
I would settle for a kiss or two
Said I would settle
for a kiss or two
For a kiss, yeah
For a kiss or two
For a kiss
For a kiss
For a kiss
For a kiss
For a kiss or two

Lyrics submitted by B.

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